

Hope has a name

**I'm standing on the outside of a dream:
It seems the world is waiting,
Holding its breath,
Focussed on a stable down below.
I'm standing on the outside of a door:
I sense the angels waiting,
Holding their breath,
Anxious for a baby to be born.
I lift the latch to see the scene inside:
A Mother's pains of labour,
A Husband's worried frown,
Then suddenly I hear a baby's cry!**

And the Angels take the song,
They sing it loud, they sing it long,
Today, Messiah, Christ the Lord is born!

*Jesus
Saviour of the world;
Father's only child;
Heaven's greatest gift;
A son is given!
God is now with man,
His highest love come down;
Perfect peace is known,
And hope has a name.*

**I'm standing at the crossroads of all time:
His parent's name him 'Jesus',
The one who comes to save,
In awe I turn my face to him and bow.
I lift my eyes, surprised, I'm not alone!
The rulers and the labourers,
Young and old alike,
Are summoned so it seems by Jesus' Cry.
And kneeling there before the manger bed
My spirit sees such future
Resting in this child:
I'll follow him until the day I die!**