

## First Hymn

The advent of our God  
with eager prayers we greet,  
and singing haste upon the road  
His glorious gift to meet.

The everlasting Son  
scorns not the Virgin's womb;  
that we from bondage may be won  
He bears a bondsman's doom.

Daughter of Sion, rise  
to meet thy lowly Kings;  
let not thy stubborn heart despise  
the peace he comes to bring.

On clouds of dazzling light,  
as Judge he comes again,  
His scattered people to unite,  
with him in heaven to reign.

Let evil flee away,  
ere that great hour shall dawn,  
let this old Adam day by day  
the new Man all put on.

Praise to the incarnate Son,  
who comes to set us free,  
with Father and with Spirit One,  
to all eternity. Amen.

*Charles Coffin 1676-1749*

*Tune St Thomas*

*Choir sings from the Advent Prose*

*Response:*     **Drop down, ye heavens, from above,  
and let the skies pour down righteousness.**

## Offertory Hymn

I cannot tell why he, whom angels worship,  
should set his love upon the sons of men,  
or why, as Shepherd, he should seek the wanderers,  
to bring them back, they know not how or when.  
But this I know, that he was born of Mary,  
when Bethlehem's manger was his only home,  
and that he lived at Nazareth and laboured,  
and so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.

I cannot tell how silently he suffered,  
as with his peace he graced this place of tears,  
or how his heart upon the cross was broken,

the crown of pain to three-and-thirty years.  
But this I know, he heals the broken-hearted,  
and stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear,  
and lifts the burden from the heavy-laden,  
for yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.

I cannot tell how he will win the nations,  
how he will claim his earthly heritage,  
how satisfy the needs and aspirations  
of east and west, of sinner and of sage.  
But this I know, all flesh shall see his glory,  
and he shall reap the harvest he has sown,  
and some glad day his sun shall shine in splendour,  
when he the Saviour, Saviour of the world is known.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,  
when, at his bidding, every storm is stilled,  
or who can say how great the jubilation  
when all the hearts of men with love are filled.  
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,  
and myriad, myriad human voices sing,  
and earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, will answer:  
“At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!”

*W.Y. Fullerton 1857-1932*

*Tune Londonderry Air*

### **Communion Hymn**

Wait for the Lord, his day is near.

Wait for the Lord be strong take heart!

*Taizé*

### **Final Hymn**

Lo! he comes with clouds descending  
once for favoured sinners slain;  
thousand thousand saints attending  
swell the triumph of his train:  
Alleluia!

Those dear tokens of his passion  
still his dazzling body bears,  
cause of endless exultation  
to his ransomed worshippers:  
with what rapture  
gaze we on those glorious scars!

God appears, on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold him  
robed in dreadful majesty;  
those who set at nought and sold him,  
pierced and nailed him to the tree,  
deeply wailing  
shall the true Messiah see.

*Reproduction of the hymns in this order of service falls within  
the provisions of the Parish Copyright Licence no. 502624*