

**Love divine, all loves excelling**

Joy of Heaven to Earth come down  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling  
All Thy faithful mercies crown  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art  
Visit us with Thy salvation  
Enter every trembling heart

Come almighty to deliver  
Let us all Thy grace receive  
Suddenly return and never  
Never more Thy temples leave  
Thee we would be always blessing  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing  
Glory in Thy perfect love

Finish then Thy new creation  
Pure and spotless let us be  
Let us see Thy great salvation  
Perfectly restored in Thee  
Changed from glory into glory  
'Til in Heaven we take our place  
'Til we cast our crowns before Thee  
Lost in wonder, love and praise

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL,**  
And ransom captive Israel,  
That mourns in lonely exile here  
Until the Son of God appear.

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

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people save  
And give them vict,'ry o'er the grave.

O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer  
Our spirits by Thine advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

***INSTRUMENTAL VERSE***

O come, Thou Key of David, come  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might  
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height  
In ancient times didst give the law  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

*Tr. John Mason Neale, altd.*

## **THESE ARE THE DAYS OF ELIJAH,**

Declaring the word of the Lord:

And these are the days of Your servant Moses,  
Righteousness being restored.

And though these are days of great trial,  
Of famine and darkness and sword,  
Still, we are a voice in the desert crying  
'Prepare ye the way of the Lord.'

***Behold He comes riding on the clouds,  
Shining like the sun at the trumpet call;  
Lift your voice, it's the year of jubilee,  
Out of Zion's hill salvation comes.***

These are the days of Ezekiel,  
The dry bones becoming as flesh;  
And these are the days of Your servant David,  
Rebuilding the temple of praise.  
These are the days of the harvest,  
The fields are as white in the world,  
And we are the labourers in the vineyard,  
Declaring the word of the Lord.

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