

Announcements

- Tonight:** **Prayer & Praise:** We gather at 5:00pm for our regular prayer service. Tonight's message is on *Luke 7:37-38*.
The Lord's Supper: We will be celebrating the Lord's Supper during the evening service tonight. Please prepare your hearts to take it in a worthy manner.
- August 6:** **Wednesday Night Bible Study:** All are welcome from 7:00pm-8:00pm in the West Hall for our normal weekly Bible study.
- August 10:** **Core Seminars:** Choose 1 of 7 classes at 9:30am: Two Ways to Live, New Testament, Systematic Theology, Man and Woman in Christ, Stewardship, Christians in the Workplace, and Membership Matters.
Morning Service is at 10:30am; our sermon is on *Psalms 67*.
"How do I get involved at CHBC?" Begin with becoming a member. To start the process, attend the Membership Matters classes at 9:30am on Sundays (Room 4). Please e-mail sam.koo@capbap.org with any questions.
- General Info:** **For Children:** Nursing Mom's room is on the 2nd floor. Dads, room 205 is available for feeding, consoling and changing babies. *Ages Pre-K & below* childcare is on the 2nd & 3rd floors; *Grades K-3* "Praise Factory" is on the 4th floor.
For Families: Room 5 is available downstairs in case the *nursery is closed* or you have a *crying/fussy baby*. The Library is available for *families with sick children*. Service audio is provided.
Youth Ministry: Meetings take place most Fridays from 7:00-9:15pm in the church basement. All 7th-12th graders welcome. More info: email mark.feather@capbap.org
- Giving:** You can give online at www.capbap.org/give



Mark Dever – Senior Pastor
Jamie Dunlop, Nick Gardner, Chad Pritchard – Associate Pastors
Joseph Thigpen, Caleb Morell, Mark Feather – Assistant Pastors
Hours: M-F 8:30-5:30
525 A Street, NE • Washington, DC • 20002
Phone: (202) 543-6111 • Fax: (202) 543-6113
Email: chbc@capbap.org • www.capitolhillbaptist.org

***Large-print bulletins and assistive listening devices
are available from an usher upon request.***

Any Scripture quotations are from The ESV Bible, copyright © 2001 by Crossway. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

The kings of the earth set themselves,
and the rulers take counsel together,
against the Lord and against his Anointed.

Psalm 2:2

We gather this morning to praise our wrathful God.

Welcome

Scriptural Call to Worship

Psalm 121:1-2

Scriptural Reading

The Ten Commandments

Prayer of Confession

Scriptural Assurance of Pardon

Romans 11:33

Hymn

“Why Do Gentile Nations Rage? (Psalm 2)”

Hymn

“Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul”

Hymn

“His Mercy Is More”

Prayer of Praise

Scripture Reading

Acts 4:21-26

Children in kindergarten through 3rd grade participating in Praise Factory should exit during the hymn

Hymn

“Rock of Ages”

Pastoral Prayer & Prayer of Petition

Hymn

“Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow”

Prayer of Thanks

Please be seated for a time of quiet reflection before the sermon.

Offertory

Message

Psalm 2 (Pew Bible p. 448)

Ancient Prayers

Serve the Lord

The second of three studies in the Psalms

Hymn

“Come, Ye Sinners (I Will Arise)”

Benediction

Silence for Reflection and Preparation: *After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together this morning. When the piano resumes to mark the conclusion of the service, we invite all to stay around for conversation; refreshments are provided throughout the building.*

Preacher: Mark Collins

Service Leader: Mark Dever

Final Hymn

Come, Ye Sinners (I Will Arise)

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;
 2. Come, ye thirst - y, come, and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
 3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
 4. Let not con - science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
 True be - lief and true re - pen - tance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.

I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em - brace me in His arms;

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, O there are ten thou - sand charms.

Words: Joseph Hart (1712-1768); Music: Walker's Southern Harmony (1835), Public Domain

Silence for Reflection and Preparation: *After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together this morning. When the piano resumes to mark the conclusion of the service, we invite all to stay around for conversation; refreshments are provided throughout the building.*

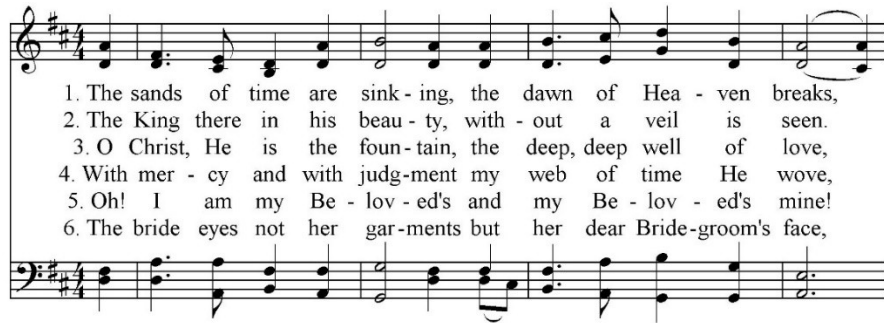


1. How rich a treas - ure we pos - sess in Je - sus Christ, our Lord.
 2. How free and cost - ly was the love dis - played up - on the cross!
 3. How vast and meas - ure - less the flood of mer - cy un - re strained!

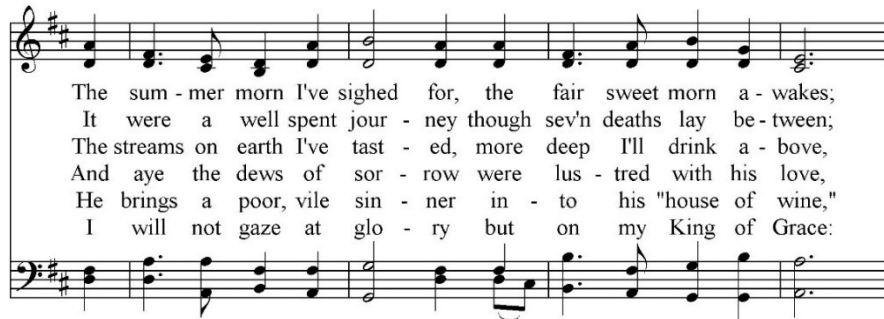
His blood, our ran - som and de - fense; his glo - ry, our re - ward.
 While we were dead in un - told sin, the Sov' - reign pur - chased us.
 The pen - al - ty was paid in full; the spot - less Lamb was slain.

The sum of all cre - a - ted things is worth - less in com - pare,
 The will of God, the Fa - ther dem - on - strat - ed through the Son.
 Sal - va - tion, what a price - less gift, re - ceived by grace through faith,

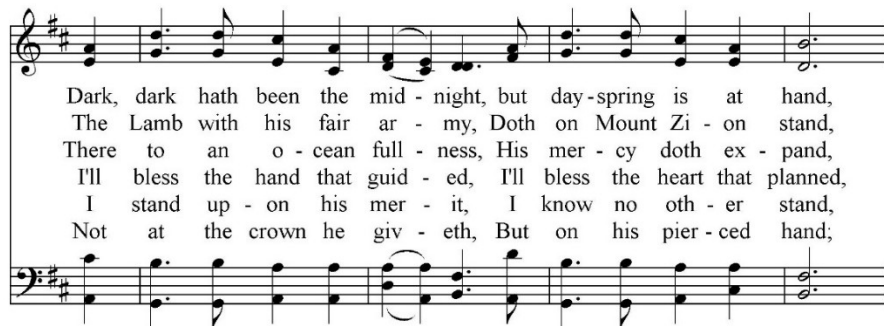
For our in - her - it - ance is Him whose praise an - gels de - clare.
 The Spir - it seals the great - est work, the work which Christ has done.
 We stand in robes of right - eous - ness; we stand in Je - sus' Name.



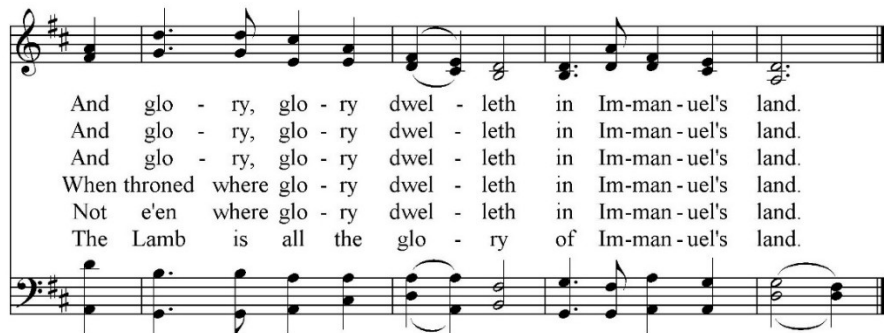
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, the dawn of Hea - ven breaks,
 2. The King there in his beau - ty, with - out a veil is seen.
 3. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, the deep, deep well of love,
 4. With mer - cy and with judg - ment my web of time He wove,
 5. Oh! I am my Be - lov - ed's and my Be - lov - ed's mine!
 6. The bride eyes not her gar - ments but her dear Bride - groom's face,



The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, the fair sweet morn a - wakes;
 It were a well spent jour - ney though sev'n deaths lay be - tween;
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, more deep I'll drink a - bove,
 And aye the dews of sor - row were lus - tred with his love,
 He brings a poor, vile sin - ner in - to his "house of wine,"
 I will not gaze at glo - ry but on my King of Grace:

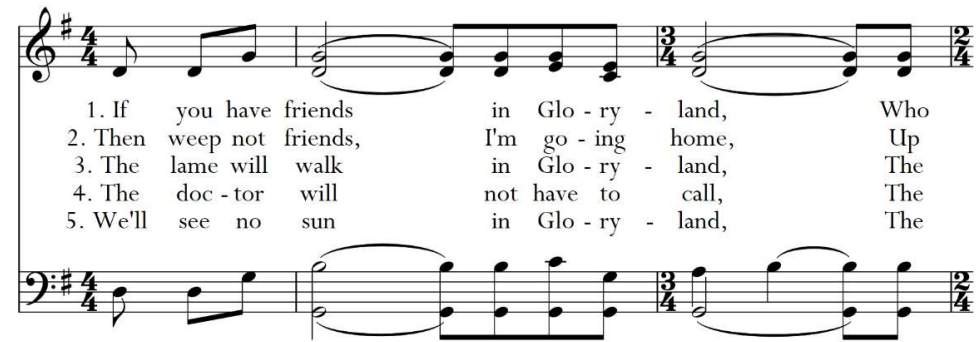


Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, but day - spring is at hand,
 The Lamb with his fair ar - my, Doth on Mount Zi - on stand,
 There to an o - cean full - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,
 I stand up - on his mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,
 Not at the crown he giv - eth, But on his pier - ced hand;



And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
 When throned where glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
 Not e'en where glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry of Im - man - uel's land.

Words: Anne Ross Cousin (1857), based on the letters of Samuel Rutherford, Public Domain
 Music: Connie Dever, © 2014 (CCLI# 264766)



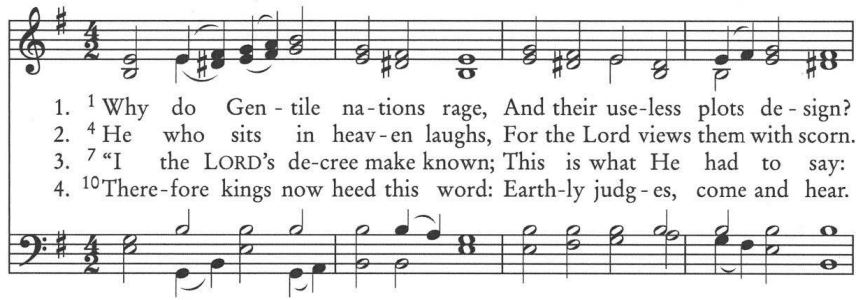
1. If you have friends in Glo - ry - land, Who
 2. Then weep not friends, I'm go - ing home, Up
 3. The lame will walk in Glo - ry - land, The
 4. The doc - tor will not have to call, The
 5. We'll see no sun in Glo - ry - land, The



left this world of pain, Thank God up there they'll die no
 there we'll die no more. No cof - fins will be made up
 blind up there will see. The deaf in Glo - ry - land will
 un - der - tak - er, no! There'll be no pain up there to
 moon and stars won't shine For Christ him - self is light up



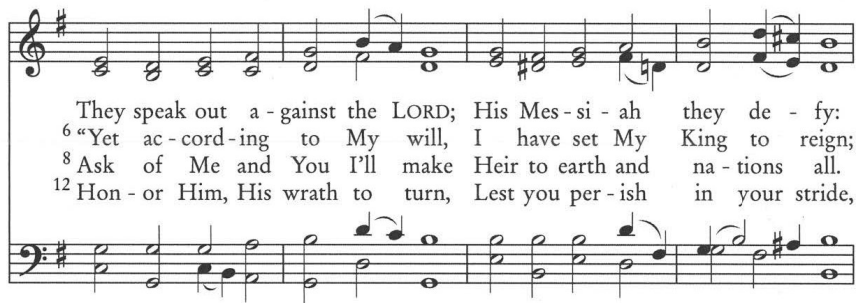
more; They'll suf - fer not a - gain.
 there; No graves on that bright shore.
 hear; The mute will talk to me.
 bear; Just walk the streets of gold.
 there; He reigns in love di - vine.



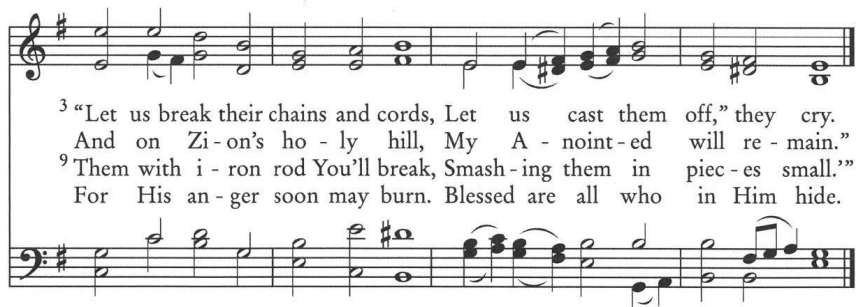
1. ¹ Why do Gen - tile na - tions rage, And their use - less plots de - sign?
 2. ⁴ He who sits in heav - en laughs, For the Lord views them with scorn.
 3. ⁷ "I the LORD's de - cree make known; This is what He had to say:
 4. ¹⁰ There - fore kings now heed this word: Earth - ly judg - es, come and hear.



² Kings of earth in schemes en - gage, Rul - ers are in league com - bined.
⁵ He will speak to them in wrath, And in an - ger He will warn:
 He de - clared, 'You are My Son; I have brought You forth this day.
¹¹ Rev' - rent wor - ship give the LORD; With your joy mix trem - bling fear.



They speak out a - gainst the LORD; His Mes - si - ah they de - fy:
⁶ "Yet ac - cord - ing to My will, I have set My King to reign;
⁸ Ask of Me and You I'll make Heir to earth and na - tions all.
¹² Hon - or Him, His wrath to turn, Lest you per - ish in your stride,



³ "Let us break their chains and cords, Let us cast them off," they cry.
 And on Zi - on's ho - ly hill, My A - noint - ed will re - main."
⁹ Them with i - ron rod You'll break, Smash - ing them in piec - es small."
 For His an - ger soon may burn. Blessed are all who in Him hide.

Hymn Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. A-men.

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)

Music: Geneva Psalter (1551) Edition: Louis Bourgeois (1510-1561); Public Domain

Hymn Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

1. Dear ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, on Thee, when sor - rows rise,
2. But oh! When gloo - my doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee mine;
3. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face, and shall I seek in vain?
4. Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat;

On Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, my faint - ing hope re - lies.
The springs of com - fort seem to fail, and all my hopes de - cline.
And can the ear of sov - 'reign grace be deaf when I com - plain?
With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.

To Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, for Thou a - lone canst heal;
Yet gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust;
No, still the ear of sov - 'reign grace at - tends the mourn - er's prayer;
Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat;

Thy Word can bring a sweet re - lief for ev - ery pain I feel.
And still my soul would cleave to Thee, though pros - trate in the dust.
O may I ev - er find ac - cess to breathe my sor - rows there.
With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.

Words: Anne Steele (1716-1778), Public Domain; Music: © Matt Merker, 2014

Hymn

His Mercy Is More

1. What love could re - mem - ber no wrongs we have done? Om - nis - cient, all -
 2. What pat - ience would wait as we con - stant - ly roam? What Fa - ther, so
 3. What rich - es of kind - ness he lav - ished on us: His blood was the

know - ing, he counts not their sum; Thrown in - to a sea with - out
 ten - der, is cal - ling us home? He wel - comes the weak - est, the
 pay - ment, his life was the cost. We stood 'neath a debt we could

1.
 bot - tom or shore, Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is more!
 vil - est, the poor; Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is
 ne - ver af - ford, Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is

2. 3.
 more! Praise the Lord! His mer - cy is more!
 more!

Stron - ger than dark - ness, new ev - 'ry morn, Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is more!

Words & Music: Matt Boswell & Matt Papa, © 2016 Common Hymnal Publishing, Love Your Enemies Music (CCLI# 264766)

Hymn

Rock of Ages

Children in kindergarten through 3rd grade participating in Praise Factory should exit during the hymn

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill
 3. No - thing in my hand I bring, sim - ply to
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes

my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
 thy law's de - mands; Could my zeal no res - pite know,
 thy cross I cling; Na - ked, come to thee for dress;
 shall close in death, When I soar to worlds un - known,

from thy wound - ed side which flowed, Be of sin the
 could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could
 Help - less, look to thee for grace; Foul, I to the
 see Thee on thy judg - ment throne, Rock of A - ges,

dou - ble cure, save from wrath and make me pure.
 not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foun - tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 cleft for me, let me hide my - self in Thee.

Words: Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778); Music: Thomas Hastings (1784-1872), Public Domain