

## THE PROPHET

Before I was born the Lord called me  
From my birth He knew each breath I'd take  
Made my words like a sharpened sword  
And in His shadow He held me  
Made me into a perfect masterpiece  
And concealed me in His firm right hand  
Saying you're my chosen instrument  
In whom I'll display my splendour

*Kings will rise when they see you  
Princes bow down when they hear  
Because of the Lord who is faithful  
He draws near  
Kings will rise when they see you  
Princes bow down when they hear  
Because of the Lord who is faithful  
The holy one of Israel  
Chose you*

Before I was born the Lord called me  
From my youth He knew each step I'd take  
And though my feet were ever failing  
With His shadow he guides me  
Made my words to burn the darkness  
As a flaming arrow scars the night  
Saying you're my voice in desert lands  
In whom I'll display my glory