

Dec 4, 2022 10:00 A.M.

Song Sheet

Processional Hymn: #106 There's A Voice in the Wilderness Crying

There's a voice in the wilderness crying, a call from the ways untrod:
prepare in the desert a highway, a highway for our God!
The valleys shall be exalted, the lofty hills brought low;
make straight all the crooked places where the Lord our God may go!

O Zion, give voice to good tidings, ascend to the heights and sing!
Proclaim to a desolate people the coming of their King.
The works of pride all perish, like flowers they shall decay;
the power and pomp of nations shall pass like a dream away.

But your word, O God, is faithful, your arm, O Lord, is strong;
you stand in the midst of nations, and you will right the wrong.
You will feed your flock like a shepherd, and fold the lambs to you breast;
in pastures of peace you'll lead them, and give to the weary rest.

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Offertory: #100 Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

Comfort, comfort ye my people,
Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
Comfort those who sit in darkness,
Mourning 'neath their sorrows' load;
Speak ye to Jerusalem
Of the peace that waits for them,
Tell her that her sins I cover,
And her warfare now is over.

Hark! The herald's voice is calling
In the desert far and near,
calling us to new repentance
since the reign of God is here.
Oh, the warning call obey!

Now prepare for Christ a way;
let the valleys rise to meet him
and the hills bow down to greet him.

Make ye straight what long was crooked,
Make the rougher places plain,
Let your hearts be true and humble,
As befits His holy reign;
For the glory of the Lord
now o'er earth is shed abroad,
and all flesh shall see the token
That His Word is never broken

Closing Hymn: #103 On Jordan's Bank, the Baptist's Cry

On Jordan's bank, the Baptist's cry announces that the Lord is nigh; awake and hearken, for he brings glad tidings of 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; with out the grace we waste away, like flower 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 doth thy people free, whom with the Father we adore and Holy Ghost for evermore.