Where the Roses Never Fade

I am going to a city, Where the streets with gold are
In this world we have our troubles, Satan’s snares we must e-
Loved ones gone to be with Jesus, In their robes of white ar-

And the tree of life is blooming, And the roses never fade.
We’ll be free from all temptations, Where the roses never fade.
Now are waiting for the coming, Where the roses never fade.

Here they bloom but for a season, Soon their beauty is decayed;

I am going to a city, Where the roses never fade.