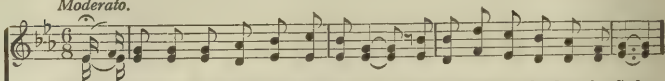


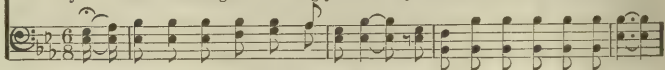
A. F. I.

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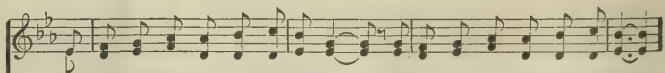
Arthur F. Ingles.

Moderato.

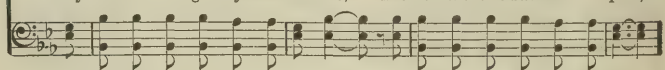
1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti - ful cit-y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is al-low-ed in that cit-y, And nothing de-fil-ing or mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit-y, No tears ev-er moist-en the eye;
4. My loved ones are gath-er - ing yon-der, My friends, too, are passing a-way;



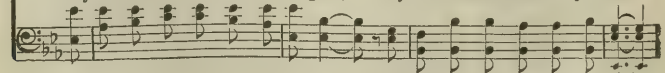
John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Pat-mos, in ex-ile, he trod;
 No pain and no sick-ness can en - ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
 There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
 And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter-ni-ty's day;



Its high, massive wall is of jas-per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
 Earth's sorrows and cares are forgot-ten, No tempt-er is there to an-ny;
 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;

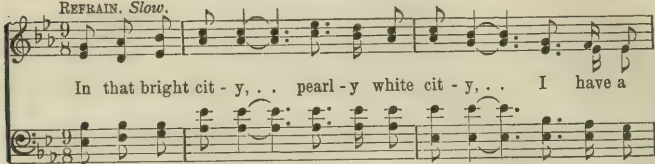
*rit. ad lib.*

And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be-hold.
 No part-ing words ev - er are spo-ken, There's nothing 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 tempter, They've reached that fair city at last.

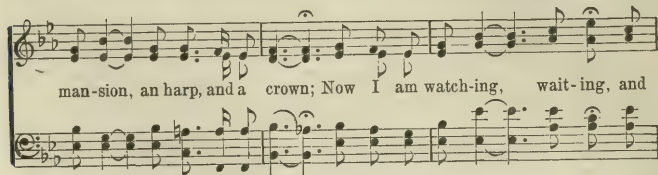


The Pearly White City.

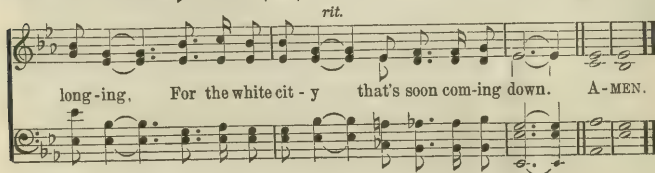
REFRAIN. *Slow.*



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



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



rit.
long-ing, For the white cit - y that's soon com-ing down. A-MEN.