

Israel My Love

I Am the One of whom wrote holy men of old
The ancient record of a time by angels told,
When flowers flowed as rivers through a garden fair
All nature sang its perfect praises on the air.

It was your bridal suite according to the plan
I and My Father had so long prepared for man
To share creation with a bride whose image bore
A likeness to the thoughts and feelings of her Lord.

I Am the promised Seed of ancient Israel
I long to hold the bride My promises foretell
You once refused to come beneath My wings of love
From every nation now I'll gather you My dove.

There I prepared the bridal suite green and replete
New every morning lay My gifts down at your feet
Oh how I longed to lead you to My tree of life
Exchange eternal vows and claim you for My wife.

You sought another tree, another suitor lied
And bid you share his fruit, said surely you won't die
All nature felt the curse, the host of heaven cried
The True and Faithful Groom must now be crucified.

I Am the promised Seed of ancient Israel
I long to hold the bride My promises foretell
She once refused to come beneath My wings of grace
From every nation now come gather in her place.

My first bride in the garden shared the serpent's dread
'Twas then I promised that her Seed would bruise his head
Again to Abraham I promised Seed would come
Not the seeds as many, but to Seed, as One.

I Am that One of whom the Lord spoke from His throne
Sit at my right Son till your bride, complete, comes home
For through another branch I'll graft into your Vine
The broken branch may be restored till both are Mine.

I Am the promised Seed of ancient Israel
I long to hold the bride My promises foretell
She once refused to come beneath My wings of grace
From every nation now come gather in her place.

Daughter of Zion won't you let Me lift your veil
Look deep into My eyes no partial love prevails
What you thought literal, the temple, land, your race
Are types and symbols known to those who see by faith.

I wrote you letters through apostles of My Word
Unveiled the mystery no ancient prophet heard
Not all of Israel are Israel indeed
If you are Mine then you are Abraham's own seed.

I Am the promised Seed of Ancient Israel
I long to hold the bride My promises foretell
Children of promise now are counted for the seed
If ye be Christ's then are ye Israel indeed.

As prophesied I came to you from Bethlehem
Not as a conquering King but as a suffering Lamb
I'm coming soon as King from New Jerusalem
With My reward for those who know Me as I Am.

My bride must bear My righteous character alone
Not of this world, the selfless only share My throne
For be it far from Me to risk eternity
How can I honor those who do not honor Me?

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