



WEST BRIDGEWATER
COMMUNITY CHURCH

Sunday, April 3, 2022

Join us live on our Facebook or YouTube page beginning at 10:30 a.m.

Welcome and Announcements

Opening Prayer

Hymn: “All Glory Be to Christ”

Words: Dustin Kensrue. Music: Traditional Scottish tune (“Auld Lang Syne”).

Should nothing of our efforts stand, no legacy survive;
unless the Lord does raise the house, in vain its builders strive.
To you who boast tomorrow’s gain, tell me what is your life?
A mist that vanishes at dawn, all glory be to Christ!

All glory be to Christ our King! All glory be to Christ!
His rule and reign will ever sing, all glory be to Christ!

His will be done, His kingdom come, on earth as is above;
Who is Himself our daily bread, praise Him the Lord of love.
Let living water satisfy the thirsty without price,
we’ll take a cup of kindness yet, all glory be to Christ!

All glory be to Christ our King! All glory be to Christ!
His rule and reign will ever sing, all glory be to Christ!

When on the day the great I Am, the Faithful and the True,
the Lamb who was for sinners slain, is making all things new.
Behold our God shall live with us and be our steadfast light,
and we shall e’er His people be, all glory be to Christ!

All glory be to Christ our King! All glory be to Christ!
His rule and reign will ever sing, all glory be to Christ!

Song: “Yet Not I but through Christ in Me”

Words and music by Jonny Robinson, Rich Thompson, and Michael Farren

What gift of grace is Jesus my redeemer.
There is no more for heaven now to give.
He is my joy, my righteousness, and freedom,
My steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace.

To this I hold: my hope is only Jesus.
For my life is wholly bound to His.
Oh how strange and divine, I can sing: all is mine!
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

The night is dark, but I am not forsaken.
For by my side, the Savior, He will stay.
I labor on in weakness and rejoicing,
For in my need, His power is displayed.

To this I hold: my Shepherd will defend me.
Through the deepest valley He will lead.
Oh the night has been won, and I shall overcome!
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven,
The future sure, the price it has been paid.
For Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon,
And He was raised to overthrow the grave.

To this I hold: my sin has been defeated.
Jesus now and ever is my plea.
Oh the chains are released, I can sing: I am free!
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

With every breath I long to follow Jesus.
For He has said that He will bring me home.
And day by day I know He will renew me
Until I stand with joy before the throne.

To this I hold: my hope is only Jesus.
All the glory evermore to Him.
When the race is complete, still my lips shall repeat:
Yet not I, but through Christ in me!

When the race is complete, still my lips shall repeat:
Yet not I, but through Christ in me!
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Yet not I, but through Christ in me!

Time of Prayer

Sermon: “Victorious”

Revelation 19:11–16 (ESV)

¹¹Then I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse! The one sitting on it is called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he judges and makes war. ¹²His eyes are like a flame of fire, and on his head are many diadems, and he has a name written that no one knows but himself. ¹³He is clothed in a robe dipped in blood, and the name by which he is called is The Word of God. ¹⁴And the armies of heaven, arrayed in fine linen, white and pure, were following him on white horses. ¹⁵From his mouth comes a sharp sword with which to strike down the nations, and he will rule them with a rod of iron. He will tread the winepress of the fury of the wrath of God the Almighty. ¹⁶On his robe and on his thigh he has a name written, King of kings and Lord of lords.

Hymn: “How Deep the Father’s Love for Us”

Words and Music: Stuart Townend.

How deep the Father’s love for us, how vast beyond all measure,
that He should give His only Son to make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss, the Father turns His face away
as wounds which mar the Chosen One bring many sons to glory.

Behold the Man upon a cross, my sin upon His shoulders.
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there until it was accomplished.
His dying breath has brought me life, I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything, no gifts, no power, no wisdom;
But I will boast in Jesus Christ, His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an answer;
But this I know with all my heart, His wounds have paid my ransom.

The Lord’s Supper

Hymn: “Crown Him with Many Crowns”

Words: Matthew Bridges and Godfrey Thring. Music: George J. Elvey.

Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heav’nly anthem drowns all music but its own;
Awake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee,
and hail Him as thy matchless King through all eternity.

Crown Him the Son of God, before the worlds began,
and ye who tread where He hath trod, crown Him the Son of Man;
who ev’ry grief hath known that wrings the human breast,
and takes and bears them for His own, that all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of love, behold His hands and side,
those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
but downward bends His wond'ring eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of life, who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the strife for those He came to save.
His glories now we sing, who died, and rose on high,
who died eternal life to bring, and lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of lords, who over all doth reign,
who once on earth, th'incarnate Word, for ransomed sinners slain,
now lives in realms of light, where saints with angels sing
their songs before Him day and night, their God, Redeemer, King.

Benediction

2 Thessalonians 3:16, 18 (ESV)

¹⁶Now may the Lord of peace himself give you peace at all times in every way. The Lord be with you all. . . . ¹⁸The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.