

Michael Crawford "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
I thought the voice of Angels from Heaven in answer
rang
I 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 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 its 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
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
Hosanna in the highest
Hosanna for evermore

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