



This Is My Father's World

TERRA BEATA

Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901

Franklin Sheppard, 1915

Arr. Edward Shippen Barnes, 1926

1. This_ is my Fa-ther's world, and to my lis-t'ning ears, all
 2. This_ is my Fa-ther's world, the birds their car - ols raise, the
 3. This_ is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get that

na - ture sings, and round me rings the mu - sic of the spheres. This
 morn-ing light, the lil - y white, de - clare their Mak- er's praise. This
 thoughthe wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul - er yet. This

is my Fa - ther's world: I rest me in the thought of
 is my Fa - ther's world: he sines in all that's fair; in the
 is my Fa - ther's world: the bat - tle is not done; Je -

rocks and trees, of skies and seas; his hand_ the won - ders wrought.
 rus - tling grass I hear him pass, he speaks to me ev - ery where.
 sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, and earth_ and heav'n be one.

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EVENING WORSHIP

Five O'Clock

The Reverend Mr. William E. Dempsey — Minister of Congregational & Pastoral Care
The Reverend Mr. David L. Felker — Executive Minister

The Greetings and Announcements (4:55 p.m.)

The Prelude

The Call to Worship — Psalm 107:1-3

The Hymn — “O Day of Rest and Gladness” (see guide)

The Invocation

The Hymn — “Thy Mercy, My God” (see guide)

The Greetings

The Evening Prayer Mr. Mark Windham, Ruling Elder

The Offering

The Offertory

The Hymn (stzs. 1, 2) — “This Is My Father’s World” (see guide)

The Prayer of Illumination

The Reading of Holy Scripture — 1 Kings 17:1-6

The Sermon — Indispensable: Elijah’s Feathered Caretakers Mr. Dempsey

The Benediction

The Congregational Response

This is my Father’s world, O let me ne’er forget,
That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ruler yet.
This is my Father’s world: the battle is not done,
Jesus who died shall be satisfied, and earth and heaven be one.

The Postlude

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Words by Christopher Wordsworth
Music by Christopher Miner

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O
 2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The
 3. Thou art a port pro - tect - ed From

day of joy and light O balm of care and sad - ness, Most
 light first had its birth; On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ
 storms that round us rise; A gar - den in - ter - sect - ed With

beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee the high and low - ly, Through
 rose from depths of earth; On thee our Lord, vic - tor - ious The
 streams of Par - a - dise; Thou art a cool - ing foun - tain In

a - ges joined in tune, Sing And Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly,
 Spir - it sent from heav'n sand; From thus, on thee, most
 life's dry, drear - y sand; And From thee, like Pis - gah's

Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une
 glor - i - ous, A We tri - ple light was
 moun - tain, view our prom - ised land.

4. Today on weary nations,
The heav'nly manna falls:
To holy convocations,
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing,
With soul refreshing streams.

5. New graces ever gaining,
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining,
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises,
To thee, blest Three in One.

THY MERCY MY GOD IS THE THEME OF MY SONG

Words by John Stoker
Music by Sandra McCracken

1. Thy mer - cy, my God, is the theme of my song, the
 out - thy sweet mer - cy that I could not live here; the
 mer - cy is more than a match for my heart and
 fath - er of mer - cies thy good - ness my I heart own which

joy of my heart and the boast of my tongue. Thy
 Sin would re - duce me to my own hard - ness de - pair; but
 won - ders to feel its of thy cruc - i - fied son; dis -
 cov - e - rant love of thy

free grace a - lone from ness the first to the last hath
 through thy free good - ness my I spir - it to re - vive and
 solved by to thy good - ness rit whose whis - per di - vine ground seals
 praise the the spi - rit whose whis - per di - vine ground seals

won - my af - fec - tions and bound my soul
 he that first made me of still the keeps my a
 weep for cy and praise par - don and right - eous - ness
 mer - cy

mine. All praise to the spir - it whose whis - per di - vine seals
 mer - cy and par - don and right - eous - ness mine!

fast.
live.
found.

2. With
3. Thy