

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
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it
Mount of Thy redeeming love

Here I raise my Ebenezer
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering 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 Thy goodness 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
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it
Seal it for Thy courts above



THERE WILL BE REST

Are You there? Are You listening? Do You care? Did You plan this?
Oh, great God. Oh, great God.

Savior of the nations come and fill this world with grace and love
hallelujah, hallelujah
When all the world is torn apart and victory remains with God
Hallelujah, hallelujah. Will there be rest?

You are here. You are listening. And You've met us with forgiveness
You are here. You are listening. You hurt more and weep with us
You make all things new. God, You make us new.

Savior of the nations come and fill this world with grace and love
Hallelujah, hallelujah.
Though the world is torn apart, the victory remains with God.
Hallelujah, hallelujah
There will be rest.

Oh, great God. You are so great God...

Savior of the nations come, and fill this world with grace and love
Hallelujah, hallelujah.
When all that's right shall be restored and victory remains with God
Hallelujah, hallelujah
There will be rest.

Written by Blake Flattley & Brian T. Murphy CCLI# 704065



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



JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world the Lord has 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 streams and 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



THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

This is my Father's world and to my listening ears
All nature sings and 'round me rings the music of the spheres.

This is my Father's world I rest me in the thought
of rocks and tress of skies and seas His hand the wonders wrought

This is my Father's world the birds their carols raise
The morning light the lily-white Declare their Maker's praise

This is my Father's world He shines in all that's fair
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass He speaks to me everywhere

This is my Father's world oh let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems off so strong God is the ruler yet.

This is my Father's world why should my heart be sad?
The Lord is King let the heavens ring God reigns let the earth be glad.

The Lord is King let the heavens ring
God reigns let the earth be glad!

Written by Maltbie D. Babcock & Franklin L. Sheppard

Arranged by Blake Flattley

CCLI# 7064071



CHIEF OF SINNERS

Chief of sinners thou I be
Jesus shed His blood for me.
Died that I might live on high.
Lives that I might never die.
As the branch is to the vine.
I am His and He is mine.

Oh the height of Jesus' love
Higher than the heavens above
deeper than the depths of sea
Lasting as eternity
Love that found me wondrous thought
Found me when I sought Him not.

Only Jesus can impart
balm to heal the wounded heart
peace that flows from sin forgiv'n
Joy that lifts the soul to heaven
Faith and hope to walk with God
In the way that Enoch trod

Oh my Savior help afford
by Your Spirit and Your Word
when my wayward heart would stray
keep me in the narrow way
grace in time of need supply
While I live and when I die.

Written by William McComb & Richard Redhead
Arranged by Blake Flattley
CCLI# 7064074



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



NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD

What can wash away my sin? Nothin' but the blood of Jesus
What can make me whole again? Nothin' but the blood of Jesus

CHORUS:

Oh precious is the flow
that makes us white as snow
No other fount I know,
Nothin' but the blood of Jesus

For my pardon this I see, Nothin' but the blood of Jesus
For my cleansing this my plea, Nothin' but the blood of Jesus

CHORUS

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

This is all my hope and peace, Nothin' but the blood of Jesus
This is all my righteousness, Nothin' but the blood of Jesus

CHORUS

Written by Robert Lowry
Arranged by Blake Flattley CCLI # 7064076



GLORY BE TO JESUS

Glory be to Jesus who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life blood from His sacred veins
Grace and life eternal in that blood I find.
Blest be His compassion infinitely kind.

We lift our voices singing praise to Your name
for the mercy that flows from the Lamb who was slain.

Blest through endless ages be the precious stream
Which from endless torment did the world redeem
Abel's blood for vengeance pleaded to the skies
But the blood of Jesus for our pardon cries.

We lift our voices singing praise to Your name
for the mercy that flows from the Lamb

Praise You, I will never cease to praise You
Praise You, I will never cease to praise You

We'll not be silent, we'll shout it aloud
Letting all the world know of this Love
We'll not be silent, we'll shout it aloud
Letting all the world know of this Love

We lift our voices singing praise to Your name
for the mercy that flows from the Lamb (who was slain.)

Blake Flattley, Brian T. Murphy, Edward Caswall, Friedrich Filitz & Jay Foote
CCLI# 7064067



SING

We are a broken people, not worthy of Your grace
Humbly we will enter the temple of Your praise
Fall to our knees, Lay at Your scarred feet
The Lamb who took our place upon the mercy seat

And You sing over us. You sing over us.

CHORUS:

And we'll sing of Your great mercy
Sing of Your great grace
Because of Your great love
We'll sing aloud Your praise

You are the one,
Who's made us holy and set apart
Claimed as Your people
We worship You, the One True God

And You sing over us. You sing over us.

CHORUS

As You sing, As we sing
As You sing over us. You sing over us.

CHORUS

Music and lyrics by Blake Flattley CCLI Song# 7064066



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



HEAR US, FATHER, WHEN WE PRAY

Hear us, Father, when we pray,
Through Your Son and in Your Spirit.
By Your Spirit's word convey
All that we through Christ inherit,
That as baptized heirs we may truly pray

When we know not what to say
And our wounded souls are pleading,
May Your Spirit, night and day,
Groan within us interceding;
By His sighs, too deep for words, we are heard.

Jesus, advocate on high,
Sacrificed on Calvary's altar,
Through Your priestly blood we cry:
Hear our prayers, though they may falter;
Place them on Your Father's throne as Your own.

By Your Spirit now attend
To our prayers and supplications,
As like incense they ascend
To Your heav'nly habitations
May their fragrance waft above, God of love.

Text: Chad Bird

Tune: Geist-reiches Gesang-Buch, Halle, 1704, ed Johann A.
Freylinghausen

Setting: Blake Flattley



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 judgement 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



FEAR NOT!

I want to know what angels knew
when they said fear not!
I want to see what they saw when they claimed it.
I want to feel in my heart
the sure quaking of His power in my life and cry out fear not!

Fear not! Fear not!
Fear not! Fear not!

I want to stand on that ground where
His people cry fear not!
I want to hear what they heard when they tell me.
That the God who brings life
where there is no life at all has a Call for my life. Fear not!

Fear not! Fear not!
Fear not! Fear not!

Now I want to tell of His grace
to the faces lined with fear
I want to live passing on what He gave me
His only son on a hill
being killed for one and all, the word alive inside the call, fear not!

Fear not! Fear not!
Fear not! Fear not!

Test & Tune: Heather Choate Davis



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 food 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 (public domain)

Setting: Blake Flattley



BE THOU MY VISION

Be Thou my vision oh Lord of my heart
Naught be all else to me save that Thou art
Thou my best thought by day or by night
waking or sleeping Thy presence my light

Be Thou my wisdom and Thou my True Word
I ever with Thee and Thou with me Lord
Thou my great Father and I Thy true son
Thou in me dwelling and I with Thee one.

High King of Heaven my victory won
May I reach heaven's joys oh bright heaven's Sun
Heart of my own heart whatever befall
Still be my vision oh Ruler of All

Still be my vision oh Ruler of All



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

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise Him all creatures here below
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Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
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Amen, Amen, Amen

