

Words written in  
1779 by John  
Newton

Tw'as grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come:  
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.

## DOXOLOGY

Praise God,  
from Whom  
all blessings flow;  
Praise Him,  
all creatures  
here below;  
Praise Him above,  
ye heav'nly host;  
Praise Father, Son,  
and Holy Ghost.  
Amen!

ON THE LORD'S DAY  
July 13, 2025

SUNDAY SCHOOL

## The 1689 Baptist

## Confession of Faith

Chapter 8: section 7-8

Amos Jeffrey Smith

GREETING, PRAYER  
& READING OF PSALMS

(please rise)

Psalm 78:1-31

## HYMNS

His Mercy is More

There is a Fountain  
Filled with Blood

## SCRIPTURE READING

## Acts 22:1-16

(please be seated)

HYMN & OFFERING

## Amazing Grace

## SERMON

## Psalm 8

Pastor

Shawn Roper

## DOXOLOGY



NEXT LORD'S DAY  
SCRIPTURE READING

Psalm 78:32-55

Acts 22:17-29

## SERMON

TBA



**TRINITY**  
REFORMED BAPTIST CHURCH

Meeting at 641 S. Maitland Ave., Maitland, FL 32751  
Sunday School 10am | Service 11am - [TRBChurch.org](http://TRBChurch.org)

**His Mercy is More** What love could remember no wrongs we have done?  
Omniscient, all knowing, He counts not their sum.

Matt Papa Thrown into a sea without bottom or shore,  
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more!

What patience would wait as we constantly roam?  
What Father, so tender, is calling us home?  
He welcomes the weakest, the vilest, the poor,  
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more!

Praise the Lord! His mercy is more!  
Stronger than darkness, new every morn,  
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more!

What riches of kindness Christ lavished on us,  
His blood was the payment, His life was the cost!  
We stood 'neath a debt we could never afford,  
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more!

Praise the Lord! His mercy is more!  
Stronger than darkness, new every morn,  
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more!

Praise the Lord! His mercy is more!  
Stronger than darkness, new every morn,  
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more!

**There is a Fountain Filled with Blood** There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from  
Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains:  
Lose all their guilty stains,  
Lose all their guilty stains;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

Keith Getty,

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away:  
Wash all my sins away,  
Wash all my sins away;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more:  
Be saved, to sin no more,  
Be saved, to sin no more;  
Till all the ransomed church of God,  
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die:  
And shall be till I die,  
And shall be till I die;  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.