

There's a stirring deep within me;  
Could it be my time has come?  
When I'll see my gracious Savior  
Face to face when all is done.

Is that his voice I am hearing?  
"Come away my precious one."  
Is he calling me?  
Is he calling me?

I will rise up, rise up  
And bow down, and lay my crown  
At his wounded feet!

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