

Emmanuel, God With Us

Amy Grant

We dim the light.
We stoke the fire.
We breathe the evergreen.
Young ones wait
While the old ones make up
Tales of how it used to be.

China dolls,
Candy corn,
Painted wooden toys,
Treasures found
To the wondrous sound
Of carolling the Savior
Born to us on Christmas morn.

Emmanuel, God with us,
Emmanuel!
Emmanuel, God with us,
The son of Israel.

And still he calls
Through the night,
Beyond the days of old.
A voice of peace
To the weary ones,
Who struggle with the human soul.

All of us,
Travellers,
Through a given time.
Who can know
What tomorrow holds?
But over the horizon,
Surely you and I will find.

Emmanuel, God with us,
Emmanuel!
Emmanuel, God with us,
The son of Israel.

And the years they come,
And the years they go,
Though we may forget somehow
That the child once born in Bethlehem
Is still among us now.

(Emmanuel....)

(Emmanuel, God with us.
The son of Israel.)

Emmanuel, God with us, (Emmanuel.)
Emmanuel! (Emmanuel.)
Emmanuel, God with us, (Emmanuel.)
The son of Israel. (Israel.)
The son of Israel.

The son of IS...Israel. (Son of Israel.)