

St. Margaret's Church, Hinton Waldrist

ADVENT CAROL SERVICE

Sunday 2nd December 2001

THE FARINGDON SINGERS

Conductor: Terence Carter

Organist: Roy Woodhams

INTROIT:

Adam Lay Ybounden (Boris Ord)

HYMN:

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
*Rejoice! Rejoice! O Israel,
Thy God shall come, Emanuel.*

O come, thou Rod of Jesse,
Free thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them vict'ry o'er the grave.
*Rejoice! Rejoice! O Israel,
Thy God shall come, Emanuel.*

(Choir only:)

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.

*Rejoice! Rejoice! O Israel,
Thy God shall come, Emanuel.*

O come, thou key of David,
Come and open wide our heav'nly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

*Rejoice! Rejoice! O Israel,
Thy God shall come, Emanuel.*

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.

*Rejoice! Rejoice! O Israel,
Thy God shall come, Emanuel.*

BIDDING PRAYER

READING: *Isaiah 15:1-8*

CHOIR:

Hail, Blessed Virgin Mary (Philip Ledger)
Sing of a Girl (Folk arr: Malcolm Archer)

HYMN:

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 ev'ry 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 flow'r 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 blest, for ever-more.

READING: *Haggai 2:6-9*

CHOIR:

There is no Rose (John Joubert)
Let all Mortal Flesh (French arr. Gregory Murray)

HYMN:

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter,
Long ago.

Our God, heav'n cannot hold him,
Nor earth sustain:
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When he comes to reign:

In the bleak midwinter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God almighty
Jesus Christ.

Enough for him, whom cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for him, whom angels
fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and Archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
thronged the air:
But only his mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man,
I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give him,
Give my heart.

READING: Romans 8:28-39

CHOIR:

O Little One Sweet (Scheidt arr: Bach)
Tomorrow shall be (Trad. arr. Richard Lloyd)

HYMN:

Of the Father's love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been
And the future years shall see.
Evermore and evermore.

At his word they were created;
He commanded, it was done:
Heav'n and earth and depth of ocean,
In their three-fold order one;
All that grows beneath the shining,
Of the light of moon and sun,
Evermore and evermore.

O that birth for ever blessed,

When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the babe, the world's redeemer,
First revealed his sacred face,
Evermore and evermore.

O ye heights of heav'n, adore him,
Angel hosts, his praises sing;
Pow'rs, dominions, bow before him
And extol our God and king;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Ev'ry voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

READING: Mark 1:1-15

CHOIR:

Cantata: 'Sleepers Awake' (J.S.Bach)

PRAYERS

BLESSING

FINAL HYMN:

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand Saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia!
God appears, on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Those dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers:
With what rapture,
Gaze we on those glorious stars!

Yea, Amen! Let all adore thee,
On thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Alleluia!
Come, Lord, come!