

The Pearly White City

Words and music by Arthur F. Ingler, 1902



1. There's a ho-ly and beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose build-er and rul-er is God;
 2. No sin is al-owed in that cit-y, And noth-ing de-fil-ing or mean;
 3. No heart-aches are known in that cit-y, No tears ev-er moist-en the eye;
 4. My loved ones are gath-er-ing yon-der, My friends, too, are pass-ing a-way;



John saw it de-scend-ing from Heav-en, When Pat-mos, in ex-ile, he trod;
 No pain and no sick-ness can en-ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
 There's no dis-ap-point-ment in Heav-en, No en-vy and strife in the sky;
 And soon I shall join their bright num-ber, And dwell in e-ter-ni-ty's day;



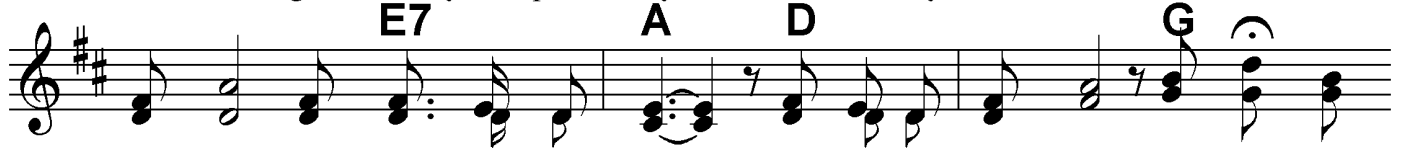
Its high mas-sive wall is of jas-per, The cit-y it-self is pure gold,
 Earth's sor-rows and cares are for-got-ten, No tempt-er is there to an-noy,
 The saints are all sanc-ti-fied whol-ly, They live in sweet har-mo-ny there;
 They're safe now in glo-ry with Je-sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;



And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.
 No part-ing words ev-er are spok-en, There's noth-ing to hurt or de-stroy.
 My heart is now set on that cit-y, And some day its bless-ings I'll share.
 They o-ver-came sin and the tempt-er, They've reached that fair cit-y at last.



In that bright cit-y, pearl-y white cit-y, I have a



man-sion, a harp, and a crown; Now I am watch-ing, wait-ing, and



long-ing For the white cit-y, That's soon com-ing down.