



## Revelation 1

It was alone as he sat there on tiny Patmos Isle  
 No earthly joys to cheer him, not a single friendly smile  
 Perhaps he was disheartened, frustrated or depressed  
 What heavy burdens on his heart, what sorrows filled his breast.

Why did the God of love above let people suffer sore?  
 In deep humiliations, depriving more and more  
 There was no justice for the saints, by governments oppressed  
 Oh! how can I then trust a God who says that this is best?

Then all at once so suddenly a mighty voice was heard  
 It came quite unexpectedly, but John it did not scare  
 For looking round he saw a scene which firmly fixed his eye  
 It was so great, supremely high, it seemed that John would die.

Then to his ears plain words were spoke, straight from the God above  
 But this was no small voice so still, descending like a dove  
 Begin to write, leave nothing out, it is a firm command  
 And I will now reveal to you my great mysterious plan.

To the Ephesian church now write, and to the others tell  
 Do write it plain that other saints will know the truths as well  
 The Son of Man, Almighty God, Jehovah I am He  
 So make it plain, don't deviate of all that I show thee.

The churches of the Lord were seen not bride or wife  
 Though in a very wondrous way, each saint would share his life  
 But each a golden candlestick, subject to Him alone  
 Inspectingly He took each step, how solemn was His tone.

Then He in priestly fashion, and yet as prophet too  
 Began and spoke to every church, a message oh! so true  
 There is no fraternizing them, not politically correct  
 He does not deal in fantasy, but what he says is fact.

And then it dawned on John's old mind the person standing there  
 With snowy white indeed like wool, the color of his hair  
 And with a girdle round his breasts, for this is love divine  
 And never can it tolerate, a single sin of mine.

John looked again and then he saw, a garment to the foot  
 Then all at once he saw those eyes, a penetrating look  
 Like flames of fire, they pierced deep down, how frightful was that stare  
 His thoughts perhaps they bothered him, t'was more than he could bear.

Ah! then those feet, like burnished brass, as glowing in a fire  
 His steps will walk to every church, the Holy Testifier  
 And then to each His voice was heard, like many waters loud  
 Reverberating, frightening, as a great thundercloud.

Then from his mouth a sword went forth, in flashing beams so bright  
 His countenance incomparable, unsullied perfect light  
 Thus all John's strength, before Him went, and he fell down to lie  
 Full weakness so overwhelmed him, he felt that he would die.

Twas then the mighty Saviour spoke, in words of ringing cheer  
 I am the ever living One, now John please do not fear  
 Look, see in my own hand I have, the keys of death and hell  
 I am alive forever more, now John the tidings tell.

*... Rowan Jennings  
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