

From Adam to Noah to Moses and David,
To all generation of history laboured;
Here in the church where windows tell stories,
All depicted for Christs coming glory.

And there at the head is Christ crucified,
The memorial suffering for resurrection glorified;
The revelation to be revealed through all ages,
In the closing final moments of histories pages.

At the song of the harp the church family pleads,
For God at the threshold of peoples real needs;
The one reason saviour to sit on the throne,
His majesty blessed by this world be his own.

The time of David from Abraham father of many,
The two thousand years of Christ, all full of plenty;
All of the names in the lambs book of life,
To be called on the role when the lamb takes his wife.

The Jerusalem temple rebuilt in three days,
From all the dark ages and all the grey ways;
For in history time is perfection to all,
Those only betrayers who had faith since the fall.

And from me I will wish you the life of his birth,
The loving messiah to read well on earth;
For he was forever to be coming and finally to be here,
That we of the never, never all will just hear.

Signed,

Life before man