

November 27 hymns

Advent Candle lighting hymn: Hope is a Candle verse 1

Hope is a Candle

Hope is a candle on our journey
Hope is the travel and the end
All through the frosty fields of winter
This dancing flame of Hope we'll tend

*For we are a people of a story
Of stars that sing and love that cries
And though these nights are getting longer
The path is lit before our eyes*

O Come, O Come Emmanuel VU 1 verse 1

O come, O come, Emmanuel, and ransom captive Israel
That mourns in lowly exile here until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

Hark the Glad Sound VU 29

Hark, the glad sound! The Saviour comes, the Saviour promised long.
Let every heart prepare a throne, and every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release in Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst, the iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind, the bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace to bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace, your welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring with your beloved name.

Herald! Sound the Note of Gladness VU 28

Herald! Sound the note of gladness! Tell the news that Christ is here;
Make a pathway through the desert for the one who brings God near.

Sound the trumpet! Tell the message!

Christ the Saving One has come!

Herald! Sound the note of judgement, warning us of right and wrong,
Turning us from sin and sadness, till once more we sing the song.

Herald! Sound the note of pardon! Those repenting are forgiven;
God receives these wayward children, and to all new life is given.

Herald! Sound the note of triumph! Christ has come to share our life,
Bringing God's own love and power, granting victory in our strife.

'Twas in the Moon of Wintertime VU 71

'Twas in the moon of wintertime, when all the birds had fled,
That mighty Gitchi Manitou sent angel choirs instead;
Before their light the stars grew dim, and wandering hunters heard the hymn:

Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.

Within a lodge of broken bark the tender babe was found,
A ragged robe of rabbit skin enwrapped his beauty round;
But as the hunter braves drew nigh, the angel song rang loud and high:
The earliest moon of wintertime is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory on the helpless infant there.
The chiefs from far before him knelt with gifts of fox and beaver pelt.

O children of the forest free, the angel song is true;
The holy child of earth and heaven is born today for you.
Come, kneel before the radiant boy, who brings you beauty, peace, and joy:

All Earth is Waiting VU 5

All earth is waiting to see the Promised One,
And open furrows await the seed of God.
All the world, bound and struggling, seeks true liberty;
It cries out for justice and searches for the truth.

Thus says the prophet to those of Israel,
“A virgin mother will bear Emmanuel.”
One whose name is “God with us,” our Saviour shall be,
Through whom hope will blossom once more within our hearts.

Mountains and valleys will have to be made plain,
Open new highways, new highways for our God,
Who is now coming closer, so come all and see,
And open the doorways as wide as wide can be.

In lowly stable the Promised One appeared.
Yet, feel that presence throughout the earth today,
For Christ lives in all Christians and is with us now;
Again on arriving, Christ brings us liberty.