**‘Andrew’s Song**

**(The Night That Christ Was Born)’**

(c. Axford & Robinson)

Our father caught a single fish

The night that Christ was born

He cast his nets from setting sun

To breaking of the dawn

I saw his face was lined with strain

As empty mesh he stored

But Peter shot a wink at me

And jumped right overboard

The old man's shouts were left behind

We dived beyond their sound

We saw the shoals we had not reached

A richer fishing ground

Then up above, celestial lights

Filled waters of the night

We wondered how that single star

Could hang so low and bright

Shepherd's tales soon passed around

But none believed their words

(As if the grain of harvest

Would be thrown out for the birds!)

But still they spoke of angels

Who had led them to that place

The least of all had been the first

To be redeemed by grace

Thirty years have passed since then

And now we man the boat

My steady brother at the helm

And every day afloat

But far from Galilee we sail

To distant lands we're drawn

Our passage set by that star's light

The night that Christ was born

Though we sail through darkened skies

Our eyes have seen the dawn

The light that came into the world

The night that Christ was born