

Beautiful City of Gold

W. J. Graves, 1926

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♩=87

1. I'm think- ing to - day of that ci - ty be - yond, Whose streets are all paved with pure
2. My Sav - ior is now in that ci - ty so fair, De - sign - ing a home for His
3. How oft - en I think of that ci - ty on high, Where thieves can - not break through and

gold; The saved ones shall dwell there with hearts ev - er fond, And
own; Some day He will call them to dwell with Him there, 'Mid
steal; There an - thems of praise shall re - sound thro' the sky, And

Refrain

none there shall ev - er grow old.
joys which no mor - tal hath known. O beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold: Its
Je - sus His face shall re - veal. pure gold,

rit.

man - sions I long to be - hold; My bur - dens seem light - er, My path - way grows bright - er, When I

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think of that ci - ty of gold.