

Mahalia Jackson

"The holy city"

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Last night I lay asleeping
There came a dream so fair
I stood in old Jerusales
Beside the temple there
I heard the children singing
And ever as they sang
Methought the voice of angels
From heav'n in answer ring
Methought the voice of angels
From heav'n in answer ring

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
Lift up your gates and sing
Hossanah in the highest
Hossanah to your King

And then methought my dream was changed
The streets no longer rang
Hushed were the glad hossanahs
The little children sang
The sun grew dark with mystery
The morn was cold and chill
As the shadow of the cross arose
Upon a lonely hill
As the shadow of the cross arose
Upon a lonely hill

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
Hark how the angels sing
Hossanah in highest
Hossanah to your King

And once again the scene was changed
New earth there seemed to be
I saw the holy city beside the tideless sea
The light of God was on the streets
The gates are opened wide
And all who would might enter
And no one was denied
No need of moon or stars by night
Or sun to shine by day

It was the new Jerusalem
That would not pass away
It was the new Jerusalem
That would not pass away

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
Sing for the night is o'er
Hossanah in the highest
Hossanah evermore
Hossanah in the highest
Hossanah evermore

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