

HOLY CITY. 6s, 7s.

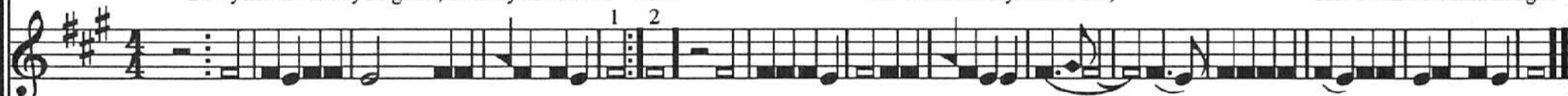
"For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." -- Heb. 11:10.

F# Minor

B. F. White, 1844.



1. There is a ho-ly cit - y, A happy world a-bove, An ev-er-last-ing tem-ple, They serve their great Redeemer,
Be - yond the star-ry re-gions, Built by the God of love. And saints ar-rayed in white; And dwell with Him in light.



2. It is no world of trou-ble, The God of peace is there, Their joys are still in-creas-ing, They praise th' e-ter-nal Fa-ther,
He wipes a-way their sor-rows, He ban-ish-es their care; Their songs are ev-er new; The Son and Spirit, too.



3. Is this the Man of sor-rows Who stood at Pilate's bar, He seems a might-y con-qu'ror, And ransomed man-y cap-tives
Contemned by haughty Herod, And by his men of war? Who spoiled the pow'rs below, From ev-er-last-ing woe.

