THE HOLY CITY

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS

2.00

BOOSEY & HAWKES

THE HOLY CITY

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 Heaven in answer rang:–
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to your King!"

And then methought my dream was chang'd,
The streets no longer rang,
Hush'd were the glad Hosannas
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.
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Hark! how the Angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest.
Hosanna to your King."

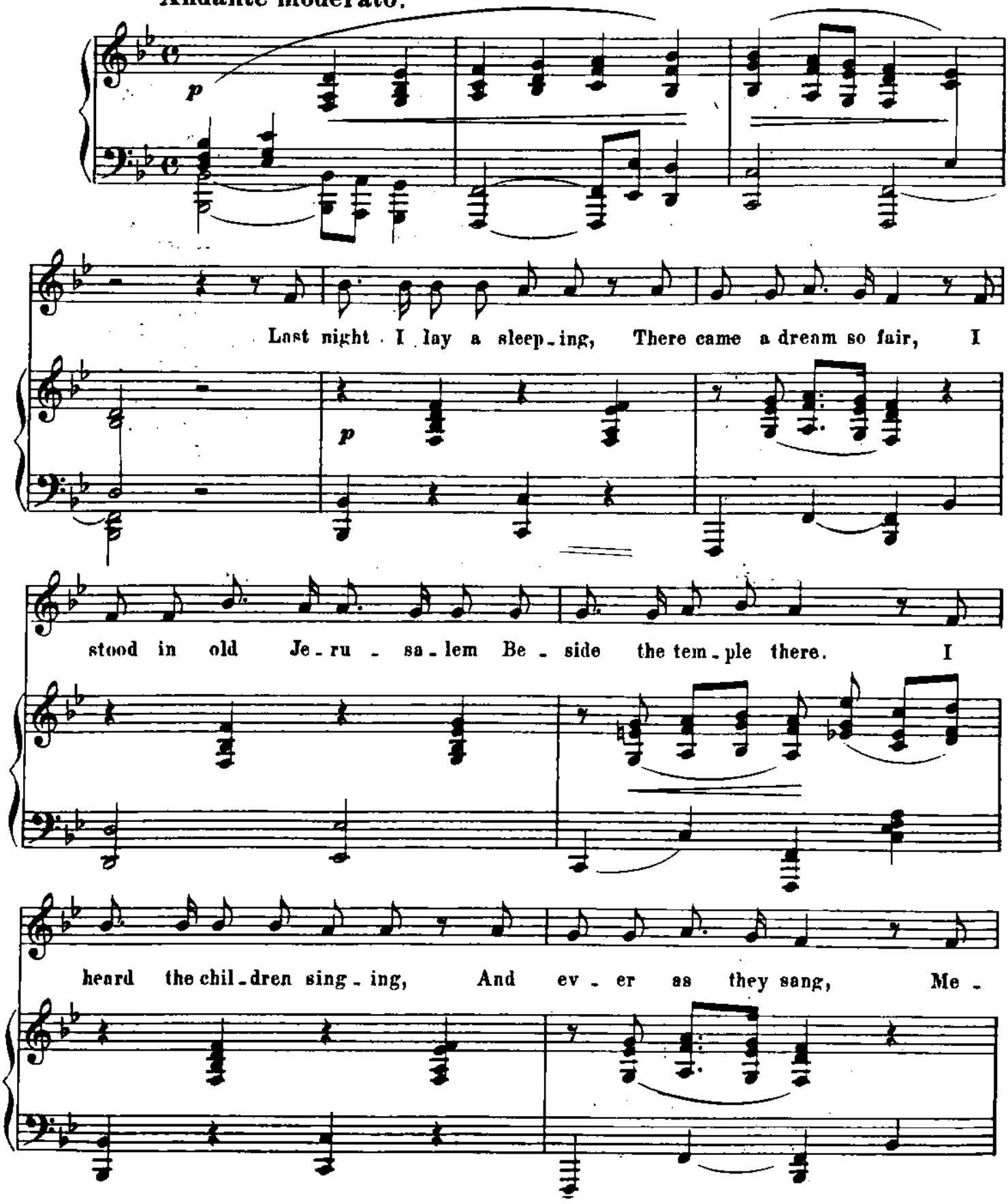
And once again the scene was chang'd,
New earth there seem'd to be,
I saw the Holy City
Beside the tideless sea;
The light of God was on its streets,
The gates were open wide,
And all who would might enter,
And no one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night,
Or sun to shine by day,
It was the new Jerusalem
That would not pass away.
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Sing, for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna evermore!"

FREDERIC. E. WEATHERLY

THE HOLY CITY.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY. Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

Andante moderato.



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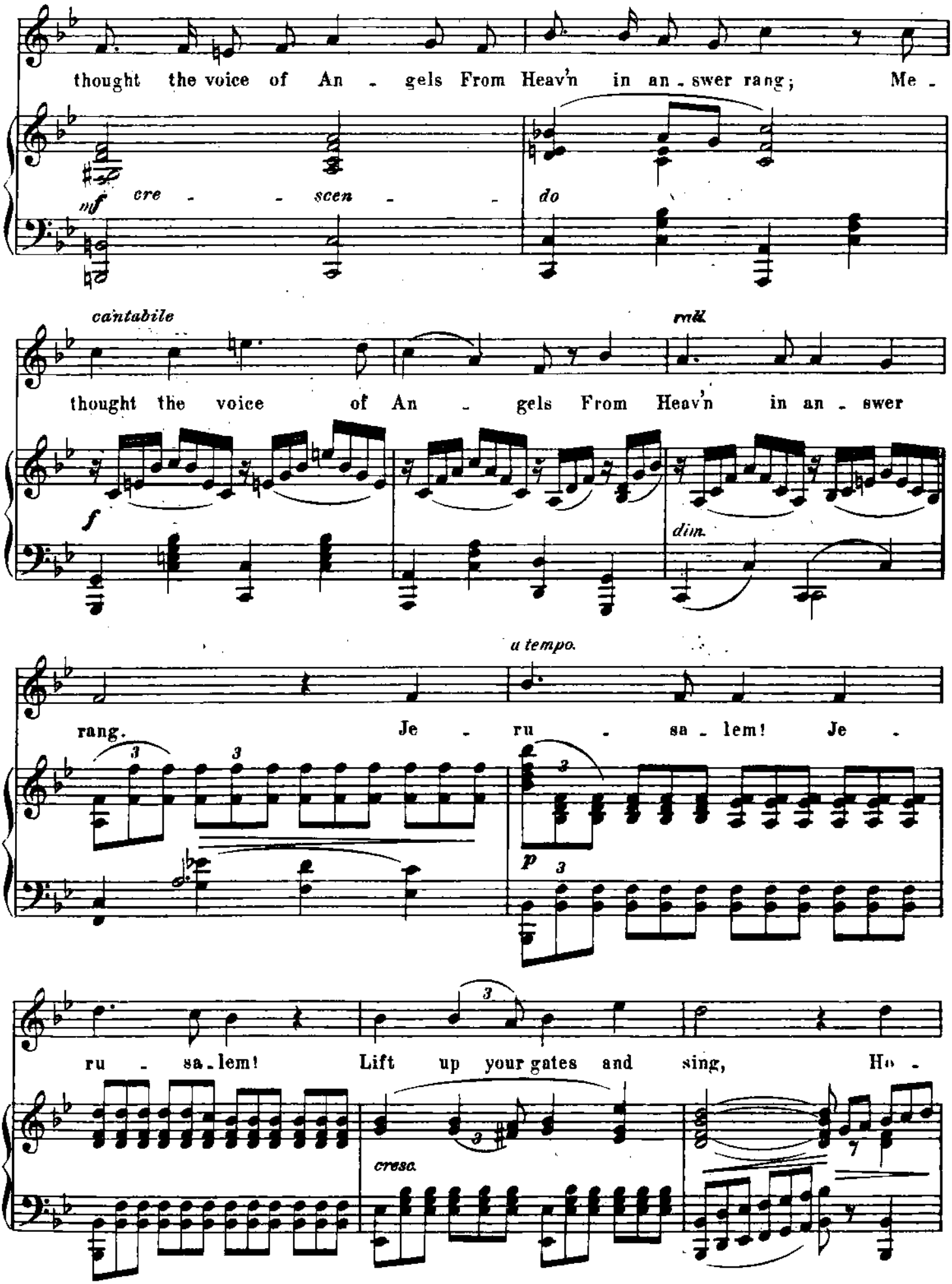
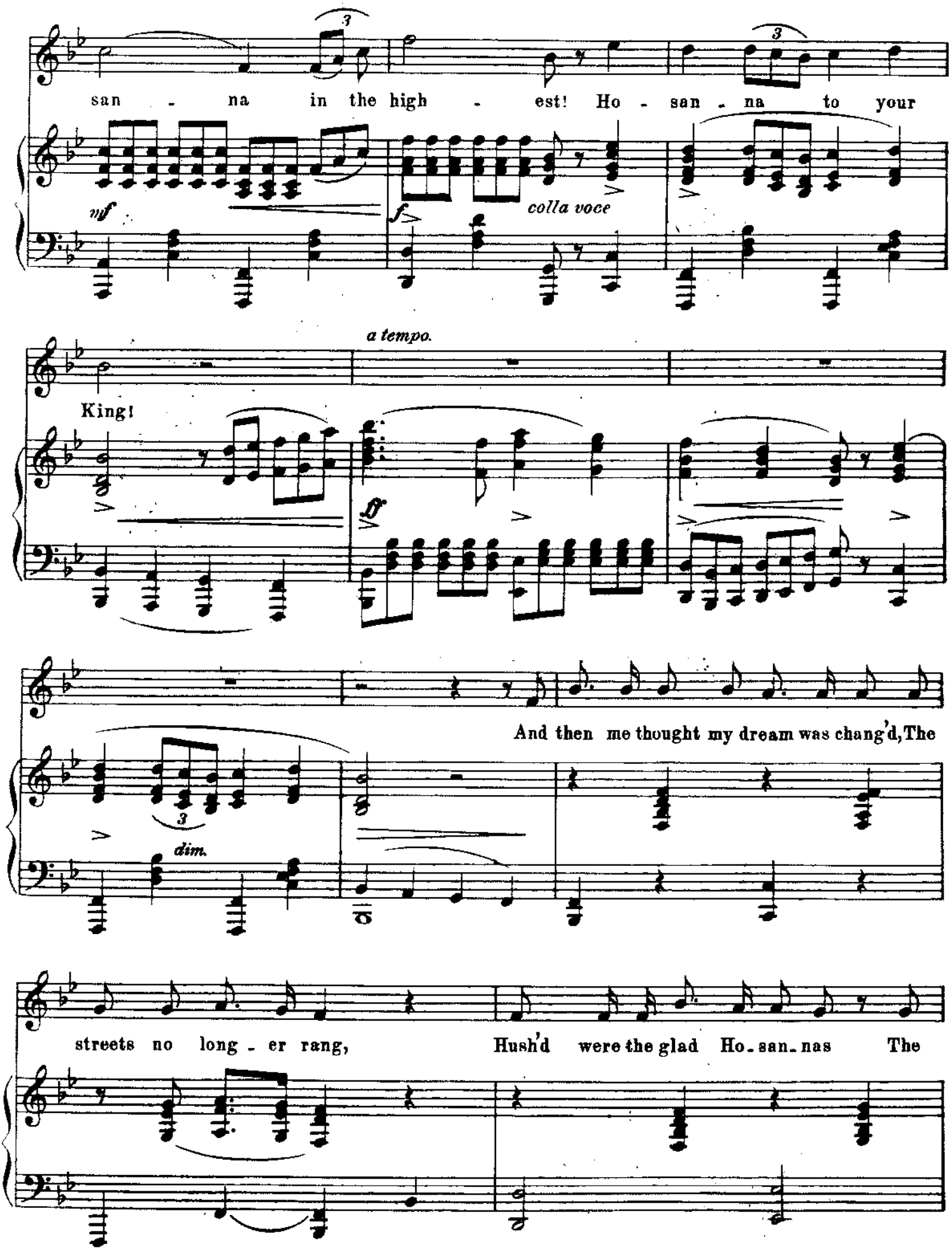
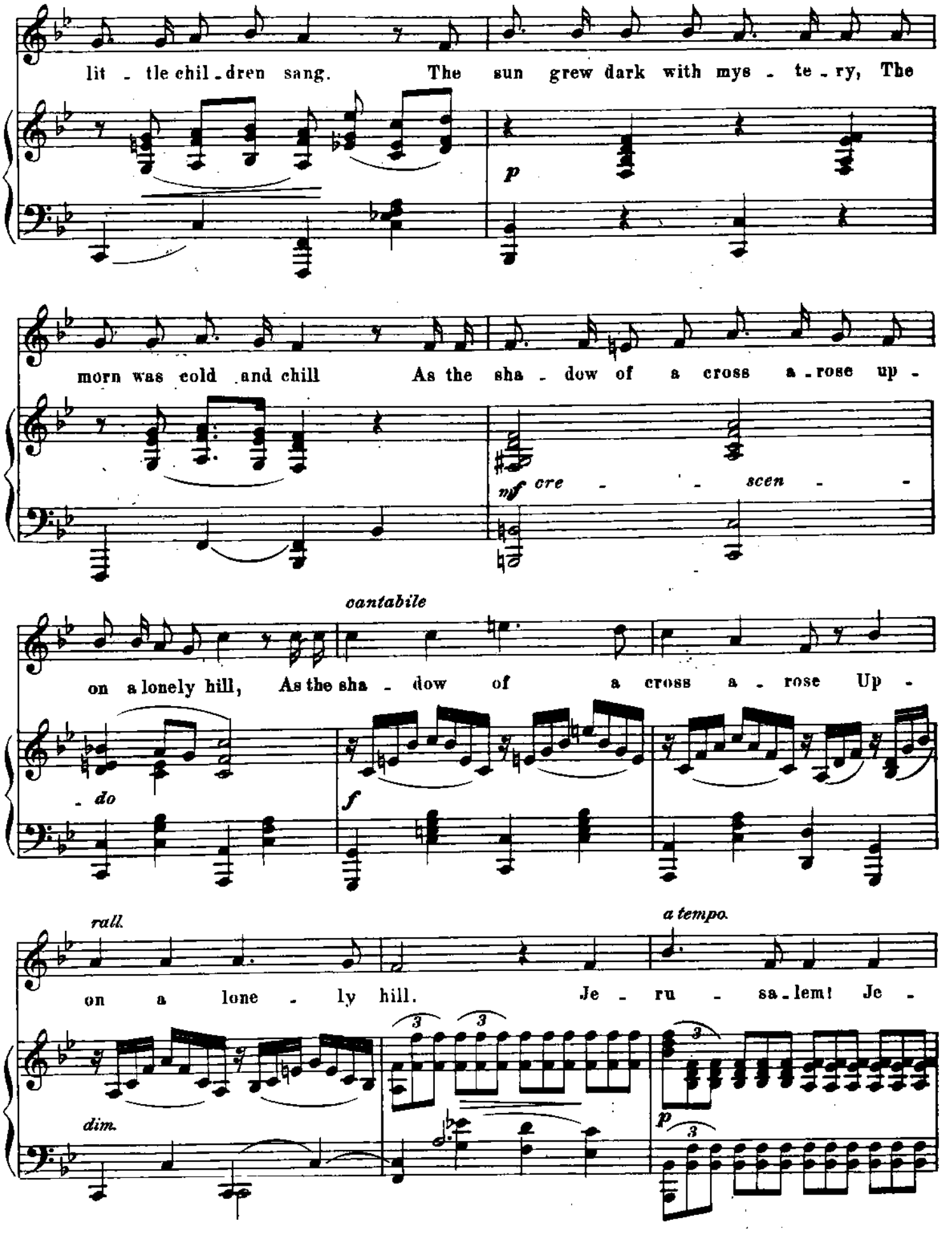
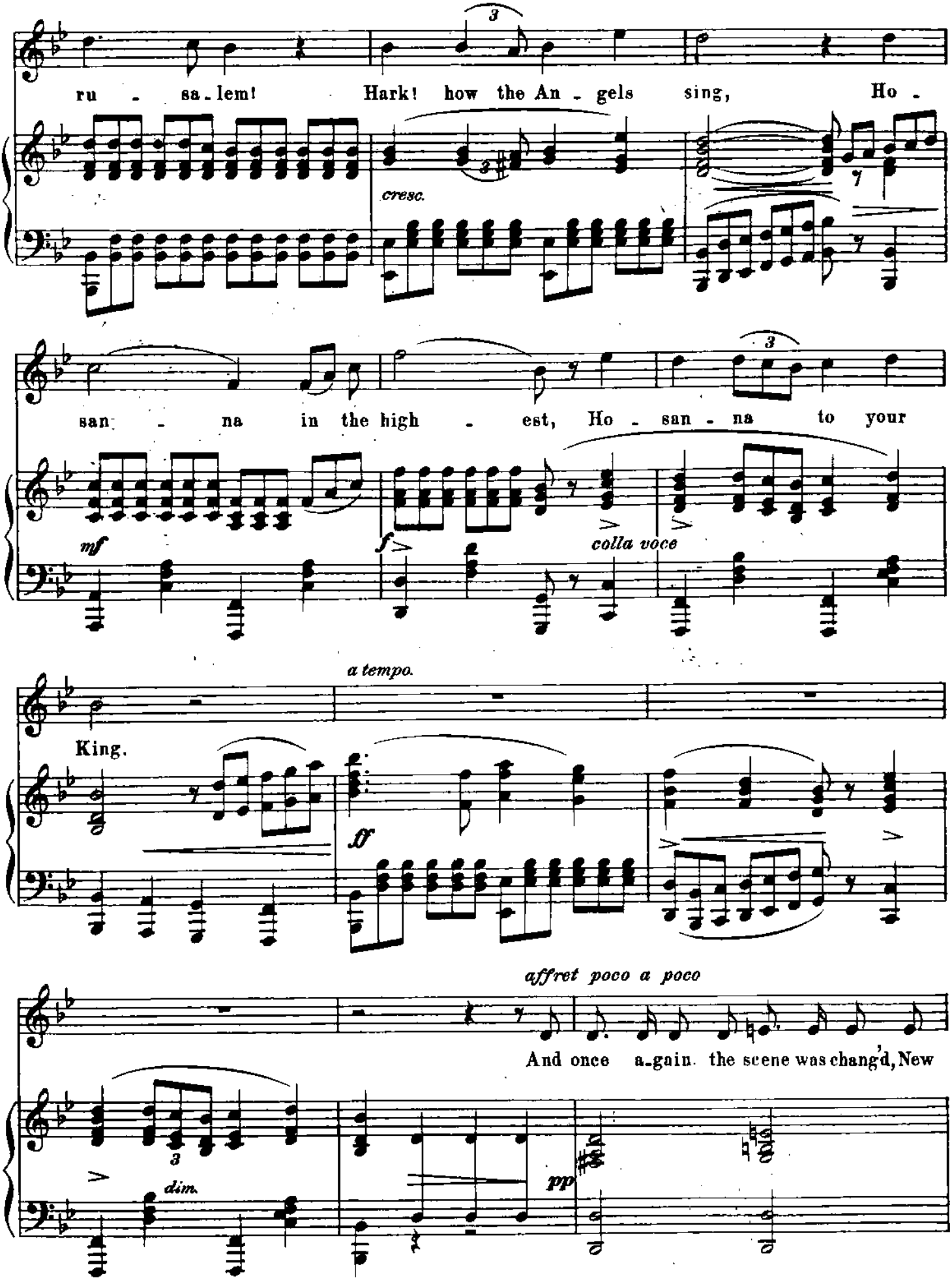
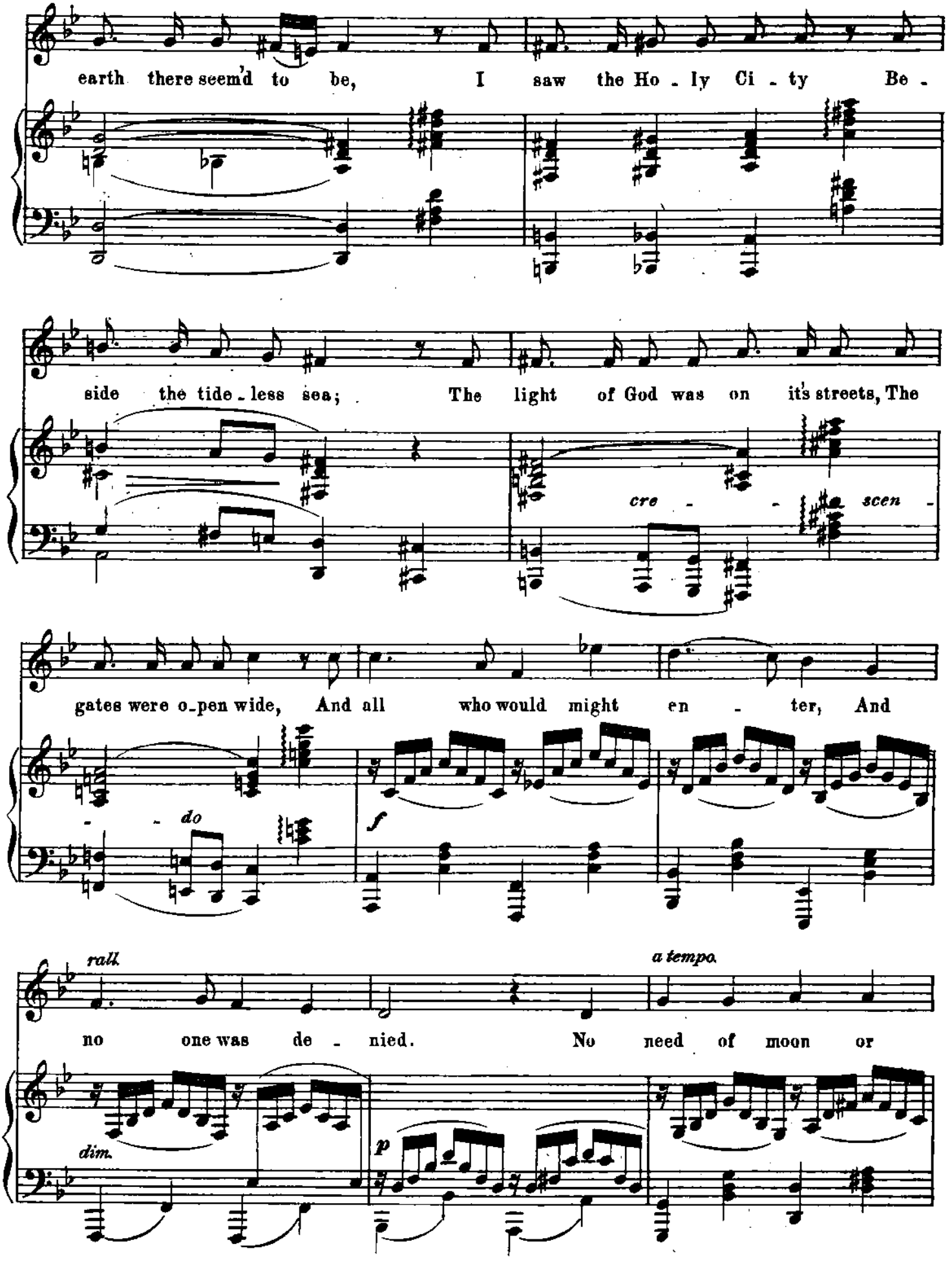
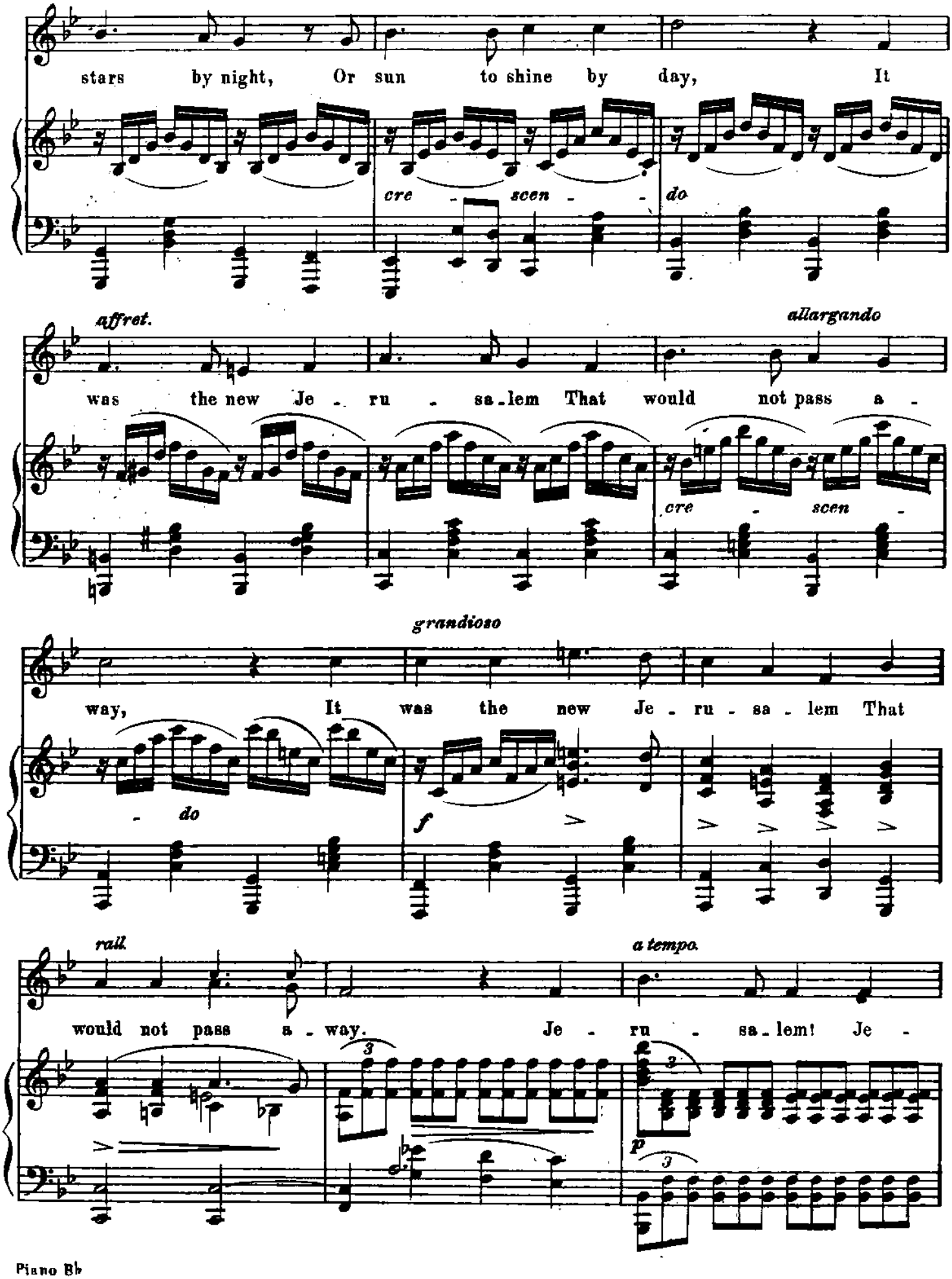

thought the voice of An - gels From Heav'n in an - swer rang; Me -
mf cre - - scen - - do
cantabile
rall.
thought the voice of An - gels From Heav'n in an - swer
f
dim.
a tempo.
rang. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je -
p
ru - sa - lem! Lift up your gates and sing, Ho -
cresc.

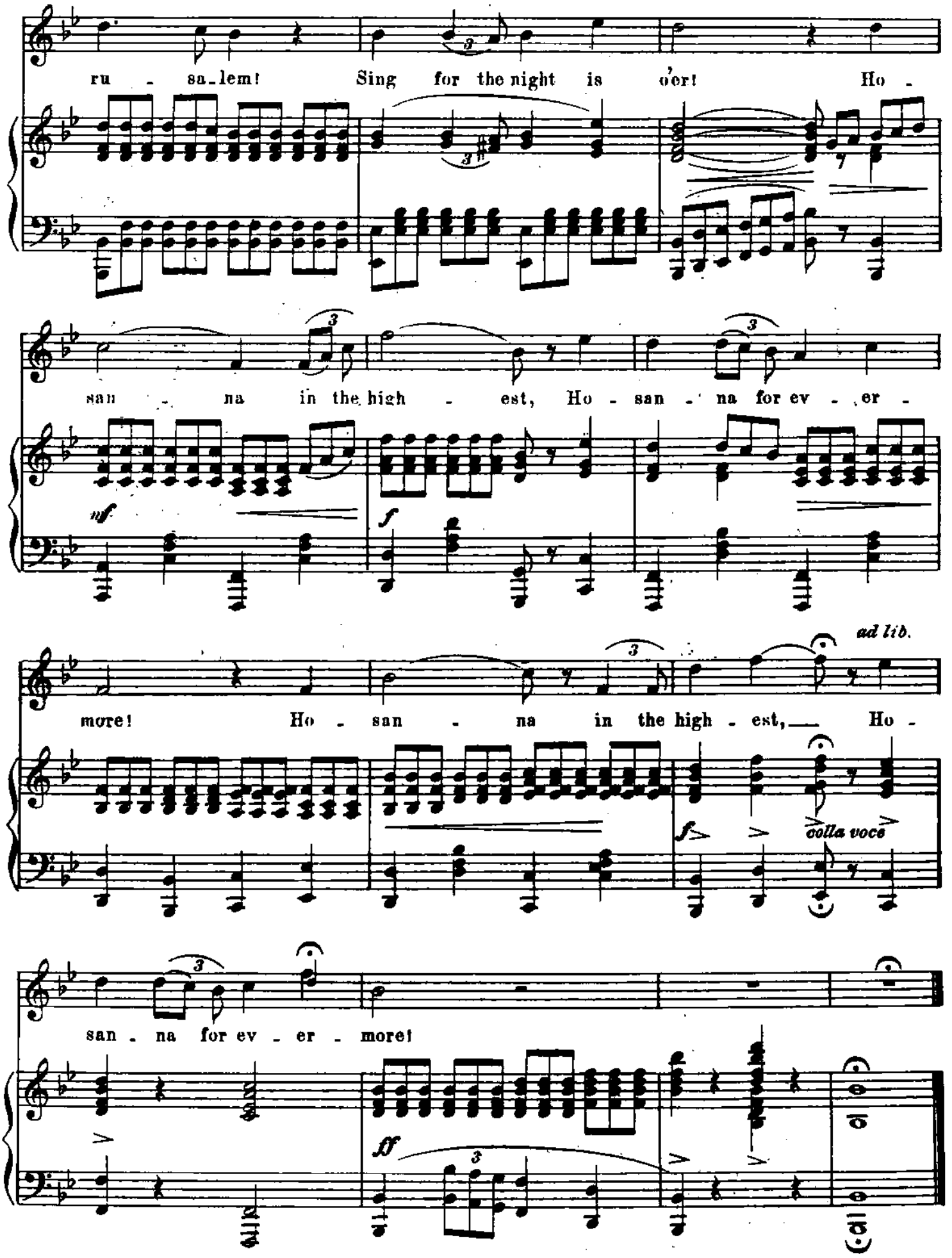

san - na in the high - est! Ho - san - na to your
mf
f
colla voce
a tempo.
King!
ff
And then me thought my dream was chang'd, The
dim.
streets no long - er rang, Hush'd were the glad Ho - san - nas The


lit - tle chil - dren sang. The sun grew dark with mys - te - ry, The
p
morn was cold and chill As the sha - dow of a cross a - rose up -
mf cre - - scen - -
cantabile
on a lonely hill, As the sha - dow of a cross a - rose Up -
- do
f
rall.
a tempo.
on a lone - ly hill. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je -
dim.
p


ru - sa-lem! Hark! how the An - gels sing, Ho -
cresc.
san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na to your
mf
f
colla voce
a tempo.
King.
ff
affret poco a poco
And once a-gain the scene was chang'd, New
dim.
pp


earth there seem'd to be, I saw the Ho - ly Ci - ty Be -
side the tide - less sea; The light of God was on it's streets, The
cre - - scen -
gates were o - pen wide, And all who would might en - ter, And
- - do
f
rall.
a tempo.
no one was de - nied. No need of moon or
dim.
p


stars by night, Or sun to shine by day, It
cre - scen - do
affret.
allargando
was the new Je - ru - sa - lem That would not pass a -
cre - scen -
grandioso
way, It was the new Je - ru - sa - lem That
- do
f
rall.
a tempo.
would not pass a - way. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je -
p


ru - sa-lem! Sing for the night is o'er! Ho -
san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na for ev - er -
nf
f
more! Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho -
ad lib.
f
colla voce
san - na for ev - er - more!
ff