

**'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