1. No-where can ri-val the cit-y of God, love-li-est,
   ho-li-est place in His sight: there as on moun-tains of
   splen-dor it stands; there are His peo-ple, His last-ing de-light.

2. Once we were stran-gers, but now we draw near, sum-moned to
   faith from the ends of the earth; now in the cit-y of
   God we be-long: He has declared it the place of our birth.

3. Now we are cit-i-zens, chil-dren and heirs; now in His
   pres-ence our hearts are at home; our names are e-ven re-
   -cord-ed in heav-en—Lord, with the mu-sic of wor-ship, we come!

Words: Martin Leckebusch
Music: Irish folk melody
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