

O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel,
Shall come to thee oh Israel.

O come our Dayspring from on high.
And cheer us by your drawing nigh.
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
and death's dark shadows put to flight.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel,
Shall come to thee oh Israel.

O come Desire of Nations bind.
In one the hearts of all mankind.
O bid our sad divisions cease.
And be yourself our King of Peace.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel,
Shall come to thee of Israel.

Original arrangement by Thomas Helmore
Translated by John Mason Neale
Arranged by Blake Flattley
CCLI Song# 7101507



JESUS, COMING LIGHT

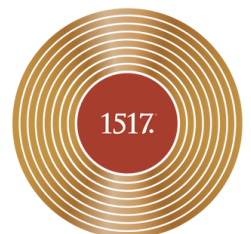
Jesus, Coming Light, draw near, and spark within us hope.
Though shadows fight with all their might, they'll never overcome.
In brilliance, You don't come to blind
but only that the blind would see.
Hosanna! Hallelujah!
Jesus, Coming Light, draw near.

Jesus, Coming Light, draw near, and spark within us peace.
May Your children gather in its glow. Warmth bids all come and see.
When you return we'll need no sun,
but only Word made Flesh to shine.
Hosanna! Hallelujah!
Jesus, Coming Light, draw near.

Jesus, Coming Light, draw near, and spark within us joy.
As a humble hearth, You come to dwell, not speeding to destroy.
Gladden hearts and brighten eyes,
like sparkled rays in winter's dark.
Hosanna! Hallelujah!
Jesus, Coming Light, draw near.

Jesus, Coming Light, draw near, and spark within us love.
Heart of Heaven laid among the low in the starglow from above.
With love, illuminate Your Church,
that every soul would know its worth.
Hosanna! Hallelujah!
Jesus, Coming Light, draw near.

Words and Music by Shelly Schwalm



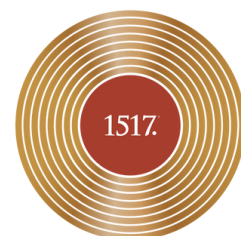
LO HOW A ROSE E'ER BLOOMING

Lo, how a rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming
As prophets long have sung,
It came a flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The rose I have in mind;
With Mary we behold it,
The virgin mother kind.
To show God's love aright,
She bore to us a Savior,
When half spent was the night.

O Savior, child of Mary,
Who felt our human woe;
O Savior, King of glory,
Who dost our weakness know:
Bring us at length we pray
To the bright courts of heaven,
And to the endless day.

Words & Music by Blake Flattley and Michael Praetorius



OF THE FATHER'S LOVE BEGOTTEN

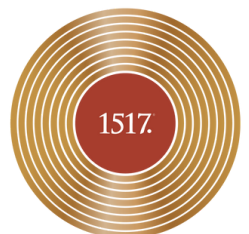
Of the Father's love begotten
Ere the world began to be.
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He.
Of the things that are that have been,
And that future years shall see
Evermore and evermore.

Oh, that birth forever blessed,
When the virgin full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bore the Savior of our race.
And the babe, the world's redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face
Evermore and evermore.

Oh...

O ye heights of heaven adore Him.
Angel hosts His praises sing.
Pow'r's, dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent.
Every voice in concert ring.
evermore and evermore.

Words and Music by Aurelius Clemens Prudentius,
Henry Williams Baker, John Mason Neale, & Matt Preston



JOY TO THE WORLD

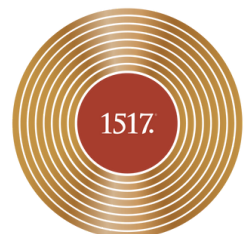
Joy to the world the Lord is come
Let earth receive her King
Let every heart prepare Him room
And heaven and nature sing
And heaven and nature sing
And heaven and heaven and nature sing

Joy to the earth the Savior reigns
Let men their songs employ
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat repeat the sounding joy

No more let sins and sorrows grow
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found
Far as the curse is found
Far as, far as, the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
The wonders of His love
The wonders of His love
The wonders wonders of His love

Words and Music by Isaac Watts
and George Friederic Handel



JOYOUS LIGHT OF GLORY

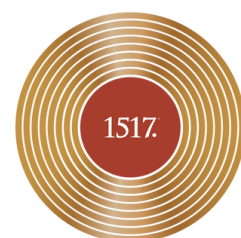
Joyous light of glory
Of the immortal Father
Heavenly, Holy, Blessed, Jesus Christ.

We have come to the setting
Of the sun
And we look to the evening light.

We sing to God the Father,
Son, and Holy Spirit.
You are worthy of being praised.

With pure voices forever.
Oh, Song of God, oh giver of life.
The universe proclaims Your glory.

Words from Evening Prayer
Music by Blake Flattley



MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN

My song is love unknown my Savior's love to me
Love to the loveless shown that they might lovely be
Oh who am I, that for my sake, my Lord should take frail flesh and die

Sometimes they strew His way and His sweet praises sing
Resounding all the day hosannas to their King
then "crucify!" is all their breath and for His death they thirst and cry

Oh...Your grace has made a way
Oh...Your love has conquered this grave
Oh...Your love made known to me
And to the world, Your love I'll be

Here might I stay and sing, no story so divine
Never was love dear King. Never was grief like Thine
This is my friend, in whose sweet praise, I all my days could gladly spend.

Oh...Your grace has made a way
Oh...Your love has conquered this grave
Oh...Your love made known to me

Oh...Your grace has made a way
Oh...Your love has conquered this grave
Oh...Your love made known to me
And to the world, Your love I'll be

CCLI Song # 7064068

Blake Flattley | John Nicholson Ireland | Samuel Crossman



FAITHFUL

We had chosen the Kings of this world
All the glory and glitter and gold
Though our kingdoms fell down, we kept asking for crowns
We'd reject you to sell our own souls

When you showed us the wonders we wanted
We laid palms down and shouted your praise
When you weren't the king, that we thought you should be
We mocked you and spat in your face

CHORUS

You are faithful, faithful
Though your people turn away
You are faithful, faithful
You are faithful every day

When you gave us the choice we took Caesar
And set a murderer free
We put nails in your hands, nails in your feet
Then we hung you to die on a tree

CHORUS

When, like Thomas, it's hard to imagine
And we still want to see to believe
You don't scoff at our doubts, You hold your hands out
All your kingdom is ours to receive

By Blake Flattley and Kip Fox



JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY

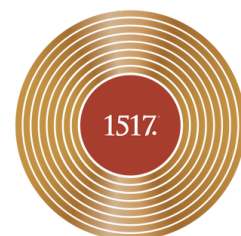
Jesus Christ is ris'n today, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who did once upon the cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heav'nly king, Alleluia!
Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation have procured; Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's king, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia!

Sing we to our God above, Alleluia!
Praise eternal as His love; Alleluia!
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host, Alleluia!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

Text: Charles Wesley
Tune: Lyra Davidica
Setting: Blake Flattley



AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see!

The Lord has promised good to me.
His Word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
His grace has brought me safe so far,
His grace will see me home.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
Amazing grace shall then prevail
In heaven's joy and peace.

All thanks to Christ, whose death in love,
Grace to the world revealed
By water and Word, His Body and blood,
His grace to me is sealed!
His grace to me is sealed!
His grace to me is sealed!

Text: John Newton and William Cwirla
Tune: Columbian Harmony, Cincinatti, 1829
Setting: Blake Flattley



COME THOU FOUNT

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing tune my heart to sing Thy grace
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise
While the hope of endless glory fills my heart with joy and love,
Teach me ever to adore Thee; may I still Thy goodness prove.

Here I raise my Ebenezer, hither by Thy help I've come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger, wand'ring from the fold of God
He, to rescue me from danger, interposed His precious blood

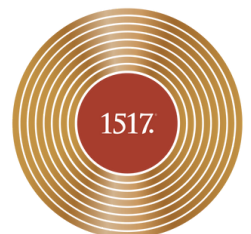
Oh, to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be
Let that grace now like a fetter, bind my wandering heart to Thee
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, seal it for Thy courts above

Oh, that day when freed from sinning, I shall see Thy lovely face;
Clothed then in the bloodwashed linen, how I'll sing Thy wondrous grace!
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry; Take my ransom'd soul away;
Send Thine angels soon to carry me to realms of endless day.

Text: Robert Robinson

Tune: Repository of Sacred Music

Setting: Blake Flattley



HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God Almighty
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty
God in three persons, blessed Trinity

Holy, holy, holy, Though the darkness hide Thee
Though the eye made blind by sin Thy glory may not see
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity

And we all bow down
And we all bow down
And we all bow down

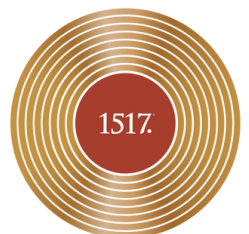
And we all bow down
And we all bow down
And we all bow down

And we all bow down

Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God Almighty
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and mighty
God in three persons blessed Trinity

Text: Reginald Heber, Blake Flattley, Alex Navarro

Tune: John B. Dykes, Blake Flattley, Alex Navarro



A MIGHTY FORTRESS

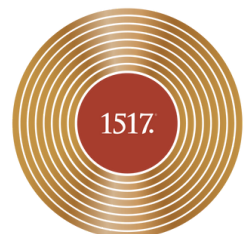
A mighty fortress is our God, a sword and shield victorious;
He breaks the cruel oppressor's rod, and wins salvation glorious.
The old satanic foe has sworn to work us woe,
With craft and dreadful might he arms himself to fight.
On earth he has no equal.

No strength of ours can match his might. We would be lost rejected.
But now a champion comes to fight, whom God Himself elected.
You ask who this may be? The Lord of hosts is He,
Christ Jesus, mighty Lord, God's only Son, adored.
He holds the field victorious.

Though words of devils fill the land, All threatening to devour us.
We tremble not, unmoved we stand; they cannot overpower us.
Let this world's tyrant rage; in battle we'll engage.
His might is doomed to fail; God's judgment must prevail!
One little word subdues him.

God's Word forever shall abide, no thanks to foes, who fear it;
For God Himself fights by our side with weapons of the Spirit.
Were they to take our house, goods, honor, child, or spouse,
Though life be wrenched away, They cannot win the day.
The Kingdom's ours forever.

Text & Tune: Martin Luther



FOR ALL THE SAINTS

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest. Alleluia, Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock,
their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light. Alleluia, Alleluia!

Halle, Hallelujah! Halle, Hallelujah!

Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia, Alleluia!

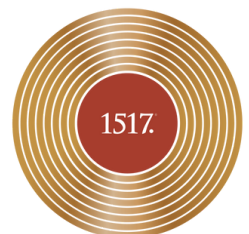
But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia, Alleluia!

Halle, Hallelujah! Halle, Hallelujah!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: Alleluia, Alleluia!

Text: William W. How and Blake Flattley

Tune: Ralph Vaughn Williams and Blake Flattley



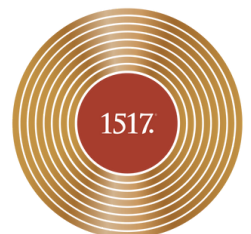
ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide.
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who like Thyself, my Guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Words and Music by William Henry Monk,
and Henry Francis Lyte



DOXOLOGY

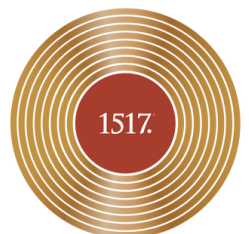
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise Him all creatures here below
Praise Him above ye heavenly hosts
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost

Amen, Amen, Amen

Thank you for joining us for Hymn Sing Happy Hour!

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