

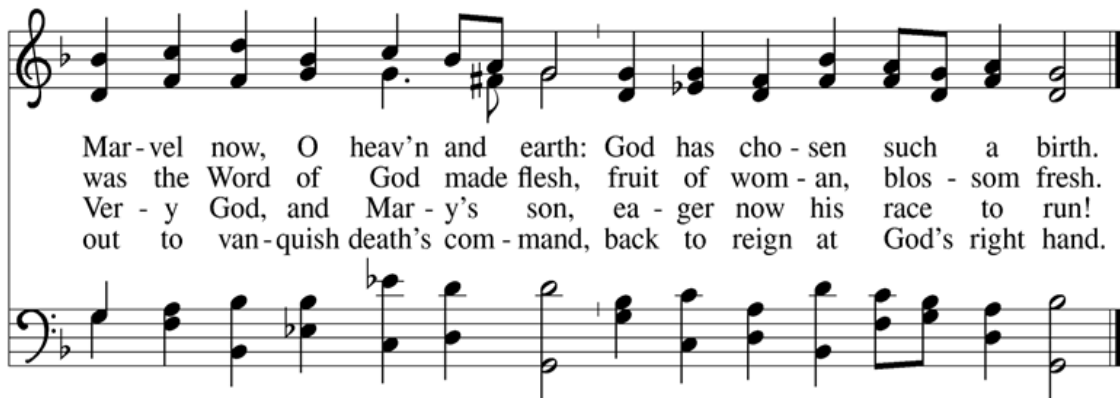
HYMNS FOR SUNDAY DECEMBER 22, 2024

GATHERING HYMN ELW # 263

Savior of the Nations, Come



1 Sav - ior of the na - tions, come; vir - gin's son, make here your home.
2 Not by hu - man flesh and blood, but the mys - tic Breath of God,
3 Won - drous birth—oh, won - drous child— from his throne, a vir - gin mild!
4 From God's heart the Sav - ior speeds, back to God his path - way leads;



Mar - vel now, O heav'n and earth: God has cho - sen such a birth.
was the Word of God made flesh, fruit of wom - an, blos - som fresh.
Ver - y God, and Mar - y's son, ea - ger now his race to run!
out to van - quish death's com - mand, back to reign at God's right hand.

5 Now your manger, shining bright,
hallows night with newborn light.
Night cannot this light subdue;
let our faith shine ever new.

6 Praise we sing to Christ the Lord,
virgin's son, incarnate Word!
To the holy Trinity
praise we sing eternally!

Text: attr. Ambrose of Milan, 340-397; Martin Luther, 1483-1546; tr. hymnal version
Music: NUN KOMM, DER HEIDEN HEILAND, J. Walter, *Geistliche Gesangbüchlein*, 1524
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KYRIE: MASS of the DESERT
Lord Have Mercy

Lord, Have Mercy

(♩ = ca. 62)

Cantor All Cantor

Lord, have mer - cy. Lord, have mer - cy. Christ, have mer - cy.

All Cantor All *poco rit.* ♩

Christ, have mer - cy. Lord, have mer - cy. Lord, have mer - cy.

Psalm: Luke 1:46b-55



Luke 1:52

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You, Lord, have lifted up the lowly. (Lk. 1:52)

^{46b} My soul proclaims the greatness [|] of the Lord,

⁴⁷ my spirit rejoices in [|] God my Savior,

⁴⁸ **for you, Lord, have looked with favor on your [|] lowly servant.**

From this day all generations will [|] call me blessed:

⁴⁹ you, the Almighty, have done great [|] things for me and holy [|] is your name.

⁵⁰ **You have mercy on [|] those who fear you, from generation to [|] generation. R**

⁵¹ You have shown strength [|] with your arm and scattered the proud in [|] their conceit,

⁵² **casting down the mighty [|] from their thrones and lifting [|] up the lowly.**

⁵³ You have filled the hungry [|] with good things and sent the rich [|] away empty.

⁵⁴ **You have come to the aid of your | servant Israel,
to remember the prom- | ise of mercy,**
⁵⁵ the promise made | to our forebears,
to Abraham and his chil- | dren forever. **R**


GOSPEL ACCLAMATION MASS of the Desert
Alleluia

Alleluia

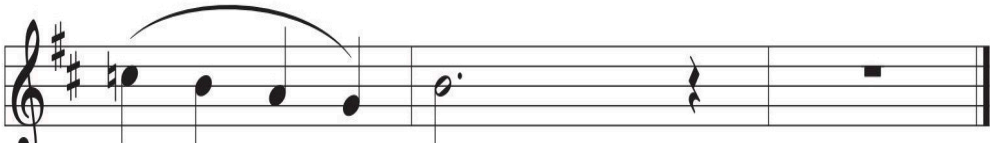
(♩ = ca. 112)



Al - le - lu - ia, ___ al - le - lu - ia, ___ al - le - lu -



ia. Al - le - lu - ia, ___ al - le - lu - ia, ___ al - le -



lu - ia.

HYMN OF THE DAY ELW # 265

The Angel Gabriel from Heaven Came



1 The an - gel Ga - bri - el from heav - en came,
2 "For know a bless - ed moth - er thou shalt be,
3 Then gen - tle Mar - y meek - ly bowed her head;
4 Of her, Em - man - u - el, the Christ, was born



with wings as drift - ed snow, with eyes as flame:
all gen - er - a - tions laud and hon - or thee;
"To me be as it pleas - eth God," she said.
in Beth - le - hem all on a Christ - mas morn,



"All hail to thee, O low - ly maid - en Mar - y,
thy son shall be Em - man - u - el, by seers fore - told,
"My soul shall laud and mag - ni - fy God's ho - ly name."
and Chris - tian folk through - out the world will ev - er say:



most high - ly fa - vored la - dy."
most high - ly fa - vored la - dy."
Most high - ly fa - vored la - dy,
"Most high - ly fa - vored la - dy."
Glo - ri - a!

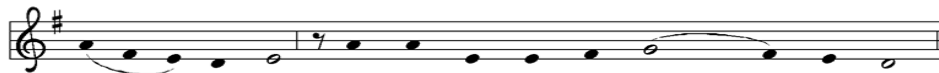
Text: Basque carol; para. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834–1924
Music: GABRIEL'S MESSAGE, Basque carol

CONGREGATIONAL OFFERTORY ELW # 257 vv. 4

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel



1 O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, and ran - som cap - tive
 2 O come, O Wis - dom from on high, em - brac - ing all things
 3 O come, O come, O Lord of might, as to your tribes on
 4 O come, O Branch of Jes - se, free your own from Sa - tan's



Is - ra - el, that mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here
 far and nigh: in strength and beau - ty come and stay;
 Si - nai's height in an - cient times you gave the law
 tyr - an - ny; from depths of hell your peo - ple save,



un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
 teach us your will and guide our way. Re-joyce! Re-joyce!
 in cloud, and maj - es - ty, and awe.
 and give them vic - t'ry o'er the grave.



Em - man - u - el shall come to you, O Is - ra - el.

- 5 O come, O Key of David, come,
and open wide our heav'nly home;
make safe the way that leads on high,
and close the path to misery. *Refrain*
- 6 O come, O Dayspring, come and cheer;
O Sun of justice, now draw near.
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
and death's dark shadow put to flight. *Refrain*
- 7 O come, O King of nations, come,
O Cornerstone that binds in one:
refresh the hearts that long for you;
restore the broken, make us new. *Refrain*
- 8 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
and ransom captive Israel,
that mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God appear. *Refrain*

Text: *Psalterium Cantionum Catholicarum*, Köln, 1710; tr. composite
 Music: VENI, EMMANUEL, French processional, 15th cent.
 Text sts. 2, 6, 7 © 1997 Augsburg Fortress.

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SANCTUS: MASS of the DESERT

Holy

Holy

(♩ = ca. 112)

Ho - ly, — Ho - ly, —

Ho - ly Lord God, — Lord God, — Lord — God of

hosts. Heav - en — and earth are full of — your glo - ry.

Ho - san - na, — ho - san - na, — ho - san - na in the

high - est. Ho - san - na, — ho - san - na, — ho - san - na in the

high - est. Bless - ed is he who comes in the name of the

Lord. — Ho - high - est.

LAMB OF GOD: MASS of the DESERT

Lamb of God

(♩ = ca. 66)
mp

Lamb of God, you take a - way the sins of the

1, 2

world, have_ mer - cy on us. world,

grant us peace.

DISTRIBUTION HYMNS

ELW # 251

My Soul Proclaims Your Greatness

1 My soul pro-claims your great-ness, Lord; I sing my Sav-ior's praise!
2 To all who live in ho-ly fear your mer-cy ev-er flows.
3 To Is-ra-el, your ser-vant blest, your help is ev-er sure;

You looked up - on my low - li - ness, and I am full of grace.
With might - y arm you dash the proud, their schem - ing hearts ex - pose.
the prom - ise to our par - ents made their chil - dren will se - cure.

Now ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry age this bless - ing shall pro - claim—
The ruth - less you have cast a - side, the low - ly throned in - stead;
Sing glo - ry to the Ho - ly One, give hon - or to the Word,

great won - ders you have done for me, and ho - ly is your name.
the hun - gry filled with all good things, the rich sent off un - fed.
and praise the Pow'r of the Most High, one God, by all a - dored.

Text: *With One Voice*, 1995, based on the Magnificat
Music: KINGSFOLD, English folk tune; arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958
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ELW # 295

Of the Father's Love Begotten



1 Of the Fa - ther's love be - got - ten ere the worlds be -
2 Oh, that birth for - ev - er bless - ed, when the vir - gin,
3 This is he whom seers in old time chant - ed of with
4 Let the heights of heav'n a - dore him; an - gel hosts, his
5 Christ, to thee, with God the Fa - ther, and, O Ho - ly



gan to be, he is Al - pha and O - me - ga,
full of grace, by the Ho - ly Ghost con - ceiv - ing,
one ac - cord, whom the voic - es of the proph - ets
prais - es sing; pow'rs, do - min - ions, bow be - fore him
Ghost, to thee, hymn and chant and high thanks - giv - ing



he the source, the end - ing he, of the things that are, that
bore the Sav - ior of our race, and the babe, the world's re -
prom - ised in their faith - ful word; now he shines, the long - ex -
and ex - tol our God and King; let no tongue on earth be
and un - wea - ried prais - es be: hon - or, glo - ry, and do -



have deem - been, and that fu - ture years shall see,
pect - er, first re - vealed his sa - cred face,
si - ed; let cre - a - tion praise its Lord
min - lent, ev - 'ry voice in con - cert ring
and e - ter - nal vic - to - ry



ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
ev - er - more and ev - er - more!

A - men.

No Wind at the Window

1 No wind at the win - dow, no knock on the door;
 2 "O Mar - y, O Mar - y, don't hide from my face.
 3 This child must be born that the king - dom might come:
 4 No pay - ment was prom - ised, no prom - is - es made;

no light from the lamp - stand, no foot on the floor;
 Be glad that you're fa - vored and filled with God's grace.
 sal - va - tion for man - y, de - struc - tion for some;
 no wed - ding was dat - ed, no blue - print dis - played.

no dream born of tired - ness, no ghost raised by fear:
 The time for re - deem - ing the world has be - gun,
 both end and be - gin - ning, both mes - sage and sign;
 Yet Mar - y, con - sent - ing to what none could guess,

just an an - gel and a wom - an and a voice in her ear.
 and . . . you are re - quest - ed to . . . moth - er God's Son."
 both . . vic - tor and . . vic - tim, both . . yours and di - vine."
 re - plied with con - vic - tion, "Tell . . God I say yes."

Text: John L. Bell, b. 1949

Music: COLUMCILLE, Irish melody; arr. John L. Bell

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ELW # 254

Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus



1 Come, thou long-ex - pect-ed Je - sus, born to set thy peo-ple free;
2 Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, born a child, and yet a king;



from our fears and sins re - lease us; let us find our rest in thee.
born to reign in us for - ev - er, now thy gra - cious king-dom bring.



Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, hope of all the earth thou art,
By thine own e - ter - nal Spir-it rule in all our hearts a - lone;



dear de - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, joy of ev - 'ry long-ing heart.
by thine all - suf - fi - cient mer-it raise us to thy glo - rious throne.

Text: Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

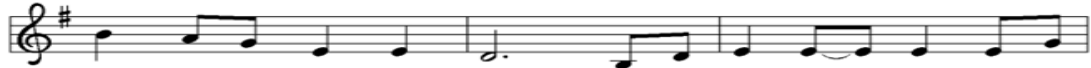
Music: JEFFERSON, W. Walker, *Southern Harmony*, 1835

SENDING HYMN ELW # 723

Canticle of the Turning



1 My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the
2 Though I am small, my . . . God, my all, you . . .
3 From the halls of pow'r to the for - tress tow'r, not a
4 Though the na - tions rage from . . . age to age, we re -



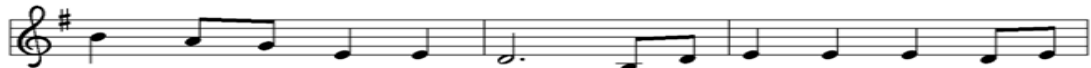
God of my heart is great, and my spir - it sings of the
work great . . . things in me, and your mer - cy will last from the
stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your
mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -



won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant . . . from his throne.
liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp.



You fixed your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my
Your ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to
The hun - gry poor shall . . . weep no more, for the
This sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the



weak - ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my
those who would for you yearn, you will show your might, put the
food they can nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry
prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be



name be blest. Could the world be a - bout to turn?
strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.
mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.
crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.



Refrain
My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your jus - tice burn.



Wipe a - way all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to turn.

Text: Rory Cooney, b. 1952, based on the Magnificat
Music: STAR OF COUNTY DOWN, Irish traditional
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