

The Pearly White City
Arthur Ingler, 1902.

There's a holy and beautiful city
Whose builder and ruler is God;
John saw it descending from Heaven,
When Patmos, in exile, he trod;
Its high, massive wall is of jasper,
The city itself is pure gold;
And when my frail tent here is folded,
Mine eyes shall its glory behold.

Refrain

In that bright city, pearly white city,
I have a mansion, a harp, and a crown;
Now I am watching, waiting, and longing,
For the white city that's soon coming down.

No sin is allowed in that city
And nothing defiling or mean;
No pain and no sickness can enter,
No crepe on the doorknob is seen;
Earth's sorrows and cares are forgotten,
No tempter is there to annoy;
No parting words ever are spoken,
There's nothing to hurt or destroy.

Refrain

No heartaches are known in that city,
No tears ever moisten the eyes;
There's no disappointment in Heaven,
No envy and strife in the sky;
The saints are all sanctified wholly,
They live in sweet harmony there;
My heart is now set on that city,
And some day its blessings I'll share.

Refrain

My loved ones are gathering yonder,
My friends too are passing away,
And soon I shall join their bright number,
And dwell in eternity's day;
They're safe now in glory with Jesus,
Their trials and battles are past.
They overcame sin and the tempter,
They've reached that fair city at last.

Refrain