

# Advent 4

**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 to clear the darkened mind,  
To drive the night away,  
And on the eyeballs of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

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

Our glad hosannas, prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

*Tune Bristol SF 171*

Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One is here;  
Come bow before Him now with reverence and fear.  
In Him no sin is found, we stand on holy ground;  
Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One is here.

Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around;  
He burns with holy fire, with splendour He is crowned.  
How awesome is the sight, our radiant King of light!  
Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around.

Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in this place;  
He comes to cleanse and heal, to minister His grace.  
No work too hard for Him, in faith receive from Him;  
Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in this place.

MP 50

Wild and lone the prophet's voice  
echoes through the desert still,  
calling us to make a choice,  
bidding us to do God's will:  
'Turn from sin and be baptised;  
cleanse your heart and mind and soul.  
Quitting all the sins you prized,  
yield your life to God's control.'

'Bear the fruit repentance shows:  
lives of justice, truth, and love.  
Trust no other claim than those;  
set your heart on things above.  
Soon the Lord will come in power,  
burning clean the threshing floor:  
then will flames the chaff devour;  
wheat alone shall fill God's store.'

With such preaching stark and bold  
John proclaimed salvation near,  
and his timeless warnings hold  
words of hope to all who hear.  
So we dare to journey on,  
led by faith through ways untrod,  
till we come at last like John  
to behold the Lamb of God.

*Tune Aberystwyth SP181*



**Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!**

Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice;  
tender to me the promise of his word;  
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his Name!  
Make known his might, the deeds his arm has done;  
his mercy sure, from age to age the same;  
his holy Name, the Lord, the Mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might!  
Powers and dominions lay their glory by.  
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,  
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word!  
Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.  
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord  
to children's children and for evermore!

**Thou who wast rich beyond all splendour,**

all for love's sake becamest poor;  
thrones for a manger didst surrender,  
sapphire-paved courts for stable floor.  
Thou who wast rich beyond all splendour,  
all for love's sake becamest poor.

Thou who art God beyond all praising,  
all for love's sake becamest man;  
stooping so low, but sinners raising  
heavenwards by thine eternal plan.  
Thou who art God beyond all praising,  
all for love's sake becamest man.

Thou who art love beyond all telling,  
Saviour and King, we worship thee.  
Emmanuel, within us dwelling,  
make us what thou wouldst have us be.  
Thou who art love, beyond all telling,  
Saviour and King, we worship thee.