

## Come Into Our Lives

Words and music by Phil Campbell-Enns

A winter's eve and the snow is falling  
High above the angels are calling  
'Rejoice, all who hear,  
This wonderful thing,  
To You is born a new King.'

Shepherds and wisemen heard the call  
The little stable had room for them all  
Though dirty and cold  
Made holy that day  
By the child who slept on the hay

With the angels we proclaim  
In proudest voice  
Your poor and lowly arrival  
Bringing endless joy  
Come into our lives, Baby Boy

It finally happened, long foretold,  
Faithful waited, the prophets had spoken  
Of One who would come  
To make things new  
And return us to You

A crooked path  
That would now be made straight  
A path made bright  
By Your mercy and grace

Now as then our hearts feel broken  
We long once more for a sign or a token  
An offering of what  
Soon will be  
Your reign of unending peace

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