

Michael English

"I bowed on my knees and cried Holy"

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I dreamed of a city called Glory
It was so bright and so fair
As I entered that gate, I cried holy
All the angels met me there
And They carried me from mansion to mansion
And all The sights I saw
I said I want to see Jesus
He's the One who died for all

I bowed on my knees and cried Holy, holy, holy
I clapped my hands and sang Glory,
Glory to the Son of God
Glory to the Son of God

When I entered the gates of the city
My Loved ones all knew me well
They took me down the streets of heaven
All the saints were too many to tell
I saw Abraham, Jacob and Isaac
Talked with Mark, sat down with Timothy
But then I said, I want to see Jesus
He's the One who died for me

I bowed on my knees and cried Holy, holy, holy
I clapped my hands and sang Glory,glory, glory
I clapped my hands and sang Glory
I clapped my hands and sang Glory
I clapped my hands and sang Glory
Glory to the Son of God
Glory to the Son of God

Submitter's comments:Â

Thank you for your prompt response.

