

Even So, Come Quickly Lord Jesus

I long for Your return
To see You coming in a cloud
Upon the whitest horse
Thunder roar and trumpets loud
Will You find me ready
Which watch will You arrive
Will my lamp be burning
As the dead begin to rise
A servant ready for the Master
Those alive will not remain
Caught up to meet the Son
Whose blood removed our stain
He no longer sees transgressions
Our sins as white as snow
And as we rise to meet Him
Our soul cries out, we know
We're headed into glory
Where streets are paved with gold
We'll fellowship with loved ones
And all the saints of old
You're the greatest hope we have
Your coming we sorely crave
So Please Lord...come and get us
The ones You died to save

By Denise Allen