

## Religious Music

# "The Holy City"

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Last night I lay a-sleeping  
There came a dream so fair,  
I stood in old Jerusalem  
Beside the temple there.

I heard the children singing,  
And ever as they sang,  
Me thought the voice of angels  
From heaven in answer rang.

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

And then me thought my dream was changed,  
The streets no longer rang,  
Hushed were the glad Hosannas  
The little children sang.

The sun grew dark with mystery,  
The morn was cold and chill,  
As the shadow of a cross arose  
Upon a lonely hill.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Hark! How the angels sing,  
Hosanna in the highest!  
Hosanna 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 it's streets,  
The gates were open 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.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Sing for the night is o'er!  
Hosanna in the highest!  
Hosanna for evermore!

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