

These are the days of Elijah,  
Declaring the word of the Lord:  
And these are the days of Your servant  
Moses, Righteousness being restored.  
And though these are days of great trial,  
Of famine and darkness and sword, Still,  
we are the voice in the desert crying  
'Prepare ye the way of the Lord!'

Behold He comes riding on the  
clouds, Shining like the sun at the  
trumpet call; Lift your voice, it's the  
year of jubilee, And out of Zion's hill  
salvation comes.

These are the days of Ezekiel,  
The dry bones becoming as flesh;  
And these are the days of Your servant  
David, Rebuilding a temple of praise.  
These are the days of the harvest,  
The fields are as white in Your world, And  
we are the labourers in Your vineyard,  
Declaring the word of the Lord!

There's no God like Jehovah.  
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