

The City of Our God  
Richard Adams, 2009.  
John Darwall, 1770.

The city of our God, Jerusalem the bright,  
Her gleaming wall and spires tall adorn the sight.  
The Lord within  
Awaits us there, with mansions fair,  
In glorious light.

No temple will there be, no sun or moon need shine,  
The glory of the Lord and Lamb will be its shrine.  
The nations walk  
Within its light, O wondrous sight  
What holy sign!

Where gleam of precious stone and gates of pearl surround,  
Foursquare it stands, o'er all the lands, in beauty crowned.  
All pain is gone:  
No death or tearsour sorrow, fears  
Are no more found.

Our true and heart's desire, to live within God's walls,  
From mountain peak your towers we seek, the gleaming halls.  
O draw us there;  
From streets of gold, Love manifold  
Our welcome calls.