

Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject

Now faith, hope, and love abide—these three; but the greatest of these is love.
1 Corinthians 13:13

Many a gift did Christ impart,
Noblest of them all is Love,
Love, a balm within the heart
That can all its pains remove;
Love, a star most bright and pure;
Love, a gem of priceless worth,
Richer than man knows on earth;
Love, like beauty, strong to lure;
Love, like joy, makes man her thrall,
Strong to please and conquer all.

Love can give us all things; here
Use and beauty cannot sever;
Love can raise us to that sphere
Whence the soul tends heavenwards ever;
Though one speak with angel tongues
Bravest words of strength and fire,
If no love his heart inspire,
They are but as fleeting songs;
All his eloquence shall pass,
As the noise of sounding brass.

Science with her keen-eyed glance,
All the wisdom of the world,
Mysteries that the soul entrance,
Faith that mighty hills had hurled
From their ancient seats;—all this,
Wherein man takes most his pride,
Valueless is cast aside,
If the spirit there we miss,
That can work from love alone,
Not from pride in what is known.



Though I lavished all I have
On the poor in charity;
Though I shrank not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake could see;
Though my body here were given
To the all-consuming flame;
If my mind were still the same,
Meeter were I not for heaven,
Till by Love my works were crowned,
Till in Love my strength were found.

Faith must conquer, Hope must bloom,
As our onward path we wend,
Else we came not through the gloom,
But with earth they also end:
Thou, O Love, doth stretch afar
Through the wide eternity,
And the soul arrayed in Thee
Shines for ever as a star.
Faith and hope must pass away,
Thou, O Love, endurest aye.

Come, thou Spirit of pure Love,
Who dost forth from God proceed,
Never from my heart remove,
Let me all Thy impulse heed;
All that seeks self-profit first,
Rather than another's good,
Whether foe or linked in blood,
Let me hold such thought accurst;
And my heart henceforward be
Ruled, inspired, O Love, by thee!



LOVE

SUFFERS LONG *and*
is **KIND**; **LOVE** DOES NOT *envy*; **LOVE**
DOES NOT *parade itself*, IS NOT *puffed*
up; DOES NOT BEHAVE *rudely*, DOES NOT
SEEK *its own*, IS NOT *provoked*, THINKS NO
evil; DOES NOT REJOICE *in iniquity*, BUT
REJOICES IN THE TRUTH; **BEARS** ALL
THINGS, **BELIEVES** ALL THINGS,
HOPES ALL THINGS,
ENDURES ALL
THINGS.

LOVE NEVER FAILS.

1 CORINTHIANS 13: 4-8

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

Oh, for a Thousand Tongues

CHARLES WESLEY

CARL G. GLAZER
ARR. BY LOWELL MASON

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise,
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin; He sets the pris - 'ner free.

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears; 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.

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 - uge 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.

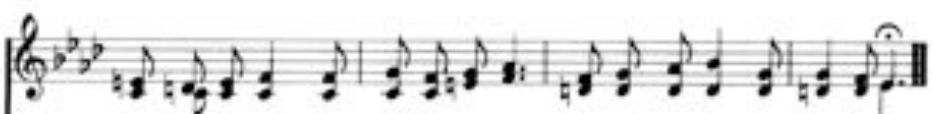
Open My Eyes, That I May See

Clara H. Scott, 1841 - 1897

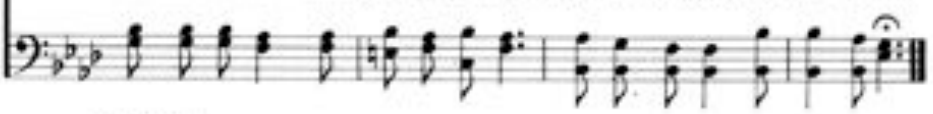
Clara H. Scott, 1841 - 1897



1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimp - ses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry-where;
4. O - pen my mind, that I may read More of Thy love in word and deed.



Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry - thing false will dis - ap - pear.
O - pen my heart and let me pre- pare Love with Thy chil- dren thus to share.
What shall I fear while yet Thou dost lead? On - ly for light from Thee I plead.



REFRAIN



Si - lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see.



O - pen my eyes,
ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
heart,
mind,

