

SONGS FOR THE SEASON

Prayers and poems for
Advent and the New Year



SONGS FOR THE SEASON

Unless otherwise stated, this work is a
compilation of writings created by
Grace Bible Church members.

Advent is a time of expectation and longing, waiting for the arrival of our King who will come and make all things new. The New Year calls for times of reflecting on the past and looking forward to what is ahead. But what do we do when, instead of being filled with joy and hope or thankfulness and expectation, we are a people filled with confusion and fear or apathy and regret?

For whatever season you find yourself in, God wants to draw near to you and He wants to hear from you. We hope this book is an aid to you as you navigate what it looks like for you to worship this winter.

“A voice of one calling:

'In the wilderness prepare the way for the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be raised up, every mountain and hill made low; the rough ground shall become level, the rugged places a plain. And the glory of the Lord will be revealed, and all people will see it together. For the mouth of the Lord has spoken.'”

Isaiah 40:3-5

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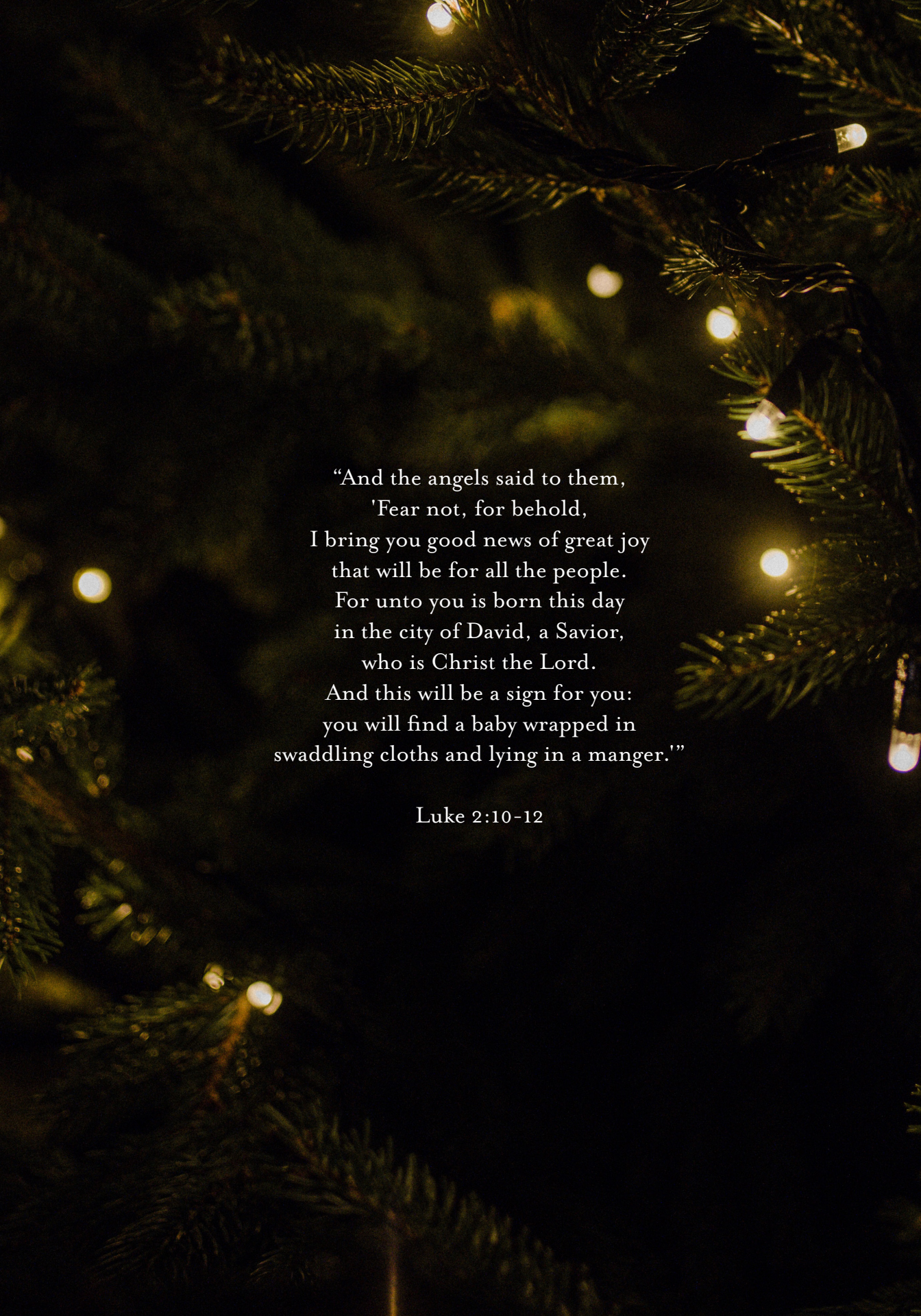
Prepare My Heart

Father,
As I am preparing for this Advent season,
prepare my heart!

As I put up decorations and hang up the lights.
As I stuff the stockings and cook the meals.
As I sing carols and display the Christmas tree.
As I open gifts and wrap presents.
Prepare my heart.

I love ribbons, wreaths, and the twinkling lights,
time with friends and the giving and receiving of things.
But these are just a glimmer of the joy to come.
These are only a portion of the sounding joy that
will be repeated for all eternity.
Prepare my heart.

Let this time of getting ready be done firstly inwards.
Help make me ready to receive the greatest joy
as I celebrate Your birth and long for Your return.
Father, prepare my heart.
Amen.



“And the angels said to them,
‘Fear not, for behold,
I bring you good news of great joy
that will be for all the people.
For unto you is born this day
in the city of David, a Savior,
who is Christ the Lord.
And this will be a sign for you:
you will find a baby wrapped in
swaddling cloths and lying in a manger.’”

Luke 2:10-12



Hope is Here

A light is breaking through!
Your light is here,
breaking through the darkness
and filling up the void.

The promise has come!
Your Word is true,
fulfilling what You have spoken
and drawing near to us.

Redemption is moving!
Your power is at work,
the old is passing away
and the new is pouring in.

Hope is here!
Your presence is near,
meeting us in the valley,
and bringing us to Your holy hill.

Emmanuel,
You are with us!

Room for You

Father,
I feel there is no room for You.
I have turned You away like the people of a “too busy” Bethlehem.
I have filled the inn with the trivial obligations of a temporary world.

Too busy for church,
for prayer,
for worship,
for meditating on Your Word,
for serving Your people.

Humble my heart beneath Your mighty hand.

You are God, and I am not.
I will make room for You.
Have my heart,
have my schedule,
have my worries,
have my praise.

I am never too busy for the Son of God,
King of Kings,
Savior of the World.

There is only room for You.



Setting the Table

Father,
As I set my table,
Open my eyes to see who You want to invite.
Direct me to those who need a warm meal and a hospitable friend.
Help me to give all that I have back to You,
knowing that this house key I hold is an instrument of grace,
entrusted to me so that I might bring others in.
Do not let me be yet another voice that says
there is no room left in the inn.
Let me be a home to those who have none,
remembering that You brought me in when I was lost and wandering.
Amen.



“For I was hungry, and you fed me.
I was thirsty, and you gave me a drink.
I was a stranger, and you invited me into your home.”

Matthew 25:35

Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

Come, Thou long expected Jesus
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.





“For to us a child is born,
to us a son is given,
and the government
will be on His shoulders.
And He will be called
Wonderful Counselor,
Mighty God,
Everlasting Father,
Prince of Peace.”

Isaiah 9:6

Find Me

Lord,

This is meant to be
a season of hope,
a season of light,
a season of Your closeness.

But I cannot seem to find You.

I sing Your praises,
but I cannot seem to feel You.
I lift up my hands,
but my heart feels far away.
I call upon Your name,
but hear no response.
I read Your Word,
but my soul is downcast.
I turn to Your promises,
but find no comfort.

Where are You
in this Advent season Lord?

I cannot seem to find You.

But,
You will find me here.
Waiting,
and Praying.
Seeking,
and knocking.
Lamenting,
and crying out.

Emmanuel,
Be with me.
Find me.
Amen.



You Love Me

This season,
I am reminded of one truth.
You love me.

Oh, You love me.

You departed from heaven
and came down to earth.
You left Your throne
and knew no home.
You gave up Your rights
and took on limitation.
You did what I could not do
and took on my punishment.
You defeated my greatest foe
and gave me Your victory.
You did all that You did
because You love me.

Oh, You love me.

This season, and in every other,
there is no greater truth than this.
You love me.



Nothing But the Blood

What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my pardon this I see,
nothing but the blood of Jesus.
For my cleansing this my plea,
nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone,
nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Naught of good that I have done,
nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace,
nothing but the blood of Jesus.
This is all my righteousness,
nothing but the blood of Jesus.

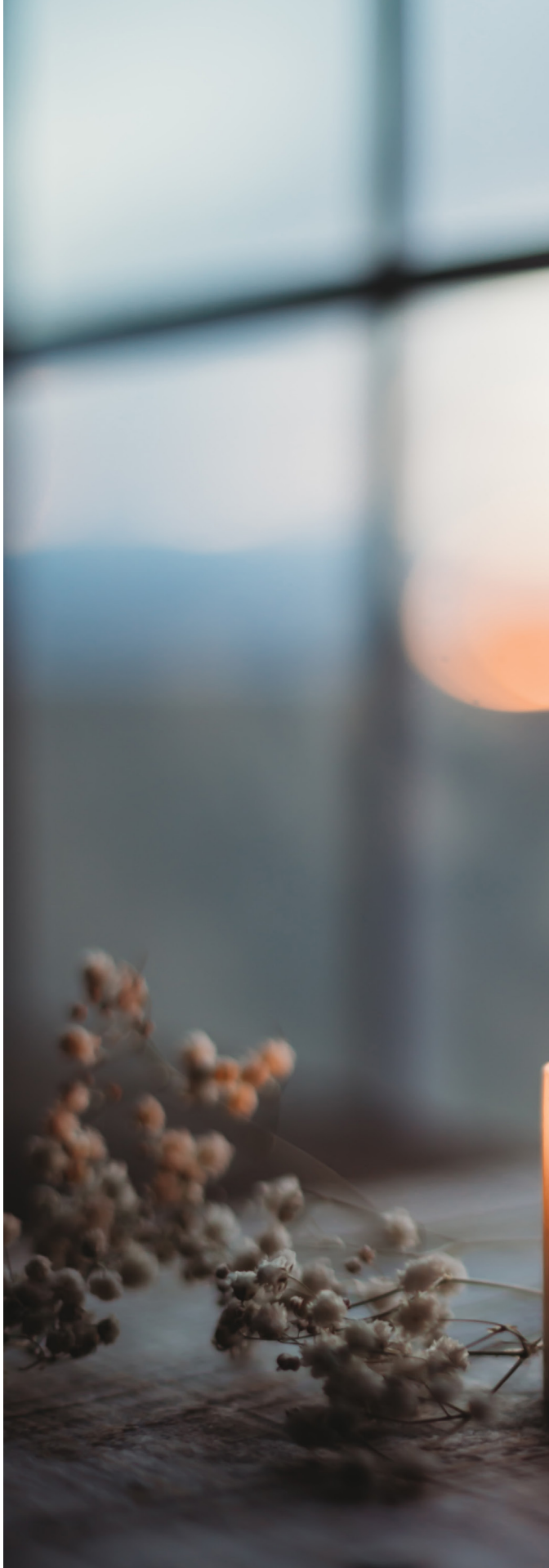
Oh precious is the flow
that makes me white as snow,
no other fount I know.
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Our Rescue

Our rescue from the darkness,
You free us from all that ensnares.
Our humble redeemer,
You restore our souls
and graft us in.
You call us Your family.

Mother,
Father,
Daughter,
Son,
Sister,
Brother,
Friend.

Our long awaited King,
our comfort,
our peace,
our hope,
our Savior.
The gift of peace and unity.





“Through Him
all things were made;
without Him
nothing was made
that has been made.
In Him was life,
and that life was
the light of all mankind.
The light shines
in the darkness,
and the darkness has
not overcome it.”

John 1: 3-5

An Honest Confession

Father,

I confess that this Advent season,
I do not seem to care.

I remember when Christmas was
joyful and filled with life.
I remember when I would knock
and the door would open,
I would seek
and You would be found there.

I remember when it was easy,
to see You,
hear You,
connect with You,
love You.

But now, I wonder,
what went wrong?

Is it me?
Have I wandered away?
Have I done something wrong?
Have I disappointed You?
Have I failed You?

Why do I not care?
Why does this not seem to matter?
Why can't I connect with Your light
or Your hope?
Why do I not want to worship?

Lord,
Sing to me.
Reach me.
Connect with me.
Because I cannot seem
to connect with You.

Amen.

“Surely
He has borne our griefs
and carried our sorrows;
yet we esteemed Him stricken,
smitten by God and afflicted.
But He was pierced for our transgressions;
He was crushed for our iniquities;
upon Him was the chastisement that brought us peace,
and with His wounds we are healed.”

Isaiah 53:4-5



God Made Low

As He sleeps upon the hay
He holds the moon and stars in place
Though born an infant He remains
The sovereign God of endless days

For all our sins one day He'll die
To make us sons of God on high
Let every heart prepare Him room
The promises have all come true

Emmanuel has come to us
The Christ is born, Hallelujah!
Our God made low to raise us up
Emmanuel has come to us





Waiting Here For You

Waiting here for You
With our hands
lifted high in praise
And it's You we adore
Singing Alleluia

You are everything
You've promised
Your faithfulness is true
And we're desperate
for Your presence
All we need is You

Waiting

Here I am,
in the middle of a story,
waiting for You.
Waiting for what is to come.

Waiting,
caught in between two realities.
Between what You have done
and what You will do.
Between what has happened
and what will happen.

Waiting,
even though
I already have a piece
of what I am waiting for.

Like an engagement,
I already have the “yes”
but am waiting for the “I do”.
Like a pregnancy,
There is a child in my womb
but not in my arms.



I already have peace.
I already have hope.
I already have assurance of salvation
and grace for my sins.

I already have acceptance
and belonging,
friendship and family.
I already have a purpose for my future
and a guide to direct my steps.
I already have all that I need.

But yet still,
I am here, waiting for more.
There is so much that I already have
but this story is not over.

There is still more to come.
I am only in this story
and not the author of it.
Meet me here
as I wait
for You.





Setting Up the Tree

As I set up this Christmas tree,
preparing a place for the fragrance of Your promises,
I am reminded of Your faithfulness.

You allowed Your body to be cut down,
choosing to identify with humanity
and not grasp for equality with God.
From the earth, You rose and were lifted,
springing up new life from desolate places,
standing tall with firmly planted roots.

As I adorn this tree with ornaments,
filling the void with presence and beauty,
I am reminded of Your majesty.

You gave up Your rights,
that You would be looked upon and rejected,
to be despised and undesired.
To be pierced and crushed,
anointed with a crown of thorns,
You purchase for me a spotless and pure robe of white.

As I delight in this Christmas tree tradition,
anticipating the gifts to be acquired
and shared with others,
I am reminded of Your presence.

You are the greatest gift
that I could receive,
or that I could give.

Of all that I have,
there is none more precious to me
than the gift of Your grace and the
gift of Your nearness.



'Tis the Season

'Tis the season,
for polished portraits
and staged shots.
For a card that shows a standard
I could never meet
and a picture of what I wish was true.

'Tis the season,
for lights and decorations.
For filling my home
with warmth and color
while my heart is still so cold
and so dark.

'Tis the season,
for presents and gifts.
For another material possession
that might fill up my closet
but never fills up my soul.

'Tis the season,
For food and drink.
For a cup filled with merry
and yet a life void of substance.

Lord,
I do not want to spend
this season focused on myself
and focused on this world.
Help me remember the true reason
of this Advent and Christmas season.
Amen.

The Greatest Offering

The greatest offering I have this Christmas
are the tears I gather from all my sufferings.

Give me strength to face my greivences
and courage to hope in what is to come.

You do not delight in a joy that denies sorrow,
I know You will cherish all I have to bring.

Even This Sadness

Who can separate my heart from Yours?
And what can pull me from Your love?
My flesh is weary and my heart it fails
but none can pull me from Your love.

Even this sadness is not strong enough.

Not day or night,
not joy or pain,
not life or death,
not anything.

Even this sadness is not strong enough.
None can pull me from Your love.



High Humble King

Our high and humble King,
we are waiting for Your return!

You are a refuge for the broken,
a shelter for the defeated,
a hiding place for the afflicted.
To the outcast and the powerless,
You came for us!

You left Your holy hill,
You left Your rights and throne
to humble Yourself and be with us.

Who are we
that You gave Yourself for us?

Who are we
that You are mindful of us?

Who are we
to receive Your love?

Your body was broken
for us.

Your blood was spilled
for us.

Oh high and humble King,
be exalted,
be lifted high!

We are waiting for You!
O come, Emmanuel!



NEW YEARS

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I Am Sure

Father,

As this New Year
is approaching
I am sure that

Your promises
will not fall short for me,
Your grace
will not run out on me,
Your goodness
will not be kept from me,
Your plans
will not mislead me,
Your faithfulness
will not end with me,
Your presence
will not depart from me,
Your love
will not depend on me.

I am sure that
I can trust You
with this New Year.

Amen.



“Sing to the Lord a new song,
for He has done marvelous things;
His right hand and His holy arm
have worked salvation for Him.
The Lord has made His salvation known
and revealed His righteousness to the nations.
He has remembered His love
and His faithfulness to Israel;
all the ends of the earth have seen
the salvation of our God.”

Psalm 98:1-3

I Need You

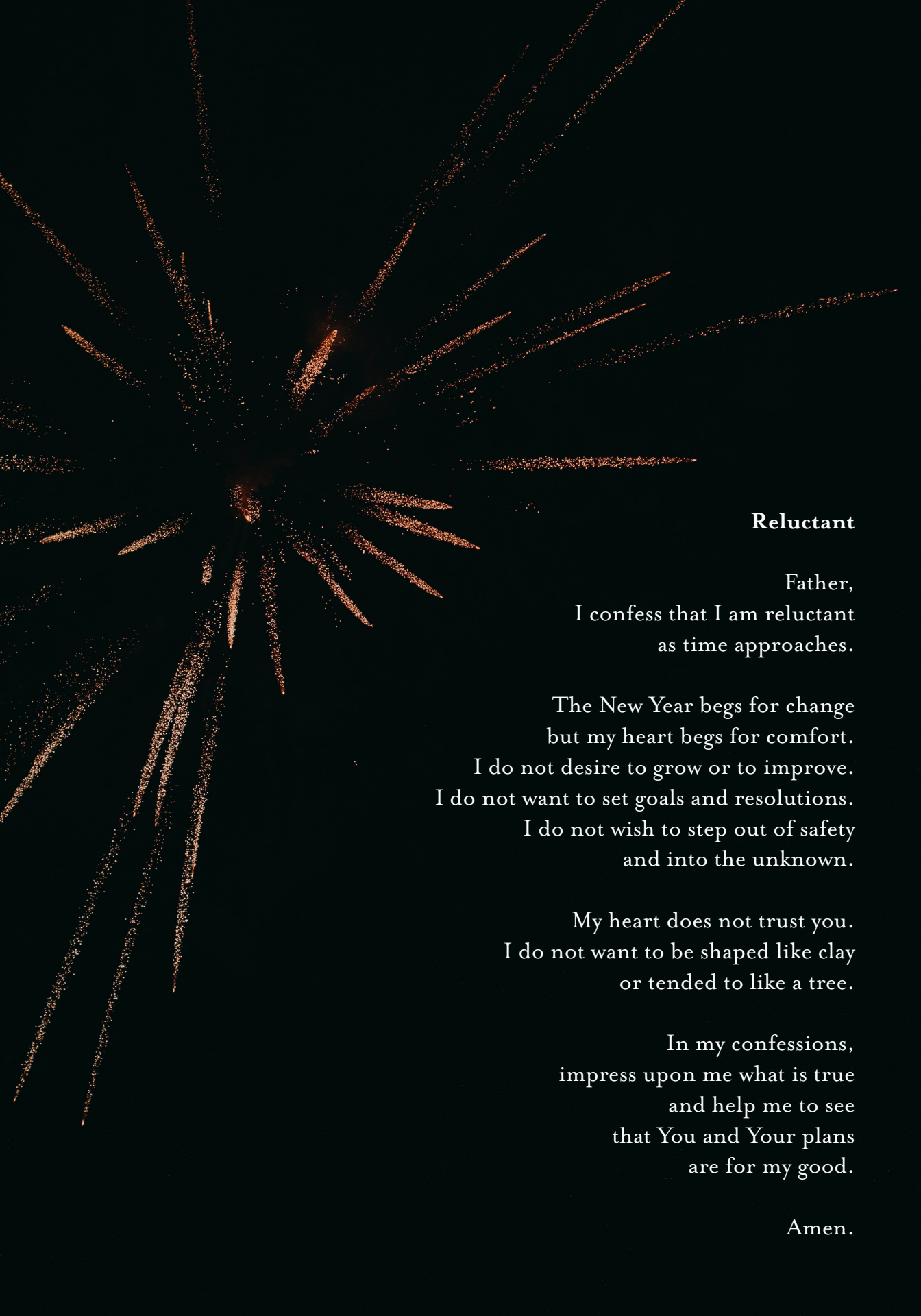
Lord,
Without You
I am directionless.
I cannot see.
I do not know.

I need You,
to establish my steps
and be a lamp unto my feet,
lighting my path
and guiding me home.

I need You,
to illuminate my sight
and open my eyes,
helping me see
what I cannot on my own.

I need You,
to reveal to me
what to do,
where to go,
and how to follow.

Give me Your vision
for this New Year.
Amen.



Reluctant

Father,
I confess that I am reluctant
as time approaches.

The New Year begs for change
but my heart begs for comfort.
I do not desire to grow or to improve.
I do not want to set goals and resolutions.
I do not wish to step out of safety
and into the unknown.

My heart does not trust you.
I do not want to be shaped like clay
or tended to like a tree.

In my confessions,
impress upon me what is true
and help me to see
that You and Your plans
are for my good.

Amen.



Not Ready

When I look towards the future, all I feel is fear.
When I think about the past, all I know is uncertainty.

I am not ready to move on,
Nor am I ready for what is to come.
I am not sure of what is waiting for me,
Nor am I sure of the days to pass.
My heart is filled with anxiety,
and my body is filled with unrest.

Do You know where You are leading me?
Is the past held firmly in Your grasp?

Walking forward feels like I am headed towards the edge.
Remind me that even if I am not ready, You are before all things
and in You all things hold together.

Amen.



“He is before all things and in Him
all things hold together.”

Colossians 1:17

In All of Our Moments

While we look back on the past
and look forward towards what is to come,
while we deal with regret
and wrestle with anticipation,
when we have to handle confusion
and face all our fears,
holding onto what has faded
and tread through what we face,
Time will still drag on.

There are no surprises
no anxieties
no regrets
and nothing unexpected
in the presence of our Father.

He has been
and will forever be
unbound and unchanging.
He is secure
and is present in all of our

Moments,
Days,
Weeks
Months
and years.
Past,
present,
and future.

He is here.

“Jesus Christ
is the same
yesterday
and today
and forever.”

Hebrews 13:8



Mighty Conqueror

Mighty conqueror,
That's who You are.
Moving in our midst,
Stirring our hearts.
We want more of You,
Show us Your glory.

I will proclaim of all You've done,
still more to come.
All the salvations in Your name,
still more to come.
Walking in victory over sin,
still more to come.
Singing Your praises without end,
still more to come.

Words by Northway Collective



“That is why we labor and strive,
because we have put our
hope in the living God,
who is the Savior of all people,
and especially of those who believe.”

1 Timothy 4: 10

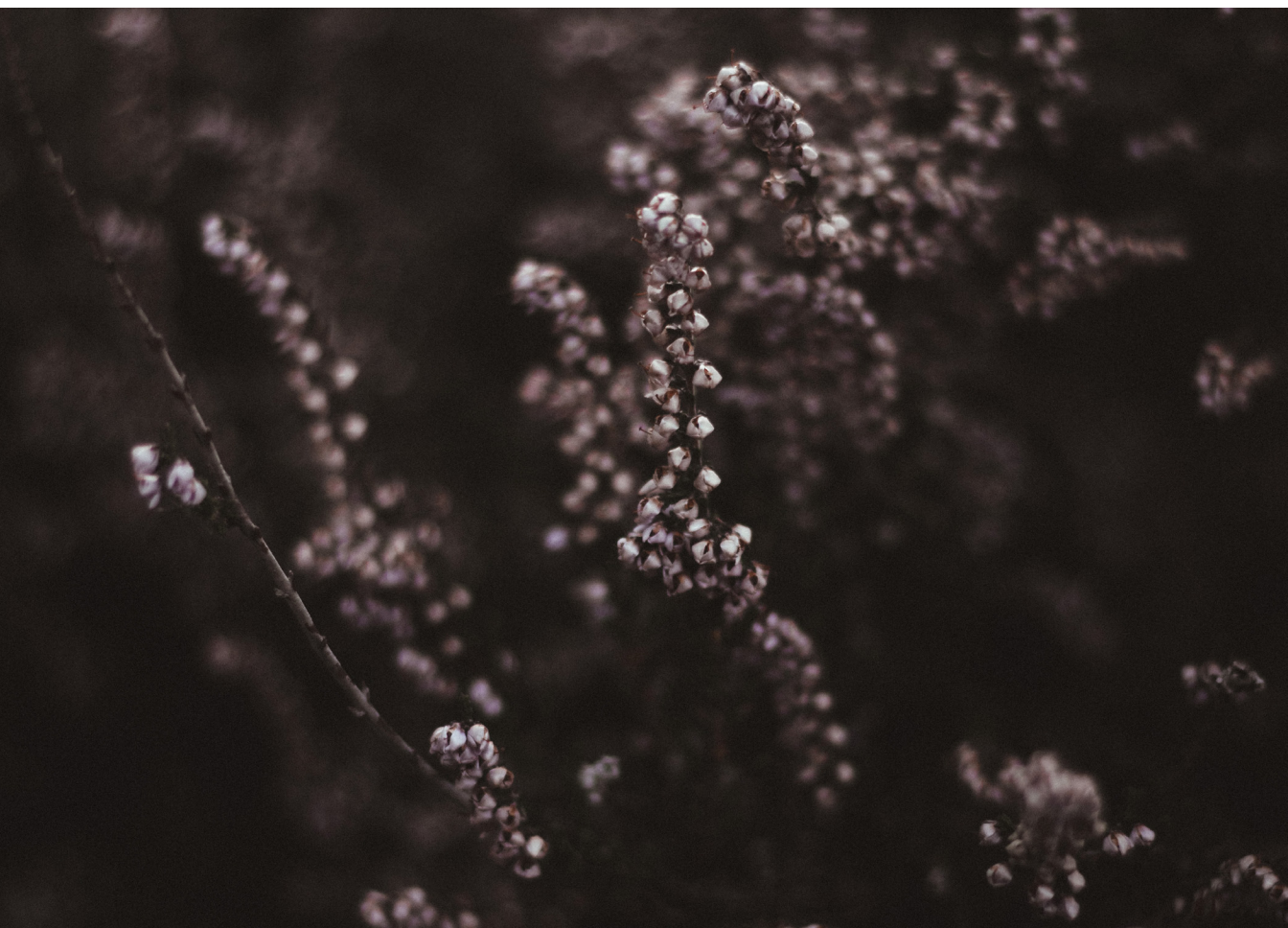


Faithful To The End

There wasn't a day that You weren't by my side
There wasn't a day that You let me fall
All of my life Your love has been true
All of my life I will worship You

I will sing of all You've done
I'll remember how far You carried me
From beginning until the end
You are faithful, faithful to the end

Words by Bethel Music



Afraid

Here we go again, Lord.
Another season of planning and setting resolutions,
only to fall short or to watch my dreams die.

How many more times must I lay down my life for
Your plans and purposes?
How many more dreams do I have to put on the
altar as a sacrifice of obedience?
How many more tears do I have to cry over a life
that I feel unfulfilled by?

This is my honest prayer Father.
I am afraid to dream and afraid to try.
I am afraid to follow where You are leading.

Help me to see
that the vision I have for my life
is just too small.
Help me to see
that You hold all of my dreams
securely in Your hands.
Help me to see
that You are leading me on the path to life.

Amen.

Finish What You Started

Though death rules for now,
suffering abounds.
As our tears drench the ground,
we cling to this hope.
You are with us now,
silencing our doubts.

As our tears drench the ground,
we cling to this hope.
There will come a day,
we will see Him face to face.
He will wipe our tears away,
we cling to this hope.

You give seed to the sower,
bread to the hungry.
You are faithful,
You are good.
You will finish
what You have started.



Open Hands

Father,

Help me to accept this New Year with open hands,
receiving whatever you wish to place within them.

Help me to pursue Your plans and build Your Kingdom.

I so easily draw inward to myself and do not have the vision that I need.

Lift my eyes to see Your beauty and help my heart to trust that You are good.

I might not understand what You are doing, but I know You are faithful.

I know You will fulfill all Your promises and You are committed
to bringing Your work in me to completion.

I know You will finish all that You have started.

Amen.