

Lakeview Orthodox Presbyterian Church

The Lord's Day Morning

February 28, 2021, 9:30 AM

Prelude

Announcements

Apostolic Greeting

Call to Worship

Gloria Patri (#572)

Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen, amen.

Invocation—Lord's Prayer

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:
For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, forever. Amen.

Psalm 79B

Remember Not, O God

Pastoral Prayer

Hymn 455

I Need Thee Precious Jesus

Scripture Reading

I Timothy 1:12-14

[12] I thank him who has given me strength, Christ Jesus our Lord, because he judged me faithful, appointing me to his service, [13] though formerly I was a blasphemer, persecutor, and insolent opponent. But I received mercy because I had acted ignorantly in unbelief, [14] and the grace of our Lord overflowed for me with the faith and love that are in Christ Jesus. (ESV)

Sermon

"Grace Abounding"

Hymn 459

My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

The Lord's Supper

Hymn 450

Jesus Lover of My Soul

Benediction

Postlude

79B

Remember Not, O God

1. Re - mem - ber not, O God, the sins of long a - go;
 2. O Lord, our Sav - ior, help, and glo - ri - fy your name;
 3. In your com - pas - sion hear your pris - 'ner's plain - tive sigh,
 4. Then, safe with - in your fold, we will ex - alt your name;

in ten - der mer - cy vis - it us, dis - tressed and hum - bled low.
 de - liv - er us from all our sins and take a - way our shame.
 and in the great - ness of your pow'r save those a - bout to die.
 our thank - ful hearts with songs of joy your good - ness will pro - claim.

Paraphrase
The Psalter; 1912; mod.

GORTON S.M.
 Ludwig van Beethoven, 1807; adapt.

I Need Thee, Precious Jesus

1. I need thee, pre-cious Je - sus, for I am full of sin;
 2. I need thee, pre-cious Je - sus, for I am ver - y poor;
 3. I need thee, pre-cious Je - sus, and hope to see thee soon,

my soul is dark and guilt - y, my heart is dead with - in.
 a strang - er and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store.
 en - cir - cled with the rain - bow and seat - ed on thy throne.

I need the cleans - ing foun - tain where I can al - ways flee,
 I need the love of Je - sus to cheer me on my way,
 There, with thy blood - bought chil - dren, my joy shall ev - er be,

the blood of Christ most pre - cious, the sin - ner's per - fect plea.
 to guide my doubt - ing foot - steps, to be my strength and stay.
 to sing my Je - sus' prais - es, to gaze, O Lord, on thee.

Frederick Whitfield, 1855

MEIRIONYDD 7.6.7.6.D.
 William Freeman Lloyd, 1840
 Alternate tune: LLANGLÖFFLAN

My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

459

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less than Je - sus' blood and
 2. When dark - ness veils his love - ly face, I rest on his un -
 3. His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sup - port me in the
 4. When he shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then in

right - teous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, but
 chang - ing grace; in ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, my
 whelm - ing flood; when all a - round my soul gives way, he
 him be found, dressed in his right - teous - ness a - lone, fault -

Refrain

whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; all
 then is all my hope and stay.
 less to stand be - fore the throne.

oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, all oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, let me to thy bos - om fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, hangs my help - less soul on thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than all in thee I find:
 4. Plen - teous grace with thee is found, grace to cov - er all my sin;

while the near - er wa - ters roll, while the tem - pest still is high:
 leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, still sup - port and com - fort me!
 raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 let the heal - ing streams a - bound; make and keep me pure with - in:

hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, 'til the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on thee is stayed, all my help from thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is thy name; I am all un - righ - teous - ness;
 thou of life the foun - tain art, free - ly let me take of thee;

safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 cov - er my de - fense - less head with the shad - ow of thy wing.
 false and full of sin I am, thou art full of truth and grace.
 spring thou up with - in my heart, rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.