

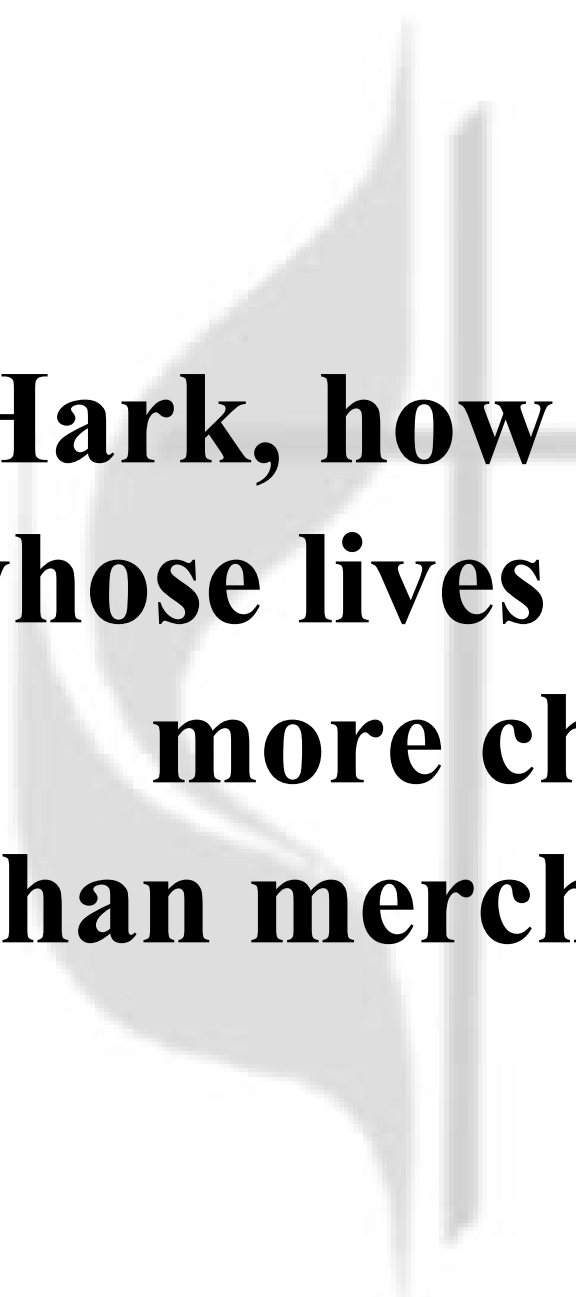
# O Holy City, Seen of John

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WORDS: Walter Russell Bowie, 1909 (Rev. 21:1–22:5)

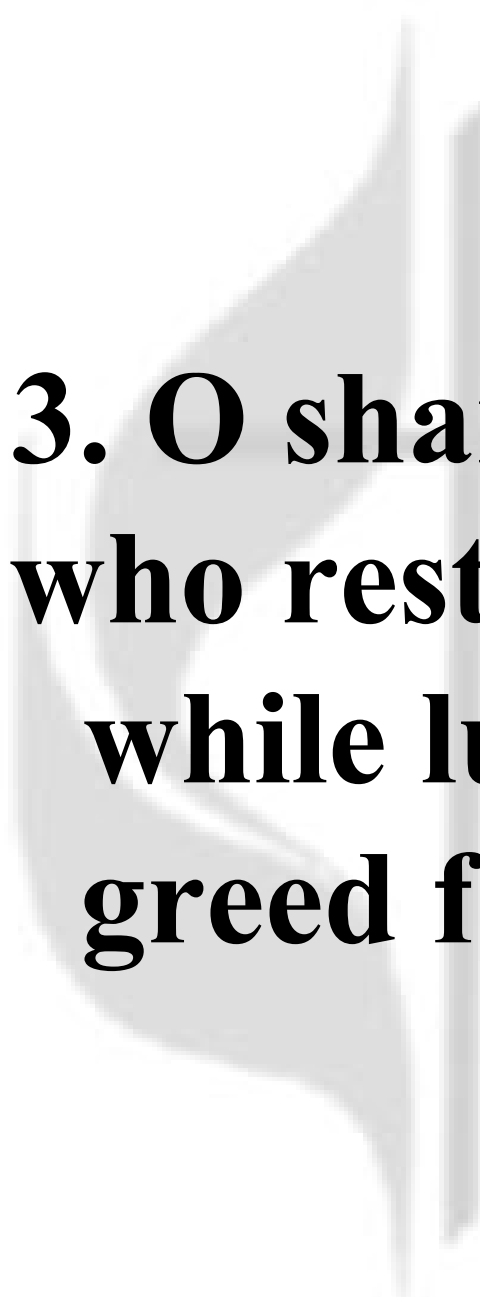
**1. O holy city,  
seen of John,  
where Christ,  
the Lamb, doth reign,**

**within whose foursquare  
walls shall come  
no night, nor need, nor pain,  
and where the tears  
are wiped from eyes  
that shall not weep again.**



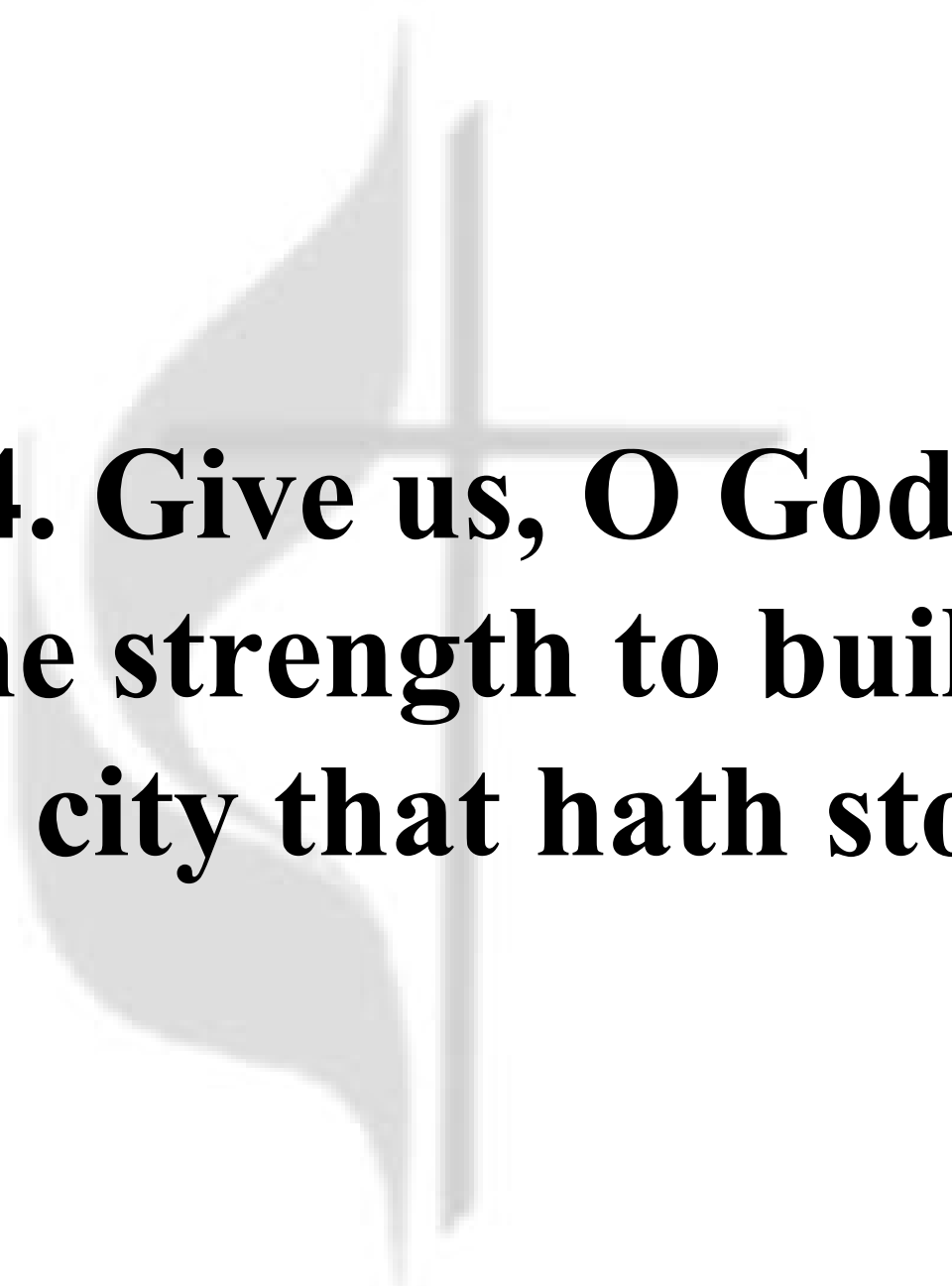
**2. Hark, how from men  
whose lives are held  
more cheap  
than merchandise,**

**from women struggling  
sore for bread,  
from little children's cries,  
there swells the sobbing  
human plaint  
that bids thy walls arise.**



**3. O shame to us  
who rest content  
while lust and  
greed for gain**

**in street and shop  
and tenement  
wring gold from human pain,  
and bitter lips  
in blind despair cry,  
“Christ hath died in vain!”**



**4. Give us, O God,  
the strength to build  
the city that hath stood**

**too long a dream,  
whose laws are love,  
whose crown is servanthood,  
and where the sun  
that shineth is  
God's grace for human good.**





**5. Already in the  
mind of God  
that city riseth fair:**

**lo, how its  
splendor challenges  
the souls that greatly dare;  
yea, bids us seize  
the whole of life  
and build its glory there.**