

A Mighty Fortress  
is Our God

Martin Luther

A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing  
Our Helper He, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing  
For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe  
His craft and pow'r are great,  
And, armed with cruel hate  
On earth is not his equal

Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing  
Were not the right Man on our side,  
The Man of God's own choosing  
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He  
The Lord of hosts His name, from age to age the same  
And He must win the battle

And though this world with devils filled  
Should threaten to undo us  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us  
The Prince of Darkness grim, we tremble not for him  
His rage we can endure, for lo, his doom is sure  
One little word shall fell him

That word above all earthly pow'rs,  
No thanks to them, abideth  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
Through Him who with us sideth  
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also  
The body they may kill; God's truth abideth still  
His kingdom is forever

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  
August 10, 2025

SUNDAY SCHOOL

The 1689 Baptist

Confession of Faith

Chapter 9: Section 3-5

GREETING, PRAYER  
& READING OF PSALMS

*(please rise)*

Psalm 80

HYMNS

Look, Ye Saints,  
the Sight Is Glorious

In Christ Alone  
SCRIPTURE READING

Acts 24:1-17

*(please be seated)*

HYMN & OFFERING

A Mighty Fortress

is Our God

SERMON

Psalm 16

Pastor

Shawn Roper

DOXOLOGY



NEXT LORD'S DAY  
SCRIPTURE READING

Psalm 81

Acts 25:1-27

SERMON

TBA



**TRINITY**  
REFORMED BAPTIST CHURCH

Meeting at 641 S. Maitland Ave., Maitland, FL 32751  
Sunday School 10am | Service 11am - TRBChurch.org

Look, Ye Saints,  
the Sight Is  
Glorious

Thomas Kelly

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious:  
See the Man of Sorrows now;  
From the fight returned victorious,  
Every knee to Him shall bow;  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Savior! angels, crown Him;  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings;  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown the Savior King of kings.

Sinners in derision scorned Him,  
Mocking thus the Savior's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
Own His title, praise His name;  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station;  
O what joy the sight affords!  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
King of kings and Lord of lords!  
King of kings and Lord of lords!

## In Christ Alone

Keith Getty

In Christ alone my hope is found  
He is my light, my strength, my song  
This cornerstone, this solid ground  
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm  
What heights of love, what depths of peace  
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease  
My comforter, my all in all  
Here, in the love of Christ, I stand

In Christ alone, who took on flesh  
Fullness of God in helpless babe  
This gift of love and righteousness  
Scorned by the ones He came to save  
'Til on that cross, as Jesus died  
The wrath of God was satisfied  
For every sin, on Him, was laid  
Here, in the death of Christ, I live

There in the ground, His body lay  
Light of the world, by darkness, slain  
Then bursting forth in glorious day  
Up from the grave, He rose again  
And as He stands in victory  
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me  
For I am His and He is mine  
Bought with the precious blood of Christ

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Sin's curse has lost its grip on me  
For I am His and He is mine  
Bought with the precious blood of Christ

No guilt in life, no fear in death  
This is the power of Christ in me  
From life's first cry to final breath  
Jesus commands my destiny  
No power of Hell, no scheme of man  
Can ever pluck me from His hand  
'Til He returns or calls me home  
Here, in the power of Christ, I'll stand

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