

The Anglican Church in the Diocese of Trinidad and Tobago



Sunday

WORSHIP

Live!

Featuring...

Paul Cort

Glynis Bain

Denise Kendall

William Calliste

Lorraine Mckain

Joy Lange-Syriac

Ricardo Jadoonanan

Loveday Arthur-Williams

SINGING WITH THE SAINTS

LIVE STREAMING FROM
ALL SAINTS ANGLICAN CHURCH

SUNDAY 8TH NOVEMBER, 2020

HOST: REVEREND SHAQUILLE CHARLES

 sundayworshiplive@gmail.com

 **Anglican Sunday Worship Live TT**

 **LIVE The Anglican Outlook**

3PM

SUNDAY WORSHIP LIVE

SUNDAY 8th NOVEMBER, 2020

OUTLINE

'SINGIN WITH THE SAINTS'

VENUE: ALL SAINTS ANGLICAN CHURCH

- GREETING AND WELCOME
- PRAYER
- PRAISE AND WORSHIP- (30-35 mins)
- INTRODUCTION OF MUSICIANS/SINGERS
- HYMN- Angel Voices Ever Singing **CPWI 363**
- REFLECTION
- SELECTED HYMNS
 - Bringing in the Sheaves
 - For the beauty of the earth **CPWI 711**
 - For all the Saints **CPWI 819**
 - Praise and Thanksgiving **CPWI 719**
 - Pleasant are thy courts above **CPWI 740**
 - Thank You Lord (Don Moen) *sheet music provided*
 - We really want to thank you Lord **SOF 586**
 - Who are these like stars appearing **CPWI 823**
 - In this our beauteous island **CPWI 714**
 - All creatures of our God and King **CPWI 360**
 - Rejoice in God's Saints **CPWI 821**
 - Praise O Praise our God and King **CPWI 717**
 - Fill our hearts with joy and gladness **CPWI 318**

- **THE FIELDING OF HYMN REQUESTS FROM THE ONLINE VIEWERS**
Kindly avail oneself with a CPWI hymnal to facilitate the requests of the online viewers

- PRAISE AND WORSHIP (15mins)
- CLOSING REMARKS/NOTICES
- CLOSING PRAYER
- CLOSING HYMN- O Praise Ye the Lord (Noel Dexter) **CPWI 376**

CPWI 363

Angel voices, ever singing,
round thy throne of light,
angel harps, for ever ringing,
rest not day or night;
thousands only live to bless thee,
and confess thee
Lord of might.

Thou who art beyond the farthest
mortal eye can scan,
can it be that thou regardest
songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that thou art near us
and wilt hear us?
Yea, we can!

Yea, we know that thou rejoicest
o'er each work of thine;
thou didst ears and hands and voices
for thy praise design;
craftsman's art and music's measure
for thy pleasure
all combine.

In thy house, great God, we offer
of thine own to thee;
and for thine acceptance proffer,
all unworthily,
hearts and minds and hands and voices,
in our choicest
psalmody.

Honour, glory, might and merit,
thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity!
Of the best that thou hast given
earth and heaven
render thee.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of
kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of
reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

***Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the
sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves;
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the
sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.***

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling
breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labour
ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

Going forth with weeping, sowing for the
Master,
Tho' the loss sustained our spirit often
grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us
welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

CPWI 711

FOR the beauty of the earth,
for the beauty of the skies,
for the love which from our birth
over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
this our grateful hymn of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
hill and vale, and tree and flower,
sun and moon and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
this our grateful hymn of praise.

For the joy of human love,
brother, sister, parent, child,
friends on earth, and friends above,
pleasures pure and undefiled,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
this our grateful hymn of praise.

For each perfect gift of thine,
to our race so freely given,
graces human and divine,
flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
this our grateful hymn of praise.

For Thy Church which evermore
lifteth holy hands above,
offering up on every shore
her pure sacrifice of love.
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
this our grateful hymn of praise.

CPWI 819

For all the saints who from their labours
rest
Who Thee by faith before the world
confessed,
thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and
their might
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true
Light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old
And win, with them, the victor's crown of
gold.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare
long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
strong.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

CPWI 719

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes their
rest sweet is the calm of paradise the blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious
day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the
countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Praise and thanksgiving, Father we offer,
for all things living thou madest good;
Harvest of sown fields, fruits of the orchard
hay from the mown fields, blossom and
wood.

Bless thou the labour we bring to serve
thee,
that with our neighbour we may be fed.
Sowing or tilling, we would work with thee;
Harvesting, milling, for daily bread.

Father, providing food for thy children,
thy wisdom guiding teaches us share
one with another, so that rejoicing
with us, our brother may know thy care.

Then will thy blessing reach every people;
all men confessing thy gracious hand.
Where thy will reigneth no man will hunger;
thy love sustaineth; fruitful the land.

CPWI 740

Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe;
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fullness, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

THANK YOU LORD (DON MOEN)

I come before You today
And there's just one thing that I want to say
Thank You Lord
Thank You Lord
For all You've given to me
For all the blessings I can not see
Thank You Lord
Thank You Lord

With a grateful heart

With a song of praise

With an outstretched arm

I will bless Your name

Thank You Lord

I just wanna thank You Lord

Thank You Lord

I just wanna thank You Lord

Thank You Lord

For all You've done in my life
You took my darkness and gave me your
light
Thank You Lord
Thank You Lord
You took my sin and my shame
You took my sickness and healed all my pain
Thank You Lord
Thank You Lord

SOF 568

***We Really Want To Thank You, Lord,
We Really Want To Bless Your Name,
Hallelujah! Jesus Is Our King! [2]***

We Thank You, Lord, For Your Gift To Us,
Your Life So Rich Beyond Compare,
The Gift Of Your Body Here On Earth
Of Which We Sing And Share.

We Thank You, Lord, For Our Life Together,
To Live And Move In The Love Of Christ,
Tenderness Which Sets Us Free
To Serve You With Our Lives.

CPWI 823

Who are these like stars appearing,
these, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! Hark, they sing,
praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
clothed in God's own righteousness?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness,
shall their lustre still possess,
still untouched by time's rude hand?
Whence came all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
for their Saviour's honour long,
wrestling on till life was ended,
following not the sinful throng;
these, who well the fight sustained,
triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
sore with woe and anguish tried,
who in prayer full oft have striven
with the God they glorified;
now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
did as priests before him stand,
soul and body always waiting
day and night at his command:
now in God's most holy place
blest they stand before his face.

CPWI 714

In this our bounteous island
God smiles his sweetest smile;
from ferny dell and covert
wild flowers our eyes beguile;
among the leafy branches
the ripened mangoes sway,
and green pimento berries
make fragrant God's bright day.

***Praise him, ye bright people,
with harvest hymn of joy;
O give to God a hymn of praise,
and love without alloy.***

The creamy breadfruit blossoms
point upward to the sky,
to tell that God's rich blessings
fall on us from on high.

The canefields wave in greeting,
clad in their verdant dress;
and citrus fruits swing slowly
in golden loveliness.

We thank thee for the sunlight
on each day newly born,
that blends with rain in blessing
the tender ears of corn:
that ripens into beauty
fair fruits of every kind-
bananas, pears, star-apples,
and cherries purple-lined.

Young coconuts encircle
the warm hearts of the trees,
beneath the green boughs hiding,
an rustle in the breeze.
Nature her many voices,
each day with joy uplifts!
Shall we not thank our Father
For all his wondrous gifts.

CPWI 360

All creatures of our God and King
Lift up your voice and with us sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam!

Refrain:

***O praise Him! O praise Him!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!***

Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in Heaven along,
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of evening, find a voice;

Refrain:

Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
Make music for thy Lord to hear,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
That givest man both warmth and light:

Refrain:

Dear mother earth, who day by day
Unfoldest blessings on our way,
O praise Him! Alleluia!
The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,
Let them His glory also show.

Refrain:

And all ye men of tender heart,
Forgiving others, take your part,
O sing ye! Alleluia!
Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,
Praise God and on Him cast your care:

Refrain:

And thou most kind and gentle Death,
Waiting to hush our latest breath,
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Thou leadest home the child of God,
And Christ our Lord the way hath trod.

Refrain:

Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship Him in humbleness,
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in One!

Refrain:

CPWI 821

Rejoice in God's saints, today and all days!
A world without saints forgets how to
praise.
Their faith in acquiring the habit of prayer,
their depth of adoring, Lord, help us to
share.

Some march with events, to turn them
God's way;
some need to withdraw, the better to pray;
some carry the gospel through fire and
through flood:
our world is their parish: their purpose is
God.

Rejoice in those saints, unpraised and
unknown,
who bear someone's cross, or shoulder
their own:
they shame our complaining, our comforts,
our cares:
what patience in caring, what courage is
theirs!

Rejoice in God's saints, today and all days!
A world without saints forgets how to
praise.
in loving, in living, they prove it is true:
The way of self-giving, Lord, leads us to you.

CPWI 717

Praise, O praise our God and King;
hymns of adoration sing;

***for his mercies still endure
ever faithful, ever sure.***

Praise him that he made the sun
day by day his course to run;

and the silver moon by night,
shining with her gentle light;

Praise him that he gave the rain
to mature the swelling grain;

and hath bid the fruitful field
crops of precious increase yield;

Praise him for our harvest-store,
he hath filled the garner-floor;

And for richer food than this,
pledge of everlasting bliss;

Glory to our bounteous King;
glory let creation sing;
***glory to the Father, Son,
and blest Spirit, Three in One.***

CPWI 318

Fill your hearts with joy and gladness,
Sing and praise your God and mine!
Great the Lord in love and wisdom,
Might and majesty divine!
He who framed the starry heavens
Knows and names them as they shine.

Praise the Lord, his people, praise him!
Wounded souls his comfort know;
Those who fear him find his mercies,
Peace for pain and joy for woe;
Humble hearts are high exalted,
Human pride and power laid low.

Praise the Lord for times and seasons,
Cloud and sunshine, wind and rain;
Spring to melt the snows of winter
Till the waters flow again;
Grass upon the mountain pastures,
Golden valleys thick with grain.

Fill your hearts with joy and gladness,
Peace and plenty crown your days;
Love his laws, declare his judgments,
Walk in all his words and ways;
He the Lord and we his children--
Praise the Lord, all people, praise!

FIELDING THE HYMN REQUESTS FROM THE ONLINE VIEWERS

PRAISE AND WORSHIP (5:30PM)

CLOSING REMARKS

CLOSING PRAYER

CLOSING HYMN

Refrain

O praise ye the Lord, O praise ye the Lord!

Praise God in his sanctuary: O praise ye the Lord!

O praise ye the Lord! O praise ye the Lord!

Praise God in his sanctuary: O praise ye the Lord.

In the firmament of his power, praise him!

For his mighty acts, let us praise him!

For his excellent greatness, praise him!

O praise ye the Lord.

Refrain:

With the sound of the trumpet, praise him!

With the psaltery and harp, O praise him!

With the dance and the timbrel, praise him!

O praise ye the Lord.

Refrain:

With stringed instruments, let us praise him!

And with organs, O let us praise him!

With the high and loud cymbals, praise him!

O praise ye the Lord.

Refrain:

Coda:

Let everything that hath breath,

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!

