

Still!

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WHAT WAS IT LIKE IN PALESTINE THE NIGHT THE ANGELS CAME?
HOW DID GOD CHOOSE THE SHEPHERDS WHO WERE FIRST TO HEAR HIS NAME?
WE KNOW THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR HIM.
WOULD IT BE ANY DIF'RENT HERE,
IF HE SHOULD COME TODAY?
WOULD WE CHASE HIM AWAY?
THEY HEARD THEM ALL... THE PROPHECIES...
HOW COME THEY DIDN'T KNOW?
THEY REFUSED THEIR MESSIAH,
WHEN HE BLESSED THEM LONG AGO.
THEY FAILED TO STOP HIS WORDS OF LOVE,
NAILING HIM ON THAT LONELY HILL.
THE ENDLESS HOPE HE GAVE TO US
CAN TOUCH US STILL!

STILL, STILL WAS THE NIGHT HE CAME AND BRIGHT WOULD BE THAT STAR OF LIGHT!
STILL, STILL, STILL WE CAN HEAR THE ECHOES RING AS ANGELS SING.

IT ALL BEGINS, JUST AS WITH HIM, ONE LIGHT BEGINS TO SHINE
EV'RY SOUL THAT LIGHT TOUCHES SPREADS HIS LIGHT AS THEY COMBINE.
HE STANDS THERE AT THE DOOR FOR US, KNOWING WE'RE FIT TO DO HIS WILL.
IF WE WOULD JUST BELIEVE, HIS LOVE IS WITH US STILL!

STILL, STILL WE CAN BE THE SAVIOR'S HANDS, AND WE CAN WORK HIS WILL.
STILL, STILL, STILL WE ARE SURE HE'LL COME A GAIN!
EV'RY DAY IN EV'RY WAY WE CAN LOVE HIM STILL!