

# ON A COLD, DARK NIGHT

On a cold, dark night, in a world full of dreams,  
Every home lay still, heavy with sleep;  
But the poor kept watch and they heard of a birth,  
And they came with hope, bringing their sheep,  
To greet the Lord of the earth.

On a cold, dark night, in a world full of dreams,  
All the rich slept, warm, under their fur,  
But the wise kept watch and they heard of a birth,  
And they came with gold, incense and myrrh,  
To greet the Lord of the earth,  
The new-born Lord of the earth!

*Maranatha! Maranatha!*  
*In a waiting world, Lord, we long for your birth.*  
*Maranatha! Maranatha!*  
*And we want to bring you a gift to honour your birth,*  
*O Lord of the earth.*

On a cold, dark night, in a world full of dreams,  
Every gift lies wrapped, shining and new.  
But, if we keep watch, we will hear of a birth,  
And our hearts will know what we can do  
To greet the Lord of the earth,  
The new-born Lord of the earth!

*Maranatha! Maranatha!*  
*In a waiting world . . .*

We can give new hope to the poor of the world,  
And the chains of debt we can release.  
We can give new seeds and the water of life,  
And with hand in hand, travel in peace,  
To greet the Lord of the earth,  
The new-born Lord of the earth!

*Maranatha! Maranatha!*  
*In a waiting world . . .*

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