

Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject

Service Music

Pre-Service- ROCHESTER - I. Holdroyd (1690-17530)

Prelude- MARYTON - H. Smith (1825-1898)

Special Music- SLANE - Ancient Irish tune (ca. AD 800)

Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;
be all else but naught to me, save that Thou art;
be Thou my best thought in the day and the night,
both waking and sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, be Thou my true Word;
be Thou ever with me and I with Thee, Lord;
be Thou my great Father, and I Thy true son,
be Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
be Thou mine inheritance, now and always;
be Thou and Thou only the first in my heart,
O High King of heaven, my Treasure Thou art.

High King of heaven, Thou heaven's bright Sun,
O grant me its joys, after vict'ry is won;
Great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be Thou my Vision, O Ruler of all.

—Translated from the old Irish hymn "Bí Thusa 'mo Shúile"
by Mary Elizabeth Byrne, M.A. (1880-1931)

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

**He hath made His wonderful
works to be remembered:
The Lord is gracious
and full of compassion.
Psalms 111:4**

PHOTO: RDO 9-7-2020



Praise Ye the Lord, the Almighty

LOBE DEN HERREN

Joachim Neander, 1650-1680

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829-1878

"Stralsund Gesangbuch"

From "Praxis Pietatis Melica," 1668

1. Praise ye the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre-a-tion!
 2. Praise ye the Lord, who o'er all things so won-drous-ly reign-eth,
 3. Praise ye the Lord, who doth pros-per thy work and de-fend thee;
 4. Praise ye the Lord, Oh, let all that is in me a-dore Him!

O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy Health and Sal-va-tion!
 Shel-ters thee un-der His wings, yea, so gent-ly sus-tain-eth!
 Sure-ly His good-ness and mer-cy here dai-ly at-tend thee.
 All that hath life and breath, come now with prais-es be-fore Him!

All ye who hear, Now to His tem-ple draw near;
 Hast thou not seen, How thy de-sires e'er have been
 Pon-der a-new What the Al-might-y can do
 Let the A-men Sound from His peo-ple a-gain.

Join me in glad ad-o-ra-tion!
 Grant-ed in what He or-dain-eth?
 If with His love He be-friend thee.
 Glad-ly for aye we a-dore Him.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY

S. B. MARSH

1. Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly,
 2. Oth-er ref-u-ge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee.
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find.
 4. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin;

While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
 Leave, ah, leave me not a-lone; Still sup-port and com-fort me!
 Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal-ing streams abound, Make and keep me pure with-in.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho-ly is Thy name; I am all un-right-eous-ness.
 Thou of life the foun-tain art; Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide. Oh, re-ceive my soul at last!
 Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
 False and full of sin I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with-in my heart; Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.