

# City of the Blest

William. J. Holtzclaw, 1895

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♩=96

1. There's a ci - ty on high, where the saints are at rest, Not a sor - row or  
2. 'Tis a ci - ty of light, with its build - ings so fair, Ma - ny friends that I  
3. Let us walk in the steps of the Mas - ter so dear, For the home is in

care ev - er trou - bles the blest; 'Tis the home of the soul, 'tis the land of the free,  
knew are now rest - ing up there; I shall see them, for they are now wait - ing for me.  
sight, and the meet - ing is near; I shall then be at rest, and from sin I'll be free,

*Refrain*  
Ci - ty of the blest, let my soul rest in thee.  
Ci - ty of the blest, let my soul rest in thee. Ci - ty of the blest, ci - ty of the blest,  
Ci - ty of the blest, let my soul rest in thee.

Ci - ty of the blest, let my soul rest in thee; Ci - ty of the blest, ci - ty of the blest,

Ci - ty of the blest, let my soul rest in thee.