

The City of Gold

A - 4 - SOL

Frank M. Davis

And the building of the wall thereof was jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto pure glass. - Rev. 21:18

Frank M. Davis, 1895

1. There's a cit - y whose walls are of jas - per, And whose
2. Thro' this cit - y there flow - eth a riv - er, From the
3. There the King in His glo - ry and beau - ty, Is the

streets are in - laid with pure gold, Where the saints and the
foun - tain of life by the throne, On its banks the re -
light of this cit - y so fair, And His smile drives a -

a - ges, Are re - joic - ing 'mid pleas - ures un - told.
gath - er, Bless - ed ones called by Je - sus His own.
sor - row, Ev - 'ry strife, ev - 'ry cum - ber - ing care.

Chorus

Will this cit - y be mine with its pleas - ures, Will its

splen-dor e'er my eyes be - hold? Yes, I know if my trust is in

