



After the Rapture



John R Ecob

Behold a door is opened wide
And a voice is heard like an ocean tide,
It sounds like a trumpet talking with me,
Calling me upward, forever to be.

In an instant, so quickly, the Church will arise
With all of our loved ones we'll meet in the skies,
We'll enter that door soon opened for us,
And praise our Redeemer, Who died on the cross.

What glories await us, for there on the Throne
One precious like jasper and sardine stone
Before Him an ocean of crystal-like sea,
About Him a rainbow - God's mercy our plea.

The heads of the elders a gold crown adorns,
They remember that Jesus,- wore one of thorns
They sing a new song, "for Thou hast been slain
And redeemed us to God, together to reign.

Where ever we look there are angels galore,
In the midst, round about, and even before,
But only one Person is worthy of praise
It's Jesus, the Lamb Who fills all our gaze!

What honor He wears, what majesty bright,
Creator, Upholder, great power and great might,
His riches and wisdom are there to behold,
What glory and blessing begin to unfold.

But what of this book that's closed up and sealed?
Its pages now shut and message concealed
No one is found worthy to open this book
Or even found worthy upon it to look

That book's in the hand of God on the Throne
But who dares to take it, who? who alone?
Then there in the midst, stood a Lamb that was slain,
He's worthy ! He died! It's perfectly plain.

No other could open the seals of this book,
He only is worthy, for judgment He took
On Calvary's cross, where sin's debt was paid
And all of our guilt upon Him was laid

