

The Light of the Holy City
Ada Blenkhorn, 1909.
Lyman Jackson.

There is a holy city,
Whose builder is our God;
No eye hath seen its mansions fair,
No foot its courts hath trod.
The wealth of its foundations,
Its streets of purest gold,
The glory of its gates of pearl,
No tongue hath ever told.

Refrain

The Lamb is the light of that city above,
The light that shall never cease!
And all shall behold Him, whose infinite love
Leads them home to that city of peace.

No need within that city,
Of sun or moon to shine;
Jehovah's presence lights the scene
With radiance most divine;
No shade of night e'er falleth,
To dim the splendor bright;
The Lamb of God on Calv'ry slain,
Forever is the light.

Refrain

No man could ever number
The ransomed gathered there,
Arrayed in blood-washed robes of white
The palms of vict'ry bear;
Before God's throne they worship
And serve Him night and day;
And every tear from every eye
His hand shall wipe away.

Refrain

The countless hosts of Heaven
His worthy praise proclaim,
Ascribing honor, blessing, power
And glory to His name.
In ceaseless alleluias
They chant eternal psalm,
And cry, "Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!"

Refrain