

Maranatha

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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

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

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