



words and music Pekka Sinikallio

A

I. Wel - come God's cho - sen peo - ple! His cel - e - tion
 will be - gin. Wel - come up to the
 cit - y, where God him - self a - waits in - in.

There is no wa - ter dy - ing, and no more
 (a++b:) Oo

ha - tred where. There is
 (a++b:) Oo

no fear nor cry - ing, He'll give us robes of white to wear.

B

Like might - y wa - ters we will be
 ev'n - ing our prais - es

sing - ing: thou - sands of voi - ces all in ac -
 bring - ing: We are His peo - ple, He is our

cord. 1. Me - ing and Lord. D.C. al Fine
 2. Fine