

THE JOY OF MY LORD

Arr.WHH  
Mrs.Lucina Moon

L.M.

I have heard of a cit - y of light, with its streets made of  
I have heard of a count-ry so fair, With its hills and its

glit-ter-ing gold, Of the an-gels in gar-ments of white, And the  
val-leys of green covered o-ver with flow-ers so rare, while the

There fresh glo - - -  
songs which shall nev-er grow old. There fresh glo -  
riv - er of life flows be-tween. There the tree  
There the tree

ries un-fold in that cit - - y of gold,  
on its shore Giv-eth life in that cit-y of gold, But the  
Giv-eth life ev-er-more, ev-er-more, But the  
Giv-eth life ev-er-more, Such

joy of my Lord will be mine Oer the lambs i have bro't  
great-est of joys will be mine In the souls i have led

to His fold.  
to that shore.

Gospel In Song, RH  
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