

The Holy City

Published in 1892, and still in print today

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
Me thought the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing
Hosannah, in the highest, Hosannah to the king.

And then me thought my dream was changed
The streets no longer rang
Hushed were the glad hosannahs 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
As the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing
Hosannah, in the highest, hosannah to the 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 opened wide,
And all who would might enter, and no one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night, nor sun to shine by day
It was a new Jerusalem that would not pass away.
It was a new Jerusalem that would not pass away
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing
Hosannah, in the highest, hosannah to the king.