

There is a Coming

There is a coming, a storm so great  
A storm so great, who can stand  
There is coming, a flood so high  
A flood so high, who can rise above

But You have sent Your only Son  
That none should perish, no not one  
Just, only to believe and rest one's life in  
Your loving, faithful, wondrous hands

There is a place, soon to be open  
No eye has seen, and no heart has planned  
There is joy, never to be ending, never to be ending  
Joy so exceeding

The door is open, for all to come  
Come and behold, His wondrous home  
All because Your heart so wants to  
Your heart so desires, to embrace each one

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