

The Golden City

Herbert Howard Booth (1862-1926)

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$\text{♩} = 100$

1. I've a home fair and bright in yon-der ci - ty, To its gates I am march - ing a -
2. It is true on the way to yon-der ci - ty, I've to cross o'er a cold roll - ing
3. Do you know there's no place in yon-der ci - ty, For a soul that is bur - dened with

- long; When my fight - ing for Je - sus here is o - ver, I shall then take my place with the
flood; But I trust Him to guide me by whose pi - ty I've been led to the sin - cleans - ing
guilt? Do you know that no sin can ev - er en - ter? Hast - en then to the blood that was

through That face to face be - holds the Sav - ior, In whose praise is raised its song.
blood; As He has said He'll ne - ver leave me, I will trust my friend, my God.
spilt To cleanse from sin, and with me jour - ney To the ci - ty God has built.

Refrain

Up in the gold - en ci - ty There's a man - sion to me will be giv'n; I am rich - er by far Than a

queen or a czar, I'm an heir of the wealth of Heav'n.