

Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject

Service Music

Prelude - TREES OF THE FIELD - S. Dauermann

LUCKINTON - B. Harwood (words below)

Let all the world in every corner sing:
"My God and King!"
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing:
"My God and King!"

Let all the world in every corner sing:
"My God and King!"
The Church with psalms must shout;
No door can keep them out.
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing:
"My God and King!"

Let all the world in every corner sing:
"My God and King!"
The Father, with the Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
One Everlasting Lord,
Be evermore adored!
Let all the world in every corner sing:
"My God and King!"

Amen.
—George Herbert

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

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Let the floods clap their hands;
let the hills sing together for joy.

Psalm 98:8



How Firm a Foundation!

GEORGE KEITH

EARLY AMERICAN MELODY

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. Fear not; I am with thee. Oh, be not dismayed, For I am thy
 3. When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of
 4. When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf-
 5. E'en down to old age all My peo-ple shall prove My sov'-reign, e-
 6. The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re- pose I will not, I

faith in His ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to
 God, I will still give thee aid. I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply. The flames shall not hurt thee; I
 ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
 will not de-sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He hath said, To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by My gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume and thy gold to re-fine.
 tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos-om be borne.
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake.

Faith Is the Victory

JOHN H. YATES

IRA D. SANKEY

1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise,
 2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;
 3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray.
 4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe White rai-ment shall be giv'n;

And press the bat-tle-ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies.
 We tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod.
 Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And on-ward to the fray.
 Be-fore the an-gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heav'n.

A- gainst the foe in vales be-low Let all our strength be buried.
 By faith they, like a whirl-wind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field;
 Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout,
 Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;

Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-ver-comes the world.
 The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin-ing shield.
 The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.
 We'll van-quish all the hosts of night In Je-sus' conqu'ring name.

Faith Is the Victory

CHORUS

Faith— is the vic-to-ry! Faith— is the vic-to-ry!
 Faith Faith
 Oh, glo-ri-ous vic-to-ry That o-ver-comes the world!

I'll Be True, Precious Jesus

Unknown

Unknown

1. I'll be true, pre-cious Je-sus, I'll be true. I'll be true, pre-cious
 2. I'll go through, pre-cious Je-sus, I'll go through. I'll go through, pre-cious

Je-sus, I'll be true. There's a race to be run; There's a
 Je-sus, I'll go through.

vic-t'ry to be won. Ev-'ry hour, by Thy pow-er, I'll be true.