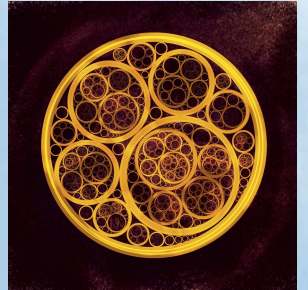


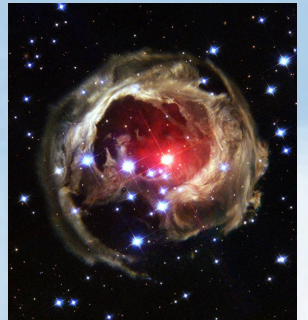
The Music of His Wheels

“This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the LORD.
And when I saw it, I fell upon my face.” Eze 1:28

A prophet named Ezekiel did write in time long past;
His vision of the future in vivid image cast.
He saw four living creatures, with each a wheel did go;
These varied not the path they took - the spirits willed them so.
They had exact proportions, and seemed like wheels with wheels;
Their color was of beryl, and each with eyes were filled.
The wings of these grand creatures made noise upon the ear;
The prophet heard the sound they made - the voice of God most clear.
Before this glorious vision, the prophet then did kneel,
He longed to know the secret - the mystery of those wheels.



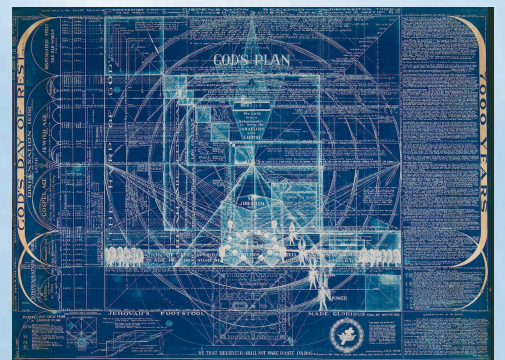
We now live in that future, the prophet saw in type;
The mystery now is finished - the time is fully ripe.
We see those living creatures displayed in God's great plan,
Those four and holy attributes - we now may understand.
What of those wheels the prophet saw - that with the creatures went?
They are the timed predictions, which by God's will are sent.
They mark the overlappings as age on age is laid;
These wheels in wheels foretell us, of changes to be made.
And as we contemplate His plan, well may we pray and kneel;
To thank Him for the vision - the grandeur of those wheels.



We study Israel's sabbaths - as cycles that unfold;
And see the restitution, which jubilees foretold.
What of the beryl's color - those wheels whose hue was green?
They show us human glory - an everlasting scene.
The wheels of fixed dimensions - what do they to us say?
The Architect of history - forbids the least delay.
Wheel in wheel - how can that work? Have they a part sublime?
They turn the clock of ages to mark the face of time.
The vision that we're given is meant to stir our zeal,
We find fresh motivation by - the order in those wheels.



The Plan of all the ages, has links that form a chain;
The interlocking lessons to all the wise made plain.
The wheels in wheels united, a chain of witness form;
With grace and strength sufficient to mentally transform.
The strength of that grand message - God's Word and witness true,
Forbids all human tampering the links to thus undo.
And what is there within the chain that links them all as one?
It is the blessed Ransom - the gift of God's dear Son.
That scarlet thread of love divine thus forms a solid seal;
And fills us all with hope profound - based on those blessed wheels.



The prophet heard the creatures' wings reverberate God's name;
We see God's holy attributes and hear, with him, the same.
The wheels display His glory and show all-seeing eyes,
The wisdom that's unsearchable is high above the skies.
A story for the ages, proclaimed to all shall be;
And when the veil is taken down - the eyes of all shall see.
A mighty ransomed chorus shall join in anthem strong;
They'll sing with us the verses - the Lamb's and Moses' song.
This hymn of heavenly story has for us, now, appeal;
We love to sing this anthem - the music of His wheels.

