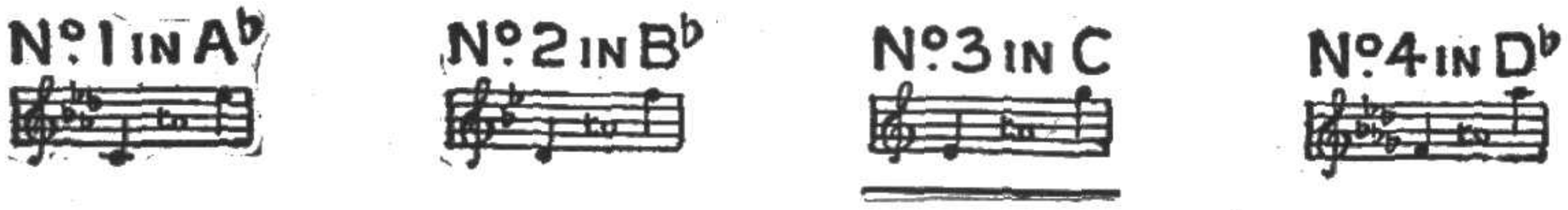

THE HOLY CITY

SONG

THE WORDS BY

F. E. WEATHERLY

THE MUSIC COMPOSED, AND DEDICATED TO

Mrs. Philip H. Waterlow.

by

STEPHEN ADAMS.

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BOOSEY & HAWKES

THE HOLY CITY.

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,
Methought 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 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 evermore!"

FREDERIC. E. WEATHERLY.

THE HOLY CITY.

Words by
F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by
STEPHEN ADAMS.

Andante Moderato

Voice

Piano

p

Last night I lay a sleep-ing, There came a dream so fair. I

p

stood in old Je - ru - sa - lem Be - side the tem - ple there I

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heard the chil - dren sing - ing. And e - ver as they sang, Me -

- thought the voice of An - gels From Heav'n in an - swer rang: Me -

mf *cre - - - scen - do.*

cantabile

thought the voice of An - - - gels From

f

rall.

Heav'n in an - - swer rang, — "Je

dim

then me - thought my dream was chang'd The streets no lon - ger rang,

Hush'd were the glad Ho - san - nas The lit - tle chil - dren sang. The

sun grew dark with mys - te - ry, The morn was cold and chill, As the

p

cre - - - scen - - - do.

sha - dow of a cross a - rose Up - on a lone - ly hill, As the

cantabile

sha - dow of a cross a rose Up - on a lone - ly

rall.

dim.

a tempo

hill. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!

Hark! how the An - gels sing, Ho - san - - na in the

cresc.

high - - est, Ho - san - na..... to your King.

colla voce.

6

a tempo.

ff

dim.

affret. *poco a poco*

And once a-gain the scene was chang'd, New earth there seem'd to be, I

pp

saw the Ho - ly Ci - ty Be side the tide - less sea; The

light of God was on its streets. The gates were o - pen wide, And

cres - - cen - - do

cantabile.

all who would might en - - - ter, And

f

rall.

no one was de - - nied. No

dim.

p

a tempo.

need of moon or stars by night, Or

sun to shine by day, It

cres - cen - do

ADAM RAMET MUSIC COLLECTION

8

affret

was the new Je - - ru - - sa - lem That

p

Allargando. *Grandioso*

would not pass a - way, It was the new Je.

cres - *cen* - *do*

f

rall.

ru - sa - lem That would not pass a way. "Je -

a tempo

ru - - sa - lem! Je - - ru - - sa - lem!

p

Sing, for the night is o'er! Ho - san - - na in the

cresc.

mf

high - - est, Ho - san - na for e - ver - more! Ho -

f

san - - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na for e - ver -

ad lib.

colla voce.

more!

ff

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