

First Presbyterian Church

EVENING WORSHIP SERVICE | MARCH 9, 2025

†Call to Worship and Invocation

†Confession of Faith Westminster Shorter Catechism, Q 46

†Song—Thank You Jesus For the Blood

1. I was a wretch; I re-mem-ber who I was. I was
2. You made a way a - cross the great div-ide, left be-
3. You took my place, laid in - side my tomb of sin. You were

lost, I was blind, I was run - ning out of time.
hind heav-en's throne to build it here in - side.
bur-ied for three days, then you walked right out a - gain. And now

Sin sep - a - ra - ted, the breach was far too wide, but from the
There at the cross you paid the debt I owed. Broke my
death has no sting and life has no end for

far side of the chasm, you held me in your sight.
chains, freed my soul, for the first time I had hope.
I have been trans-formed by the blood of the Lamb.

Thank you, Je - sus, for the blood ap - plied. Thank you, Je - sus, it has
washed me white. Thank you, Je - sus, you have saved my life,
brought me from the dark - ness in - to glo - rious light.

There is noth-ing strong-er than the won-der work-ing pow-er of the blood, the
blood that calls us sons and daugh-ters. We are
ran-somed by our Fa - ther through the blood, the blood.

B. McCleery | C. Gayle | D. Gentiles | E. A. Hoffman | J. H. Stockton | R. Kennedy | S. Musso

† Indicates the congregation standing.

†Song—Thank You Jesus For the Blood — Cont.

Glo - ry to His name, glo - ry to His name!

There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; glo - ry to His name!

†Song—Only a Holy God

Who else com-mands all the hosts of heav-en?
 What oth - er beau - ty de-mands such prais-es?
 What oth - er glo - ry con-sumes like fi - re?
 Who else could res - cue me from my fail - ing?

Who else could make ev - 'ry king bow down?
 What oth - er splen - dor out - shines the sun?
 What oth - er pow - er can raise the dead?
 Who else would off - er his on - ly Son?

Who else can whis - per and dark - ness trem-bles?
 What oth - er maj - es - ty rules with just - ice?
 What oth - er name re - mains un - de feat - ed?
 Who else in - vites me to call him Fath - er?

On - ly a Ho - ly God

Chorus
 Come and Be - hold him, the One and the on - ly

Cry out sing ho - ly for - ev - er a ho - ly

God Come and wor - ship the ho - ly God

Evening Prayers and Offering

†Song—His Mercy Is More

Children in Cherub Choir exit.

What love could re - mem - ber no wrongs we have done? Om -
What pa - tience would wait as we cons - tant - ly roam? What
What rich - es of kind - ness he lav - ished on us. His

ni - scient, all know - ing, he counts not their sum. Thrown
Fa - ther so ten - der is call - ing us home? He
blood was the pay - ment, his life was the cost. We

in - to a sea with - out bot - tom or shore, our
wel - comes the weak - est, the vil - est, the poor, our
stood 'neath a debt we could ne - ver af - ford, our

sins, they are man - y his mer - cy is

more Praise the Lord his mer - cy is more.

Strong - er than dark - ness, new ev' - ry morn. Our

sins, they are man - y, his mer - cy is more

M. Boswell | M. Papa

Sermon—Living in Holy Fear Rev. D. T. House

1 Peter 1:17-21

page 1203 in the pew Bible

†Song—Living Hope

How great the cha-sm that lay be-tween us, how high the moun-tain I could not
Who could i-mag-ine so great a mer cy? What heart could fath-om such bound-less
climb. In des-per - a-tion I turned to heav-en and spoke Your name in - to the
grace? The God of a-ges stepped down from glo - ry to wear my sin and bear my
night. Then through the dark-ness Your lov-ing-kind-ness saw through the shad-ows of my
shame. The cross has spo-ken, I am for-giv - en. The King of kings calls me His
soul, The work is fin-ished, then end is writ-ten. Je-sus Christ, my liv-ing hope.
own. Beau-ti-ful Sav-ior, I'm Yours for-ev-er. Je-sus Christ, my liv-ing hope.

Hal-le - lu - jah! Praise the One who set me free! Hal-le - lu - jah! Death has
lost its grip on me. You have bro - ken ev - 'ry chain, there's sal -
va - tion in Your name. Je - sus Christ, my liv - ing hope.

Then came the morn-ing that sealed the pro-mise. Your bur-ied bod-y be-gan to
breathe. Out of the si - lence, the roar-ing Li - on de-clared the
Repeat Chorus
grave has no claim on me. Je-sus Yours is the vic - to - ry.

B. Johnson | P. Wickham

†Benediction



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