

I Dreamed a Great Revival Came

I dreamed a great revival came,
and all things were made new.
God's Spirit moved upon the earth,
and through the heavens, too.

A deep conviction wakened hearts,
and people felt the wind
Of truth invading from afar,
and echoing within –

– awakening to an awesome God,
awakening to sin;
Conviction of All-Holiness;
corruptedness within.

A movement of reform grew deep,
grew wide as earth around.
The name of Jesus was the theme,
his praises were the sound.

And nothing was beyond its scope—
not art, nor technic skill,
Nor science, stage, or industry;
all served a higher Will.

The desert blossomed as a rose,
the air grew pure and clean,
the children learned to praise the Lord
and dance on meadows green.

The cities now were full of hope,
and creativity,
The government was just and fair,
and ruled with equity.

And all the earth was full of grace,
and fruit full on the trees.
The nations, healed, sang songs of praise,
a gentle Spirit-breeze.

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Christmas Promise

When Gabriel came to Nazareth
and spoke to Mary's heart
He told her of the Spirit's power—
and her strategic part.

When Mary bore the promised child
in Bethlehem that night
The angels sang and shepherds came—
God worked with hidden might.

When Jesus came and preached Good News
he said God's reign was here,
But mostly in a hidden way—
in signs not fully clear.

When Jesus died upon the cross
all hope expired, too.
When Jesus rose, dead hope revived—
God all things shall renew!

When Jesus comes to earth again,
he'll never go away.
His reign, as promised, will endure—
One glorious Gospel day.

The rapture we will all enjoy
will be the full *shalom*
of all things reconciled in Christ,
the earth our healed home.

Lord, help us live your promise now,
nor rest while we can be
A sign of what is yet to come—
strong hope for all to see.

(This is more a poem than a hymn, but may be sung as a hymn to the tune of "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night.")

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Emanuel

Gold leaves of autumn
New buds in spring
Summer's warm magic
Winter's cold ring—

Coming and going
Time's rise and fall
Years building ages
Time touching all—

So our lives mingle
So our lives blend
So our lives struggle
So our lives end.

High above meaning
Wider than mind
Deeper than sorrow
Kinder than kind

God stands before us
Wonder in one
Loving with passion
Sending his Son—

Power in weakness
Heaven in hay
God's incarnation
With us this day.

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