

# O Holy City, Seen of John

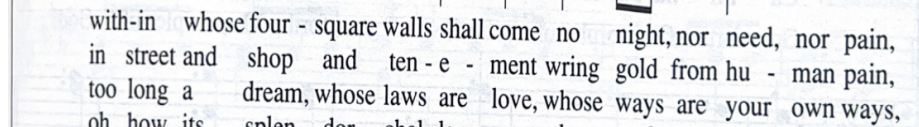
Walter Russell Bowie, 1910; alt.

613

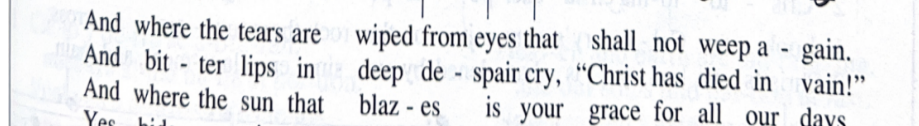
Rev. 21:1-22:5; Heb. 11:16



1 O ho - ly cit - y, seen of John, where Christ, the Lamb, does 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 has stayed  
4 Al - read - y in the mind of God that cit - y is pre - pared:

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 your own ways,  
oh, 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 deep de - spair cry, "Christ has died in vain!"  
And where the sun that blaz - es is your grace for all our days.  
Yes, bids us seize the whole of life and build its glo - ry there.



Walter Russell Bowie, Episcopal priest and seminary professor,  
was a member of the committee that prepared the Revised  
Standard Version of the Bible. This hymn expresses a hope  
for a realm of God beginning here and now.

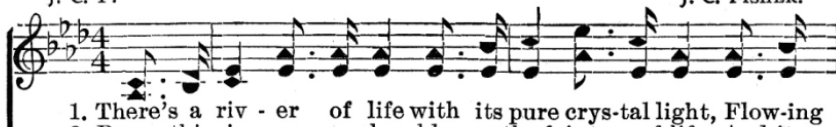
Tune: MORNING SONG 8.6.8.6.8.6.  
Melody from Sixteen Tune Settings, 1812  
Harm. C. Winfred Douglas, 1940

# No. 479.

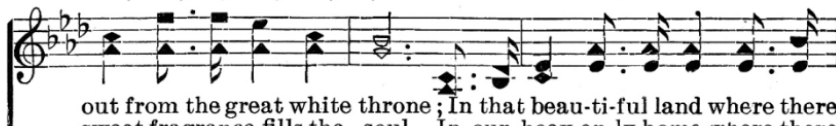
# The River of Life.

J. C. F.

J. C. FISHER.



1. There's a riv - er of life with its pure crys - tal light, Flow - ing  
2. By this riv - er so clear blooms the fair tree of life, And its  
3. On the clear sea of glass that is min - gled with fire Stand the  
4. There's a fountain, a stream where the thirsty may drink Of the

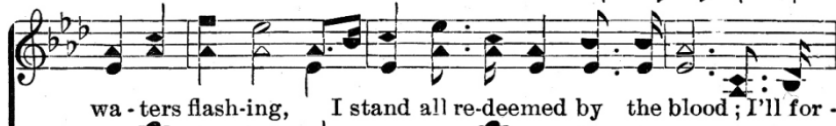


out from the great white throne; In that beau - ti - ful land where there  
sweet fragrance fills the soul In our heav - en - ly home where there  
ho - ly that o - ver - came; And with harps in their hands, in the  
wa - ter of life so free; They shall suffer no heat nor of

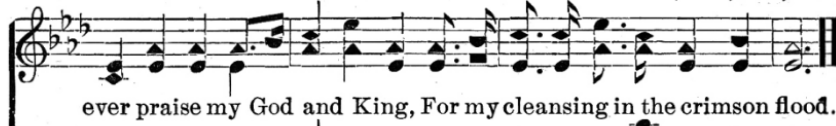


CHORUS.

is no night, And where sorrow never can be known.  
is no strife, And there's naught but love can there control. By the crys - tal  
heav'nly choir, Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.  
hun - ger think, And no sor - row shall they ever see.



wa - ters flash - ing, I stand all re - deemed by the blood; I'll for -



ever praise my God and King, For my cleansing in the crimson flood.