



SUNDAY 30 NOVEMBER 2025

ADVENT CAROL SERVICE



‘The Burning Babe’

A CONTEMPLATIVE SERVICE OF SCRIPTURE, MUSIC AND POETRY

TO PREPARE FOR THE COMING OF THE CHRIST CHILD

led by THE VICAR, FR KEVIN MORRIS

THE CHOIR OF ST MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

Director of Music Jonathan Dods

Paintings within the service book

P10 Adoration of the Child – Gerrut van Hornthorst 1592-1656

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P29 The Nativity at Night – Geertgen tot Sint Jans c1465-c1495

Cover: The Missal of Eberhard von Greiffenklau (15th century)

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The Burning Babe

In Advent we turn our minds to the universal longing for God that is given voice in the Jewish Scripture. Yet it pulls us in two directions: desire and fear.

The prophet Isaiah tells us that God will ‘feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom.’ In that scenario we are both shepherd and sheep: we want to be fed, gathered, carried, but we also want to nurse, and guard and protect the innocent, the helpless, the dependent, symbolized by the Christ Child, lying in the manger.

At the same time, the advent of the Lord is imagined as something terrifying and again the Isaiah tells us that everything is to be turned upside down: ‘every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill made low.’ Nothing will be the same. ‘For he is like a refiner’s fire.’

The 16th century Jesuit priest and martyr, Robert Southwell wrote a poem that encapsulates these themes in an extraordinary image: “The Burning Babe.” The poem, which begins this service, speaks of a ‘burning babe’ who sheds floods of tears, which don’t quench the fire, but rather feed it.

The innocent Christ Child the baby in the manger, is also the ‘Burning Babe,’ who comes to judge as well as to save. He is the Christ who comes with a ‘refiner’s fire’ to burn away sins, but He is also an endless source of mercy to forgive them, ‘as now on fire I am to work them to their good.’

MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

‘Nature’s Fire’ – Howard Skempton b1947

Please remain seated as the Sanctuary Party processes into the Church.

Reader: “Surely, the day is coming, it will burn like a furnace. All the arrogant and every evildoer will be stubble, and the day that is coming will set them on fire,” says the Lord Almighty... “But for you who revere my name, the sun of righteousness will rise with healing in its wings”
(*Malachi 4:1-2*)

The Church is darkened as a symbol of the darkness of sin, pain, and alienation in our world. The candles on the High Altar are lit as a sign of the dawning of God’s grace in Jesus Christ.

Priest:

Blessed are you, Lord our God, King of the Universe, Eternal Creator of Light and Darkness. Now, as darkness is falling, hear the prayer of your faithful people. Wash away our transgressions, cleanse us by your refining fire, and make us temples of your Holy Spirit. May we live in watchfulness as we wait for the coming of your Son Jesus Christ, who shall judge the world and all its works. Rouse us from the sleep of sin and make us ready to enter your Kingdom. For you are the True Light, who lightens everyone, and the new Heavens and the new Earth join to sing your praise now and for evermore. **Amen**

The candles of the congregation are lit.

The Choir sings 'Creator of the stars of Night'

Creator of the stars of night, Thy people's everlasting light,
Jesu, Redeemer, save us all, and hear Thy servants when they call.

Thou camest, the Bridegroom of the bride, as drew the world to
evening-tide;

Proceeding from a virgin shrine, the Son of Man yet all divine.

At Thy great name, exalted now, all knees must bend, all hearts must
bow;

And things in heaven and earth shall own, that Thou art Lord and
King alone.

To God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit, three in one,
Laud, honour, might and glory be from age to age eternally Amen.

Words: 7th century hymn tr J.M. Neale

Music: Malcolm Archer b1952

POEM The Burning Babe by Robert Southwell SJ 1561-1595

A Jesuit priest who died a saint and martyr at Tyburn.

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surpris'd I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear;
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed
As though his floods should quench his flames which with his tears were
fed.

“Alas!” quoth he, “but newly born, in fiery heats I fry,
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!
 My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns,
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;
 The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals,
 The metal in this furnace wrought are men’s defiled souls,
 For which, as now on fire I am to work them to their good,
 So will I melt into a bath to wash them in my blood.”
 With this he vanish’d out of sight and swiftly shrunk away,
 And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas day.

Please stand for the HYMN. The Sanctuary Party processes around the Church

Come thou Redeemer of the earth,
 And manifest thy virgin-birth:
 Let every age adoring fall;
 Such birth befits the God of all.

 Begotten of no human will,
 But of the Spirit, thou art still
 The Word of God in flesh arrayed,
 The promised fruit to man displayed

 The Virgin womb that burden gained
 With virgin honour all unstained,
 The banners there of virtue glow,
 God in His temple dwells below.

From God the Father he proceeds,
 To God the Father back he speeds,
 His course he runs to death and hell
 Returning on God's throne to dwell.

O equal to thy Father, thou!
 Gird on thy fleshly mantle now,
 The weakness of our mortal state
 With deathless might invigorate.

Thy cradle here shall glitter bright,
 And darkness glow with new-born light
 No more shall night extinguish day,
 Where love's bright beams their power display.

O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee
 Eternal praise and glory be,
 Whom with the Father we adore,
 And Holy Spirit evermore. Amen

trad melody adapted Michael Praetorius 1571-1621
words St Ambrose 340-97 *trans* J M Neale 1818-66 *and others*

Please remain standing

THE BIDDING PRAYER

In the name of God, who has delivered us from the dominion of darkness and made a place for us in the kingdom of his beloved Son, we welcome you: grace to you and peace.

As we meet to celebrate anew the coming of God's kingdom, we hear revealed the mystery of God's loving purpose for us: how that when we were far off, he met us in his Son and brought us home; how he humbled himself to take our human nature, that we might share his divine glory.

Let us then so celebrate this coming with our carols and hymns of praise, our readings and poetry, that our lives may be charged with his life; that we may bear witness to his glory and so bring light to those who sit in darkness.

So first we pray for those among whom the Christ was born: the poor and helpless, the aged and young children; the cold, the hungry and the homeless, the victims of poverty, injustice and oppression, the sick and those who mourn, the lonely and the unloved; those in despair or in the shadow of death.

Then as we hear again the message of peace on earth and goodwill among all people, we pray for the leaders of the nations, that all may be inspired to work together for the establishment of justice, freedom, and peace the world over. And that we may bear true witness to this hope in a divided world, we pray for the peace and unity of Christ's body, the Church universal, that the whole earth may live to praise his name.

Finally, as we rejoice with the saints in heaven and on earth, we remember all who have gone before us marked with the sign of faith, whose hope was in the Word made flesh, Jesus Christ our Lord, through whom we offer our prayers for the coming of his kingdom, in the words he himself has taught us.

**Our Father, who art in Heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name;
thy Kingdom come;
thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses
As we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
But deliver us from evil.
For thine is the Kingdom,
the power and the glory,
For ever and ever. Amen**

Please sit

The Cold and Sudden Heat

Southwell's poem begins with the narrator 'shivering in the snow,' a state of coldness that also symbolises a spiritual condition of being lost and unfulfilled. The cold, dark setting of a winter's night is a stark contrast to the divine vision that follows when the narrator glows with a sudden heat, signalling the intervention of divine warmth into a cold world. Moses experiences something similar when he encounters God speaking to him from a burning bush. In Advent we reflect on the world's spiritual darkness and the sudden, surprising warmth of God's coming in Jesus.



READING: Exodus 3: 1-8a

Now Moses was keeping the flock of his father-in-law, Jethro, the priest of Midian; and he led his flock to the west side of the wilderness, and came to Horeb, the mountain of God. And the angel of the LORD appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and lo, the bush was burning, yet it was not consumed. And Moses said, "I will turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." When the LORD saw that he turned aside to see, God called to him out of the bush, "Moses, Moses!" And he said, "Here am I." Then he said, "Do not come near; put off your shoes from your feet, for the

place on which you are standing is holy ground." And he said, "I am the God of your father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." And Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look at God. Then the LORD said, "I have seen the affliction of my people who are in Egypt and have heard their cry because of their taskmasters; I know their sufferings, and I have come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians.

The CHOIR sings *The Golden Carol*

We saw a light shine out a-far,
 On Christmas in the morning;
 And straight we knew it was Christ's star,
 Bright beaming in the morning.
 Then did we fall on bended knee,
 On Christmas in the morning;
 And prais'd the Lord, who let us see
 His glory at its dawning.

Oh! Every thought be of His Name,
 On Christmas in the morning;
 Who bore for us both grief and shame,
 Afflictions sharpest scorning.
 And we may die (when death shall come,)
 On Christmas in the morning;
 And see in Heav'n, our glorious home,
 That Star of Christmas morning.

Words: old English Carol

Music: Ben Ponniah b1984

Please kneel

The glory of the Lord shall be revealed

And all flesh shall see it together

Our help cometh in the Name of the Lord

Who hath made Heaven and Earth

COLLECT *for* ADVENT SUNDAY

Almighty God,

give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness

and put upon us the armour of light,

now in the time of this mortal life,

in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility;

that in the last day, when He shall come again

in His glorious Majesty to judge both the quick and the

dead, we may rise to the life immortal,

through Him who liveth and reigneth

with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and for ever. Amen

Please sit

The FIRST ADVENT CANDLE is lit

The Choir sings the ANTIPHON ‘O Adonai’

O Adonai and Leader of the House of Israel, who appearedst in the bush to Moses in a flame of fire, and gavest him the Law in Sinai: Come and deliver us with an outstretched arm

Please stand to sing the HYMN

OCome, O come, Emmanuel,
 Redeem thy captive Israel,
 That into exile drear is gone
 Far from the face of God's dear Son.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, thou Wisdom from on high!
 Who madest all in Earth and sky,
 Creating man from dust and clay:
 To us reveal salvation's way
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, thou Dayspring bright!
 Pour on our souls thy healing light;
 Dispel the long night's lingering gloom,
 And pierce the shadows of the tomb.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O Come, Desire of nations! Show
 Thy kingly reign on earth below;
 Thou Corner-stone, uniting all,
 Restore the ruin of our fall.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Please sit

The Coming of the Purifying Fire



The Babe of Bethlehem, this burning, weeping infant is both Love and Judge. We desire, and fear: we long for the coming of Christ, but we fear what it might entail. It is easy to make God in our own image and to create idols. The prophet Malachi asked: 'Who may abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when he appears,' for he tells us God is like 'a refiner's fire', the process in which metal is melted to burn away impurities. sin. As Southwell puts it "The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls."

READING: Luke 3: 15-17

The people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ, or not; John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire:

Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable.

POEM: 'Advent Hands *by* Catherine Alder

I see the hands of Joseph.
 Back and forth along bare wood they move.
 'There is worry in those working hands,
 sorting out confusing thoughts with every stroke.
 "How can this be, my beautiful Mary now with child?"
 Rough with deep splinters, these hands,
 small, painful splinters like tiny crosses
 embedded deeply in this choice to stay with her.
 He could have closed his hands to her,
 said, "No" and let her go to stoning.
 But, dear Joseph opened both his heart and hands
 to this mother and her child.
 Preparing in these days before
 with working hands
 and wood pressed tight between them.
 It is these rough hands that will open
 and be the first to hold the Child.

I see the hands of John,
 worn from desert raging storms
 and plucking locusts from sand ripped rocks
 beneath the remnant of a Bethlehem star.
 A howling wind like some lost wolf
 cries out beneath the moon,
 or was that John?
 'This loneliness,
 enough to make a grown man mad.
 He's waiting for this, God's whisper.
 "Go now. He is coming.
 You have prepared your hands enough.
 Go. He needs your servant hands,
 your cupping hands to lift the water,
 and place his feet upon the path to service and to death.
 Go now, John, and open your hands to him.
 It is time."

I see a fist held tight and fingers blanched to white.

Prying is no easy task.

These fingers find a way of pulling back to old positions,
 protecting all that was and is.

Blanched to white. No openness. All fright.

But then the Spirit comes.

A holy Christmas dance begins
 and blows between the twisted paths.

This fist opens
 slowly,
 gently,
 beautifully,
 the twisted fingers letting go.
 Their rock-solid place in line has eased.
 And one by one the fingers lift
 True color is returned
 And through the deepest of mysteries,
 The holiest of holies,
 O longing of longings
 Beyond all human imagining
 this fist,
 as if awakened from Lazarus' cold stone dream
 reaches out to hold the tiny newborn hand of God.

The Choir sings 'People look east'

People, look east. The time is near
 Of the crowning of the year.
 Make your house fair as you are able,
 Trim the hearth and set the table.
 People, look east and sing today:
 Love, the guest, is on the way.

 Furrows, be glad. Though earth is bare,
 One more seed is planted there:

Give up your strength the seed to nourish,
 That in course the flower may flourish.
 People, look east and sing today:
 Love, the rose, is on the way.

Birds, though you long have ceased to build,
 Guard the nest that must be filled.
 Even the hour when wings are frozen
 He for fledging time has chosen.
 People, look east and sing today:
 Love, the bird, is on the way.

Stars, keep the watch. When night is dim
 One more light the bowl shall brim,
 Shining beyond the frosty weather,
 Bright as sun and moon together.
 People, look east and sing today:
 Love, the star, is on the way.

Angels, announce to man and beast,
 Him who cometh from the East.
 Set every peak and valley humming
 With the news, the Lord is coming.
 People, look east and sing today:
 Love, the Lord, is on the way.

words Eleanor Farjeon 1881-1965

music Christopher Steel 1938- 91

Kneel

O people of Sion, behold the Lord is nigh at hand

To redeem the nations

In the gladness of your hearts

The Lord shall cause his glorious voice to be heard

Declare his honour unto the heathen

And his wonders to the people

COLLECT for *the SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT*

Blessed Lord,

who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning;

Grant that we may in such wise hear them,

read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them,

that by patience, and comfort of thy holy Word,

we may embrace, and ever hold fast

the blessed hope of everlasting life,

which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

Please sit

The SECOND ADVENT CANDLE is lit

The Choir sings the ANTIPHON 'O Rex Gentium'

O King of the Nations, and their Desire; the Cornerstone, who makest both one: Come, and save mankind, who thou formedst of clay.

Please stand to sing the HYMN

Long ago, prophets knew
 Christ would come, born a Jew,
 Come to make all things new;
 Bear His people's burden,
 Freely love and pardon.

Ring, bells, ring, ring, ring!

Sing, choirs, sing, sing, sing!

When He comes,

When He comes,

Who will make Him welcome?

. God in time, God in man,
 This is God's timeless plan:
 He will come, as a man,
 Born Himself of woman,
 God divinely human:

Ring, bells, ring, ring, ring!

Sing, choirs, sing, sing, sing!

When He comes,

When He comes,

Who will make Him welcome?

Mary, hail! Though afraid,
 She believed, she obeyed.
 In her womb, God is laid:
 Till the time expected,
 Nurtured and protected,

Ring, bells, ring, ring, ring!

Sing, choirs, sing, sing, sing!

When He comes,

When He comes,

Who will make Him welcome?

Journey ends! Where afar
 Bethl'hem shines, like a star,
 Stable door stands ajar.
 Unborn Son of Mary,
 Saviour, do not tarry!

Ring, bells, ring, ring, ring!

Sing, choirs, sing, sing, sing!

When He comes,

When He comes,

We will make Him welcome!

tune 'Personent Hodie' *arr* Gustav Holst 1874-1934 *words* F P Green 1903-2000

Please sit

Redemption and love on the cross



How do we know we are worth judging? Our world exhibits an enormous hunger to be judged and loved and absolved: but who is to do it? The Gospel tells us that we receive our salvation from God through the sacrifice of Christ and that all human beings are of worth, valued and loved by God. We must love as He loves us.

Southwell says of Christ, 'Love is the fire....so will I melt into a bath to wash them in my blood.'

READING John 4: 9-11,16,18

God's love was revealed among us in this way: God sent his only Son into the world so that we might live through him. In this is love, not that we loved God but that he loved us and sent his Son to be the atoning sacrifice for our sins. Beloved, since God loved us so much, we also ought to love one another...God is love, and those who abide in love abide in God, and God abides in them... There is no fear in love, but perfect love casts out fear;

POEM **Touched by an Angel** Maya Angelou

We, unaccustomed to courage
exiles from delight
live coiled in shells of loneliness
until love leaves its high holy temple
and comes into our sight
to liberate us into life.

Love arrives
and in its train come ecstasies
old memories of pleasure
ancient histories of pain.
Yet if we are bold,
love strikes away the chains of fear
from our souls.

We are weaned from our timidity
In the flush of love's light
we dare be brave
And suddenly we see
that love costs all we are
and will ever be.
Yet it is only love
which sets us free.

Please stand to sing the HYMN

Now the holly bears a berry as white as the milk
 And Mary bore Jesus who is wrapped up in silk,

Refrain (after each verse):

And Mary she bore Jesus, our Saviour for to be,

And the first tree that's in the green wood

It was the holly.

Holly, holly,

And the first tree that's in the green wood

It was the holly.

Now the holly she bears a berry as green as the grass,

And Mary she bore Jesus who died on the cross.

Refrain

Now the holly she bears a berry as black as the coal,

And Mary bore Jesus who died for us all.

Refrain

Now the holly bears a berry as blood it is red,

And we trust in our Saviour who rose from the dead.

words Cornish Traditional Carol

Kneel

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?

Or who shall rise up in His holy place?

Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart

And hath not lifted up his mind unto vanity

Pray to the Lord of the harvest

That He will send forth labourers into His harvest

COLLECT *for the* THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT

O Lord Jesus Christ,
who at thy first coming
didst send thy messenger to prepare thy way before thee;
grant that the ministers and stewards of thy mysteries
may likewise so prepare and make ready thy way,
by turning the hearts of the disobedient
to the wisdom of the just,
that, at thy second coming to judge the world,
we may be found an acceptable people in thy sight,
who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost,
ever one God, world without end. Amen

Please sit

The THIRD ADVENT CANDLE *is lit*

The Choir sings the ANTIPHON ‘O Oriens

O Dayspring, Brightness of Light everlasting and Sun of righteousness:
 Come, and enlighten him that sitteth in darkness, and the shadow of
 death

The Fulfilment of the Vision



The people have been waiting for centuries for the fulfilment of God's promise, the coming of His Messiah. It happened, St Paul tells us, 'when the fullness of time had come.' Desire and fear entwine longing for the accomplishment of God's kingdom and fear of what it will mean for us. As one carol puts it, 'the hopes and fears of all the years are met in Thee tonight.' The burning babe is born so that we might not live in fear but in love." Love is the fire" says Southwell in his poem.

POEM **'BC: AD** by U.A. Fanthorpe

This was the moment when Before
Turned into After, and the future's
Uninvented timekeepers presented arms.

This was the moment when nothing
Happened. Only dull peace

Sprawled boringly over the earth.
 This was the moment when even energetic Romans
 Could find nothing better to do
 Than counting heads in remote provinces.

And this was the moment
 When a few farm workers and three
 Members of an obscure Persian sect.
 Walked haphazard by starlight straight
 Into the kingdom of heaven.

The CHOIR sings 'In dulci Jubilo'

In dulci jubilo [*In sweet jubilation*]
 Let us our homage shew;
 Our heart's joy reclineth In praeseptio [*In a manger*]
 And like a bright star shineth Matris in gremio. [*In mother's lap*]
 Alpha es et O! [*Alpha and Omega*]
 O Jesu parvule! [*O infant Jesus*]
 I yearn for thee alway!
 Hear me, I beseech thee,
 O Puer optime! [*O best of boys*]
 My prayer let it reach thee,
 O Princeps gloriae! [*O prince of glory*]
 Trahe me post te. [*Draw me after you*]

 O Patris caritas, [*O love of the Father*]

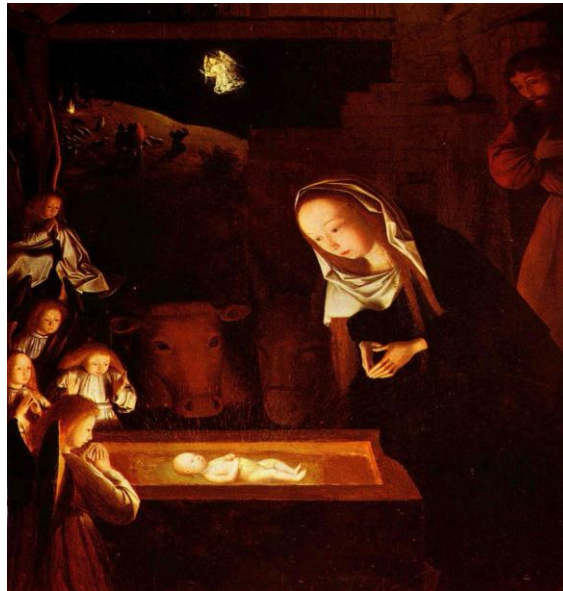
O Nati lentias! [*O mercy of the Son*]
 Deeply were we stained
 Per nostra crimina; [*Through our sins*]
 But thou has for us gained
 Coelorum gaudia. [*The joys of heaven*]
 O that we were there!

Ubi sunt gaudia, [*Where are the joys*]
 If that they be not there?
 There are angels singing Nova cantica, [*New songs*]
 There the bells are ringing In Regis curia: [*In the King's high courts*]
 O that we were there!

Traditional German Carol tr by R.L. Pearsall (1795-1856)

music Cecilia Macdowall b.1951

Jesus: The Burning Babe



*“A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear;
 Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed
 As though his floods should quench his flames which with his tears were fed.”*

READING: Matthew 1:18-25

Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a publick example, was minded to put her away privily.

But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins.

Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife: And knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son: and he called his name JESUS.

Remembering that it happened once - Wendell Berry

Remembering that it happened once,

We cannot turn away the thought,

As we go out, cold, to our barns

Toward the long night's end, that we

Ourselves are living in the world

It happened in when it first happened,
 That we ourselves, opening a stall
 (A latch thrown open countless times
 Before), might find them breathing there,
 Foreknown: the Child bedded in straw,
 The mother kneeling over Him,
 The husband standing in belief
 He scarcely can believe, in light
 That lights them from no source we see,
 An April morning's light, the air
 Around them joyful as a choir.
 We stand with one hand on the door,
 Looking into another world
 That is this world, the pale daylight
 Coming just as before, our chores
 To do, the cattle all awake,
 Our own white frozen breath hanging
 In front of us; and we are here
 As we have never been before,
 Sighted as not before, our place
 Holy, although we knew it not.

*During the Anthem the FOURTH ADVENT CANDLE is lit. The Altar is
 censed as the symbol of our prayers and our desire for the coming of the Christ Child*

The Choir sings 'No Small Wonder

Small wonder the star, small wonder the light
The angels in chorus, the shepherds in fright;
But stable and manger for God- no small wonder!

Small wonder the kings, small wonder they bore
The gold and the incense, the myrrh to adore;
But God gives his life on a cross- no small wonder!

Small wonder the love, small wonder the grace,
The power, the glory, the light of his face,
But all to redeem my poor heart- no small wonder!

Words: Paul Wigmore 1925-2014

Music Paul Edwards b1955

Please kneel

Drop down ye Heavens from above,
And let the skies pour down righteousness

Let the Earth open
And bring forth a Saviour

The Heavens declare the glory of God
And the firmament sheweth His handiwork

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ever shall be, world without end. Amen

COLLECT *for the* FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

O Lord,

**Raise up (we pray thee) thy power,
and come among us, and with great might succour us;
that whereas, through our sins and wickedness,
we are sore let and hindered
in running the race that is set before us,
thy bountiful grace and mercy
may speedily help and deliver us;
through the satisfaction of thy Son our Lord,
to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost
be honour and glory, world without end. Amen**

THE BLESSING

Go forth into the world in peace; be of good courage;
hold fast that which is good; render to no man evil for evil;
strengthen the faint-hearted; support the weak; help the afflicted;
honour all men; love and serve the Lord, rejoicing in the power of
the Holy Spirit. And the blessing + of God Almighty, the Father,
the Son and the Holy Spirit, be upon you, and remain
with you for ever. **Amen**

Please stand to sing the HYMN

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain:

Thousand thousand Saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train;
 Alleluya!
 God appears, on Earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing
 Shall the true Messiah see.

Those dear tokens of His passion
 Still the dazzling body bears,
 Cause of endless exultation
 To His ransomed worshippers:
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars.

Yea, Amen! Let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory:
 Claim the Kingdom for thine own:
 O come quickly!
 Alleluya! Come Lord, come!

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

Toccata – M. Lanquetuit 1894- 1985

**PLEASE TAKE THIS SERVICE BOOKLET HOME WITH YOU
AS AN AID TO FURTHER REFLECTION DURING THE
ADVENT SEASON**

CHRISTMAS SERVICES AT ST MICHAEL'S

Those who received Holy Communion at Midnight Mass are also permitted to receive again on Christmas Day at the 10 am Parish Mass

Sunday 14 December 6.30pm Nine Lessons and Carols

Wednesday 24 December Christmas Eve

4pm Crib Service

11.30pm Midnight Mass

Thursday 25 December Christmas Day

10am Choral Parish Mass

A service for all the family with mini panto/homily

followed by Festive Bucks Fizz

All other weekday and Sunday Services are as usual.

Details of regular weekday and Sunday Services, Festivals, &c
can be found on the noticeboards and website www.smaaa.org.uk

THE CLERGY

Fr Kevin Morris

The Vicar

Mthr Sarah Lenton Hon Assistant priest

Parish Office

For information on pastoral care, baptisms, marriages and funerals as well as room bookings &c, please call the Parish Office

open weekdays 9 am-12.30 & 2.30-5 pm

Parish Managers Anna Benson, Larissa Sutton

St Michael & All Angels Parish Hall,

Priory Ave W4 1TX

Tel 020 8994 1380 Email: parishoffice@smaaa.org.uk

website www.smaaa.org.uk