THE HOLY CITY

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS

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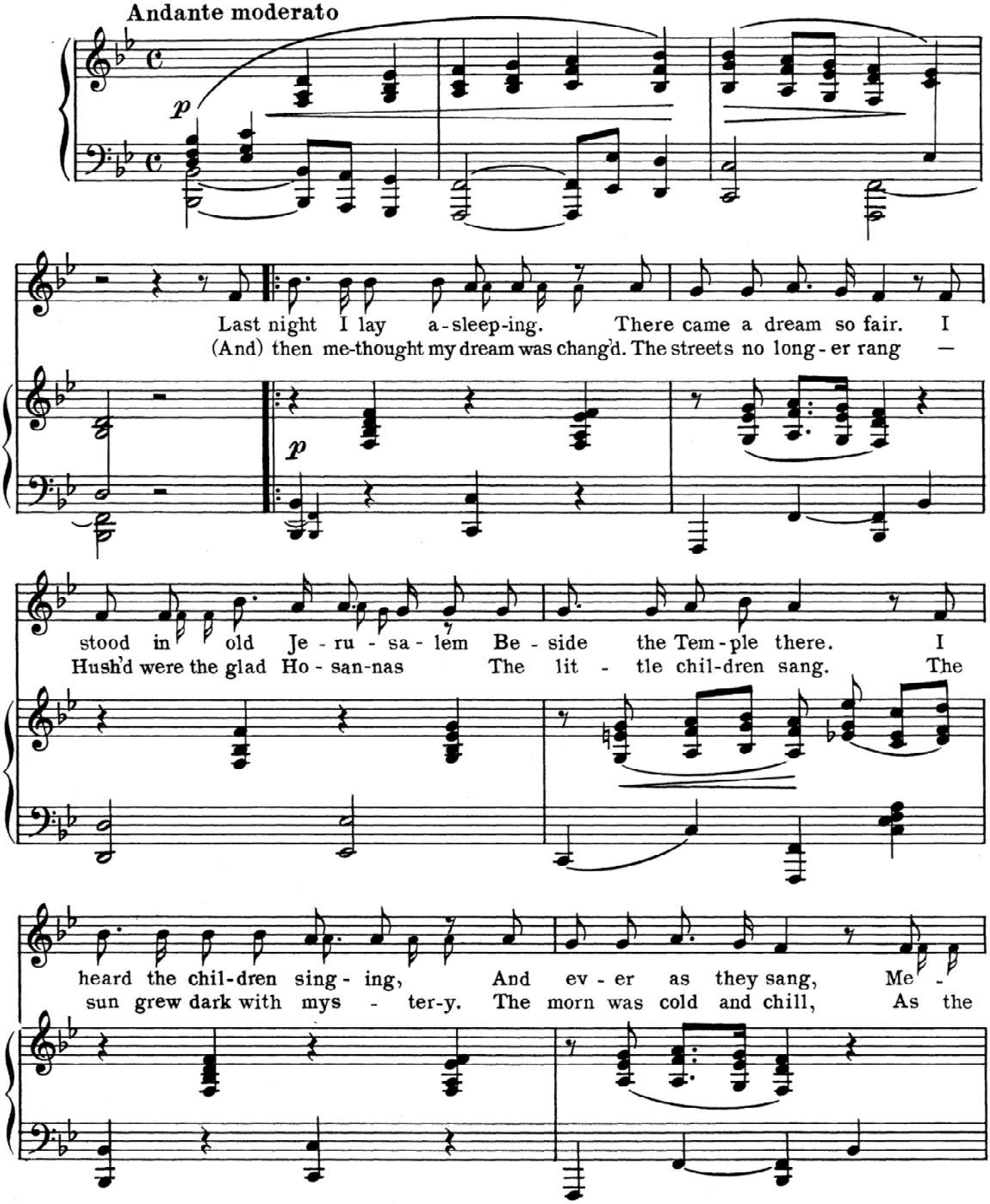
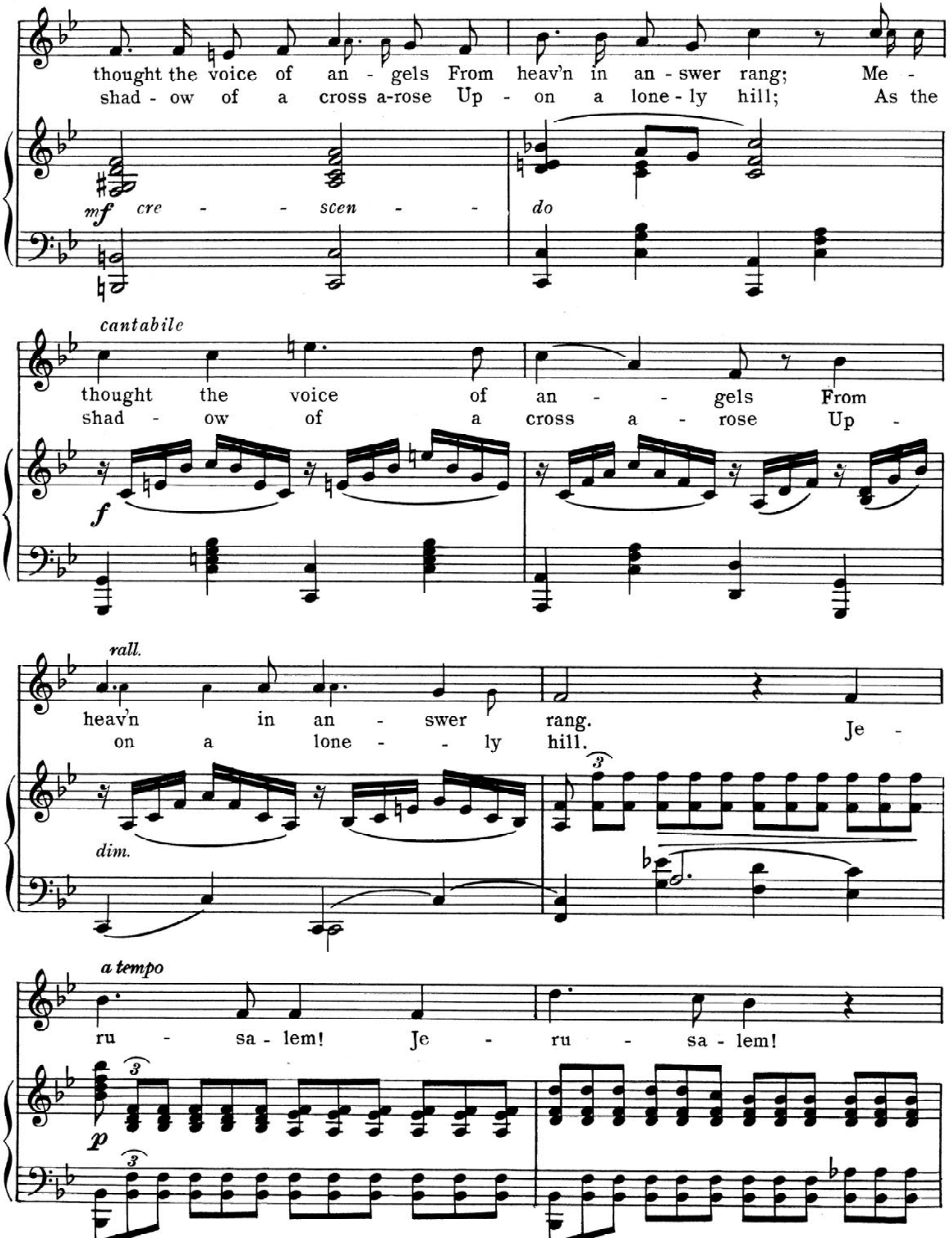
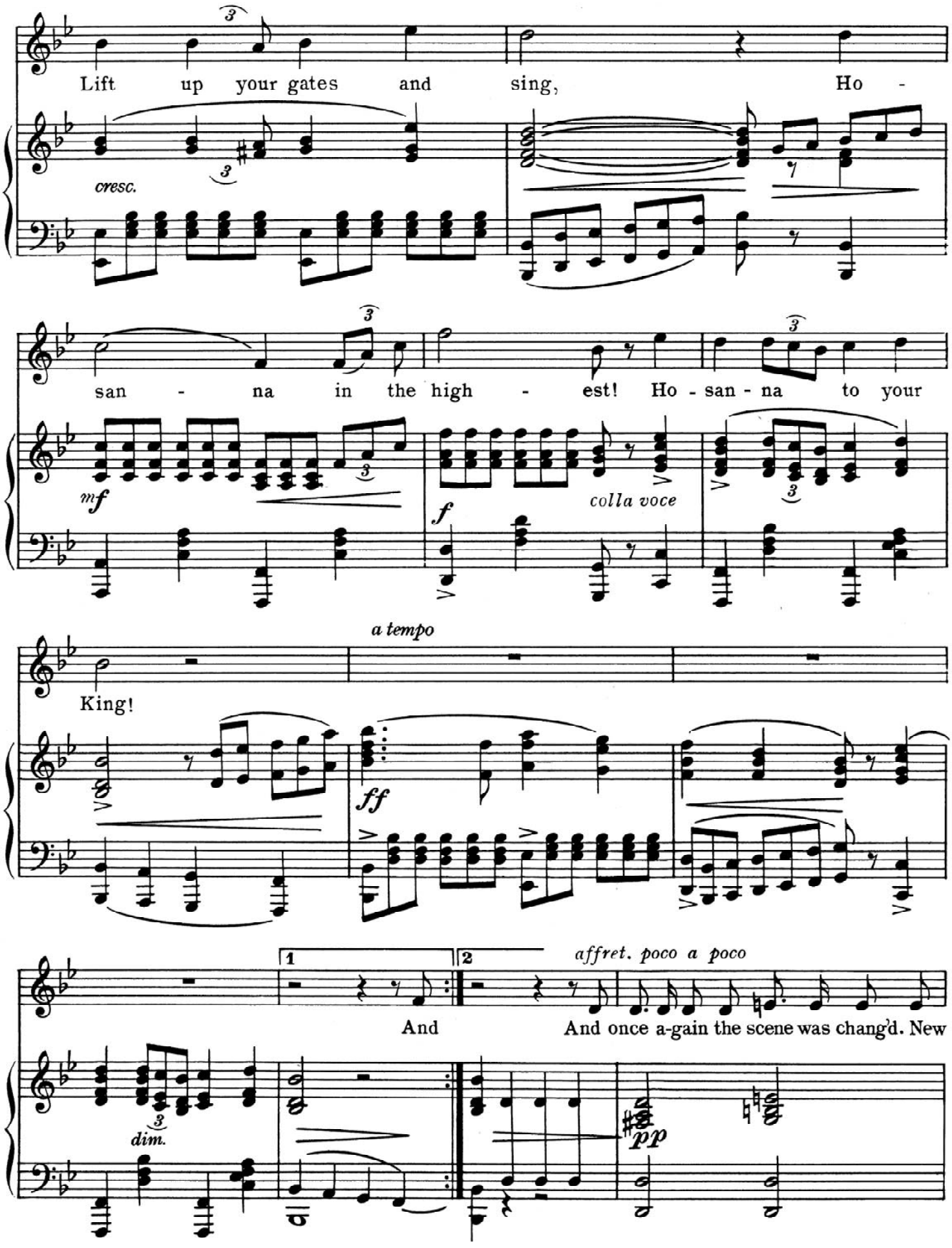
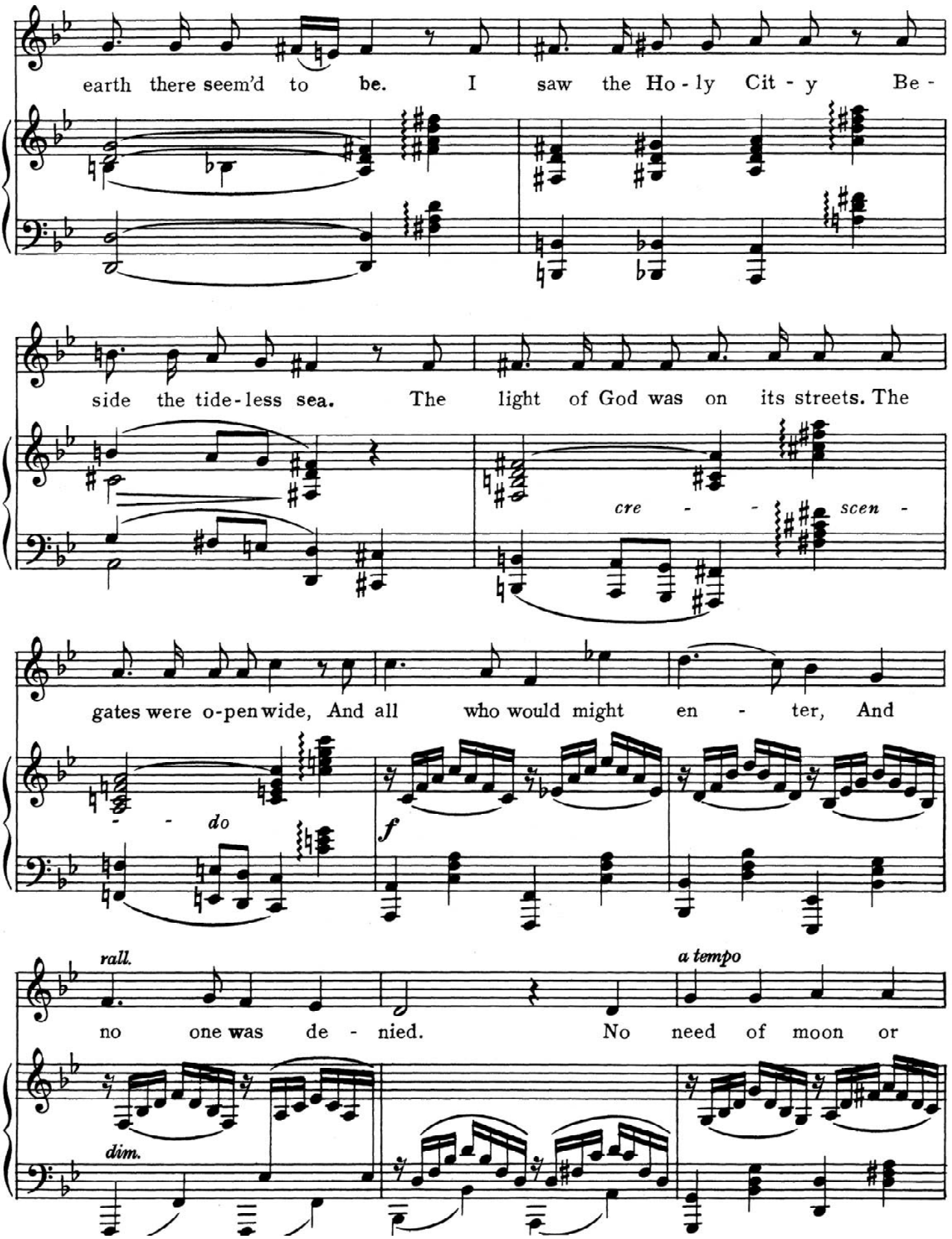
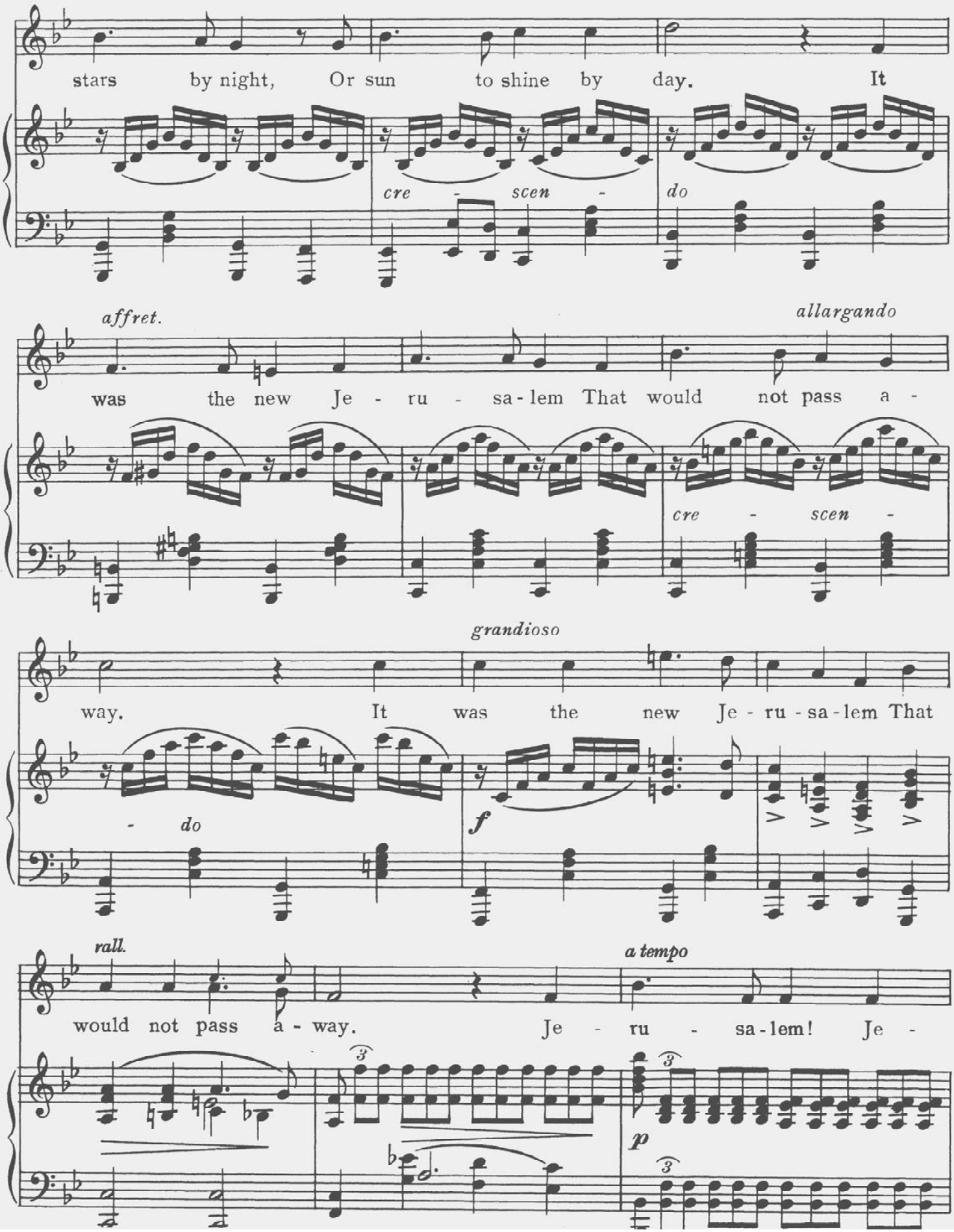
Andante moderato

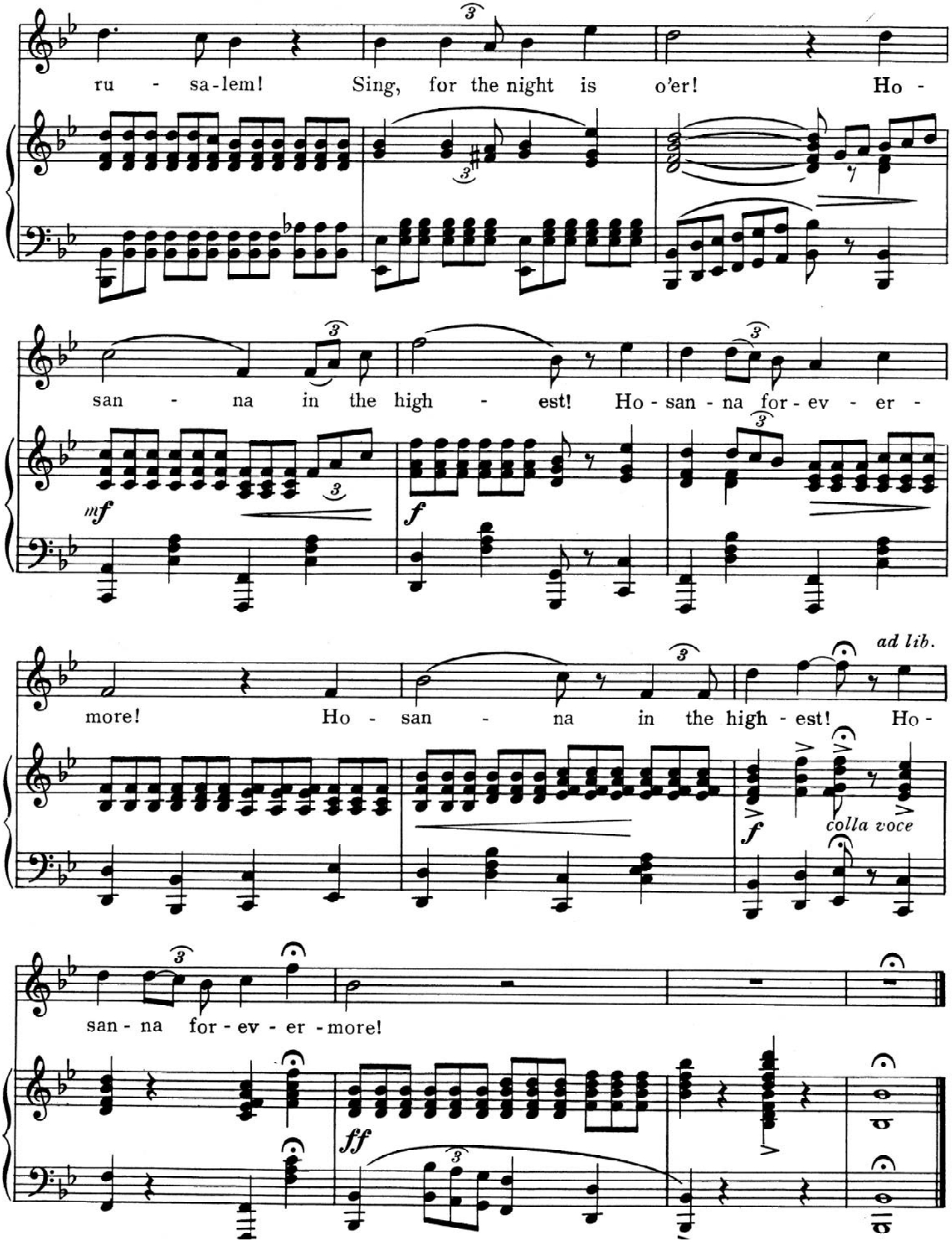



thought the voice of an - gels From heav'n in an - swer rang; Me -
shad - ow of a cross a-rose Up - on a lone - ly hill; As the
mf cre - - - scen - - do
cantabile
thought the voice of an - - gels From
shad - ow of a cross a - rose Up -
f
rall.
heav'n in an - swer rang. Je -
on a lone - - ly hill.
dim.
a tempo
ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!
p


Lift up your gates and sing, Ho -
cresc.
san - na in the high - est! Ho - san - na to your
mf
f
colla voce
a tempo
King!
ff
1
2
affret. poco a poco
And
And once a-gain the scene was chang'd. New
dim.
pp


earth there seem'd to be. I saw the Ho - ly Cit - y Be -
side the tide-less sea. The light of God was on its streets. The
cre - - scen -
gates were o-pen wide, And all who would might en - ter, And
- - do
f
rall.
a tempo
no one was de - nied. No need of moon or
dim.


stars by night, Or sun to shine by day. It
cre - scen - do
affret.
allargando
was the new Je - ru - sa - lem That would not pass a -
cre - scen -
grandioso
way. It was the new Je - ru - sa - lem That
- do
f
rall.
a tempo
would not pass a - way. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je -
p



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