Amazing Grace

Words written in 1779 by John Newton Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch; like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas 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

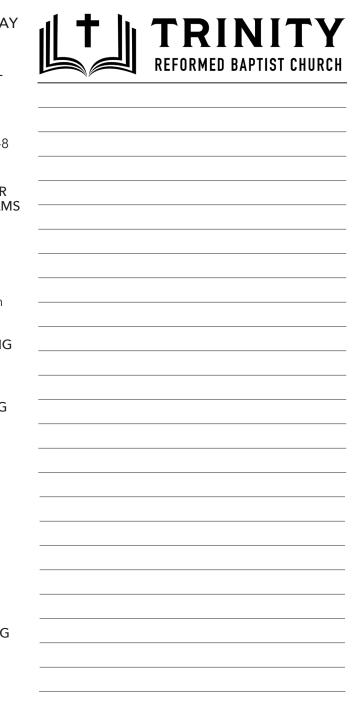


NEXT LORD'S DAY SCRIPTURE READING

Psalm 78:32-55 Acts 22:17-29

SERMON

TBA



His Mercy is What love could remember no wrongs we have done?

More 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,

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,

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.

Lose all their quilty stains;

Lose all their guilty stains.

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.