

Card Michael "Maranatha"

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Michael Card

(I Thessalonians 4:13)

Maranatha is a cry of the heart

That's hopeful yet weary of waiting

While it may be joyful with the burdens it bears

It's sick with anticipating

To long for the Promised One day after day

And the promise that soon He'd return

It's certain that waiting's the most bitter lesson

A believing heart has to learn

Chorus

Maranatha,

How many more moments must this waiting last

Maranatha, we long for the time when all time is past

A commotion, a call then that will be all

Though it's not yet the hour

The minutes are ticking away

Maranatha is the shout of the few

Who for so long in history've been hiding

Who truly believe that the sound of that call

Might actually hasten His coming

For no eye has seen and no ear has yet heard

And no mind has ever conceived

The joy of the moment when He will appear

To the wonder of all who believe

Chorus

Maranatha, how hungry we are just to see Your face

Parousia, to finally fall in one long embrace

A commotion, a call and that will be all

Though it's not yet the hour

The minutes are ticking away

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