

Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
 Until Your love in me is born.  
 And joyless is the evening song.  
 Until Emmanuel has come.

So here I wait in hope of You.  
 All my soul's longing through and through  
 Dayspring from on high be near,  
 And Daystar in my heart appear.

Lyrics adapted from "Morning Hymn" by Charles Wesley; New words & music by Christy Nockels  
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**SERMON** — "When Old Men Are Made Silent" - Luke 1:67-79

**O Come, O Come Emmanuel**

O come, thou Dayspring,  
 Come and cheer

Our spirits by thine advent here;  
 And drive away the shades of night,  
 And pierce the clouds and bring us light!

Rejoice! Rejoice!  
 Emmanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Words: Latin hymn; tr. John M Neale; Music: Thomas Helmore, based on plainsong phrases

**COMMUNION**

The Bread — *"Take, eat; this is my body" (Matthew 26:26)*  
 The Cup — *"Drink of it, all of you, for this is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins" (Matthew 26:27)*

**BENEDICTION**

Welcome & Prayer

**CALL TO WORSHIP** — *Isaiah 12:5-6, Habakkuk 3:17-18*

"Sing praises to the Lord, for he has done gloriously;

let this be made known in all the earth.

**Shout, and sing for joy, O inhabitant of Zion,  
 for great in your midst is the Holy One of Israel."**

Though the fig tree should not blossom,

nor fruit be on the vines,

**the produce of the olive fail**

**and the fields yield no food,**

the flock be cut off from the fold

and there be no herd in the stalls,

**yet I will rejoice in the Lord;**

**I will take joy in the God of my salvation.**

**PRAISE & ADORATION**

**Joy Has Dawned**

Joy has dawned upon the world,

Promised from creation:

God's salvation now unfurled,

Hope for every nation.

Not with fanfares from above,

Not with scenes of glory,

But a humble gift of love:

Jesus born of Mary.

Sounds of wonder fill the sky

With the songs of angels,

As the mighty Prince of Life

Shelters in a stable.

Hands that set each star in place,

Shaped the earth in darkness,

Cling now to a mother's breast,

Vulnerable and helpless.

Shepherds bow before the Lamb,

Gazing at the glory;

Gifts of men from distant lands,

Prophecy the story.

Gold, a King is born today,

Incense, God is with us,

Myrrh, His death will make a way,

By His blood He'll win us.



Son of Adam, Son of heaven,  
Given as a ransom,  
Reconciling God and man,  
Christ our mighty Champion!  
What a Savior, what a Friend,  
What a glorious mystery:  
Once a babe in Bethlehem,  
Now the Lord of history.

Words and Music: Keith Getty & Stuart Townend; copyright 2004 Thankyou Music; ccli #2850991

### **Angels We Have Heard on High**

Angels we have heard on high  
Sweetly singing o'er the plains  
And the mountains in reply  
Echo back their joyous strains.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds why this jubilee?  
Why your joyous strains prolong?  
Say what may the tidings be  
Which inspire your heav'nly song?

Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Come to Bethlehem, and see  
Him whose birth the angels sing;  
Come, adore on bended knee  
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Traditional French Carol; Public Domain

### **GRACE & ASSURANCE — Malachi 4:2, Isaiah 7:14**

But for you who fear my name,  
the sun of righteousness shall rise with healing in its wings.  
**Therefore the Lord himself will give you a sign.**  
**Behold, the virgin shall conceive and bear a son,**  
**and shall call his name Immanuel.**

### **Hark! The Herald Angels Sing**

Hark! The herald angels sing,  
“Glory to the newborn King:  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!”

Joyful, all ye nations, rise  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With th'angelic hosts proclaim:  
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Hark the herald angels sing,  
“Glory to the newborn King!”

Christ by highest heav'n adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail th'incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! The herald angels sing,  
“Glory to the newborn King!”

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Ris'n with healing in His wings.  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the Sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! The herald angels sing,  
“Glory to the newborn King!”

Text: Charles Wesley, altered; Music: Felix Mendelssohn; arr. W. H. Cummings; Public Domain

### **Advent Hymn**

Christ whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ the everlasting Light,  
The Sun of Righteousness arise,  
And triumph o'er these shades of night.

Come Thou long-awaited One,  
In the fullness of Your love.  
And loose this heart bound up by shame,  
And I will never be the same.

So here I wait in hope of You.  
All my soul's longing through and through  
Dayspring from on high be near,  
And Daystar in my heart appear.