

Welcome to the March 30th, 2025

SUNDAY PM

Gathering of Thika Road Baptist Church

Songs of Preparation

Brethren We have met to worship

Great Hymns of the faith #15

Welcome

Call to Worship

Joyful Joyful we adore thee

Great Hymns of the faith #38

My Hope is built

Great Hymns of the faith #272

Prayer of Praise

Scripture Reading

Prayer of Confession

How Deep the Fathers love

Stuart Townend

Exhortation

Rock of Ages

Great Hymns of the faith #126

Message

Day by Day

Great Hymns of the faith #299

Benediction & Reflection: Spend a few moments silently reflecting on our time together.

Offering: As you exit, you are welcome to give towards the costs of lunch.

Brethren, We Have Met to Worship

HOLY MANNA

Attr. to William Moore, 19th century
in *Columbian Harmony*, 1825

GEORGE ATKINS, 19th century

1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship And a - dore the Lord our God;
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin-ners round you Slum-b'ring on the brink of woe;
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis - ter aid - ed him;
4. Let us love our God su - preme-ly, Let us love each oth - er too;

Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the Word?
Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing- Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trem-bling mour-ners Who are strugg-ling hard with sin?
Let us love and pray for sin - ners Till our God makes all things new.

All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
See our fa - thers and our moth - ers And our chil - dren sink - ing down;
Tell them all a - bout the Sav - ior- Tell them that He will be found;
Then He'll call us home to heav - en, At His ta - ble we'll sit down;

Breth - ren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show - ered all a - round.
Breth - ren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show - ered all a - round.
Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show - ered all a - round.
Christ will gird Him - self and serve us With sweet man - na all a - round.

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

HYMN TO JOY

HENRY VAN DYKE, 1852-1933

Melody from *Ninth Symphony*
LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1770-1827

1. Joy-ful, joy-ful, we a-dore Thee, God of glo-ry, Lord of love;
 2. All Thy works with joy sur-round Thee, Earth and heavn re-lect Thy rays,
 3. Thou art giv-ing and for-giv-ing, Ev-er bless-ing, ev-er blest,
 4. Mor-tals, join the might-y cho-rus Which the morn-ing stars be-gan;

Hearts un-fold like flow'rs be-fore Thee, Hail Thee as the sun a-bove.
 Stars and an-gels sing a-round Thee, Cen-ter of un-bro-ken praise;
 Well-spring of the joy of liv-ing, O-cean-depth of hap-py rest!
 Fa-ther-love is reign-ing o'er us, Broth-er-love binds man to man.

Melt the clouds of sin and sad-ness, Drive the dark of doubt a-way;
 Field and for-est, vale and moun-tain, Bloss-om-ing mea-dow, flash-ing sea,
 Thou the Fa-ther, Christ our Broth-er- All who live in love are Thine:
 Ev-er sing-ing, march we on-ward, Vic-tors in the midst of strife;

Giv-er of im-mor-tal glad-ness, Fill us with the light of day!
 Chant-ing bird and flow-ing foun-tain Call us to re-joice in Thee.
 Teach us how to love each oth-er, Lift us to the joy di-vine.
 Joy-ful mu-sic lifts us sun-ward In the tri-umph song of life.

My Anchor Holds

fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
For my an - chor holds, it firm-ly holds,

The Solid Rock

272

EDWARD MOTE, 1797-1874

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1816-1868

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trum-pet sound, O may I then in Him be found,

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev'-ry high and storm-y gale My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.

REFRAIN

On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand- All oth-er ground is

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

How Deep The Father's Love For Us [E]. **CAPO ON 2ND**

Stuart Townend - CCLI# 1558110: Copyright 1995 Thankyou Music

VERSE 1

D Em D G D Bm A
How deep the Father's love for us How vast beyond all mea--sure
D Em D G D A D
That He would give His on--ly Son To make a wretch His treasure
D/F# Bm A G D/F# Bm A
How great the pain of sea--ring loss The Father turns His face away
D Em D G D/A A D
As wounds which mar the cho--sen One Bring many sons to glory

VERSE 2

D Em D G D Bm A
Behold the Man upon a cross My sin upon His shoulders
D Em D G D A D
Ashamed, I hear my mo--cking voice Call out among the scoffers
D/F# Bm A G D/F# Bm A
It was my sin that held Him there Until it was acco--mplished
D Em D G D/A A D
His dying breath has brought me life, I know that it is fi-nished

VERSE 3

D Em D G D Bm A
I will not boast in a---ny---thing No gifts, no powr's, no wis--dom
D Em D G D A D
But I will boast in Je--sus Christ His death and resurrection
D/F# Bm A G D/F# Bm A
Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an an---swer
D Em D G D/A A D
But this I know with all my heart, His wounds have paid my ransom

TAG

D/F# Bm A G D/F# Bm A
Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an an---swer
D Em D G D/A A D
But this I know with all my heart, His wounds have paid my ransom

Rock of Ages

TOPLADY

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1740-1778

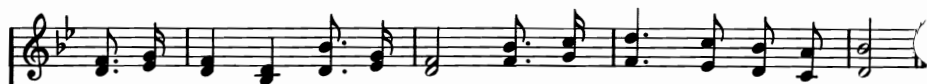
THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784-1872



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a - tone- Thou must save, and Thou a - lone,
 When I rise to worlds un-known And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,



Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in Thee.



Hallelujah, What a Savior!

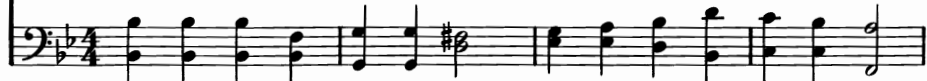
MAN OF SORROWS

PHILIP P. BLISS, 1838-1876

PHILIP P. BLISS, 1838-1876



1. "Man of Sor-rows!" what a name For the Son of God, who came
 2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood—
 3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we, Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
 4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
 5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,



Day by Day

LINA SANDELL BERG, 1832-1903

Trans. by Andrew L. Skoog, 1856-1934

OSCAR AHNFELT, 1813-1882

1. Day by day and with each pass-ing mo-ment, Strength I find to
 2. Ev-'ry day the Lord Him-self is near me With a spe-cial
 3. Help me then in ev-'ry trib-u-la-tion So to trust Thy

meet my tri-als here; Trust-ing in my Fa-ther's wise be-stow-ment,
 mer-cy for each hour; All my cares He fain would bear, and cheer me,
 prom-is-es, O Lord, That I lose not faith's sweet con-so-la-tion

I've no cause for wor-ry or for fear. He whose heart is kind be-
 He whose name is Coun-sel-lor and Pow'r. The pro-tec-tion of His
 Of-fered me with-in Thy ho-ly word. Help me, Lord, when toil and

yond all meas-ure Gives un-to each day what He deems best- Lov-ing-
 child and treas-ure Is a charge that on Him-self He laid; "As thy
 trou-ble meet-ing, E'er to take, as from a fa-ther's hand, One by

ly, its part of pain and pleas-ure, Mingling toil with peace and rest.
 days, thy strength shall be in meas-ure," This the pledge to me He made.
 one, the days, the mo-ments fleet-ing, Till I reach the prom-ised land.