

# Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject

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

## Service Music

Pre-Service - SICILIAN MARINERS - Sicilian melody 18th century

Prelude - EBENEZER (O the deep, deep love of Jesus) - T. Williams (1869-1944)

Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus—  
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free—  
Rolling as a mighty ocean  
In its fullness over me!  
Underneath me, all around me  
Is the current of His love—  
Leading onward, leading homeward  
To His glorious rest above.

Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus—  
Spread His praise from shore to shore!  
Praise His mercy, praise His goodness;  
Praise His love forevermore.  
How He watcheth o’er His loved ones,  
Died to call them all His own;  
How for them He intercedeth,  
Watcheth o’er them from His throne.

Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus—  
Love of ev’ry love the best—  
'Tis an ocean vast of blessing;  
'Tis a haven sweet of rest.  
Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus—  
'Tis a heav’n of heav’ns to me;  
And it lifts me up to glory,  
Lifts me up eternally.

—S. Trevor Francis  
(1834-1925)

A decorative graphic featuring a textured teal background. In the foreground, several white candles of varying heights are lit, surrounded by green pine branches. The text is written in a stylized, red, serif font. The text reads: "He was manifested to take away our sins. I John 3:5". The word "He" is enclosed in a decorative square frame.

He was  
manifested  
to take away  
our sins.  
I John 3:5

PHOTO: RDO 11-29-2025



# Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

MARGARET

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1836 - 1897

Timothy R. Matthews, 1826 - 1910

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou  
 2. Heav-en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro -  
 3. The fox - es found rest, and the birds their nest In the  
 4. Thou cam'st, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should  
 5. When the heav - ens shall ring and her choir shall sing At Thy

cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth-le-hem's home there was  
 claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou  
 shade of the for - est tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou  
 set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing scorn, and with  
 com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing,

REFRAIN

found no room For Thy ho - ly Na - tiv - i - ty. 1-4. O  
 come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty.  
 Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee.  
 crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry.  
 "Yet there is room; There is room at My side for thee!" 5. My

come to my heart, Lord Je - sus; There is room in my heart for Thee.  
 heart shall re-joice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou com-est and callest for me.

# That Beautiful Name

Jean Perry, alt., 20th Century

Mabel Johnston Camp, 1871 - 1937

1. I know of a name, A beau - ti - ful name, That an-gels brought  
 2. I know of a name, A beau - ti - ful name, That un - to a  
 3. The One of that name My Sav - iour be - came, My Sav-iour of  
 4. I love that blest name, That won - der - ful name, Made high-er than

down to earth; They whis - pered it low, One night long a - go,  
 Babe was given. The stars glit - tered bright Through-out that glad night,  
 Cal - va - ry. My sins nailed Him there; My bur - dens He bare.  
 all in heaven. 'Twas whis-pered, I know, In my heart long a - go -

REFRAIN

To a maid - en of low - ly birth.  
 And an - gels praised God in heaven. That beau - ti - ful name, That  
 He suf - fered all this for me.  
 To Je - sus my life I've given.

beau - ti - ful name From sin has power to free us! That beau-ti-ful

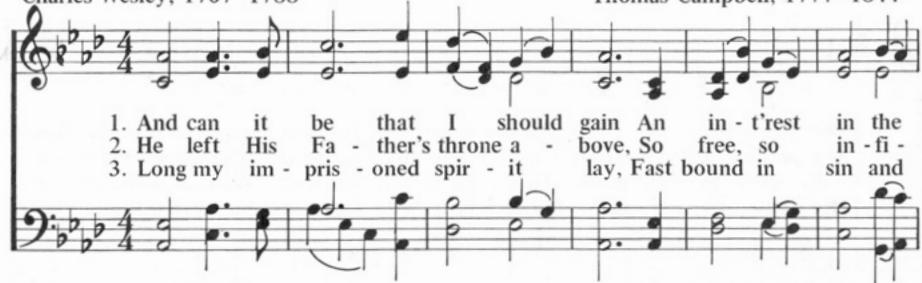
name, That won-der-ful name, That match-less name is Je - sus!

# And Can It Be?

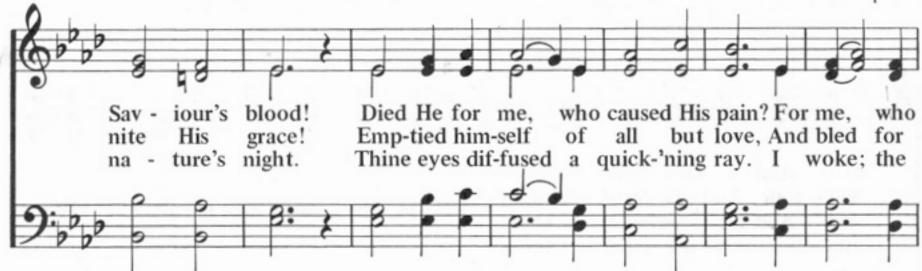
Charles Wesley, 1707 - 1788

SAGINA

Thomas Campbell, 1777 - 1844



1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in the  
2. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, so in - fi -  
3. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay, Fast bound in sin and

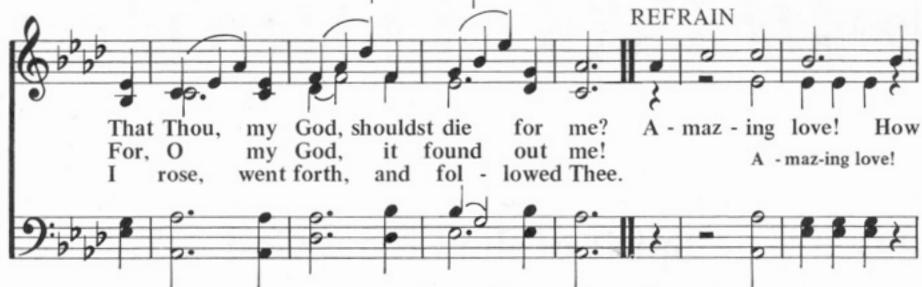


Sav - iour's blood! Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who  
nite His grace! Emp-tied him-self of all but love, And bled for  
na - ture's night. Thine eyes dif-fused a quick-'ning ray. I woke; the

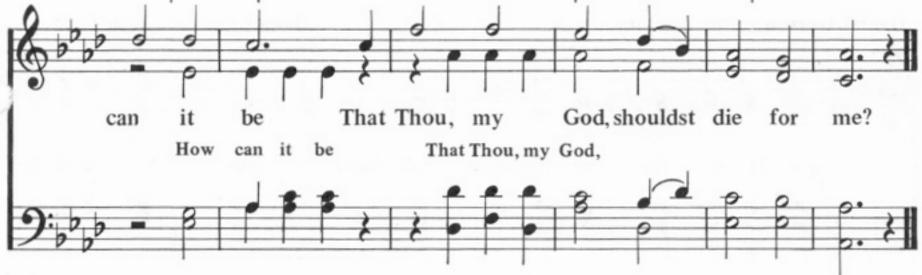


Him to death pur - sued? A - maz-ing love! How can it be  
Ad - am's help - less race. 'Tis mer-cy all, im-mense and free!  
dun - geon flamed with light. My chains fell off; my heart was free.

REFRAIN



That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me? A - maz - ing love! How  
For, O my God, it found out me!  
I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee. A - maz-ing love!



can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?  
How can it be That Thou, my God,