

The City Paved with Gold

William How, 1871.

Edward Rimbault.

The city paved with gold,
Bright with each dazzling gem!
When shall our eyes behold
The new Jerusalem?
Yet lo! e'en now in viewless might
Uprise the walls of living light!

The kingdom of the Lord!
It cometh not with show;
Nor throne nor crown nor sword
Proclaim its might below;
Though dimly scanned through mists of sin,
The Lord's true kingdom is within!

The gates of pearl are there
In penitential tears;
Bright as a jewel rare
Each saintly grace appears;
We track the path saints trod of old,
And lo! the pavement is of gold!

The living waters flow
That fainting souls may drink;
The mystic fruit trees grow
Along the river's brink;
We taste e'en now the waters sweet,
And of the tree of life we eat.

Not homeless wanderers here
Our exile songs we sing;
Thou art our home most dear,
Thou city of the King!
Thy future bliss we cannot tell,
Content in thee on earth to dwell.

Build, Lord, the mystic walls!
Throw wide the unseen gates!
Fill all the golden halls,
While yet Thy triumph waits!
Make glad Thy church with light and love,
Till glorified it shines above!