## Charlotte Church, Holy City

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,
Methought the voice of Angels
From Heaven in answer rang
"Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Lift up you 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 for evermore!"