Beautiful Zion, Built Above

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove; Beau - ti - ful cit - y
   that I love; Beau - ti - ful gates of pearl - y white;
   Beau - ti - ful tem - ple—God its light; He who was slain on
   Cal - va - ry O - pens those pearl - y gates to me.

2. Beau - ti - ful heav’n, where all is light; Beau - ti - ful an - gels
   clothed in white; Beau - ti - ful strains that nev - er tire;
   Beau - ti - ful harps thru all the choir; There shall I join the
   cho - rus sweet, Wor - ship - ing at the Sav - ior’s feet.

3. Beau - ti - ful crowns on ev - ’ry brow; Beau - ti - ful palms the
   con - q’rors show; Beau - ti - ful robes the ran - somed wear;
   Beau - ti - ful all who en - ter there; Thith - er I press with
   ea - ger feet; There shall my rest be long and sweet.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion; Beautiful Zion; Zion, Zion, city of our God!

Text: George Gill, 1820–1880
Music: Joseph G. Fones, 1828–1906

Revelation 7:9–17
Revelation 21:2, 21–23