

# The Beautiful City Of God

B ♭-3-SOL

*There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God - Ps. 46:4*

Mary A. McKee

Adam Geibel, 1903

1. With man-sions of fair-ness, And beau-ty and rare-ness, And  
2. Its ri-vers of glad-ness Will ban-ish all sad-ness, And  
3. But light will be giv-en, All storm clouds be ri-ven, From  
4. No sor-row or sigh-ing, Nor an-guish or dy-ing, Can

streets with a pave-ment of gold; Where no one grows  
sor-row shall van-ish a-way; The moon shall not  
o-ver that cit-y of God; We'll view then in  
shad-ow the bliss of that home; And pil-grims who

wea-ry, No pros-pect is drear-y, And no one can  
light-en, The sun shall not bright-en That cit-y by  
won-der, Thro all that may sun-der, The path that in  
rest there; For ev-er are blest there, Nor yearn in their

## Chorus

ev-er grow old.  
night or by day.  
sor-row we trod. Oh, there is a cit-y, a  
rap-ture to roam.

beau - ti - ful cit - y, Whose build - er and mak - er is

God; A far a - way cit - y, A won - der - ful

cit - y, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.