

## Hymns with Mrs Turnbull

Sunday 29th November 2020, 11am  
First Sunday of Advent

Livestreamed through:  
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**Jesus, where'er thy people meet,**  
There they behold thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind  
Such ever bring thee when they come,  
And, going, take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,  
To each our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:  
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

**On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry**  
Announces that the Lord is nigh;  
Awake and hearken, for he brings  
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every breast from sin;  
Make straight the way for God within;  
Prepare we in our hearts a home,  
Where such a mighty guest may come.

For thou art our salvation, Lord,  
Our refuge and our great reward;  
Without thy grace we waste away,  
Like flowers that wither and decay.

To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,  
And bid the fallen sinner stand;  
Shine forth, and let thy light restore  
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

All praise, eternal Son, to thee  
Whose advent sets thy people free,  
Who with the Father we adore,  
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

**We have a gospel to proclaim,**  
Good news for all throughout the earth,  
The gospel of a Saviour's name:  
We sing his glory, tell his worth.

Tell of his birth in Bethlehem  
Nor in a royal house or hall  
But in a stable dark and dim,  
The Word made flesh, a light for all.

Tell of his death at Calvary,  
Hated by those he came to save,  
In lonely suffering on the cross  
For all he loved his life he gave.

Tell of that glorious Easter morn:  
Empty the tomb, for he was free.  
He broke the power of death and hell  
That we might share his victory.

Tell of his reign at God's right hand,  
By all creation glorified.  
He sends his Spirit on this church  
To live for him, the Lamb who died

Now we rejoice to name him King:  
Jesus is Lord of all the earth  
This gospel-message we proclaim:  
We sing his glory, tell his worth.

Note to participants: nobody (except those you live with) can hear you sing so sing with gusto. Margaret has an uncanny knack of knowing if you don't.

**People, look east to see at last**  
Hopes fulfilled from ages past:  
Now in the promise of the morning,  
See, a brighter day is dawning,  
Rich with the visions long foretold,  
Prophets' dreams from days of old.

God reaffirms the gracious call:  
Words of welcome meant for all;  
Comfort enough for all our sorrows;  
Justice shaping new tomorrows.  
Mercy bears fruit in lives restored,  
Freed to praise and serve the Lord.

Now, with the coming of the light,  
Darkest fears are put to flight;  
See how the clouds of gloom are clearing,  
Blown aside by hopes' appearing.  
Jesus, the Light of all our days,  
Comes and sets our hearts ablaze.

Born of our race, a child so small  
Hail the promised Lord of all!  
Nailed to a cross for our salvation,  
He shall rule God's new creation.  
Lift up your eyes, and look again:  
See, he comes in power to reign!

**There's a light upon the mountains, and the day is at the spring,**  
When our eyes shall see the beauty and the glory of the King  
Weary was our heart with waiting and the night-watch seemed so long;  
But his triumph-day is breaking, and we hail it with a song.

There's a hush of expectation, and a quiet in the air;  
And the breath of God is moving in the fervent breath of prayer;  
For the suffering, dying Jesus is the Christ upon the throne,  
And the travail of our spirit is the travail of his own.

He is breaking down the barriers, he is casting up the way;  
He is calling for his angels to build up the gates of day:  
But his angels here are human, not the shining hosts above;  
For the drum-beats of his army are the heart-beats of our love.

Hark! We hear a distant music, and it comes with fuller swell;  
'tis the triumph-song of Jesus, of our King, Immanuel:  
Zion, go ye forth to meet him; and, my soul, be swift to bring  
All thy finest and thy noblest for the triumph of our King!

**O praise ye the Lord!**  
Praise him in the height;  
rejoice in his word,  
ye angels of light;  
ye heavens, adore him  
by whom ye were made,  
and worship before him,  
in brightness arrayed.

O praise ye the Lord!  
Praise him upon earth,  
in tuneful accord,  
ye sons of new birth;  
praise him who hath brought you  
his grace from above,  
praise him who hath taught you  
to sing of his love.

O praise ye the Lord!  
All things that give sound;  
each jubilant chord  
reecho around;  
loud organs, his glory  
forth tell in deep tone,  
and sweet harp, the story  
of what he hath done.

O praise ye the Lord!  
Thanksgiving and song  
to him be outpoured  
all ages along!  
For love in creation,  
for heaven restored,  
for grace of salvation,  
O praise ye the Lord!