

# Charlotte Church, The 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!"