

LET IT RISE
CCLI # 1340880

Let the glory of the Lord
Rise among us.
Let the glory of the Lord
Rise among us.
Let the praises of the King
Rise among us,
Let it rise.

Let the songs of the Lord
Rise among us.
Let the songs of the Lord
Rise among us.
Let the joy of the King
Rise among us,
Let it rise.
Oh, let it rise.

PLEASE JOIN ME IN THE CALL TO WORSHIP
PSALM 139:1-6

Leader: You have searched me, Lord,

All: and you know me.

Leader: You know when I sit and when I rise

All :you perceive my thoughts from afar.

Leader: You discern my going out and my lying down;

All: you are familiar with all my ways.

Leader: Before a word is on my tongue

All: you, Lord, know it completely.

LET US CONTINUE TO WORSHIP GOD IN SONG.

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE #66
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We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright;
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light!

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright;
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light!

Frankincense to offer have I:
Incense own a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising we are raising,
Worshipping God Most High.

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright;
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light!

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright;
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light!

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice;
Alleluia, Alleluia
Sounds through the earth and skies.

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright;
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light!

BRING WE THE FRANKINCENSE OF OUR LOVE #62

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Bring we the frankincense of our love
To the feet of the Holy Child,
Ever remembering God's great gift
Of a love that is undefiled.

Holy the Infant and holy the mother
And holy and precious the gifts that we bring;
Praise to the Father and praise to the Spirit
And praise to Christ Jesus our King.

Bring we the myrrh of humility
To the throne of the Son of God,
Ever recalling the purity
Of His life when the earth He trod.

Holy the Infant and holy the mother
And holy and precious the gifts that we bring;
Praise to the Father and praise to the Spirit
And praise to Christ Jesus our King.

Ever secure in His changelessness,
Though the kingdoms of earth may fall,
Bring we the gold of our faithfulness
To the King who is Lord of all.

Holy the Infant and holy the mother
And holy and precious the gifts that we bring;
Praise to the Father and praise to the Spirit
And praise to Christ Jesus our King.

WHAT CHILD IS THIS # 53

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What Child is this, who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.

This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,
Come, one and all, to own Him.
The King of kings salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.

This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!