

## The Holy City

Michael Crawford

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  
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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