

Maranatha! Maranatha! Maranatha! Come, Lord Jesus, come!

So that we could all be free he appeared among us,
blest are those who have not seen, yet believe his promise.

All our visions, all our dreams, are but ghostly shadows
of the radiant clarity waiting at life's close.

Death where is your victory? Death where is your sting?
Closer than the air we breathe is our risen King.

Preparation of the Gifts: Colours of Day For McClellan, John Pascalella, Keith Bycroft
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Colours of day dawn into the mind, the sun has come up, the night is
behind. Go down in the city, into the street, and let's give the message to
the people we meet.

***So light up the fire and let the flame burn, open the door, let Jesus
return. Take seeds of his Spirit, let the fruit grow, tell the people of
Jesus, let his love show.***

Go through the park, on into the town; the sun still shines on, it never
goes down. The light of the world is risen again; the people of darkness
are needing a friend.

Open your eyes, look into the sky, the darkness has come, the sun
came to die. The evening draws on, the sun disappears, but Jesus is
living, his Spirit is near.