



24th December 2023

**Fourth Sunday of
Advent**

♪ **Hymn (313)** ♪

For Mary, Mother of our Lord,
God's holy Name be praised,
who first the Son of God adored
as on her Child she gazed.

Brave, holy Virgin, she believed,
though hard the task assigned,
and by the Holy Ghost conceived
Saviour of humankind.

The busy world had got no space
or time for God on earth;
a cattle manger was the place
where Mary gave Him birth.

She gave her body as God's shrine
her heart to piercing pain;
she knew the cost of love divine
when Jesus Christ was slain.

Dear Mary, from your lowliness
and home in Galilee
there comes a joy and holiness
to every family.

Hail, Mary; you are full of grace,
above all women blest;
and blest your Son, whom your embrace
in birth and death confessed.

*John Raphael Peacey (1896-1971) © Revd Mary J.
Hancock*

♪ **Hymn** ♪

Light of the world
You stepped down into darkness,
opened my eyes, let me see.
Beauty that made this heart adore You,
hope of a life spent with You.

Here I am to worship,
here I am to bow down,
here I am to say that You're my God.
You're altogether lovely,
altogether worthy,
altogether wonderful to me.

King of all days,
O so highly exalted,
glorious in heaven above.
Humbly You came to the earth You
created,
all for love's sake became poor.

Here I am to worship,
here I am to bow down,
here I am to say that You're my God.
You're altogether lovely,
altogether worthy,
altogether wonderful to me.

I'll never know how much it cost,
to see my sin upon that cross. *repeat*

Here I am to worship,
here I am to bow down,
here I am to say that You're my God.
You're altogether lovely,
altogether worthy,
altogether wonderful to me.

*Mark Hayes / Tim Hughes
© Capitol Christian Music Group*

♪ **Hymn (598)** ♪

Before the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea:
a great High Priest, whose Name is Love,
who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on His hands,
my name is written on His heart;
I know that while in heaven He stands
no tongue can bid me thence depart,
no tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,
and tells me of the guilt within,
upward I look, and see Him there
who made an end of all my sin.

Because the sinless Saviour died,
my sinful soul is counted free;
for God, the Just, is satisfied
to look on Him and pardon me,
to look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there, the risen Lamb!
my perfect, spotless Righteousness,
the great unchangeable I AM,
the King of glory and of grace.
One with my Lord, I cannot die;
my soul is purchased by His blood;
my life is hid with Christ on high,
with Christ, my Saviour and my God,
with Christ, my Saviour and my God.

Charitie Lees De Chenez (1841-1923)

♪ Chant (53) ♪

Wait for the Lord,
whose day is near.
Wait for the Lord:
keep watch, take heart!

Taizé Community © Ateliers et Presses de Taizé

♪ Hymn (358) ♪

Be still, for the presence of the Lord,
the Holy One, is here;
come bow before Him now
with reverence and fear:
in Him no sin is found,
we stand on holy ground.
Be still, for the presence of the Lord,
the Holy One, is here.

Be still, for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around;
He burns with holy fire,
with splendour He is crowned.
How awesome is the sight,
our radiant King of light!
Be still, for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around.

Be still, for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place:
He comes to cleanse and heal,

to minister His grace.
No work too hard for Him,
in faith receive from Him.
Be still, for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place.

David J Evans (b.1957) © 1986 Kingsway's Thankyou Music

♪ Hymn (394) ♪

Tell out, my soul,
the greatness of the Lord!
Unnumbered blessings
give my spirit voice;
tender to me
the promise of His word;
in God my Saviour
shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul,
the greatness of His name!
Make known His might,
the deeds His arm has done;
His mercy sure,
from age to age the same;
His holy name,
the Lord, the Mighty One.

Tell out, my soul,
the greatness of His might!
Powers and dominions
lay their glory by.
Proud hearts and stubborn
wills are put to flight,
the hungry fed,
the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul,
the glories of His word!
Firm is His promise,
and His mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul,
the greatness of the Lord
to children's children
and for evermore!

Timothy Dudley Smith (b. 1926) © 1961 Timothy Dudley Smith