A DREAM

A friendly hand laid on my head,
And said: 'Children of Zion, arise!
For the day of the Lord is come,
And the morning stars are shining.

The gates of the everlasting gates
Are open wide, and the hosts of heaven
Are gathering round the throne
Of him who reigns supreme.

Arise, my people, arise,
And follow the light of his grace.
For the kingdom of heaven is near,
And thealleluia's are heard.

Let us sing praises to the Lord,
And bow down before his throne.
For he has redeemed us from sin,
And given us a new home.

The gates of the everlasting gates
Are open wide, and the hosts of heaven
Are gathering round the throne
Of him who reigns supreme.

Let us sing praises to the Lord,
And bow down before his throne.
For he has redeemed us from sin,
And given us a new home.