

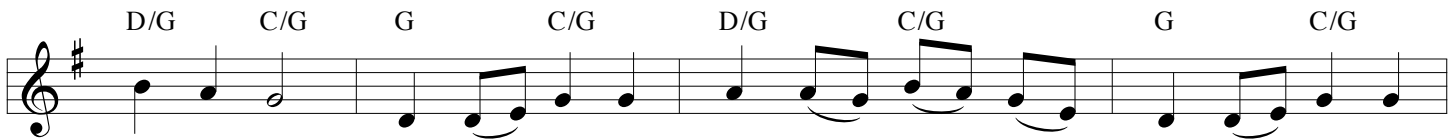
From the City

Greg Scheer, BMI

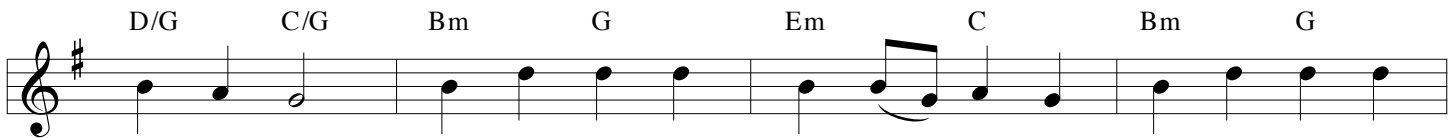
(tune: HOLY MANNA)



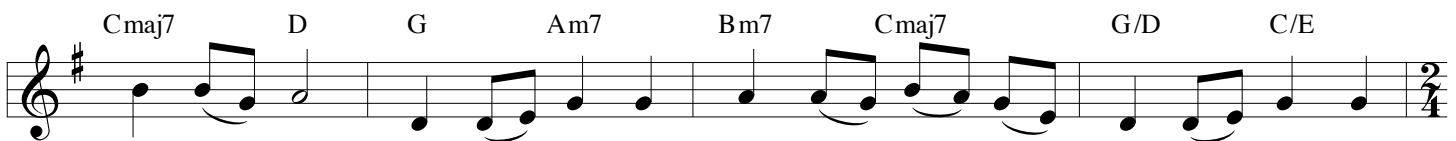
1. From the ci - ty to the coun - try from the des - ert
2. Lord, You've called us to Your king - dom, and You've called us
3. Still there is the sound of weep - ing; love be - trayed and
4. From the ci - ty to the coun - try from the des - ert



to the sea, ev' - ry tribe and ev' - ry peo - ple, ev' - ry crea - ture
to Your side. Lord, You send us out with po - wer to be salt and
truth de - nied. Jus - tice just a dream for those whose well of hope has
to the sea, Je - sus calls us to His king - dom where His sub - jects

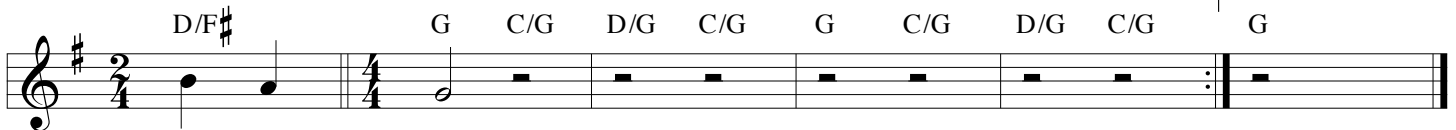


will be freed. Lord, we pray Your heav'n - ly king - dom here on earth our
show Your light. Lord, re - vive us. Lord, re - vive us. All our hopes are
long gone dry. Hear the cries of those a - round us. See our neigh - bors
will be free. North and South with shouts of laugh - ter, East and West will



eyes will see. Lord, we pray that we'd be faith - ful to pro - claim your
set on You. Wake our drows - y souls from slum - ber. Give us vis - ion,
sink - ing down. Lord, we pray that peace will rain like ho - ly man - na
fill the streets. All a - round the sound of sing - ing; earth pro - claims its

intro and interlude



jub - i - lee.
make us new.
all a - round.
jub - i - lee.