

Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject

Spiritual “To Do List”
(things God has shown me today)

Service Music

Pre-Service - Step by Step / O God, Our Help in Ages Past

*O God, You are my God and I will ever praise You.
 O God, You are my God and I will ever praise You.
 I will seek You in the morning and I will learn to walk in Your way;
 And step by step You'll lead me and I will follow You all of my days.*

O God, our Help in ages past, Our Hope for years to come,
 Our Shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal Home!

*O God, You are my God and I will ever praise You.
 O God, You are my God and I will ever praise You.
 I will seek You in the morning and I will learn to walk in Your way;
 And step by step You'll lead me and I will follow You all of my days.*

Under the shadow of Thy throne Still may we dwell secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone, and our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.

*O God, You are my God and I will ever praise You.
 O God, You are my God and I will ever praise You.
 I will seek You in the morning and I will learn to walk in Your way;
 And step by step You'll lead me and I will follow You all of my days.*

O God, our Help in ages past, Our Hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our Guide while life shall last, And our eternal Home.

*O God, You are my God and I will ever praise You.
 O God, You are my God and I will ever praise You.
 I will seek You in the morning and I will learn to walk in Your way;
 And step by step You'll lead me and I will follow You all of my days.*

O God, our Help in ages past,
 Step by step You'll lead us and we will follow You, O God!

—Step by Step by David Strasser © 1992 Kid Brothers Of St. Frank Publishing
 O God, Our Help in Ages Past by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
 Music by William Croft (1677-1727)
 Arranged by Bruce Greer © 2002 Pilot Point Music

Prelude - Beautiful Star of Bethlehem - R. Boyce © 1940 James D. Vaughn Music Publisher

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WOODCUT ILLUSTRATION; from *A Child's Life of Our Lord* by Josephine Pollard,
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THE GUIDING STAR

Sing To The Great Jehovah's Praise

To the Tune: O For A Thousand Tongues

Sing to the great Jehovah's praise!

All praise to him belongs,

Who kindly lengthens out our days,

Demands our choicest songs:

Whose providence has brought us through

Another various year,

We all with vows and anthems new

Before our God appear.

Father, thy mercies past we own,

Thy still-continued care,

To Thee presenting through thy Son,

Whate'er we have, or are;

Our lips and lives shall gladly show

The wonders of thy love,

While on in Jesu's steps we go

To see thy face above.

Our residue of days or hours

Thine, wholly Thine shall be,

And all our consecrated powers

A sacrifice to Thee:

Till Jesus in the clouds appear

To saints on earth forgiven

And bring the grand sabbatic year

The jubilee of heaven.

—Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

As with Gladness Men of Old

DIX

William C. Dix, 1837 - 1898

Conrad Kocher, 1786 - 1872

1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing
2. As with joy - ous steps they sped To that low - ly
3. As they of - fered gifts most rare At that man - ger
4. Ho - ly Je - sus, ev - 'ry day Keep us in the

star be - hold; As with joy they hailed its light,
man - ger bed, There to bend the knee be - fore
rude and bare, So may we with ho - ly joy,
nar - row way; And, when earth - ly things are past,

Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright; So, most gra - cious
Him whom heaven and earth a - dore, So may we with
Pure, and free from sin's al - loy, All our cost - liest
Bring our ran - somed souls at last Where they need no

Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.
will - ing feet Ev - er seek Thy mer - cy seat.
treas - ures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heaven - ly King.
star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo - ry hide.

When I Survey

HAMBURG

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous Cross On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ, my God. All the vain things that
love flow min - gled down. Did e'er such love and
pres - ent far too small. Love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.