

The City of Love

Ransom & Franklin Grabeel, 1898

Ransom & Franklin Grabeel

♩=100

1. We are wait - ing for the Mas - ter to call us home; We are
2. O our hearts are full of care while on earth we dwell, But there's
3. Here our way is oft made sad by the fruits of sin, But we

long - ing for the man - sions a - bove; Where the bless - èd Sav - ior waits for His
rap - ture, joy and glad - ness a - bove. When our wea - ry march is end - ed, we'll
turn our tear - ful eyes far a - bove; Then our hearts are all a - glow with the

child - ren's com - ing, To as - sign to them the ci - ty of love. Where our
en - ter man - sions Je - sus gives us in the ci - ty of love. There no
joys ce - les - tial Wait - ing for us in the ci - ty of love. God will

wea - ry souls shall rest, sweet - ly rest, Lov - ing - ly on Je - sus'
more our steps shall roam, sad - ly roam, But with Je - sus be at
wipe a - way each tear, blind - ing tear, And will take a - way all

breast, gen - tle breast.
home, bless - èd home. O we long to reach the shore, Where our sor - rows shall be o'er, And our
fear, ev - ery fear.

hap - pi - ness shall be com - plete.