

### Hymn No. 79– “Light Dawns on a Weary World”

1 Light dawns on a weary world  
when eyes begin to see  
all people’s dignity.  
Light dawns on a weary world:  
the promised day of justice comes.

#### Refrain:

The trees shall clap their hands;  
the dry lands, gush with springs;  
the hills and mountains shall break forth with singing!  
We shall go out in joy,  
and be led forth in peace,  
as all the world in wonder echoes shalom.

2 Love grows in a weary world  
when hungry hearts find bread  
and children’s dreams are fed.  
Love grows in a weary world:  
the promised feast of plenty comes.

3 Hope blooms in a weary world  
when creatures, once forlorn,  
find wilderness reborn.  
Hope blooms in a weary world:  
the promised green of Eden comes.

### Hymn No. 107 – “Awake! Awake, and Greet the New Morn”

1 Awake! Awake, and greet the new morn,  
for angels herald its dawning.  
Sing out your joy, for soon he is born,  
behold! the Child of our longing.  
Come as a baby weak and poor,  
to bring all hearts together,  
he opens wide the heavenly door  
and lives now inside us forever.

2 To us, to all in sorrow and fear,  
Emmanuel comes a-singing;  
his humble song is quiet and near,  
yet fills the earth with its ringing;  
music to heal the broken soul  
and hymns of loving-kindness.  
The thunder of his anthems rolls  
to shatter all hatred and violence.

3 In darkest night his coming shall be,  
when all the world is despairing,  
as morning light so quiet and free,  
so warm and gentle and caring.  
Then shall the mute break forth in song,  
the lame shall leap in wonder,  
the weak be raised above the strong,  
and weapons be broken asunder.

4 Rejoice, rejoice, take heart in the night.  
Though dark the winter and cheerless,  
the rising sun shall crown you with light;  
be strong and loving and fearless.  
Love be our song and love our prayer  
and love our endless story;  
may God fill every day we share  
and bring us at last into glory.

### Hymn No. 129– “Lo, How a Rose E’er Blooming”

1 Lo, how a rose e’er blooming  
from tender stem hath sprung,  
of Jesse’s lineage coming,  
by faithful prophets sung.  
It came, a floweret bright,  
amid the cold of winter,  
when half spent was the night.

3 This flower, whose fragrance tender  
with sweetness fills the air,  
dispels with glorious splendor  
the darkness everywhere.  
Enfleshed, yet very God,  
from sin and death he saves us  
and lightens every load.

2 Isaiah 'twas foretold it,  
the rose I have in mind;  
with Mary we behold it,  
the virgin mother kind.  
To show God's love aright  
she bore for us a Savior,  
when half spent was the night.

### **Luke 1:46-55**

And Mary said,  
'My soul magnifies the Lord,  
and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour,  
for he has looked with favour on the lowliness of his servant.  
Surely, from now on all generations will call me blessed;  
for the Mighty One has done great things for me,  
and holy is his name.  
His mercy is for those who fear him  
from generation to generation.  
He has shown strength with his arm;  
he has scattered the proud in the thoughts of their hearts.  
He has brought down the powerful from their thrones,  
and lifted up the lowly;  
he has filled the hungry with good things,  
and sent the rich away empty.  
He has helped his servant Israel,  
in remembrance of his mercy,  
according to the promise he made to our ancestors,  
to Abraham and to his descendants for ever.'

### **Matthew 11:2-11**

When John heard in prison what the Messiah was doing, he sent word by his disciples and said to him, 'Are you the one who is to come, or are we to wait for another?' Jesus answered them, 'Go and tell John what you hear and see: the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and the poor have good news brought to them. And blessed is anyone who takes no offence at me.' As they went away, Jesus began to speak to the crowds about John: 'What did you go out into the wilderness to look at? A reed shaken by the wind? What then did you go out to see? Someone dressed in soft robes? Look, those who wear soft robes are in royal palaces. What then did you go out to see? A prophet? Yes, I tell you, and more than a prophet. This is the one about whom it is written, "See, I am sending my messenger ahead of you, who will prepare your way before you."

Truly I tell you, among those born of women no one has arisen greater than John the Baptist; yet the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.