

## I Bowed on My Knees and Cried Holy

Michael English

I dreamed of a city called Glory,  
So bright and so fair.  
When I entered the gates I cried, "Holy"  
The angels all met me there:  
They carried me from mansion to mansion,  
And oh the sights I saw,  
But I said, "I want to see Jesus,  
The One who died for all."

Then I bowed on my knees and cried,  
"Holy, Holy, Holy."  
I clapped my hands and sang, "Glory,  
Glory to the Son of God."  
I bowed on my knees and cried,  
"Holy, Holy, Holy."  
Then I clapped my hands and sang, "Glory,  
Glory to the Son of God,  
Glory to the Son of God."

As I entered the gates of that city,  
My loved ones all knew me well.  
They took me down the streets of Heaven;  
Such scenes were too many to tell;  
I saw Abraham, Jacob and Isaac  
Talked with Mark, and Timothy  
But I said, "I want to see Jesus,  
'Cause He's the One who died for me."

Then I bowed on my knees and cried,  
"Holy, Holy, Holy."  
I clapped my hands and sang, "Glory,  
Glory, Glory."  
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**"Glory to the Son of God"**

**I sang, "Glory to the Son of God."**

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