

Advent Candles

Advent candles tell their story
as we watch and pray,
longing for the Day of Glory,
'Come, Lord, soon,' we say.
Pain and sorrow, tears and sadness
changed for gladness,
on that Day.

Mary's gift, beyond all telling,
was to give Christ room.
She gave God a human dwelling
in a mother's womb.
Who could guess the final story?
Cross and glory;
empty tomb!

TIS 303: Hark the Herald Angels Sing

1. Hark! the herald angels sing
glory to the new-born King,
peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all you nations, rise,
join the triumph of the skies;
with the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem'.

Refrain:

Hark! the herald angels sing,
glory to the new-born King.

2. Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
late in time behold him come,
offspring of a Virgin's womb:
veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
hail the incarnate Deity,
pleased in human flesh to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel. [Refrain]

3. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
risen with healing in his wings:
mild he lays his glory by,
born that we no more need die,
born to raise us from the earth,
born to give us second birth. [Refrain]

TIS 318: Away in a Manger

1. Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
the stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

2. The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
but little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.
I love you, Lord Jesus; look down from on high,
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

3. Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask you to stay
close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in your tender care,
and fit us for heaven to live with you there.

TIS 315: Mine Eyes have seen the Glory of the coming of the Lord

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 has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
his truth is marching on.

Refrain:

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
glory, glory, hallelujah,
glory, glory, hallelujah,
his truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
he is sifting out the hearts of all before his judgment seat:
O be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on. [Refrain]

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 die to make men free,
while God is marching on. [Refrain]

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave;
he is wisdom to the mighty; he is succour to the brave:
so the world shall be his foot-stool, and the soul of time his slave:
our God is marching on. [Refrain]

TIS 276: There's a Light upon the Mountains

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 heartbeats of our love.

Hark! we hear a distant music,
And it comes with fuller swell;
The great triumph-song of Jesus,
Of our King, Immanuel!
Zion go you forth to meet Him!
And, my soul, be swift to bring
All your finest and your dearest
For the triumph of our King!

TIS 317: Love came down at Christmas

Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
star and angels gave the sign.

Worship we the Godhead,
Love incarnate, Love divine;
worship we our Jesus:
but wherewith for sacred sign?

Love shall be our token,
love be yours and love be mine,
love to God and neighbours,
love for plea and gift and sign.

TIS 322: The North Wind

The North Wind is tossing the leaves
The red dust is over the town
The sparrows are under the eaves
And the grass in the paddock is brown
As we lift up our voices and sing
To the Christ-child, the heavenly king!

The tree-ferns in Green Gully sway
The cool stream flows silently by
The joy-bells are greeting the day
And the chimes are adrift in the sky
As we lift up our voices and sing
To the Christ-child, the heavenly king!