

F. E. Weatherly

"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,
Methought the voice of angels
From Heav'n in answer rang.
Methought the voice of angels
From Heav'n in answer rang.

CHORUS:

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Lift up your gates and sing;
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to your King.
And then methought my dream was changed,
The streets no longer rang.
But with a glad Hosanna
The little children sang.
The sun grew dark with mystery,
The morn was cold and chill,
But the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill.
But the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill.

CHORUS

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Hark, how the angels sing
Hosanna through the ages,
Hosanna to your King.
Then once again the scene was changed,

New earth there seemed to be.
I saw the Holy City
Beside the timeless 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 nor 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 ever more.
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna for ever more.

Submitter's comments:Â

Lovely for Easter/Pascua services at a Bilingual Church/Congregation

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