The Wonderful City



- 1. I hear them tell of a won-drous coun-try, A land of pure de-light,
- 2. I hear them tell of a ris en Sav ior, Whose praise the glad host sing;
- 3. O broth er, list to the won drous sto ry, So old and yet so new;



Where sum - mer suns are for - ev - er shin - ing, And nev - er there fall - eth night; The build - er of that e - ter - nal cit - y, — The might - y, the King of kings. The half un - told, tho' for - ev - er tell - ing The sto - ry so good and true.



I hear that with - in that do - min - ion fair, A cit - y e - ter - nal stands, They tell me that He has pre-pared for all A man - sion so bright and fair, That coun - try's the home of im - mor - tal souls, That cit - y's the throne of love,



A cit - y whose beau-ty is yet un - told, A cit - y not built with hands. And ten - der - ly calls un to all to come Its bliss ev - er - more to share. That King is the Sav-ior who shed His blood, To give us that home a - bove.



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