

JÃ©rusalem

Pierre Gardy Fontaine

Last night I lay asleeping, 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, - Me thought the voice of angels From heav'n in answer rang;

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 longer rang, Hushed 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 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,

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Sing for the night is o'er, Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna forevermore!

Lyrics submitted by Pierre G Fontai.

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