## Where They Need No Sun


dawn-ing of e - ter - ni-ty be - gun, I shall en - ter gates of pearl to walk on sad - ness and with pain I shall be done. No more sor - row, no more sick-ness in that God and to the Lamb for sin-ners slain. As the sound of ma-ny wa - ters this tri-

streets of shin-ing gold, In that ci - ty where they need no sun.
home so pure and bright, In that ci - ty where they need no sun! In that - umph - ant song shall rise And re - sound through-out God's vast do - main. In that



