

Christ the Lord

Sarah Hart & Robert Feduccia

Dark-ness hangs, the world is ach-ing,
Yearn-ing for the the com-ing light.
In his ris-ing, hope a-wak-ing.
Love has come to steal the night.
In our hearts true east we're fac-ing,
Toward the com-ing of our Lord.
Morn-ing ris-ing, gloom now flee-ing;
Christ re-turned! His word is true!

As we wait with hope for res-cue
Love descends and all is well.
Proph-ets tell, "Your God is with us/you,
Heav-en's gift, Em-ma-nu-el."
He is here, but hid as low-ly
In the poor and mys-te-ry.
Where the bread and wine are of-fered
He is here: our God and King.

Part-ing clouds re-veal his won-der:
Might-y King in vic-to-ry.
Trem-bling earth and roll-ing thun-der,
Blaz-ing sun, and quak-ing sea.
Now he comes, our King, in glo-ry;
Saints re-joice and dark-ness flees.
Ri-sing rays of light his char-iot,
Christ the Lord has made us free.

On us now the Son is shin-ing,
Lift-ing us to his em-brace.
Shame is cursed, no more con-found-ing,
Lift your head and know his face.
Love in-car-nate, breath in-dwell-ing,
Now in truth is truth made known.
We are his and he for-ev-er
Is our God and he a-lone.

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