The Holy City

words by Frederick E. Weatherly

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music by Stephen Adams
(Michael Maybrick)

Andante Moderato \( \text{q} = 80 \)

Last night I lay asleep, There

Came a dream so fair, I

stood in old Jerusalem Beside the temple there.

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heard the children singing, And ever as they sang, Me-thought the voice of angels From

Heav'n in answer rang; Me-thought the voice of angels From

Heav'n in answer rang; "Jerusalem! Jer-

3
The Holy City

ru - sa - lem! Lift up your gates and sing, Ho - san - na in the

high - est Ho - san - na to your King!"
Hushed were the glad ho-san-nas The lit-tle 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 cross a-rose Up-on a lone-ly
The Holy City

Hill. "Jeru-sa-lem! Jeru-sa-lem! Hark! how the angels

sing, Hosanna in the highest Hosanna to your

King."

And
affret. (quickening) poco a poco

once again the scene was changed, New earth there seemed to be, I saw the Holy City 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 -
The Holy City

nied. No need of moon or stars by night, Or

sun to shine by day, It was the new Je -

ru sa lem, That would not pass a - way, It
The Holy City

was the new Jerusalem, that would not pass away. "Je-

ru-sa-lem! Je-

ru-sa-lem! Sing, for the night is o'er! Ho-

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

The Holy City

more!
Ho-
san-
na in the high-
est Ho-
san-
na for ev-
er-

more

more