

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!"