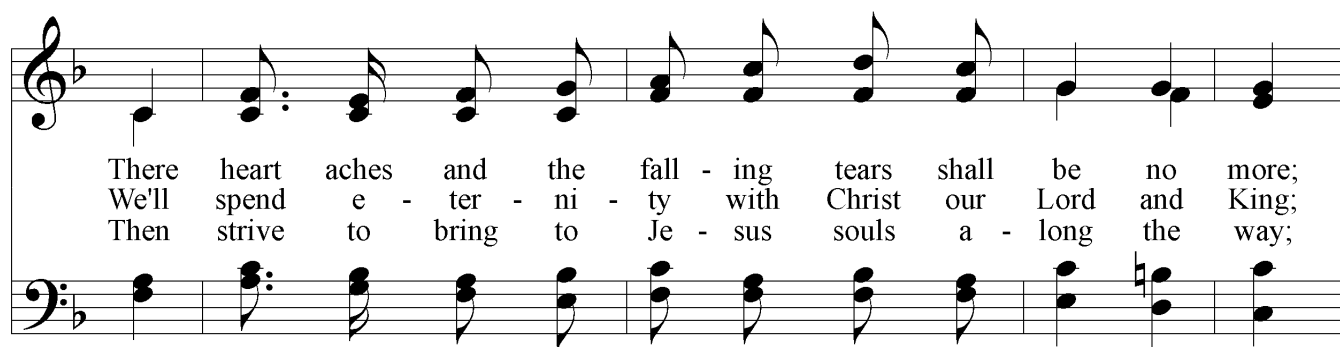


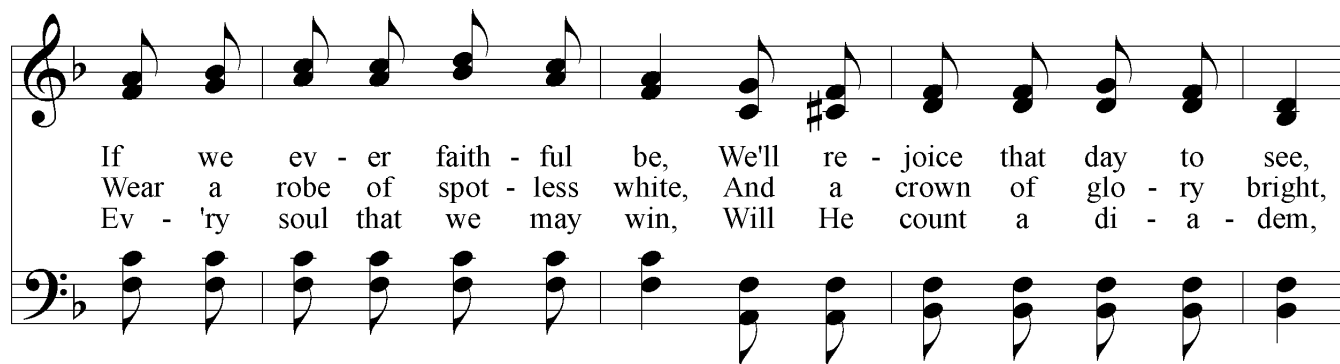
That City



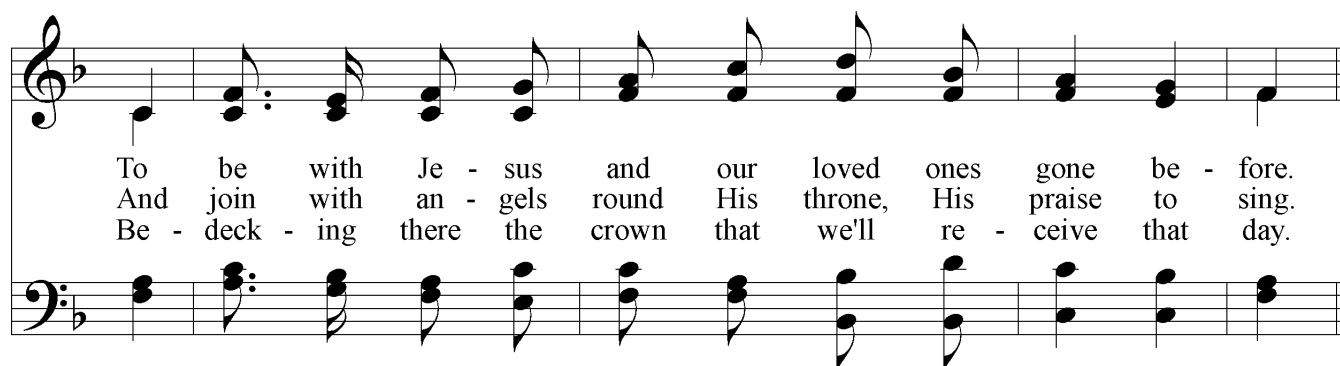
1. There's a cit - y far a - way, Where we all shall meet some day,
2. In that home be - yond the skies, Where the love light nev - er dies,
3. Would you gain that home a - bove, Where there's naught but peace and love,



There heart aches and the fall - ing tears shall be no more;
We'll spend e - ter - ni - ty with Christ our Lord and King;
Then strive to bring to Je - sus souls a - long the way;



If we ev - er faith - ful be, We'll re - jice that day to see,
Wear a robe of spot - less white, And a crown of glo - ry bright,
Ev - 'ry soul that we may win, Will He count a di - a - dem,



To be with Je - sus and our loved ones gone be - fore.
And join with an - gels round His throne, His praise to sing.
Be - deck - ing there the crown that we'll re - ceive that day.

Words: S. O. Lowe

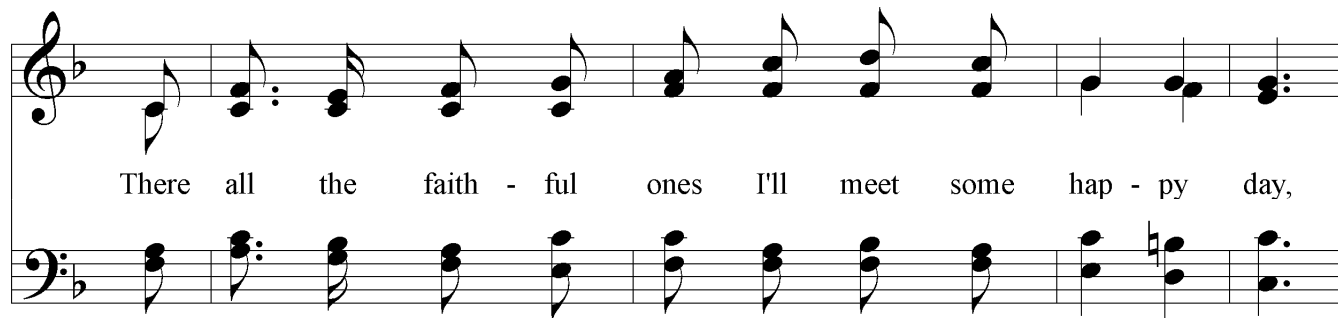
Music: Mrs. J. W. Adams, Waycross, Ga.

That City

Chorus



O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I'm on my way to heav - en,



There all the faith - ful ones I'll meet some hap - py day,



O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I'm on my way to heav - en,



I'll sing the Sav - ior's prais - es all a - long the way.