

# O HOLY CITY, SEEN OF JOHN

1. O ho - ly cit - y, seen of John, Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,  
2. O shame to us who rest con - tent While lust and greed for gain,  
3. Give us, O God, the strength to build The cit - y that hath stood  
4. Al - read - y in the mind of God That cit - y ris - eth fair:

With - in whose four - square walls shall come No night, nor need, nor pain,  
In street and shop and ten - e - ment Wring gold from hu - man pain,  
Too long a dream, whose laws are love, Whose ways are broth - er - hood,  
Lo, how its splen - dor chal - leng - es The souls that great - ly dare,

And where the tears are wiped from eyes That shall not weep a - gain.  
And bit - ter lips in blind de - spair Cry, "Christ hath died in vain"  
And where the sun that shin - eth is God's grace for hu - man good.  
Yea, bids us seize the whole of life And build its glo - ry there.

WORDS BY WALTER R. BOWIE (1909)

MUSIC: WYETH'S REPOSITORY OF SACRED MUSIC (1813)