



Fourth Sunday of Advent

♪ Hymn (75) ♪

Long ago, prophets knew
Christ would come, born a Jew,
come to make all things new;
bear His people's burden,
freely love and pardon.

Ring, bells, ring, ring, ring!
Sing, choirs, sing, sing, sing!
When He comes,
when He comes,
who will make Him welcome?

God in time, God in man,
this is God's timeless plan:
He will come, as a man,
born Himself of woman,
God divinely human:

Mary hail! Though afraid,
she believed, she obeyed.
In her womb, God is laid:
till the time expected,
nurtured and protected,

Journey ends! Where afar
Bethlem shines, like a star,
stable door stands ajar.
Unborn Son of Mary,
Saviour, do not tarry!

Ring, bells, ring, ring, ring!
Sing, choirs, sing, sing, sing!
Jesus comes!
Jesus comes!

We will make Him welcome!

Fred Pratt Green (1903-2000)
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♪ 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 (223) ♪

All hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
bring forth the royal diadem
to crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him ye morning stars of light,
who fixed this floating ball;
now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
and crown Him, crown Him, crown
Him,
crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him ye martyrs of your God,
who from His altar call:
praise Him whose way of pain ye trod,
and crown Him, crown Him, crown
Him,
crown Him Lord of all!

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
ye ransomed of the fall,
hail Him who saves you by His grace,
and crown Him, crown Him, crown
Him,
crown Him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
the wormwood and the gall,
go spread your trophies at His feet,
and crown Him, crown Him, crown
Him,
crown Him Lord of all!

Let every tribe and every tongue
to Him their hearts enthrall,
lift high the universal song
and crown Him, crown Him, crown
Him,
crown Him Lord of all!

Edward Perronet (1726-1792) Revised John Rippon

♪ Chant (53) ♪

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

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♪ Hymn (30) ♪

Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
born to set Thy people free;
from our fears and sins release us;
let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
hope of all the earth Thou art;
dear desire of every nation,
joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver;
born a child and yet a King;
born to reign in us for ever;
now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thy own eternal Spirit,
rule in all our hearts alone:
by Thy all-sufficient merit,
raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

♪ Hymn (45) ♪

O come, O come, Emmanuel
And with your people always dwell
Who mourn in mortal exile here
Until the Lord of Life appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come again and with us ever dwell.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny
From depths of Hell Thy people save
And give them victory o'er the grave
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and
cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times did'st give the Law,
In cloud, and majesty and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

John Mason Neale ((1818-1886)