

## **Sunday, 7th December 2025**

### **Second Sunday of Advent**

#### **247 – Hark! a herald voice is calling**

Hark! a herald voice is calling:  
'Christ is nigh,' it seems to say;  
'Cast away the dreams of darkness,  
O ye children of the day!'

Startled at the solemn warning,  
let the earth-bound soul arise;  
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,  
comes with pardon down from heav'n;  
let us haste, with tears of sorrow,  
one and all to be forgiv'n;

So when next he comes with glory,  
wrapping all the earth in fear,  
may he then as our defender,  
on the clouds of heav'n appear.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,  
to the Father and the Son,  
with the co-eternal Spirit,  
while unending ages run.

*Vox clara ecce intonate, 6<sup>th</sup> Century  
Tr. Edward Caswall (1814-1878)*

#### **98 - Come, all who look to Christ today**

Come, all who look to Christ today,  
stretch out your hands, enlarge your mind,  
together share his living way  
where all who humbly seek will find.

Come, all who will from every race;  
to lose self-will as Christians should,  
then find the Spirit's strong embrace  
which binds us to the common good.

Come, young and old from every church,  
bring all your treasures of prayer,  
join the dynamic Spirit's search  
to press beyond the truths we share.

Bring your traditions' richest store,  
your hymns and rites and cherished creeds;  
explore our visions, pray for more,  
since God delights to meet fresh needs.

Come, trust in Christ and live in peace,  
anticipate that final light  
when strife and bigotry shall cease,  
and faith be lost in praise and sight.

*Richard G. Jones (1926-2022)  
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### **513 - 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 ev'ry 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;  
without thy grace we waste away,  
like flow'rs 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.

*Charles Coffin (1676-1749)  
trans. John Chandler (1806-1876)*

### **125 – Crown him with many crowns**

Crown Him with many crowns,  
the Lamb upon his throne;  
hark, how the heav'nly anthem drowns  
all music but its own:  
awake, my soul, and sing  
of him who died for thee,  
and hail him as thy matchless King  
through all eternity.

Crown him the Virgin's Son,  
the God Incarnate born,  
whose arm those crimson trophies won  
which now his brow adorn;  
fruit of the mystic Rose,  
as of that Rose the Stem,  
the Root whence mercy ever flows,  
the Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown him the Lord of love;  
behold his hands and side,  
rich wounds yet visible above  
in beauty glorified:  
no angel in the sky  
can fully bear that sight,  
but downward bends each burning eye  
at mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of peace,  
whose pow'r a sceptre sways  
from pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
absorbed in prayer and praise:  
his reign shall know no end,  
and round his pierced feet  
fair flow'rs of paradise extend  
their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of years,  
the Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
ineffably sublime.  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
for thou hast died for me;  
thy praise shall never, never fail  
throughout eternity.

*Matthew Bridges (1800-1894)*