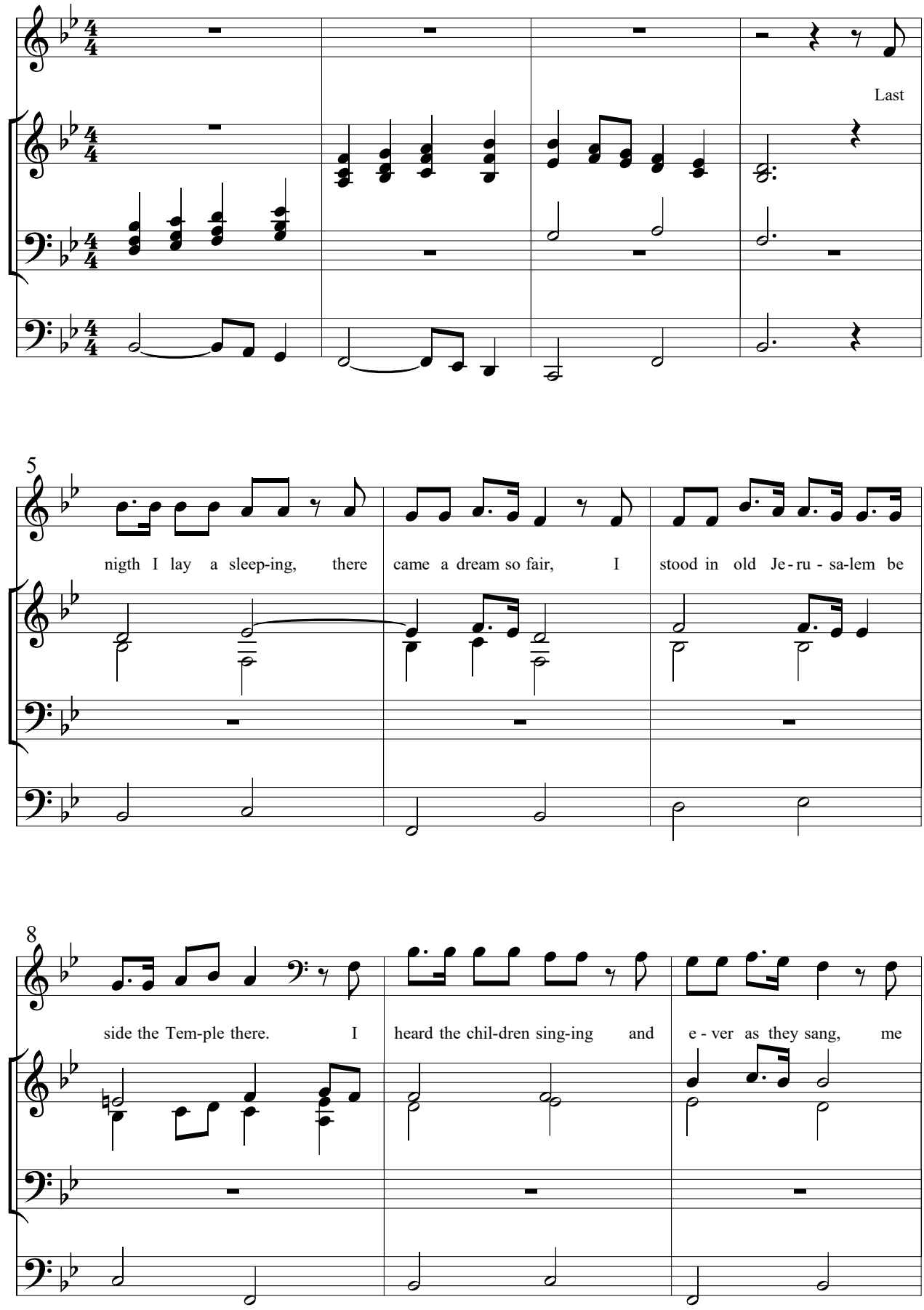
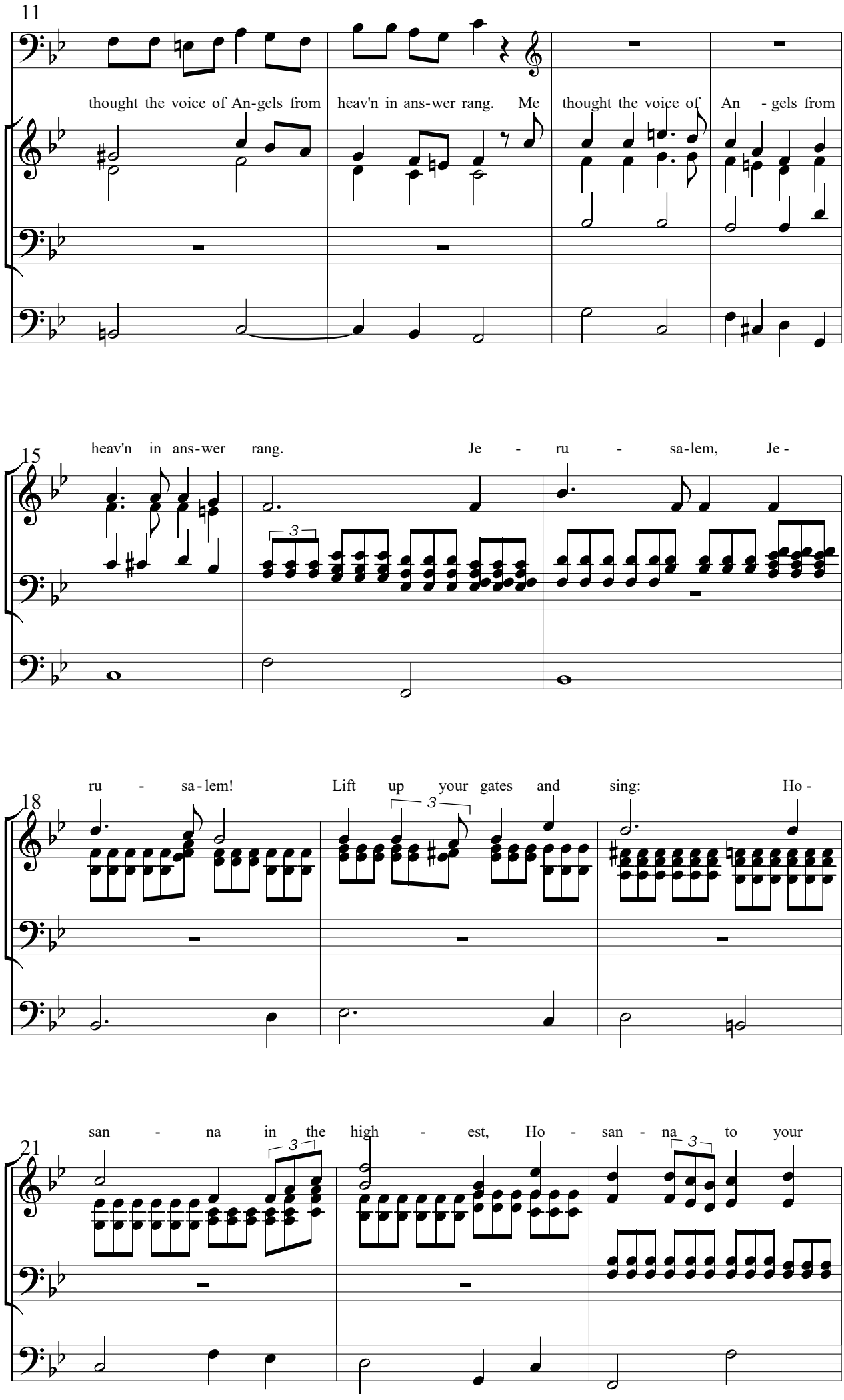
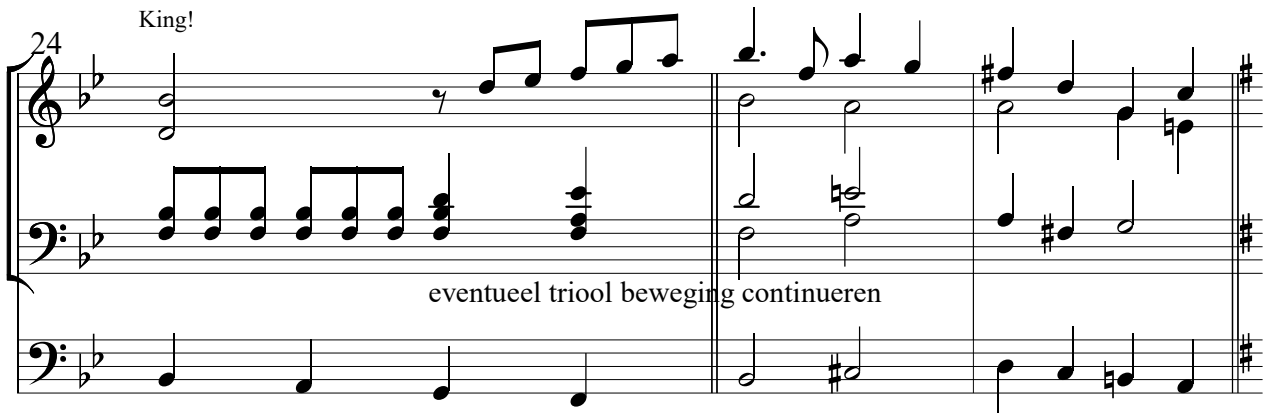
The Holy City

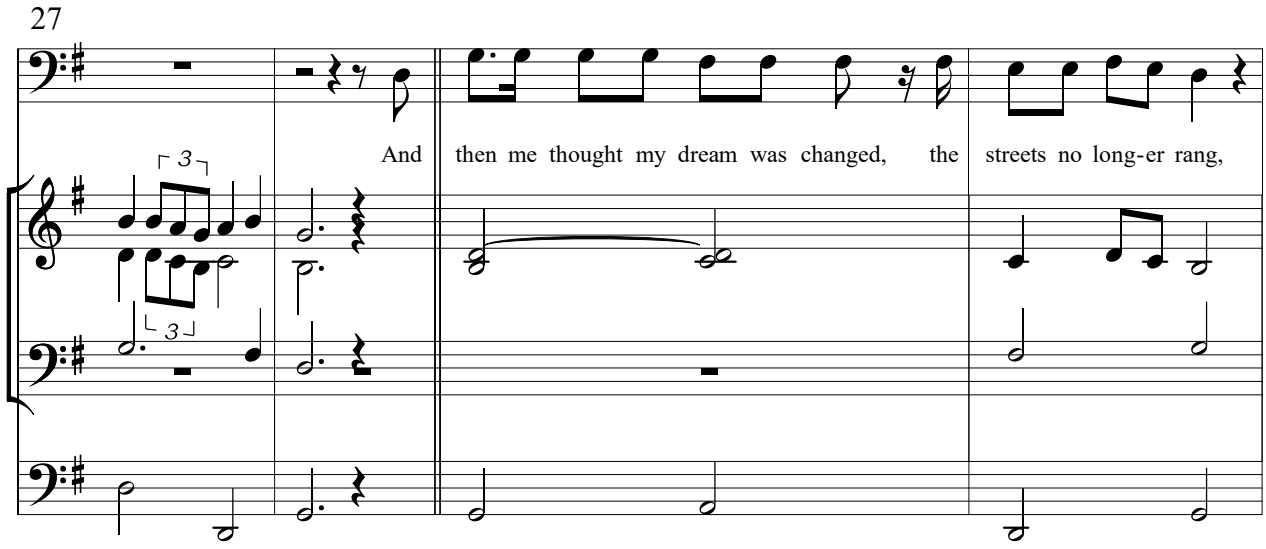
Music: Stephen Adams
Arr.: André van Vliet

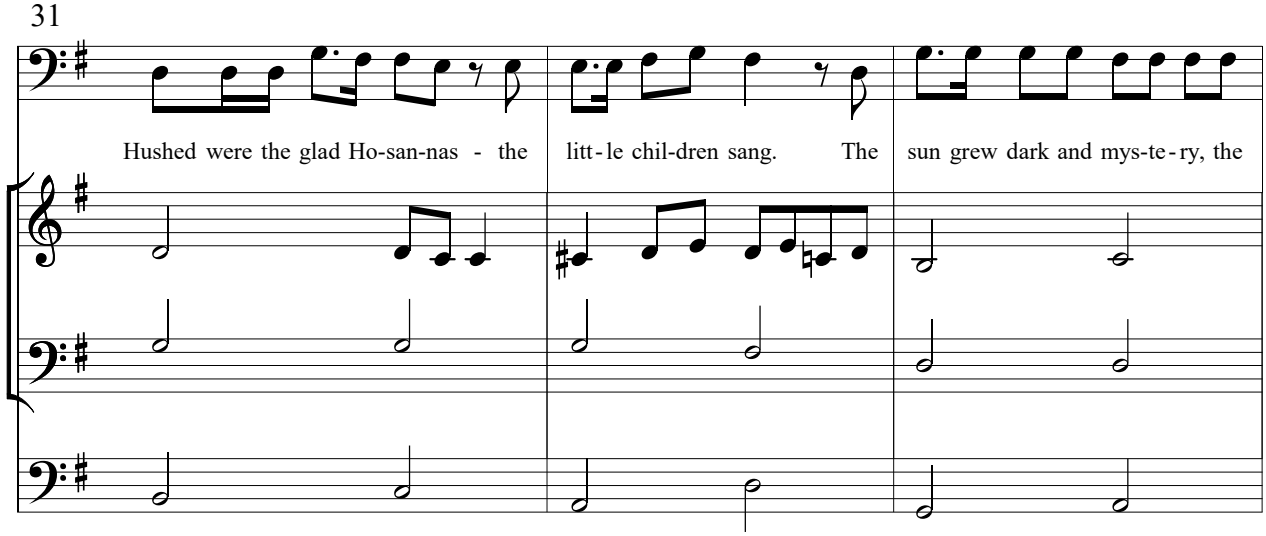
Andante

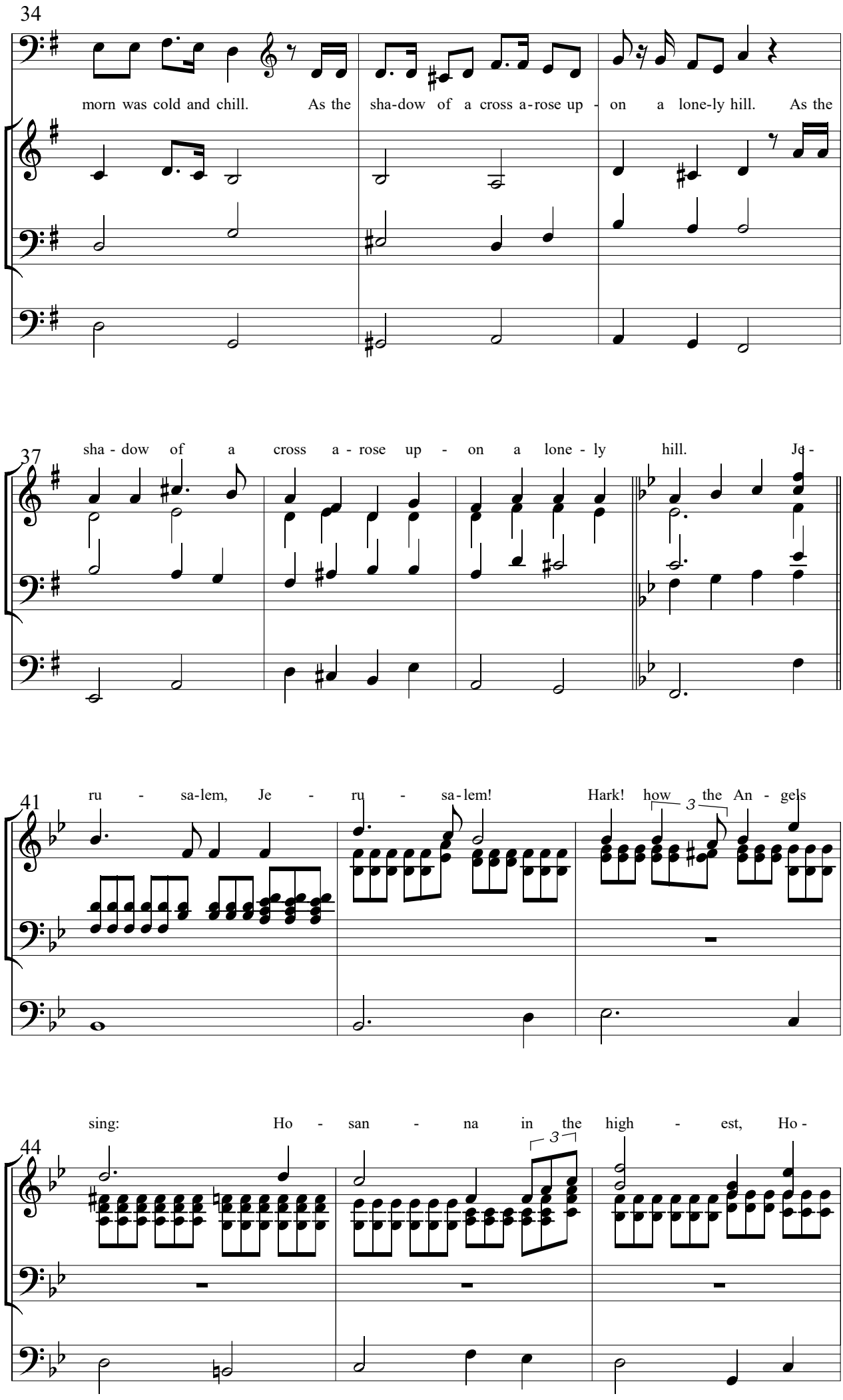


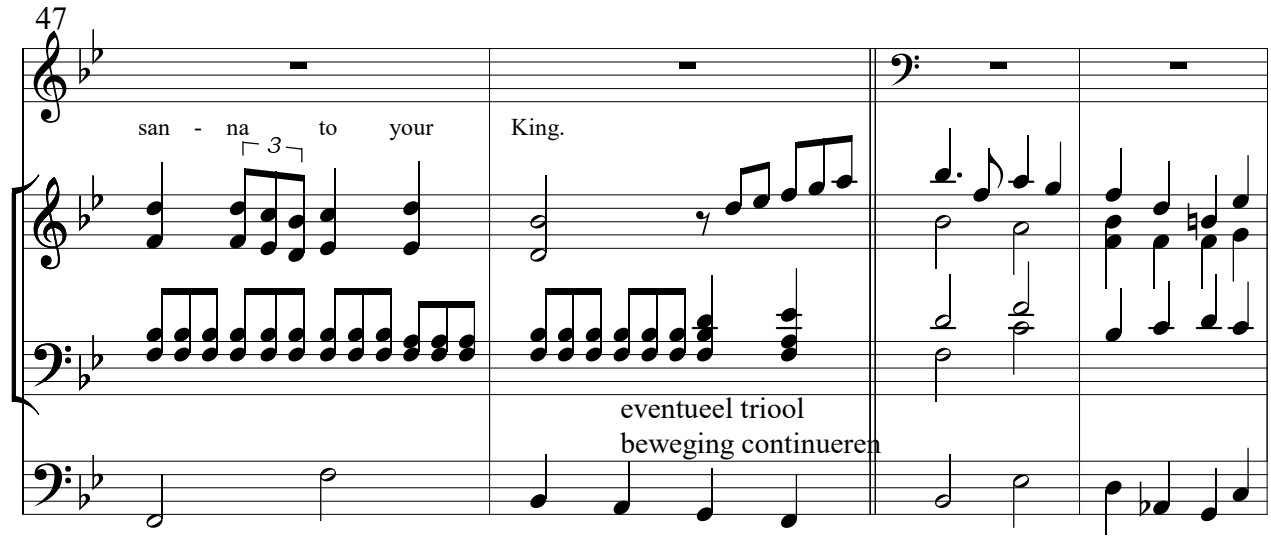

11
thought the voice of An-gels from heav'n in ans-wer rang. Me thought the voice of An - gels from
15
heav'n in ans-wer rang. Je - ru - sa-lem, Je -
3
18
ru - sa-lem! Lift up your gates and sing: Ho -
3
san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na to your
21
3
3

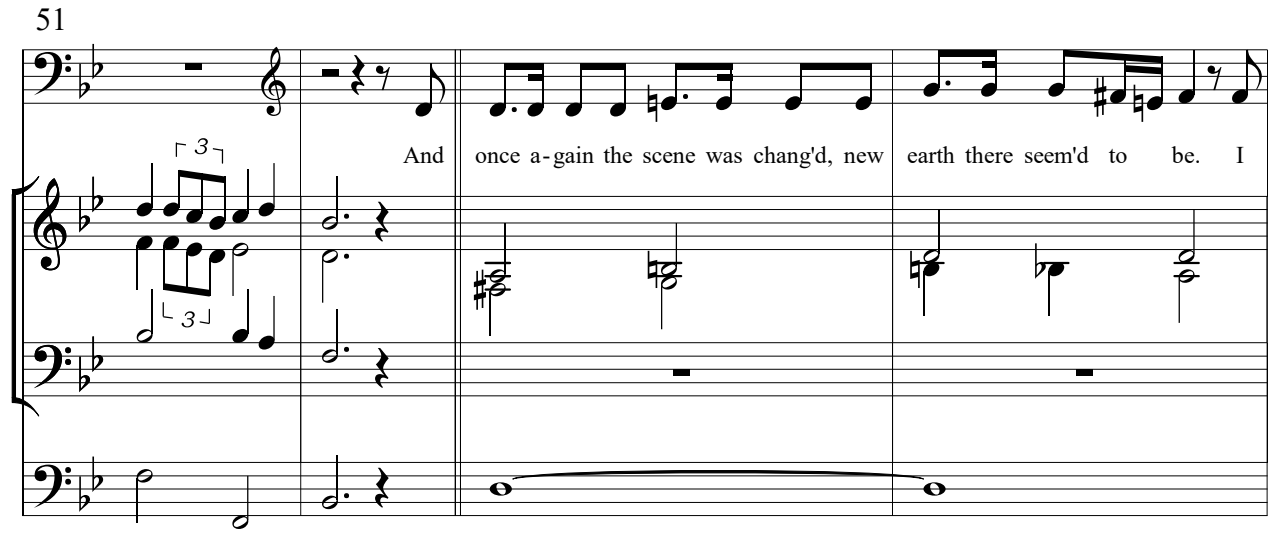

24
King!
eventueel triool beweging continueren

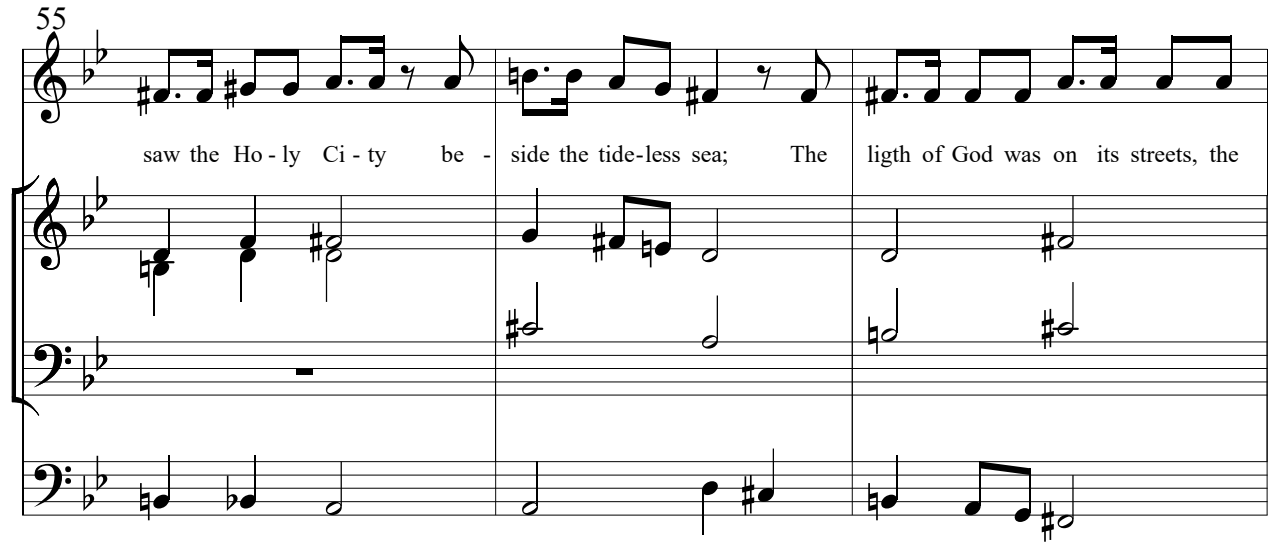

27
And then me thought my dream was changed, the streets no long-er rang,

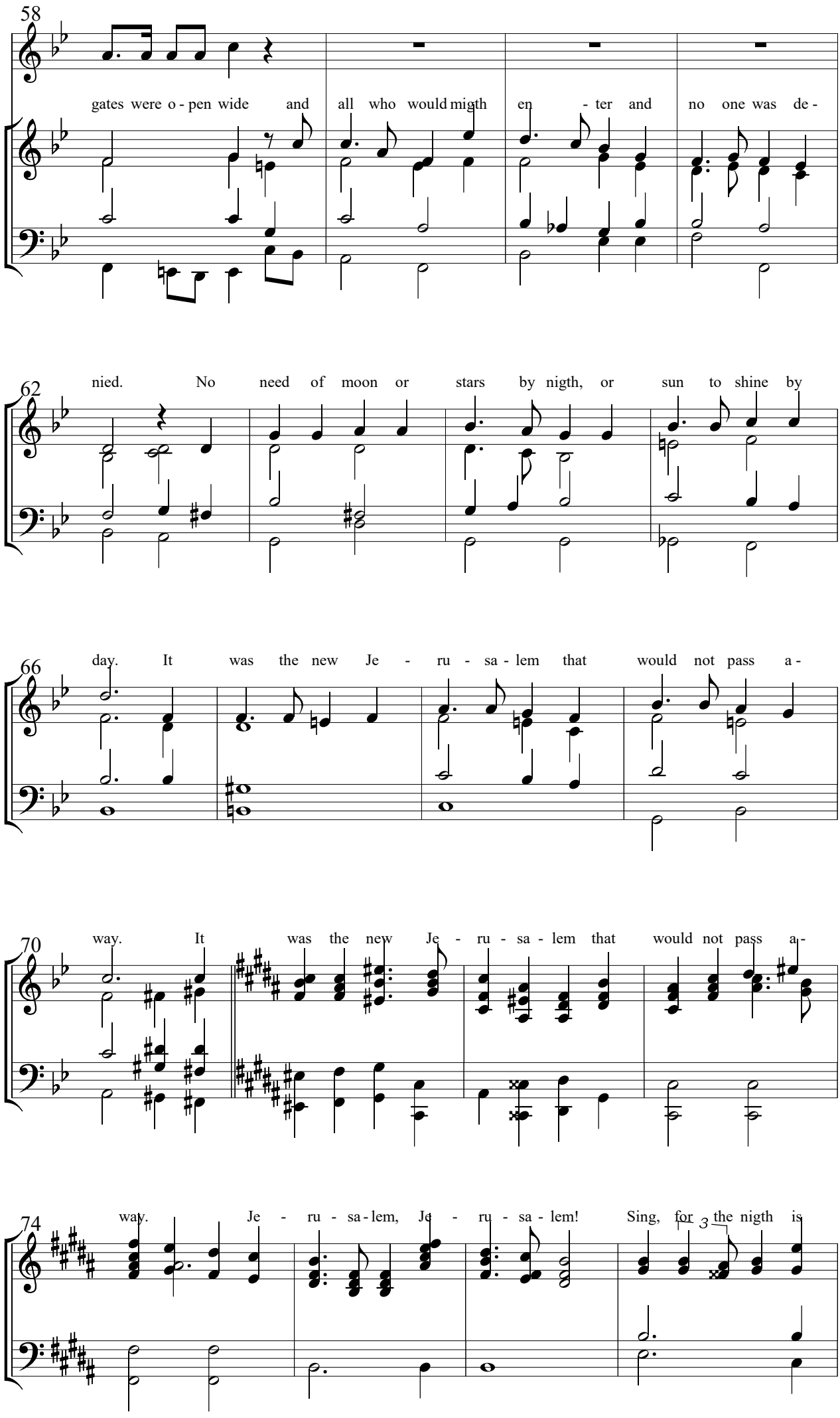

31
Hushed were the glad Ho-san-nas - the litt-le chil-dren sang. The sun grew dark and mys-te-ry, the

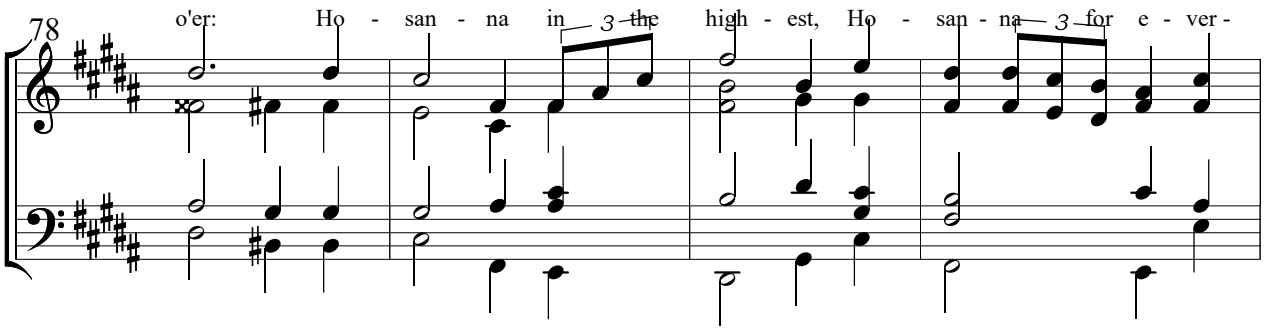

34
morn was cold and chill. As the sha-dow of a cross a-rose up - on a lone-ly hill. As the
37
sha - dow of a cross a - rose up - on a lone - ly hill. Je -
41
ru - sa-lem, Je - ru - sa-lem! Hark! how the An - gels
3
sing: Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho -
44
3

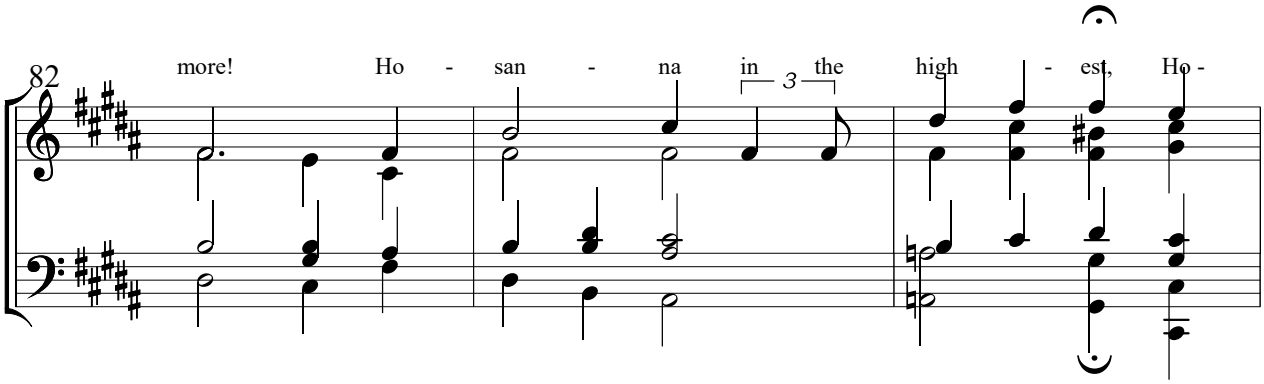

47
san - na to your King.
eventueel triool
beweging continueren

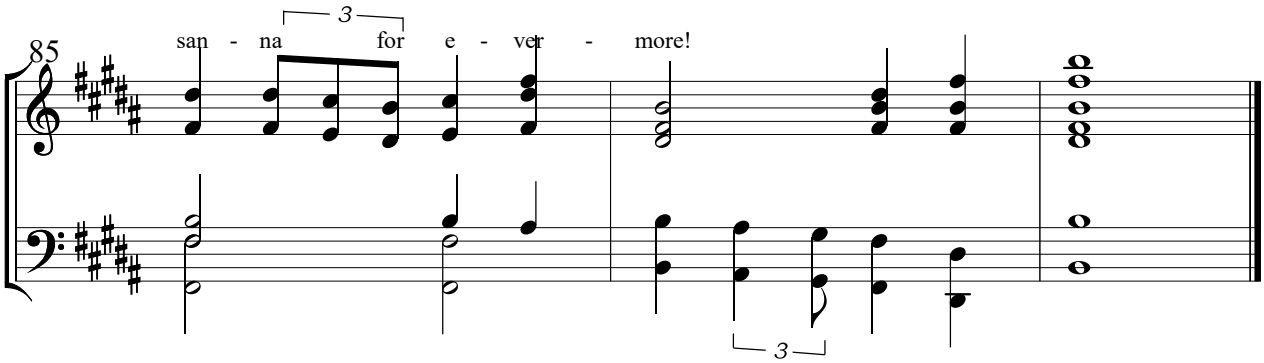

51
And once a-gain the scene was chang'd, new earth there seem'd to be. I


55
saw the Ho - ly Ci - ty be - side the tide-less sea; The ligth of God was on its streets, the


58
gates were o - pen wide and all who would migth en - ter and no one was de -
62
nied. No need of moon or stars by nigth, or sun to shine by
66
day. It was the new Je - ru - sa - lem that would not pass a -
70
way. It was the new Je - ru - sa - lem that would not pass a -
74
way. Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem! Sing, for 3 the nigth is


78
o'er: Ho - san - na in 3 the high - est, Ho - san - na 3 for e - ver -


82
more! Ho - san - na in 3 the high - est, Ho -


85
3
san - na for e - ver - more!
3