

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
I thought 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 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

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