The Holy City

Michael Maybrick (aka Stephen Adams)

Frederick E. Weatherly, 1892

Last night I lay a sleep ing, There came a dream so fair, I

stood in old Je ru sa lem Be side the tem ple there. I heard the child ren sing ing, And

ev er as they sang, Me thought the voice of an gels From Heav’n in an swer rang; Me-

thought the voice of an gels From
Heav'n in an answer rang:— "Jerusalem! 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 long-er rang. Hushed were the glad ho-san-nas The
little- child-ren sang. The sun grew dark with mys-ter-y, The morn was cold and chill, As the
sha-dow of a cross a-rose Up - on a lone-ly hill, As the sha-dow of a
cantabile

cross a-rose Up - on a lone-ly hill. “Je-

rall. 
- ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Hark! how the an -
gels

sing, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san-na to your

king.”  And

once a - gain the scene was changed, New earth there seemed to be, I saw the Ho-ly Ci-ty Be-
side the tide-less sea; The light of God was on its streets, The gates were o - pen wide, And

all who would might en - ter, And no one was de-

nied. No need of moon or

stars by night, Or sun to shine by day, It
was the new Jerusalem, That would not pass away.

Allargando

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

Allargando

would not pass away, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Sing, for the night is o'er!
sanna in the highest, Ho - sanna for ev-er - more!

Ho san - na in the high-est, Ho - san-na for ev-

more!