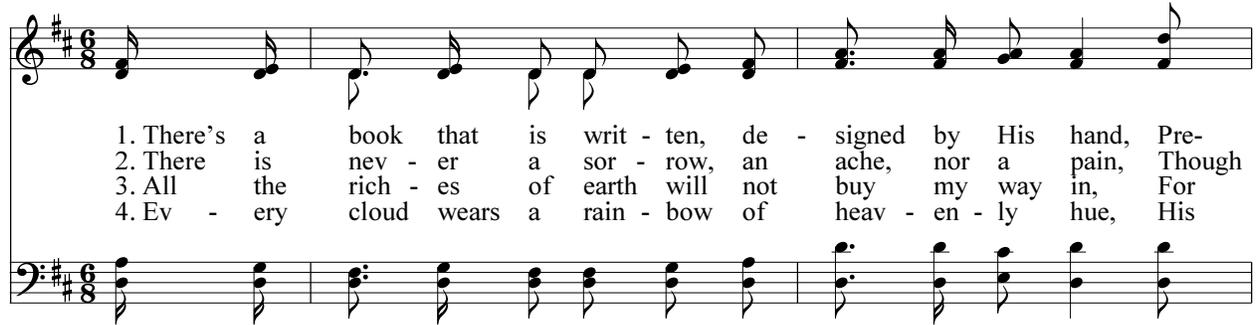


The City of God

Max Hutchison Rapp, 1917

Max Hutchison Rapp

♩=86



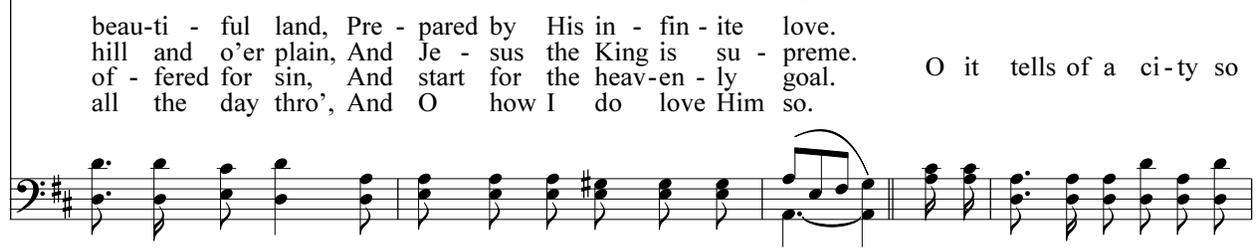
1. There's a book that is writ - ten, de - signed by His hand, Pre-
2. There is nev - er a sor - row, an ache, nor a pain, Though
3. All the rich - es of earth will not buy my way in, For
4. Ev - ery cloud wears a rain - bow of heav - en - ly hue, His



- sent - ed by God from a - bove; And I know that it tells of a
oft it ap - pears like a dream; And the sun nev - er sets o - ver
guilt ev - er lurks in my soul; I'll ac - cept the great ran - som once
smile I'm be - gin - ning to know; H - e walks with me, talks with me



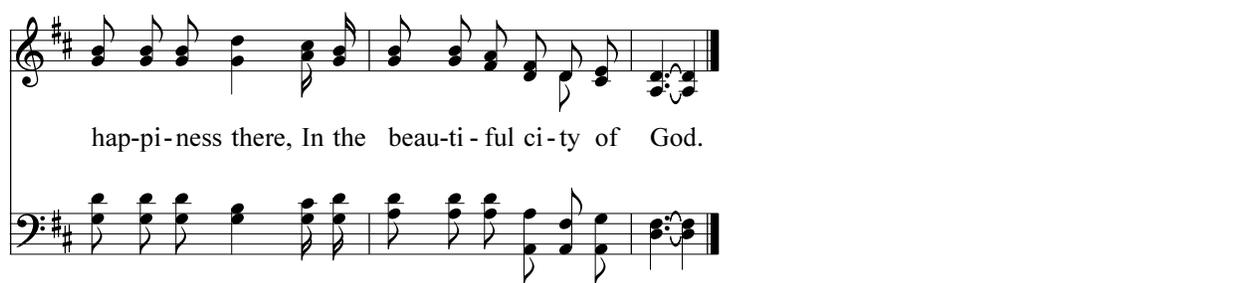
Refrain



beau-ti - ful land, Pre - pared by His in - fin - ite love.
hill and o'er plain, And Je - sus the King is su - preme. O it tells of a ci - ty so
of - fered for sin, And start for the heav - en - ly goal.
all the day thro', And O how I do love Him so.



bright, so fair, Where saints of all ag - es have trod; And I've read there is no - thing But



hap - pi - ness there, In the beau - ti - ful ci - ty of God.