

**Advent Study**  
**12.17.2021**

**'Of the Father's heart begotten'**

**Text: Aurelius Clemens Prudentius; trans. R.F. Davis**

**Tune: *Divinum Mysterium***

Of the Father's heart begotten  
ere the world from chaos rose,  
he is Alpha: from that Fountain,  
all that is and hath been flows;  
he is Omega, of all things  
yet to come the mystic Close,  
evermore and evermore.

By his word was all created;  
he commanded and 'twas done;  
earth and sky and boundless ocean,  
universe of three in one,  
all that sees the moon's soft radiance,  
all that breathes beneath the sun,  
evermore and evermore.

He assumed this mortal body,  
frail and feeble, doomed to die,  
that the race from dust created  
might not perish utterly,  
which the dreadful Law had sentenced  
in the depths of hell to lie,  
evermore and evermore.

O how blest that wondrous birthday,  
when the Maid the curse retrieved,  
brought to birth mankind's salvation,  
by the Holy Ghost conceived,  
and the Babe, the world's Redeemer,  
in her loving arms received,  
evermore and evermore.

This is he, whom seer and sybil  
sang in ages long gone by;  
this is he of old revealèd  
in the page of prophecy;  
lo! he comes, the promised Saviour;  
let the world his praises cry!  
evermore and evermore.

Sing, ye heights of heaven, his praises;  
Angels and Archangels, sing!  
wheresoe'er ye be, ye faithful,  
let your joyous anthems ring,  
every tongue his name confessing,  
countless voices answering,  
evermore and evermore.

**'O Emmanuel'**

**Malcolm Guite, *Sounding the Seasons: Seventy Sonnets for the Christian Year***

O come, O come, and be our God-with-us  
O long-sought With-ness for a world without,  
O secret seed, O hidden spring of light.  
Come to us Wisdom, come unspoken Name  
Come Root, and Key, and King, and holy Flame,  
O quickened little wick so tightly curled,  
Be folded with us into time and place,  
Unfold for us the mystery of grace  
And make a womb of all this wounded world.  
O heart of heaven beating in the earth,  
O tiny hope within our hopelessness  
Come to be born, to bear us to our birth,  
To touch a dying world with new-made hands  
And make these rags of time our swaddling bands.