

I Bowed On My Knees

I dreamed of a city called Glory,
It was so bright and so fair.
When I entered that gates I cried, "Holy"
The angels all met me there:
They carried me from mansion to mansion,
And oh what sites I saw.
But then I said, "I want to see Jesus,
The One who died for all."

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

As I entered the gates of that city,
My loved ones all knew me well.
They took me down the streets of Heaven;
Oh the scenes, too many to tell;
I saw Abraham, Jacob and Isaac,
Oh with Mark and Timothy.
Oh but I said, "I want to see Jesus,
The One who died for me."

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