

The City Of Dreams

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mel. 1.) There's a Ci - ty of Dreams, thro' the mist sends its gleams Of sap - phire and
2.) There are times when it seems, this fair Ci - ty of Dreams, So close that its
3.) O my soul, be thou strong, for the way is not long, I fol - low the

4
jas - per and gold, And they fall thro' the gray o'er a trav - el - worn way, In
song I can hear; And the things of my sight seem to fade in - to night, As
beck - on - ing gleams, For the way is not long as I list to the song, And

8
beau - ty that can - not be told. O the Ci - ty of Dreams that so
vi - sions of glo - ry ap - pear.
press tow'rd the Ci - ty of Dreams.

12
near to me seems, Where rest comes when toil - ing is done! O the
Where rest comes when toil - ing is done!

14
Ci - ty four-square, be - yond earth - ly com - pare, The Ci - ty that needs not the sun!

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