

Dear Brethren,

I told most of you (at the prayer meeting last night) how the Lord inspired this song... I feel so inept, but I want to be faithful to give what the Lord is putting in my heart for the edification of the saints.

This is very much the language of the matter in my own soul. I see - I can't help but see - the giants before us as we approach the mountain (the covenant) the Lord is giving us; nevertheless, I also cannot close my heart to the song that rises from the ashes of the unbelief and broken dreams, that draws me on to follow with trembling... The refrain is something the Lord gave me as a prophetic promise of revival the Summer of 2007... and the first time I ever played it was at a 24 hr. prayer meeting on Baylor campus later that Fall. When I arrived to play at this prayer meeting, Sean Morris (who I hadn't seen in years) was just leaving from the session before me and we greeted on another and then I sang this! I know it was of the Lord! We wouldn't be led together for good till months later...

May we hear a new song rising...

Your Brother and Fellow Servant for Christ's Sake,
Jake

— — —
*I see the mountains,
They stand before me like walls.
I see the giants,
Before me like men of war.*

*And then I hear a new song rising,
From the dust of unbelief.
And then I hear a new song rising,
From the dust of broken dreams...*

*O be strong, O be strong,
And very courageous!
Have I not, have I not,
Commanded you, O my sons?
So be strong, so be strong,
And very courageous!*

*I've seen my fathers,
Fall before my own eyes.
I've seen my mother's,
Children faint in the streets.*

*And then I hear a new song rising,
From the dust of unbelief.
And then I hear a new song rising,
From the dust of broken dreams...*

*O be strong, O be strong,
And very courageous!
Have I not, have I not,
Commanded you, O my sons?
So be strong, so be strong,
And very courageous!*

*I've seen the promise,
Broken - break upon break!
I've seen a nation,
Castaway! burned in the fire!*

*And then I hear a new song rising,
From the dust of unbelief.*

*And then I hear a new song rising,
From the dust of broken dreams...*

*O be strong, O be strong,
And very courageous!
Have I not, have I not,
Commanded you, O my sons? O my daughters?
So be strong, so be strong,
And very courageous!*