

# That City

Maria Burbank Williams Barnes, 1874

E. A. Hanchet

♩=100

1. You tell me of a ci - ty Which is so bright and fair; Oh, why do not the  
2. I think a - bout that ci - ty Of which I have been told, Whose gates are made of  
3. Oh, dear and bless - èd ci - ty, Could I but en - ter in, I should be free from

friends I love Talk more of go - ing there? I hear them speak of plea - sures Which  
shin - ing pearl, Whose streets are paved with gold. The firm and strong foun - da - tion Is  
ev - ery pain, From care, and doubt, and sin. Oh, let me bear each tri - al As

earth - ly things have giv'n; Why do they nev - er men - tion The bet - ter joys of Heav'n?  
built of jew - els rare; I'm sure that noth - ing earth - ly Can with those walls com - pare.  
pa - tient as I may, For soon will all things mor - tal For - ev - er pass a - way.

## Refrain

"A ci - ty which hath foun - da - tions, Whose build - er and mak - er is God"; Which

shin - eth a - far Like a beau - ti - ful star, By saints and an - gels trod!