The Pearly White City

Words and music by Arthur F. Ingle, 1902

There's a holy and beautiful city, Whose builder and ruler is God;
John saw it descending from Heaven, When Patmos, in exile, he trod;
Its high massive wall is of asper, The city itself is pure gold;
And when my frail tent here is folded, Mine eyes shall its glory behold;
In that bright city, pearly white city, I have a mansion, a harp, and a crown;
longing For the white city, That's soon coming down.