

## Advent Hymns

### 12 December 2021

**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 hearts 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 bless, for evermore.

#### **Longing for light, we wait in darkness**

Longing for truth, we turn to you.  
Make us your own, your holy people,  
light for the world to see.

*Christ be our light! Shine in our hearts.  
Shine through the darkness.  
Christ be our light!  
Shine in your church gathered today.*

Longing for peace, our world is troubled.  
Longing for hope, many despair.  
Your word alone has pow'r to save us.  
Make us your living voice.

Longing for food, many are hungry.  
Longing for water, many still thirst.  
Make us your bread, broken for others,  
shared until all are fed.

Longing for shelter, many are homeless.  
Longing for warmth, many are cold.  
Make us your building, sheltering others,  
walls made of living stones.

Many the gifts, many the people,  
many the hearts that yearn to belong.  
Let us be servants to one another,  
making your kingdom come.

#### **O come, O come Emmanuel**

And ransom captive Israel,  
That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the Son of God appear.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

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.

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.

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.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,  
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,  
In ancient times didst give the law  
In cloud and majesty and awe.