

# The Power

Don Francisco

It was a crowd of mixed emotions  
That walked back to the room  
Steadfastly we set all our minds to prayer  
Waiting together with his relatives and friends  
Well above a hundred of us there  
Some of us he'd healed; some he'd raised up from the dead  
Some he'd called as he went walking past  
We recounted all the stories, with no detail left unturned  
Determined with a will to make it last

Outside in the street, the feast's cacophany began  
As crowds from all around the world convened  
Flowing upwards to the temple, with their firstfruits in their hands  
Unaware of all that we had seen  
Dawn turned into daylight, just like all the days before  
And again we lifted hands to God in prayer  
And though no-one had imagined what the morning held in store  
Still all of us felt something in the air

Then faint at first, we heard a sound that slowly grew to more  
Like a tempest far away upon the sea  
Building higher 'til it filled the house with a thunder and a roar  
Like an army's final shout of victory

And right there in the midst of us  
From nothing burst a flame  
And tongues of fire rose high into the air  
Then separating, settled down on each of us the same  
And at once the sounds of praise were everywhere

And the flood of joy inside me then was more than I could bear  
Like peace and laughter joined into a whole  
'Cause the power that came from Jesus that we'd felt for all these years  
Was flowing deep and wide within my soul

Praise you, Jesus, for your Holy Spirit  
Praise you, Jesus, reigning on the throne  
Praise you, Jesus, for the power you've given  
Praise and glory unto you alone

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