The Pearly White City

Words and music by Arthur F. Ingles, 1902

1. There's a holy and beautiful city, Whose builder and ruler is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that city, And nothing defiling or mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that city, No tears ever moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gathering yonder, My friends, too, are passing away;

John saw it descending from Heaven, When Patmos, in exile, he trod;
No pain and no sickness can enter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no disappointment in Heaven, No envy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in eternity's day;

Its high massive wall is of jasper, The city itself is pure gold,
Earth's sorrows and cares are forgotten, No tempter is there to annoy,
The saints are all sanctified wholly, They live in sweet harmony there;
They're safe now in glory with Jesus, Their trials and battles are past;

And when my frail tent here is folded, Mine eyes shall its glory behold,
No parting words ever are spoken, There's nothing to hurt or destroy,
My heart is now set on that city, And some day its blessings I'll share,
They've reached that fair city at last.

In that bright city, pearly white city, I have a mansion, a harp, and a crown;
Now I am watching, waiting, and longing For the white city, That's soon coming down.