

Forever Where Our Hope is Born

BY TERRY W. YORK

Forever where our hope is born,
our singing and our songs;
forever where our hope finds rest,
forever with the Lord!

We cannot find a voice or song
(no song could bear the load),
for being where all hope is dead;
no longer with the Lord.

Toward heav'n, alone, can songs be raised,
toward hell, we can but cry.
We send ahead our prayers and songs,
communion with the Lord.

Arriving where our hope was born,
we'll join past prayers and songs.
We'll see the One to Whom we've sung,
forever with the Lord!

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TERRY W. YORK

C. DAVID BOLIN

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