



*Songs from the Heart:
46 Community Hymns
edited by Becca Whitla*

*Alive in the Heart of the City
For 160 Years!!*

*The Church of the Holy Trinity
Toronto, Canada 1847-2007*

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1 Advent Round

Ian Sowton, 2001

Tune: To Canaan's Land
I'm on my Way(adapted)

The musical score is written on four staves in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some phrases marked with slurs. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

1
We all went out to Jor - dan's edge to see this cu - ri - o - si - ty, who
6
dressed in ca - mel's hair and ate wild hon - ey with his lo - cust meat. His
10 2
name was John, he bent our ears, he bap - tized us and preached a change of heart. Now
18 3
we a - wait the one who comes to lead us from sin's de - sert in - to life.

2 Advent Song

Ian Sowton, 1998

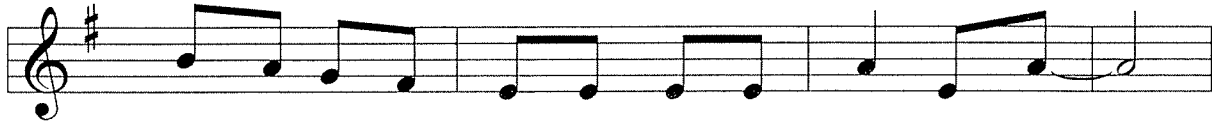
Argentine Folk Song



Faith - ful sign of wit - ness to a prom - ised land,
O you brood of vi - pers! now re - pent, let loose



Jor - dan flows and gur - gles round its an - cient stones.
all im - pov' - rished deb - tors from your pois' - nous nest;



Crowds are jost - ling on its banks for room to stand,
save en - dan - gered crea - tures from ex - tinc - tion's noose,



while they feel the sting of John's pro - phet - ic tones.
sound Great Ju - bi - lee, give soil and soul some rest



Pro - phet shout - ing in the sun, wa - ter and the life it brings,



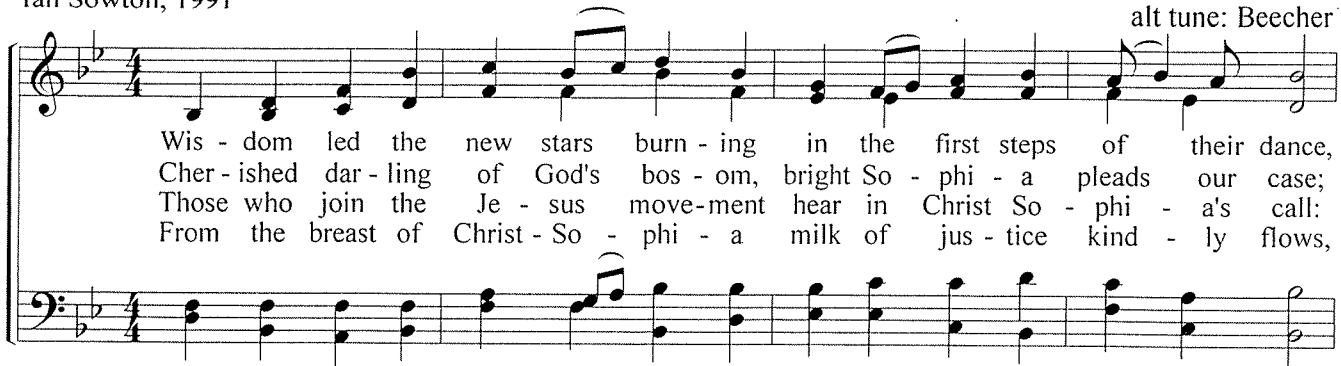
thun - der for the Hu - man One, white dove healing in its wings.

3 Wisdom Led the New Stars Burning


Wisdom (Sandra Sears, 1991)

Ian Sowton, 1991

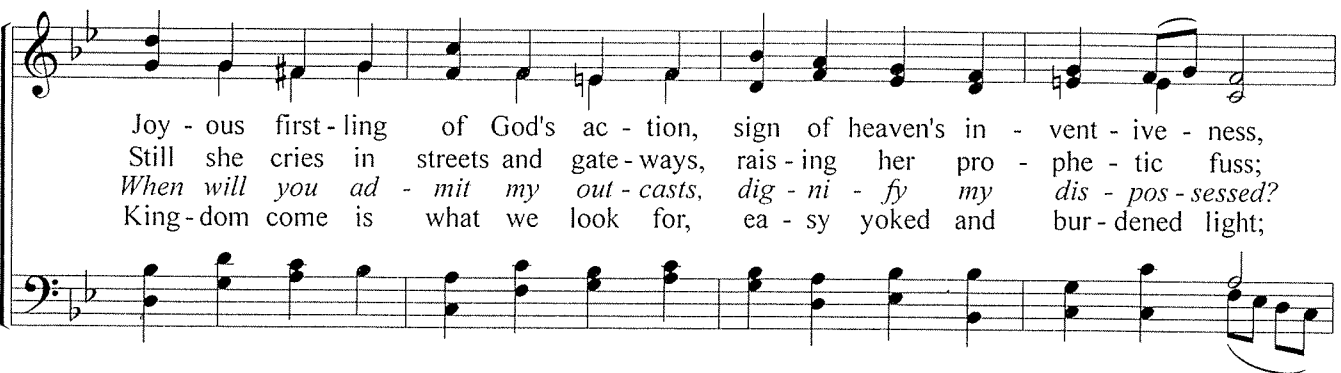
alt tune: Beecher



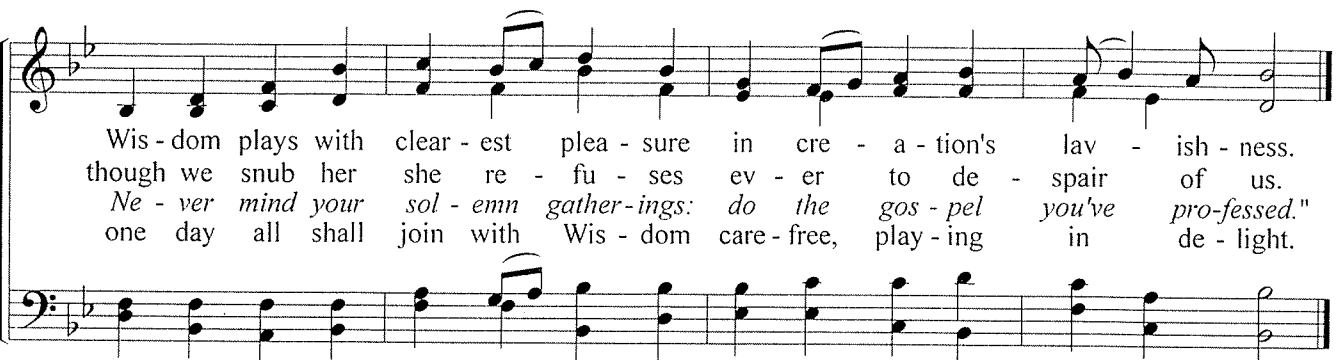
Wis - dom led the new stars burn - ing in the first steps of their dance,
Cher - ished dar - ling of God's bos - om, bright So - phi - a pleads our case;
Those who join the Je - sus move - ment hear in Christ So - phi - a's call:
From the breast of Christ - So - phi - a milk of jus - tice kind - ly flows,



and she smiled to see earth blush - ing at the sun's warm pri - mal glance.
we are crea - tures she de - lights in, Wis - dom will not leave our race.
"I de - cline your rit - ual offer - ings, give me e - qui - ty for all.
feeds our will to love cre - a - tion, grace to live in hope bes - tows.



Joy - ous first - ling of God's ac - tion, sign of heaven's in - vent - ive - ness,
Still she cries in streets and gate - ways, rais - ing her pro - phe - tic fuss;
When will you ad - mit my out - casts, dig - ni - fy my dis - pos - sessed?
King - dom come is what we look for, ea - sy yoked and bur - dened light;



Wis - dom plays with clear - est plea - sure in cre - a - tion's lav - ish - ness.
though we snub her she re - fu - ses ev - er to de - spair of us.
Ne - ver mind your sol - emn gather - ings: do the gos - pel you've pro - fessed."
one day all shall join with Wis - dom care - free, play - ing in de - light.

4 We Long for Such Portents

Ian Sowton, 1986

Sandra Sears, 1990
alt tune: St. Denio

1

We long for such por - tents that god - head is
But Ad - vent is set in a wil - der - ness
A - dop - tion by dove is a hard sign to
We lose Your ap - proach in our Van - i - ty
O fill those wan pools with com - pas - sion - ate

5

near as ban - ished dic - ta - tors and mob - sters re -
place with lo - custs as dry as a twig on the
read when trust in firm fact nags like grit in the
Fair, we clothe You, all na - ked, with dust of ne -
rain and wash all our sens - es a - lert to You

9

formed, or char - i - ty op - en as tu - lips at
tongue; wild hon - ey of just - ice is diff - i - cult
eye. Our hearts' crook - ed by - ways don't ask to run
glect, we feed You, all hun - gry, smooth stones of ad -
near, as out be - yond Jord - an at wil - der - ness

13

noon, or pic - nics and danc - ing on graves of our fear.
food, shrunk pools of re - pen - tance wait brack - ish for grace.
straight and Your state - ly high - way's been let go to weed.
vice and leave You in pri - son, un - vis - it - ed there.
edge we hope, with the Bap - tist, to greet You a - gain.

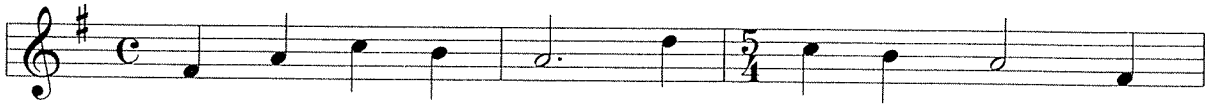
5 Where Jordan Cuts the Wilderness

Brian Ruttan

Woodburn (Brian Ruttan)
alternate tune: Morning Song



Where Jor - dan cuts the wil - der - ness a
"There comes a day of har - ves - ting the
• "The her - it - tage of A - bra - ham means
"Ex - ploit - ers of the poor and weak, with
"With wat - er I bap - tize you now in



bur - ning voice now warns: "You brood of snakes, you
fruit of faith and love; the use - less culled, the
• less than des - ert stones un - less we share our
rage and theft be done. Pre - pare the way of
rea - di - ness for one whose Spi - rit bathes, whose



hy - po - crites, pre - pare! Mes - si - ah comes.
e - vil purged. Pre - pare! Mes - si - ah comes.
• need and wealth. Pre - pare! Mes - si - ah comes.
ho - li - ness. Pre - pare! Mes - si - ah comes.
fire re - fines Pre - pare! Mes - si - ah comes."

6 Saviour Eternal

William Whitla (translation), 1991
Advent Sequence: Salus aeterna, 11th c.

Iste Confessor
(Rouen Church melody, Vesperale, 1746)



Sa - viour e - ter - nal, health and life un - fail - ing,
From your bright heav - en, leav - ing all your splen - dour,
• Free - ly you give us joy and hope un - end - ing,
By your first ad - vent you re - store cre - a - tion;
When in the night - time, or in day - light's shin - ing



Griev - ing that peo - ple per - ish un - a - vail - ing:
you taught us mer - cy, peace and love to ren - der:
• lost you res - tore us, friend - less, you be - friend - ing,
in bread and wine shared, you grant us sal - va - tion;
you come to judge us, whom we judged ma - lign - ing;



Light ev - er - last - ing, bright il - lu - mi - na - tion,
you joined our strug - gle, yet we strive a - gainst you:
• When we were far a - way, you have called us home - ward:
when you shall come a - gain, all time to dis - co - ver,
O may we greet you, fol - low where you lead us,

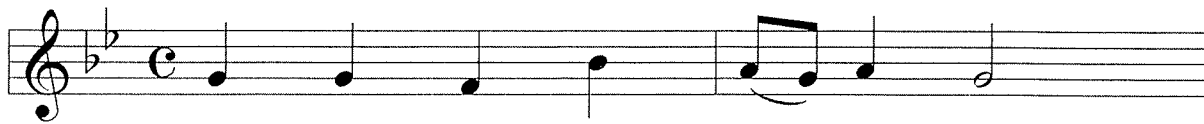


Save ev - ery na - tion.
we cru - ci - fied you.
• Now lead us on ward.
find us your lov - er.
For you have freed us.

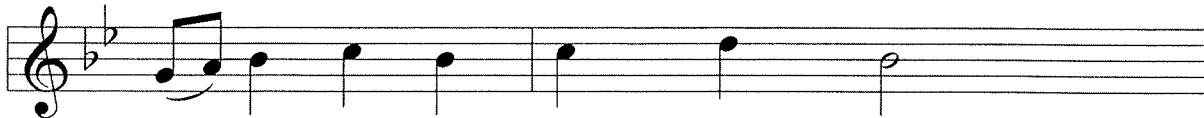
7 How the World Longs for Your Birth

Anna Briggs

Nun komm, der heiden Heiland
(Johann Walther, 1524)



How the world longs for your birth,
How the earth a - waits your seed,
How we ache to know your peace;



bear - ing news of hu - man worth;
parched and bar - ren from our greed:
wars and weap - ons still in - crease;



to our la - bour bring your mirth:
now to hal - low it we need:
bid our fears and hate to cease:



Ma - ra - na - tha, come, Lord, come.

4. How our minds for healing long,
broken bodies to be strong,
wounded hearts to learn your song:
Maranatha, come, Lord, come.

5. God, who sets your people free,
God, who comes, our flesh to be,
now we wait, your reign to see:
Maranatha, come, Lord, come.

6. To our darkness bring your light;
fill our longing eyes with sight.
In our lives shine ever bright:
Maranatha, come, Lord, come.

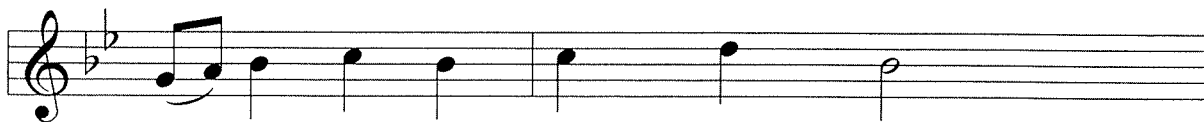
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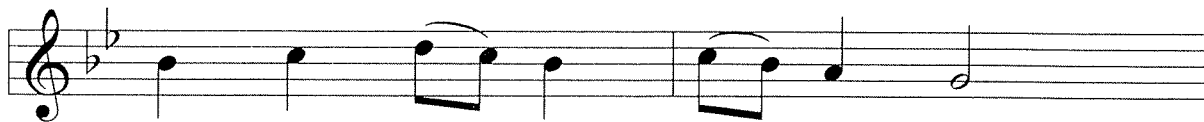
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8 Song of Mary

Ian Sowton, 2000

Steamtown (Sandra Sears), 2000

That vi - sion did it stir my joy or fear?
With wa - ry thanks I praise the ho - ly Name;
• And there is mer - cy for true wor - ship - pers
Most High, you bring down ru - lers from their thrones,
Mind - ful of pre - vious mer - cies, you bring aid

4
"Be calm," I tell my soul, "be still," don't run.
my spir - it cel - e - brates my Sav - iour God.
• in ev - 'ry ge - ne - ra - tion, through God's arm
and raise up hum - ble or - di - na - ry folk;
to suc - cour ls - ra - el in her dis - tress,

8
Af - firm God's great - ness, vast and yet right here;
The fu - ture shall bring me to bles - sed fame
• quick - ly turns brag - garts in - to whim - per - ers,
the hun - gry eat stew rich with mar - row bones,
ac - cord - ing to your an - cient prom - ise made

12
be grate - ful for the hon - our you've been done."
but mer - cy on the path now to be trod.
• and has proud fan - cies scat - t'ring in a - larm.
while so - cial - ites are sent to dine on smoke.
to Sar - ah and her child - ren num - ber - less.

9 Blessing of the Crèche

Ian Sowton, 1991

Sandra Sears, December, 1991

1 C C F C C C

Soon, yes soon come an - gels shi - ning, shi - ning on God's
 Soon, yes soon come shep - herds run - ning, run - ning to God's
 Soon, yes soon come Ma - gi kneel - ing, kneel - ing at God's

Soon come ang - gels shi - ning on God's
 Soon come she - pherds run - ning to God's
 Soon come ma - gi kneel - ing at God's

7 F G C F (G) F C

birth - ing place. Jo - seph, may it be a bright
 birth - ing place. Ma - ry, may it be a warm
 birth - ing place. Je - sus, may it be a safe

birth - ing place.
 birth - ing place.
 birth - ing place.

13 C G Am *rit.* G F *a tempo* C

place, a ho - ly space, a bright place. Bright our
 place, a ho - ly space, a warm place. Warm our
 place, a ho - ly space, a safe place. Safe our

Bright
 Warm
 Safe

19 C F C F C/E G 7 C

wish - es for you Fa - ther, as we dance our an - gel ring.
 wish - es for you Mo - ther, as we dance our shep - herd ring.
 wish - es for you Ba - by, as we dance our mag - us ring.

our wish - es for you as we dance our ring.
 our wish - es for you as we dance our ring.
 our wish - es for you as we dance our ring.

10 The Midwife's Carol

Ian Sowton, 1994

Midwife's Carol
(Becca Whitla, 1994)



1. The birth it-self was not too hard, good pres - en - ta - tion, fine strong mum.



But my dear it was a cir - cus, I thought that half the town had come.



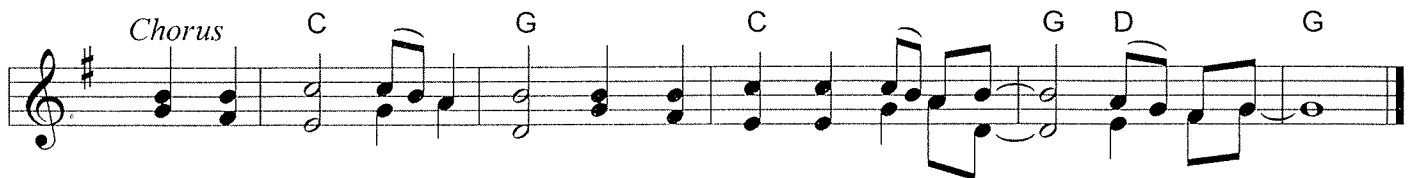
Wash him clean, wipe him dry. Hush you, shush you rock-a-bye, rock - a-bye.



2. There were these shep - herds who burst in, my dear they said a talk - ing



light told them to come and pay res-pects, kneel - ing they were to that wee mite.



Wash him clean, wipe him dry. Hush you, shush you rock-a-bye, rock - a-bye.

3. He's breathing well, the cord's tied off,
her afterbirth's come free my dear
when three fine scholar blokes squeeze in
saying a star has brought them here.

Wash him...

4. "You selling tickets then?" I said,
"Buzz off you lot and let her rest."
And they did too, leaving presents,
rich stuff my dear, the very best.

Wash him...

5. All that public to and fro-ing,
she watches as it comes and goes,
with him tucked, dear, in a manger
pulled from under the donkey's nose.

Wash him...

6. Winter solstice 'twas my dear,
shivery damp and animal stink,
Worship, palaver, gifts and all -
what was going on do you think?

Wash him...