The Holy City BK Lied 011

Intro muzikanten

Solist:

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 me thought the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang
me thought the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang.

Koor:

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to your king!

Tussenspel muzikanten

Solist:

And then me thought my dream was changed the streets no longer rang hushed where 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 up on a lonely hill
as the shadow of a cross arose up on a lonely hill.

Koor:

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Hark! How the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to your king!

Tussenspel muzikanten

Solist:

And once again the scene was changed 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.

Koor:

and all who would might enter there and no one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night or sun to shine by day.

Solist:

It was the new Jerusalem that would not pass away.

Koor:

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 ever more!

Koor en solist:

Hosana in the highest, Hosanna for ever **m o r e** !

Naspel muzikanten

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