



Sunday 24 December 2017 Fourth Sunday of Advent

Processional Hymn

1. "Thy kingdom come!" on bended knee
the passing ages pray;
and faithful souls have yearned to see
on earth that kingdom's day.
2. But the slow watches of the night
not less to God belong;
and for the everlasting right
the silent stars are strong.
3. And lo, already on the hills
the flags of dawn appear;
gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
proclaim the day is near:
4. The day in whose clear shining light
all wrong shall stand revealed,
when justice shall be throned in might,
and every heart be healed;
5. When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
shall walk the earth abroad;
the day of perfect righteousness,
the promised day of God.

Words: Frederick Lucian Hosmer, 1840 - 1929)

Music: IRISH

Collect

God our redeemer,
who prepared the Blessed Virgin Mary
to be the mother of your Son:
grant that, as she looked for his coming as our saviour,
so we may be ready to greet him
when he comes again as our judge;
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.

Amen.

Old Testament Reading 2 Samuel 7.1-11, 16

Psalm 89 v1-4

Truly the Lord is our shield.

Truly the Lord is our shield

My song shall be always of the loving-kindness of the Lord:
with my mouth will I proclaim your faithfulness
throughout all generations.

I will declare that your love is established for ever;
you have set your faithfulness as firm as the heavens.

Truly the Lord is our shield

For you said: 'I have made a covenant with my chosen one;
I have sworn an oath to David, my servant:
Your seed will I establish for ever
and build up your throne for all generations.'

Truly the Lord is our shield

New Testament Reading Romans 16.25-end

Gradual Hymn

1 The Lord will come and not be slow,
his footsteps cannot err;
before him righteousness shall go,
his royal harbinger.

2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
shall bud and blossom free;
and justice, from her heavenly bower,
bless all humanity.

3 The nations all whom thou hast made
shall come, and all shall frame
to bow them low before thee, Lord,
and glorify thy name.

4 For great thou art, and wonders great
by thy strong hand are done:
thou in thy everlasting seat
remainest God alone.

Words: John Milton

Tune: Old 107th

Gospel Reading Luke 1. 26-38

Offertory Hymn

Wake, O wake! with tidings thrilling
the watchmen all the air are filling,
arise, Jerusalem, arise!
Midnight strikes! no more delaying,
"The hour has come!" we hear them saying.
Where are ye all, ye maidens wise?
The Bridegroom comes in sight,
raise high your torches bright!
Alleluia!
The wedding song swells loud and strong:
go forth and join the festal throng.

Zion hears the watchmen shouting,
her heart leaps up with joy undoubting,
she stands and waits with eager eyes;
see her Friend from heaven descending,
adorned with truth and grace unending!
Her light burns clear, her star doth rise.
Now come, thou precious Crown,
Lord Jesus, God's own Son!
Hosanna!
Let us prepare to follow there,
where in thy supper we may share.

Every soul in thee rejoices;
from earthly and angelic voices
be glory given to thee alone!
Now the gates of pearl receive us,
Thy presence never more shall leave us,
we stand with angels round thy throne.
Earth cannot give below
the bliss thou dost bestow.
Alleluia!
Grant us to raise to length of days,
the triumph-chorus of thy praise.

Words: Philipp Nicolai tr. Francis Burkitt

Tune: WACHET AUF

Post Communion Prayer

Heavenly Father,
who chose the Blessed Virgin Mary
to be the mother of the promised saviour:
fill us your servants with your grace,
that in all things we may embrace your holy will
and with her rejoice in your salvation;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Recessional Hymn

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
he is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
he hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
his truth is marching on.

*Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.*

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps
they have gilded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
his day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
he is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet;
our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
with a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
as he died to make us holy, let us live that all be free;
whilst God is marching on.

Words: Julia Ward Howe

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Organ Voluntary Herr Christ, der ein'ge Gottes-Sohn BWV 601 (Bach)