

Advent 3

Hills of the north, rejoice;

river and mountain-spring,
hark to the advent voice;
valley and lowland, sing:
though absent long, your Lord is nigh;
he judgement brings and victory.

Isles of the southern seas,
deep in your coral caves
pent be each warring breeze,
lulled be your restless waves:
he comes to reign with boundless sway,
and make your wastes his great highway.

Lands of the east, awake,
soon shall your sons be free;
the sleep of ages break,
and rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and grey,
has dawned the everlasting day.

Shores of the utmost west,
ye that have waited long,
unvisited, unblest,
break forth to swelling song;
high raise the note, that Jesus died,
yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

Shout, while ye journey home;
songs be in every mouth;
lo, from the north we come,
from east and west and south.
city of God, the bond are free
we come to live and reign in thee!

You shall go out with joy

and be led forth with peace,
and the mountains and the hills shall
break forth before you.

There'll be shouts of joy
and the trees of the field
shall clap, shall clap their hands,
and the trees of the field
shall clap their hands,
and the trees of the field
shall clap their hands,
and you'll go out with joy.



Jesus came the heavens adoring

came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for our redemption,
humbly came on earth to die,
Alleluia, alleluia!
came in deep humility.

Jesus comes to us in mercy
when our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes in power, to answer
every earnest heartfelt prayer:
Alleluia, alleluia!
comes to save us from despair.

Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing —
all the past he now forgives;
Jesus comes to share his kingdom
with the sinners he receives:
Alleluia, alleluia!
Death is conquered: Jesus lives!

Jesus comes on clouds triumphant
when the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory —
let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing
till the dawn of endless day.

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry

Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings!

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest!
Yea, let us each our heart prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward;
Without thy grace we waste away
Like flowers that wither and decay.

To heal the sick stretch out thy 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 sets thy people free,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.