Year B, Third Sunday of Advent





When the Divine Lover enters the human heart, all yearnings are ful-filled!

Then will our mouths ring forth with laughter, and our tongues with shouts of joy;

Then will we sing our **songs** of praise to **You**, O Beloved of **all hearts**.

For gladness will **radiate** out for all to **see**; so **great** is your **Presence** a-**mong us**.

- 1 Restore us to wholeness, O Healer,
- 2 like newborn babes who have never strayed from You!
- 1 May all who **sow** in **tears**
- 2 reap with **shouts** of **joy**!
- 3 May all who go forth weeping tears of re-pentance, bearing seeds of Love,
- 4 Come home to You with shouts of joy, leaving sorrow be-hind.



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