

A Thousand Years of Glory

From ancient scrolls in David's line,
A kingdom calls through prophet's voice,
Isaiah's child on shoulder fine,
Eternal rule, earth's grand rejoice.
Not shadows in the heart's deep night,
But lions tame and wolves at peace,
Jerusalem's light, pure and bright,
God's vow to Israel, never to cease.

One thousand years, it means just that,
Six times proclaimed in heaven's scroll,
Satan bound in the pit so black,
No more to roam and steal the soul.
Christ returns on a white horse grand,
With saints alive in victory's throng,
Reigning on earth with scepter in hand,
Oh, Premillennial dawn, our endless song!
A thousand years, literal and true,
Priests and kings with the Lamb will stand,
Blessed first resurrection crew,
Holy ground under His command!

Jesus walked with dust on His feet,
"Repent, the kingdom's at your door,"
To Israel's sons, the message sweet,

David's throne forevermore.
But they cried out in rebel's rage,
Nailed the King to a cross of shame,
The offer paused on history's page,
Yet prophecy burns like eternal flame.

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In Paul's great secret, hidden long,
The Church ascends to heavenly seat,
Grace for the nations, a mystery song,
While Israel's blindness makes way for the fleet.
But lo, the Rapture calls us high,
Then restitution, all things made new,
Gog and Magog in battle cry,
Felled by the King in glory true.

Christ over all, David o'er the tribes twelve,
Apostles as princes, Gentiles in thrall,
Theocratic rule where justice dwells!

One thousand years, it means just that,
Six times proclaimed, no veil to part,
From Revelation's faithful heart,
The kingdom comes, not in the heart,
But on this earth, a fresh new start.
Rejoice, O saints, the wait be done,
Premillennial hope, the reigning Son,
A thousand years with Christ on throne,
Oh, glory, glory, reign to come!