

## HOLY CITY. 7 &amp; 6.

A Major.

Bovelle.

1. There is a ho - ly ci - ty, a hap - py world a - bove, Be - yond the star - ry re - gions, Built by the God of love.  
 2. It is no world of trou - ble, The God of peace is there, He wipes a - way their sor - rows, He ban - ish - es their care;

3. The meanest child of glo - ry Out - shines the ra - diant sun; But who can speak the splendor Of that e - ter - nal throne?  
 4. Is this the Man of sor - rows Who stood at Pi - late's bar, Con - temned by haugh - ty He - rod, And by his men of war?

An ev - er - lasting tem - ple, And saints ar - rayed in white; They serve their great Re - deem - er, And dwell with Him in light.  
 Their joys are still in - creas - ing, Their songs are ev - er new; They praise th'e - ter - nal Fa - ther, The Son and Spi - rit, too.

Where Je - sus sits ex - alt - ed, In God - like ma - je - sty; The el - ders fall be - fore him; The an - gels bend the knee.  
 He seems a mighty con - qu'ror, Who spoiled the pow'rs be - low, And ran - somed ma - ny cap - tives From ev - er - last - ing woe.