

Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject

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

Enter to Worship. Depart to Serve.

To You Will I Lift Up My Soul

Dan Whittemore

To You, O Lord, will I lift up my soul. In You, O my God, will I trust. Show me Your ways, teach me Your paths, Guide me, let Your truth surround me. For You are my God and You are my Savior, My hope is in You all my days. Show me Your ways, teach me Your paths, To You will I lift up my soul. To You, O Lord, will I lift up my soul.

—Adapted from Psalm 25
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AT THE NAME OF JESUS EVERY KNEE SHOULD BOW, OF THOSE IN HEAVEN, THOSE ON EARTH, AND THOSE UNDER THE EARTH, AND EVERY TONGUE SHOULD CONFESS THAT JESUS CHRIST IS LORD.
PHILIPPIANS 2:10-11

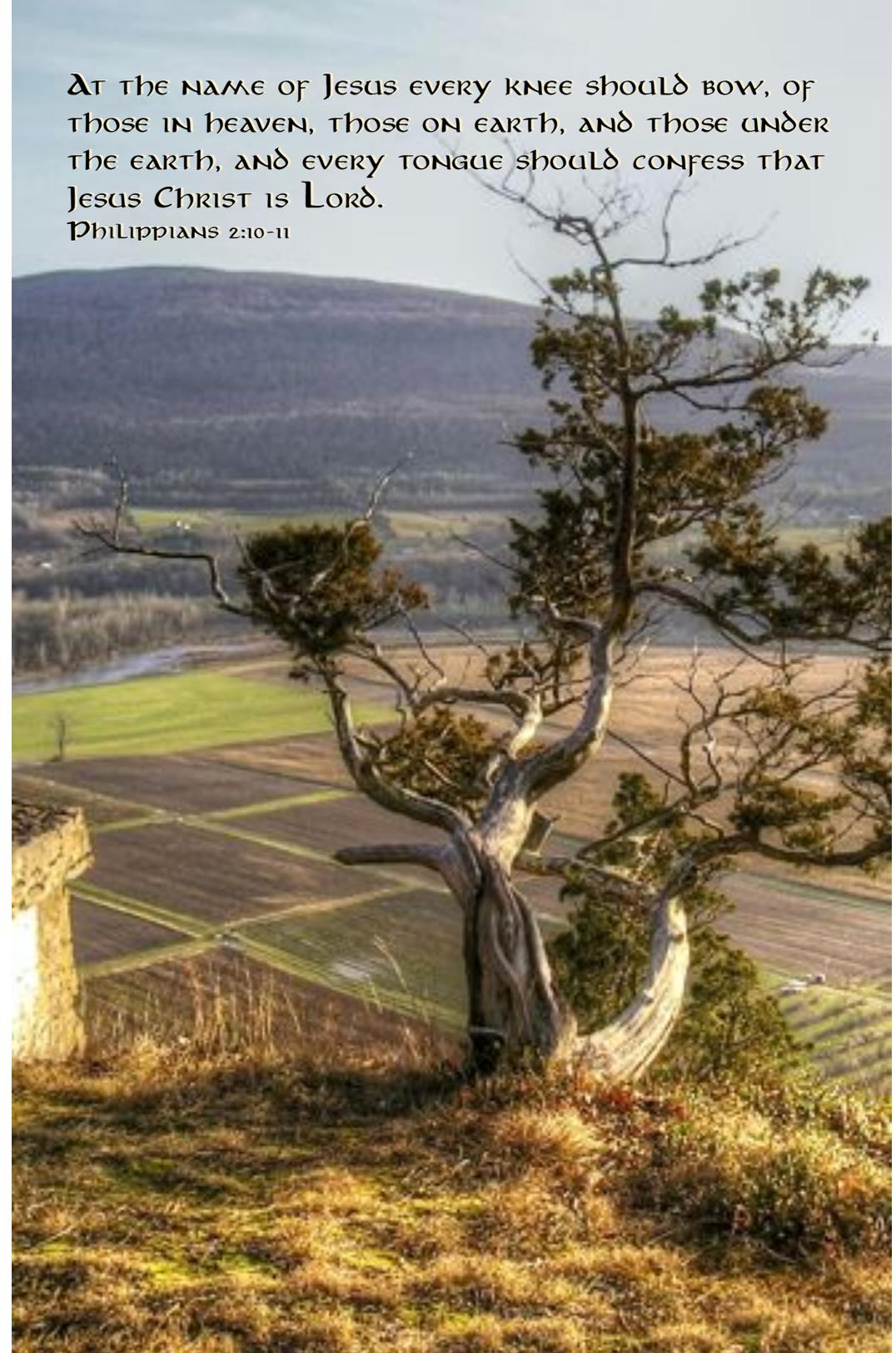


PHOTO: IVO 11-25-2005

He Hideth My Soul

KIRKPATRICK

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Lord. A won-der-ful
 2. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Lord. He tak-eth my
 3. With num-ber-less bless-ings each mo-ment He crowns; And, filled with His
 4. When, clothed in His bright-ness, trans-port-ed, I rise To meet Him in

Sav-iour to me. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
 bur-den a-way. He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved. He
 full-ness di-vine, I sing in my rap-ture, "Oh, glo-ry to God For
 clouds of the sky. His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love I'll

REFRAIN

riv-ers of pleas-ure I see.
 giv-eth me strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock
 such a Re-deem-er as mine!" shout with the millions on high.

That shadows a dry, thir-sty land. He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,

And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.

Come, We That Love the Lord

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

ST. THOMAS

Aaron Williams, 1731-1776

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
 2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God;
 3. The men of grace have found Glo-ry be-gun be-low;
 4. Then let our songs a-board, And ev-ry tear be dry;

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round His throne.
 But chil-dren of the heav-en-ly King May speak their joys a-broad.
 Ce-les-tial fruit on earth-ly ground From faith and hope may grow.
 We're march-ing thro' Im-mu-sal's ground To fair-er worlds on high.

When Morning Gilds the Skies

From the German, 19th Century

LAUDS DOMINI

Joseph Barnby, 1838-1896

Trans. by Edward Caswall, 1814-1878

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries.
 2. The night be-comes as day When from the heart we say,
 3. In heav'n's e-ter-nal bliss The love-liest strain is this,
 4. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine,

May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and pray'r,
 May Je-sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark-ness fear,
 May Je-sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky,
 May Je-sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e-ter-nal song.

To Je-sus I re-pair, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
 When this sweet chant they hear, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
 From depth to bright re-ply, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
 Thro' all the a-ges long, May Je-sus Christ be praised!