

Outside the Holy City

James Gilkey, 1915.

George Martin, 1891.

Outside the holy city

Unnumbered footsteps throng,

And crowded mart and streets of trade

Fling back a swelling song.

The voices echo nearer,

In flaming hope they sing:

"Throw down your branches at His feet!

Hosanna to the King!"

Once more beside a city

The Son of David waits,

Once more the children throng to bring

A welcome at the gates.

Within are hearts sore burdened

And feet that go astray;

O Christ of God, come near and walk

Our city streets today!

The branches that we offer

Are no unmeaning sign;

Take Thou the hands we lift on high

And make them wholly Thine.

No songs of shallow welcome

Are these we raise to Thee;

O give us faith to face the cross

And set Thy city free!

A distant music mingles

With all our songs today,

The chorale from a city fair

Where sin has passed away.

There rides the Christ triumphant

And victor songs ring clear;

O God, give us the strength to build

With Christ that city here!