

First Hymn

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
announces that the Lord is nigh;
come then and hearken, for he brings
glad tidings from the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
and furnished for so great a guest!
Yea, let us each our heart prepare
for Christ to come and enter there.

For thou art our salvation, Lord,
our refuge and our great reward;
without thy grace our souls must fade
and wither like a flower decayed.

Stretch forth thine hand
to heal our sore,
and make us rise, to fall no more;
once more upon thy people shine,
and fill the world with love divine.

All praise, eternal Son, to thee
whose advent sets thy people free,
whom, with the Father, we adore,
and Spirit blest, for evermore.

C. Coffin (1676-1749) Tune: Winchester New

After the Reading

We remain seated to sing

O come, O come Emmanuel!
redeem thy captive Israel,
that into exile drear is gone
far from the face of God's dear Son

*Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come to thee, O Israel.*

O come, thou Wisdom from on high!
who madest all in earth and sky,
creating man from dust and clay:
to us reveal salvation's way

O come, O come Adonai
who in thy glorious majesty
from Sinai's mountain, clothed in awe,
gavest thy folk the elder law.

O come, thou Root of Jesse! draw
the quarry from the lion's claw;
from those dread caverns of the grave,
from death and hell, thy people save.

Latin, Tr. T.A. Lacey (1853-1931) & others

Tune: Veni Emmanuel

Second Hymn

Judge eternal, throned in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
with thy living fire of judgement
purge this realm of bitter things:
solace all its wide dominion
with the healing of thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining
for the hour that brings release:
and the city's crowded clangour
cries aloud for sin to cease;
and the homesteads and the woodlands
plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O God, thine own endeavour;
cleave our darkness with thy sword;
feed the faithless and the hungry
with the richness of thy word:
cleanse the body of this nation
through the glory of the Lord.

Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918) Tune: Regent Square

Communion Hymn

Hark the glad sound!
the Saviour comes,
the Saviour promised long:
let every heart prepare a throne
and every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
in Satan's bondage held;
the gates of brass before him burst,
the iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
the bleeding soul to cure,
and with the treasures of his grace
to bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
thy welcome shall proclaim;
and heaven's eternal arches ring
with thy beloved name.

P. Doddridge (1702-51)

Music: Bristol

Final Hymn

Hark! a herald voice is calling:
'Christ is nigh,' it seems to say;
'Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!'

Startled at the solemn warning,
let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb so long expected,
comes with pardon down from heaven;
let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
one and all to be forgiven;

So when next he comes in glory,
and earth's final hour draws near,
may he then as our defender
on the clouds of heaven appear.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
to the Father and the Son,
with the co-eternal Spirit,
while unending ages run.

Latin, tr. E. Caswall (1814-78) Tune: Merton