



# The Midnight Call



*John R Ecob*

The day is near finished the old clock said,  
As midnight approached and most were in bed,  
Just minutes away and time will be through  
The chimes will be sounding, then what will you do?

The day has been long but we knew it would end,  
The Saviour is coming as prophets have penned,  
But the world is asleep, too busy to think,  
That Jesus is coming as quick as a blink.

The old clock is ticking, the minutes pass by  
The Bridegroom is coming but who hears His cry?  
Michael stands up and the trumpet is blown  
The shout of the Lord is heard by His Own.

The redeemed of all nations from death will arise,  
The living caught up to meet in the skies,  
No sorrow no sighing its all left behind,  
Joy overtakes us with Jesus so kind.

The clouds all around us tell of His love  
They're guardian angels from heaven above,  
They've helped us on earth thro' each little trial,  
But now in God's presence for e-ternal while.

The old clock is ticking, a new day begins,  
The old one is finished and so are our sins,  
No more will sin tempt us, the flesh is now done,  
We bask in the glory of God's only Son,



Up, up we are rising, the earth's far below,  
Blue skies are receding in heavens bright glow,  
The sight is amazing as all the saints know  
Their garments are white, much whiter than snow.





The gates are now opening and angels stand by  
As Jesus leads onward and upward we fly,  
Light shines all around us in this blessed place,  
The mansions are ready for objects of grace.

But the glories of heaven, the light from the throne,  
The gold on the streets and the mansions we own,  
Are nothing compared with the beauty we see,  
In the Saviour who loved us and died on the tree.

A rainbow of mercy encircles His throne,  
He's precious as jasper and sardine stone,  
Before Him is crystal as broad as a sea,  
And worship is rising e-ternally.

The crowns of the saints for service well done,  
Are cast at the feet of God's Blessed One,  
The wounds in His hands are still there to show,  
The debt of love, to Him that we owe!

