

# Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject

## Service Music

Prelude - BLESSINGS - E. O. Excell

TACK O GUD (Thanks to God) - J. A. Hultmsn

## Special Music - THANKS BE TO GOD - S. Dickson

Thanks be to God for roses rare,  
For skies of blue and sunshine fair,  
For every gift I raise a prayer:  
Thanks be to God!

Thanks be to God for lovely night,  
For mystic fields with stars bedight,  
For hours of dream and deep delight  
Thanks be to God!

Thanks be to God for love divine,  
The hopes that round my heart entwine;  
For all the joy that now is mine  
Thanks be to God!

—P. J. O'Reilly

**G**IVE **T**HANKS

**Y**e shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and

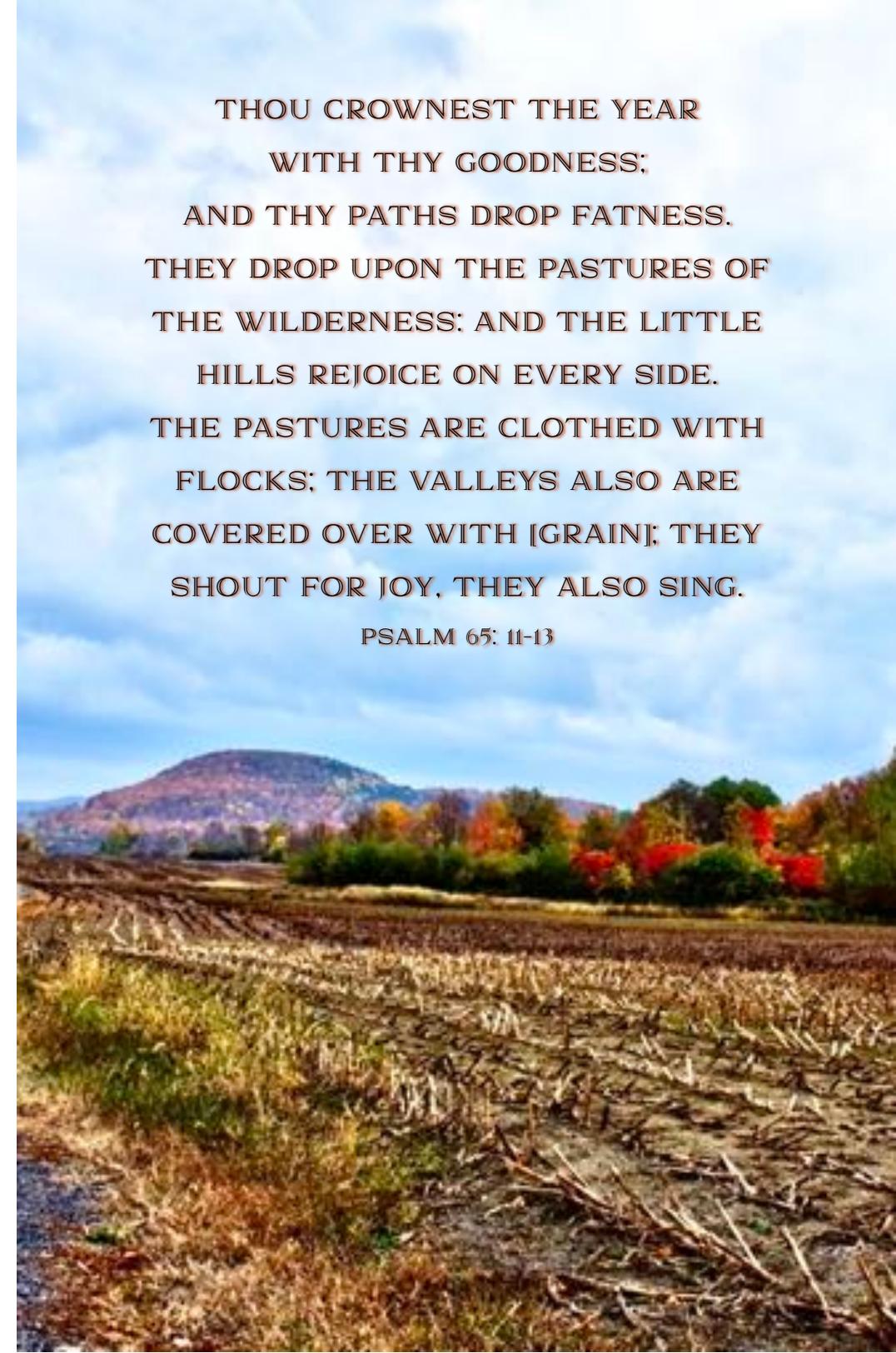
**P**raise the name of the Lord your God,

**T**hat hath dealt wondrously with you.

**J**oel 2:26

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

PHOTO: RDO 10-17-2022



THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR  
WITH THY GOODNESS;  
AND THY PATHS DROP FATNESS.  
THEY DROP UPON THE PASTURES OF  
THE WILDERNESS: AND THE LITTLE  
HILLS REJOICE ON EVERY SIDE.  
THE PASTURES ARE CLOTHED WITH  
FLOCKS; THE VALLEYS ALSO ARE  
COVERED OVER WITH [GRAIN]; THEY  
SHOUT FOR JOY, THEY ALSO SING.

PSALM 65: 11-13



# Come, Ye Thankful People

HENRY ALFORD

GEORGE J. ELVEY

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.  
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;  
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;  
4. E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi-nal har-vest-home;

All is safe-ly gath-ered in Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;  
Wheat and tares to-geth-ersown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown;  
From His field shall in that day All of-fens-es purge a-way;  
Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;

God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied.  
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear.  
Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,  
There for-ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide.

Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.  
Lord of Har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.  
But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.  
Come, with all Thine an-gels come; Raise the glo-rious har-vest-home.

# Gloria Patri

ANONYMOUS

CHARLES MEINEKE

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it

was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A-men. A-men.

# For the Beauty of the Earth

FOLIOTT S. PIERPONT

CONRAD KOCHER

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,  
2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and of the night,  
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child;  
4. For Thy Church that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,  
Friends on earth, and friends a - bove; For all gen - tle thoughts and mild;  
Of - fering up on ev - 'ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love,

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:*

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

*Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;*

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

*The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.*

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

*The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.*

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

*He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.*

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

*As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.*

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

*For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.*

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

*Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.*

—Psalm 103:1-14; 21-22

# Doxology

THOS. KEN

LOUIS BOURGEOIS

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.