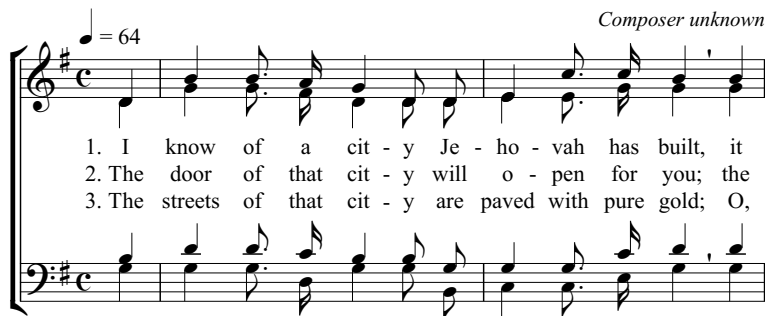


287 I know of a city

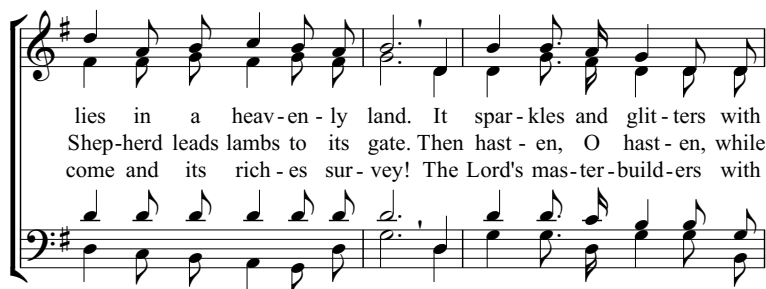
Poet unknown

Composer unknown

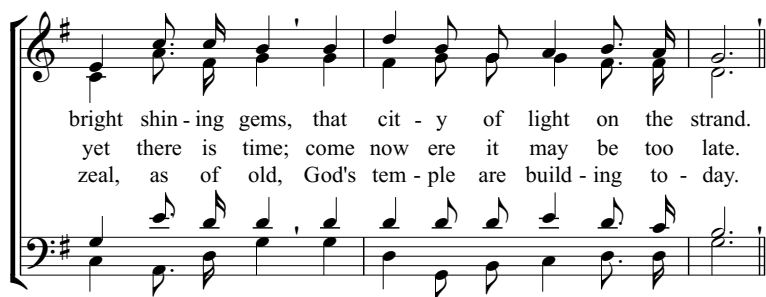
$\text{♩} = 64$



1. I know of a cit - y Je - ho - vah has built, it
2. The door of that cit - y will o - pen for you; the
3. The streets of that cit - y are paved with pure gold; O,



lies in a heav - en - ly land. It spar - kes and glit - ters with
Shep - herd leads lambs to its gate. Then hast - en, O hast - en, while
come and its rich - es sur - vey! The Lord's mas - ter - build - ers with



bright shin - ing gems, that cit - y of light on the strand.
yet there is time; come now ere it may be too late.
zeal, as of old, God's tem - ple are build - ing to - day.

Refrain



O Je - sus in - vites you to come and make that fair

cit - y your home! The way there for you is

o - pen once more, come share the bless-ed joy there in store!