

## The Revival

The Lord came down in a wonderful way,  
With healings, deliverance and awesome displays.  
We basked in His presence, night after night,  
The light of His glory, ever shone bright.

The people were coming, from all over town,  
They came from the north, they came from the south.  
They came from afar, and from over the sea,  
They came and met Jesus, down on their knees.

The crowds grew bigger, and the building grew small,  
So they took up an offering, to build a new hall.  
“We must get the vision, for what God wants to do,  
This thing’s getting bigger, we don’t have the room.”

So they built a new building, grand as could be,  
With stained glassed windows, and beautiful trees,  
The building was dedicated, unto the Lord,  
But it turned to be more, than they could afford.

The burden got heavy, and the crowds did wane,  
The Spirit had left, it wasn’t the same.  
“We must raise the money, we cannot survive,  
Without more offerings, revival will die.”

“But there’s a new level coming, I know it for sure,  
It’s going to get deeper, there’s going to be more.  
But you have to sow into revival you know,  
So bring your offerings, unto the Lord.”

What started afresh, in the Spirit’s flow,  
Has ended again, in the flesh I know.  
If Jesus were here, do you think He would go,  
To the weekly, religious, revival show?