City of Gold

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1875

1. There’s a city that looks o’er the valley of death, And the
glories can never be told; There the sun never sets, and the
faithful with rapture behold; There the righteous forever shall
leaves never fade, In that beautiful city of gold.

2. There the King, our Redeemer, the Lord whom we love, All the
lamb we have brought to the fold, Shall be kept as bright jewels our
shine as the stars, In that beautiful city of gold. There the sun there the sun,
sets, never sets, and the leaves never fade; And the eyes of the faithful our

3. Every soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Every
3. There’s a city that looks o’er the valley of death, And the
glories can never be told; There the sun never sets, and the
faithful with rapture behold; There the righteous forever shall
leaves never fade, In that beautiful city of gold.

Refrain

Savior behold, In that beautiful city of gold.