

## Hymns 19<sup>th</sup> December

**The Angel Gabriel from heaven came,**  
his wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;  
'All hail', said he, 'thou lowly maiden Mary,  
most highly favoured lady.'  
Gloria!

'For known a blessed mother thou shalt be,  
all generations laud and honour thee,  
thy son shall be Immanuel, by seers foretold;  
most highly favoured lady.'  
Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,  
'To me be as it pleaseth God', she said,  
'My soul shall laud and magnify his holy name':  
most highly favoured lady.  
Gloria!

Of her, Immanuel, the Christ was born  
in Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,  
and Christian folk throughout the world will ever say,  
'Most highly favoured lady.'  
Gloria!

### **Magnificat (My heart feels)**

My heart feels  
As if it's going to burst with joy  
In praising God  
My Saviour who sets me free  
Though I'm only  
Unimportant in this world  
A lowly servant  
My God has remembered me

*Can there be anyone in this world  
Happier than I am now?  
He's done such great  
And mighty things  
And all my being sings  
Can there be anyone in this world  
Happier than me?*

Through all time  
His people bless his holy name  
For he is kind  
His promise is always sure  
He will fling  
The thrones of mighty kings away  
Bring down the proud  
And favour the hungry poor

Words & Music: Andrew Rudd,  
Sung by Jackie Bellfield & Heptagon

### **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  
Beth'lem 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)