



**WEST BRIDGEWATER**  
COMMUNITY CHURCH

Sunday, May 8, 2022

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

**Welcome and Announcements**

**Opening Prayer**

**Hymn: “Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above”**

*Words: Johann J. Schutz; Music: Bohemian Brethren’s Kirchengesänge*

Sing praise to God who reigns above, the God of all creation,  
the God of power, the God of love, the God of our salvation.  
With healing balm my soul He fills and every faithless murmur stills:  
to God all praise and glory.

What God’s almighty pow’r hath made His gracious mercy keepeth.  
By morning glow or evening shade His watchful eye ne’er sleepeth.  
Within the kingdom of His might, Lo! all is just and all is right:  
to God all praise and glory.

The Lord is never far away, but through all grief distressing,  
an ever present help and stay, our peace and joy and blessing.  
As with a mother’s tender hand, He leads His own, His chosen band:  
to God all praise and glory.

Thus all my toilsome way along, I sing aloud His praises,  
that men may hear the grateful song my voice unwearied raises.  
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart, both soul and body bear your part:  
to God all praise and glory.

**Hymn: “O Fount of Love”**

*Words and music by Matt Boswell and Matt Papa.*

O fount of love divine that flows from my Savior’s bleeding side  
Where sinners trade their filthy rags for His righteousness applied.  
Mercy cleansing ev’ry stain, now rushing o’er us like a flood;  
There the wretch and vilest ones stand adopted through His blood.

O mount of grace to Thee we cling, from the law hath set us free.  
Once and for all on Calv'ry's hill, love and justice shall agree.  
Praise the Lord! The price is paid, the curse defeated by the Lamb.  
We who once were slaves by birth, sons and daughters now we stand.

O well of joy is mine to drink, for my Lord has conquered death.,  
Victorious forevermore, the ancient foe is laid to rest.  
Hallelujah! Christ is King, alive and reigning on the throne;  
Our tongues employed with hymns of praise: Glory be to God alone.

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**Song: "His Mercy Is More"**

*Words and music: Matt Papa and Matt Boswell*

What love could remember no wrongs we have done?  
Omniscient, all-knowing, He counts not their sum.  
Thrown into a sea without bottom or shore,  
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 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 He 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.

**Time of Prayer**

## Sermon: “Who Shall Dwell on Your Holy Hill?”

### Psalm 15 (ESV)

A PSALM OF DAVID.

- <sup>1</sup> O LORD, who shall sojourn in your tent?  
Who shall dwell on your holy hill?
- <sup>2</sup> He who walks blamelessly and does what is right  
and speaks truth in his heart;
- <sup>3</sup> who does not slander with his tongue  
and does no evil to his neighbor,  
nor takes up a reproach against his friend;
- <sup>4</sup> in whose eyes a vile person is despised,  
but who honors those who fear the LORD;  
who swears to his own hurt and does not change;
- <sup>5</sup> who does not put out his money at interest  
and does not take a bribe against the innocent.  
He who does these things shall never be moved.

### Hymn: “There Is a Fountain”

*Words by William Cowper, music: early American melody*

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.

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.

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.

When this poor, lisping, stamm’ring tongue lies silent in the grave,  
then in a nobler, sweeter song, I’ll sing Your pow’r to save:  
I’ll sing Your pow’r to save, I’ll sing Your pow’r to save;  
then in a nobler, sweeter song, I’ll sing Your pow’r to save.

### Benediction

#### 2 Corinthians 13:14 (ESV)

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all.