

THE GREAT SOUTHLAND



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THE GREAT SOUTHLAND

Australia was named as the "great southland of the Holy Spirit" when it was first discovered. Today, more than at any other time, we need the Presence and outpouring of the Holy Spirit over our land. We have a Christian heritage that is being quickly eroded by militant atheism and apathy on behalf of the Church. We are to be a nation who sends Spirit empowered emissaries to the ends of the earth, carrying the revival fires birthed in this land!

My prayer for you as you read these poems is that you catch this fire in your spirits, drawing near to God so he may draw near to you; becoming a disciple and discipling others, filled with the power and authority of the Holy Spirit.

CONTENTS

The Great Southland	2
Compelled	3
Upon His Shoulders	3
The River	4
Alan	5
A Noble Theme	6
Wounds of a Friend	6
Rise and Fight	7
Wisdom	8
The Presence	8
The Wedding Feast	9
Silence the Avenger	10
Faith and Patience	11
Covenant Cut	12
Fifty Two	12
I Surrender	13
Judgement Begins	13
New Start	14
Persevering	15
Its all about You	16

THE GREAT SOUTHLAND

How great is our Creator,
how awesome is the Lord;
Who's moving on our nation,
to now perform His word!
Beyond imagination,
above all we can pray;
our God pours out His Spirit;
a new thing in our day!
He's power for restoration,
and healing for the blind;
He's sweeping 'cross the nation,
the lost to seek and find.
The Great Southland's in darkness,
how clear the great divide;
when hearts are growing darker,
the light more brightly shines!
It's up to us, God's people,
to pray for latter rain;
that prisoners of Satan,
choose God and flee their chains!
The people of the desert,
will drink from springs of life;
And dwellers of our cities,
set free from constant strife.
Spirit of this Great Southland,
please move upon our hearts;
cause the fruit of Christ to bloom,
and lead our victory march!
Let us reveal the mystery,
the church, it has no walls;
it's out there in the marketplace ,
and in the shopping malls!
The saints are not on pulpits,
but serving you your meals;
they're preaching to the masses,
with lives that save and heal.
Authority we're given,
equipped and sent, each one;
to be the body of our Lord,
to show the Kingdom come!
This land has been protected,
the Holy Spirit's own;
and now has come the hour,
when faith and Word explode!
Just feel the Spirit's presence,
command the darkness flee;

let the people of this land,
experience His peace.
So come now let us worship,
the God who knows our names;
share the knowledge of His love,
and pray for flooding rains.

COMPELLED

The love of God compels me,
to go beyond myself;
to enter into weakness,
that Christ in you be built.
Even though I seem to fail,
my prayer for you is strength;
knowing Christ be strong in you,
I'll go to any length.
A mandate He has given,
to build you in the Lord,
I'll spend and be spent for you,
that your faith be more sure.
So follow my example,
lay down your lives for Him.
A crown of life awaits you,
if you will not give in!
Heed the word of prophecy,
hear the Spirit's call;
the saints will judge the nations,
if we will give our all!

UPON HIS SHOULDERS

The sun has run its course again,
the day it is shining bright;
a shadow fled across my heart,
the government fell last night.
Our leader, he has lost his seat,
the nation has cast its vote;
a Godly man has met his end,
but we, now must not lose hope.
Though men may come and men may go,
we can always stand in peace.
the government of this, our land,
in Jesus, will never cease.
The weight of all the leadership,

is upon His shoulders broad;
judgement and justice will prevail,
as His people seek the Lord.
Though men may plot and women plan,
to do evil in His sight,
a remnant will remain to stand,
and to speak for what is right.
The Prince of Peace, the Mighty God,
He will never be dethroned;
as people pray and seek His face,
He will hear their heartfelt groans.
As we lift up our leadership,
the prayers of the saints prevail;
that we may all live peaceful lives,
and the Gospel never fail.

THE RIVER

A stream it flows just ankle deep,
out from the throne of God.
As we look back we'll find the Lord,
in every step we've trod.
The Holy Spirit finds His way,
through cracks and under doors;
To bring His love into our hearts,
and lead us into more.
As we walk the Spirit's flow,
we still can go our way;
we're walking in the blessings now,
up to our knees we play.
But as we walk the river grows,
and carries us along.
There is a time when we decide,
this is where we belong.
As we surrender to the flow,
He'll take us to the lost;
what once was dead will come to life,
as we take up our cross.
The salty waters of the world,
through us will teem with life;
but those who stay upon the shores,
will still be bound with strife.
We'll be a planting of the Lord,
the trees that line the banks;

bearing fruit upon our lives,
so many will give thanks.
The leaves, our fingers, heal the sick,
as we draw from the stream.
The nations once devoid of hope,
through us with life will teem.

ALAN

Stand, O man and speak the Word,
gird your loins for war.
You are chosen to proclaim,
the judgements of the Lord.
Beat your ploughshares into swords,
draw near and then attack.
Let the weak say 'I am strong',
for angels guard your back!
Judgement starts within the church,
your words will turn their heads.
You'll offend some sacred cows,
so wear your shield to bed.
Flesh will rise to be condemned
and demons will join in.
You will stretch the comfort zone,
so glory goes to Him!
Be strong, take Alan,
for such a time as this;
we've been prepared for warfare;
your arrows will not miss.
You are a mighty preacher,
speak out the rhema word;
prophets of the Lord most High,
will speak what they have heard.
Confidence, as nations come,
will rise up in your heart;
peace will guide your every step
though war is sure to start.
Man of God, we're with you now,
as you step on the stage.
You feel weak, but God is strong,
to write on history's page.

A NOBLE THEME

A noble theme it stirs my heart,
for those with less than I.
For such a time as this I'm here,
to serve the Lord on High.
It may not be a mighty deed,
or noticed by the land;
but I'll obey the Spirit's voice,
and jump at His command.
A million mighty men He has,
positioned in His will,
all trained and armed and at His call,
to fight the worldly ills.
I may be called to prophesy to help a brother cope;
or stand in faith for healing,
for one who's lost all hope.
Whatever means the Lord may choose,
to bring the Kingdom in,
I pray my heart be strong and true,
and found with faith in Him.
For I am nothing on my own,
He is my very breath.
I pray He strengthen me this hour,
to pass the fiery test.

THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND

How good it is when brothers meet,
together in the Lord;
anointing flows like precious oil,
and drips upon our swords.
Our words will part the seven seas,
and mountains be removed;
as together we proclaim,
our enemies pursued!
The wounds a friend he may inflict,
are like a surgeon's blade;
the trust of love removes the dross,
and Christlike we are made.
A brother's heart may be laid bare,
while friends around stand guard;
the healing touch of faith and trust,
makes simple what was hard.

A man alone will never stand,
a brother guards his back;
a multitude will flee from two,
united in attack!
So come my brothers, humbly meet,
lay down your costly pride;
and recognize the Lord has called,
this man to walk beside.

RISE AND FIGHT

Blow the trumpet, sound the horn,
wake up the mighty men!
The enemy is bearing down,
be strong, for we will win!
See the cloud as black as night,
the looming locust storm;
feeding fear within our hearts,
as moths to light we're drawn.
Shake the dust of former years,
and rise as who you are;
for you are sons of David,
and this our finest hour!
We've all been fighting feelings,
instead of lions and bears;
take up your swords and follow,
for we are royal heirs!
The weapons of our warfare,
are not made of this world;
they are mighty in the Lord,
for pulling strongholds down.
Loose the cords, break free the chains,
that we've allowed to bind;
rise up now in the Spirit,
and freedom you will find.
A freedom to submit to God,
a freedom to relate;
an open door to treasures,
laid up at Heaven's gate.
All the promises are ours,
to those who'll rise and fight;
I choose to stand with Jesus,
and die to self tonight.

WISDOM

Upon the hill I sit and pray,
I seek my maker's face.
I rose up early seeking Him,
for wisdom's in this place.
The wisdom of the Lord protects,
it guides my every step;
it's value is beyond all wealth,
and for the wise it's kept.
The wise are those who seek the Lord,
who know all else is vain;
for His delight is in His sons,
to bring them wisdom's gain.
To fear the Lord is hating sin,
and all our evil ways.
This fear brings life and makes us wise,
and lengthens all our days.
I cry to God to change my heart,
to bring me through to rest;
for wisdom's call is leading me,
to seek and find His best.
Let Your peace inside me reign,
and let my heart be true;
the reason I am here on earth,
is just to worship You.
To worship is to share your love,
to die and be reborn;
to walk the paths of righteousness,
and heal that which is torn.
Like waves that roll in from the sea,
in never ending lines,
is the love You have for me,
in these distressing times.

THE PRESENCE

The Glory cloud is coming down,
surrounding all the saints.
The presence of the Lord perfects,
and gives us what it takes.
For as we live and breathe and move,
in Him, His will is done;

our self perception fades away,
in Him we too are one.
The knowledge of the Glory will
spread out across the earth;
as waters cover all the seas,
His presence brings new birth.
His presence stills our very souls,
our hearts they are transformed.
The power hidden in this place,
will raise a Holy storm.
Anointed from on High with power,
the dead will live again;
the lame will leap and shout with joy,
and broken hearts will mend.
The secret is our dwelling place,
beneath the Glory cloud;
abiding in the vine of life,
with angels all around.
Through worship, Word and heartfelt prayer,
we enter through the veil;
His body torn to make the way,
our sin drove in the nails!
Now by His love and by the blood,
the way for us stands clear;
so enter in, draw near to Him,
so He to you draws near.

THE WEDDING FEAST

What honour is bestowed on us,
a gift beyond compare;
to be invited to the feast,
and just to breathe the air.
But more than this has been prepared,
for those who will believe;
the wedding supper of the King,
for all who will receive.
But wait, this King's the Holy One,
the Lamb who has been slain;
the One who shed His blood for us,
the One who rose again!
The palace walls are laid with gold,
and angels walk the floor;
the tables set with silver bright,
and pearls they are the doors.

The fare like incense in the air,
with game and fruit divine;
but then the thought occurs to me,
the wedding, it is mine!
The lamb of God will take His bride,
the body He prepared;
the one He gave Himself to save,
who in communion shared.
His Word has washed our spots away,
no wrinkles to be seen;
for by His blood we have been washed,
the stain of sin made clean.
The church, His body was not one,
divided by our fears;
but by His grace and by His love,
was healed by humble tears.
Tonight she stands as radiant,
as sunrise on the sea;
the groom appears in blinding light,
and robed in majesty!
The church was distant from the Lord,
but faith it kept it bound;
the Holy Spirit's guarantee,
of what would soon be found.
Now as we walk up to the throne,
the Father is revealed;
our knees grow weak in awesome fear,
as promises are sealed.
At last the Head and body meet,
the two have been made one;
complete at last since Adam's fall,
Are man and God's own Son!
Eternity awaits us now,
forever in His arms;
our lives of faith were worth the wait,
be strong until He comes!

SILENCE THE AVENGER

Out of the mouths of nursing babes,
power from Heaven flows;
strength is ordained for all the weak,
silencing all His foes.
Innocence draws a grace from God,
rising above the wise;

trust from the heart, a mountain stream,
clear as a baby's eyes.
These are the ones who'll rule our land,
these are the rising sons.
Daughters who praise and sons who pray,
silence enemy guns!
The youth of our land need fathers,
men with a heart of love;
men who have walked and known the Lord,
modeling God above.
We are caught up in agendas,
bound by a busy life;
rise and shake off every bondage,
be to them Jesus Christ!
Children are blessed by the Father,
favoured in all they do;
time for the next generation,
to hear of God from you!

FAITH AND PATIENCE

How awesome is the word of God,
the only food I need.
Upon the promises I chew,
and in His presence feed.
The Word of God is Jesus Christ,
and as I meditate,
The Word becomes my very flesh,
as I apply my faith.
It's not enough to know the Word,
but in the heart believe;
by faith and patience in the Lord,
I know that I'll receive.
The answers to my heartfelt prayers,
I know are on the way;
but I must fight complacency,
and demons every day.
The level of the warfare waged,
to date has not prevailed;
but I will walk and not grow faint,
in prayer I will prevail.

COVENANT CUT

The blood was shed, the veil was torn,
for us, to make a way.
Our Saviour died so we could live,
forever and a day.
The covenants were cut and sealed,
and promises were made;
the ancients who did walk by faith,
had all their judgments staid.
The blood of animals was shed,
to cover all our sin;
until the perfect sacrifice,
took all our sins on Him!
The sacred promised Lamb of God,
fulfilled God's every law.
He did what no man ever could;
relationship restored.
To God we can now boldly go,
believing every word;
for He has promised by Himself,
that we will rule the world!
With Christ we sit upon the throne,
in wisdom and in love;
to pray the nations come to know,
their Saviour from above!
By faith and patience we will gain,
the promise of His word;
it will not fail if we persist,
obeying all we've heard.

FIFTY TWO

At fifty two I now review
the state of this old heart;
the highs and lows and in-betweens,
and times without a spark.
It seems the ordinary days,
outweigh the mountaintops,
and walking in His presence now,
seems almost to be lost.
The walk of faith is oh so long,
I'm called to persevere.
The healing still eludes my eye,
but hope says it is near!
I know there's nothing I can do,

it's all on what He's done;
the Son of God has paid the price,
for me the battle's won!
The word of God it cannot lie,
it's over circumstance,
I choose by faith, yes I believe,
to break the Devil's plans.
I need to shift, I need to change,
I know the Spirit's power.
The change to date, to me is slow,
with Him I'll walk the miles.

I SURRENDER

I surrender all my Lord,
my life I give to You.
I've resisted all these years,
while seeming to be true.
I've become a Pharisee,
my outward show was good;
but all my striving kept me,
from doing what I should.
I surrender all my life,
my works, my heart, my soul.
In You is life's fulfillment,
from now until I'm old.
It's You my Lord who'll guide me,
protect my family too.
Your words are life eternal,
it's You who'll pull me through.
My hands I lift in worship,
surrendered to Your name.
I pray You'll take this servant,
and help me to be changed.

JUDGEMENT BEGINS

The fire of the Sovereign Lord,
is just about to fall;
burning up the works of men,
who say they have been called.
The things we've done in our own strength,

attributing to God,
will fall before His fiery breath,
as we stand looking on.
The pride, control and priestly robes,
will all be stripped away;
exposing attitudes of heart,
that kept His love at bay.
The idols in our hearts revealed,
that forfeit all the grace,
that could have flowed into our world,
If we had walked by faith!
The fire will fall on shepherds,
who fail to feed His sheep;
they will be scattered, every one,
who will not wash their feet.
The Word is clear that judgment comes,
upon the worldly church;
for how can sinners come to Christ,
if we are doing worse?
Repent and turn back to the Lord,
forget religious games.
Pray and walk a holy life;
in fear call on His name.

NEW START

How many years does it take a man,
to finally lay down and die;
and how many wounds can one man take,
before he learns how to cry?

The world is full of answers,
but none can reach their mark;
for all that flesh can offer,
it cannot change the heart.
The problem's sinful nature,
it cannot be revived;
for us to find redemption,
the flesh, it has to die.

How can we live in a world full of pain,
without a tear in our hearts;
and how can we watch as children are slain,
without us doing our part?

The cry of God our Saviour,
to us as we rebel;
is that of His heart breaking,
as we march into Hell.
He's given us a scapegoat,
to take our sin away;
so only by believing,
His children can be saved.

Will you not see and will you not hear,
and will you not open your heart;
Father says; "Come, receive of My love,
together we'll make a new start."

PERSEVERING

Your promises elude me,
Your words they seem to fail;
my circumstance is static,
but I will never bail!
Your grace sufficient for me,
while character is built,
I'll persevere through trials,
so all my dross will melt.
The furnace that I live in,
seems hotter than before;
the enemy's oppression,
keeps knocking at my door.
I must have made some progress,
for now he turns and flees;
when I cry out to Jesus,
and battle from my knees.
The enemy within me,
the unrepentant flesh;
he's the one who brings me down,
who should be put to death.
The patterns of a lifetime,
the structures built within;
are what are blocking blessing,
and causing me to sin.
Things I will to do, I don't,
and things I don't, I do.
It's only by the power of God;
the cross will pull me through.
Your word I keep proclaiming,
I know it will succeed;
by faith I'll keep believing,
You'll give me what I need.

IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU

It's all about You, it's not about me,
it's not for gain or fame.
It's all about faith, it's part of Your plan,
to glorify Your Name.
The end of ourselves is where You begin,
to love the world through us.
Yes I'm only free when I'm free of me,
by taking up my cross.
Your Name is supreme and I bow the knee,
so all your glory see.
The knowledge of You is what pulls us through,
so us with You will be.
By water and blood, because of Your love,
the way is made to You;
for You are the Lord and we are the lambs;
You are the shepherd true.
The things that we hold, they only hold us,
It's time to let them go.
The pearl of great price is here in our midst,
if only we would know.
Surrendering all, we answer the call,
to preach unto the lost.
Through Spirit and power, His love will devour,
all fears about the cost.
We're safe in His arms and free from all harm,
for in His house we dwell.
It's all about Him, who took all my sin,
and saved my soul from Hell.