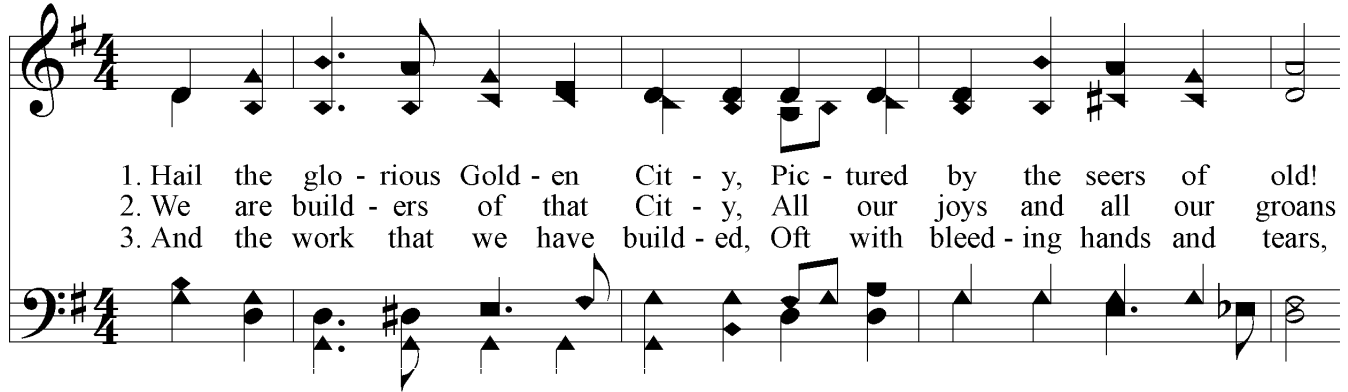
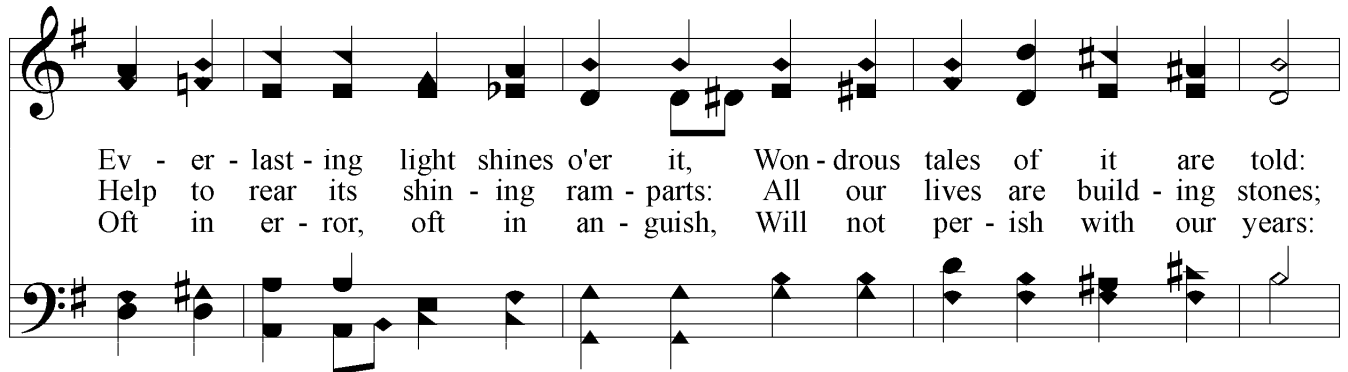


# Hail the Glorious Golden City

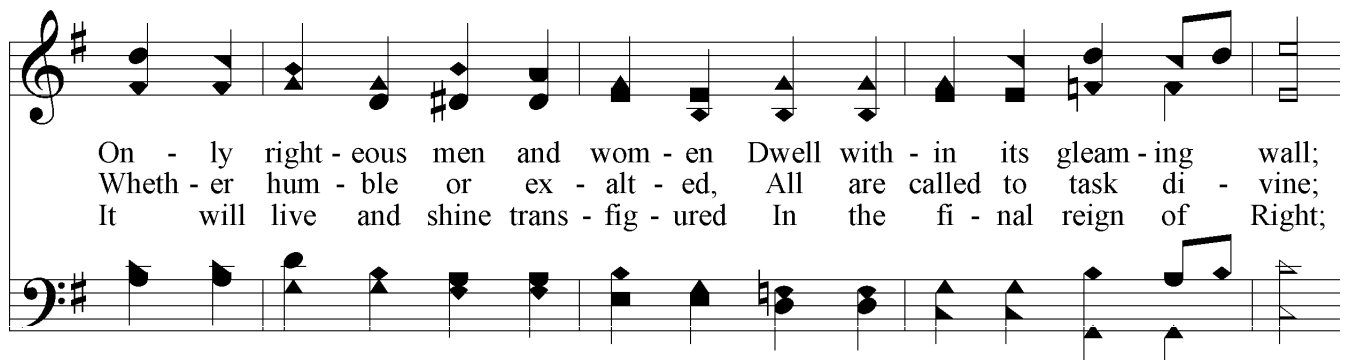
SANCTUARY 8, 7, 8, 7, D



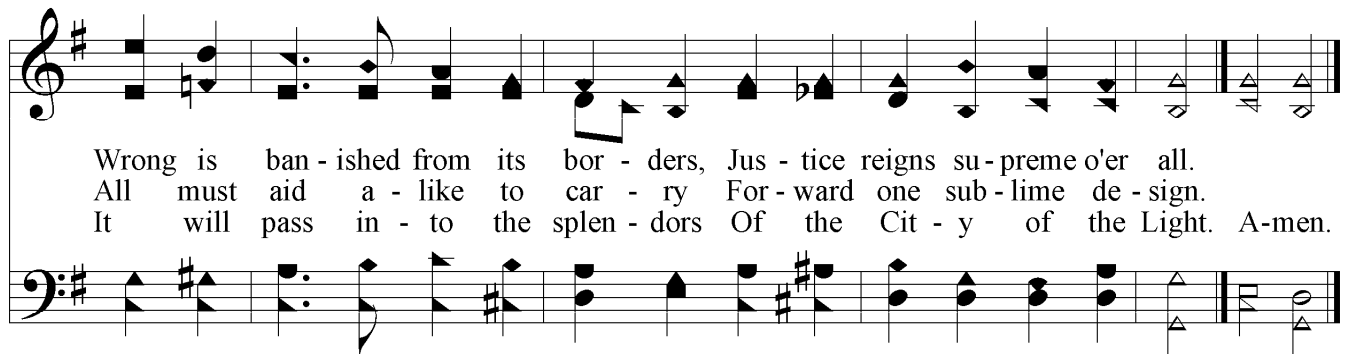
1. Hail the glo - rious Gold - en Cit - y, Pic - tured by the seers of old!  
2. We are build - ers of that Cit - y, All our joys and all our groans  
3. And the work that we have build - ed, Oft with bleed - ing hands and tears,



Ev - er - last - ing light shines o'er it, Won - drous tales of it are told:  
Help to rear its shin - ing ram - parts: All our lives are build - ing stones;  
Oft in er - ror, oft in an - guish, Will not per - ish with our years:



On - ly right - eous men and wom - en Dwell with - in its gleam - ing wall;  
Wheth - er hum - ble or ex - alt - ed, All are called to task di - vine;  
It will live and shine trans - fig - ured In the fi - nal reign of Right;



Wrong is ban - ished from its bor - ders, Jus - tice reigns su - preme o'er all.  
All must aid a - like to car - ry For - ward one sub - lime de - sign.  
It will pass in - to the splen - dors Of the Cit - y of the Light. A - men.