

# CALL TO WORSHIP

Harpeth Baptist Church

## The Upper Room

Text: Matthew 26:17-30

Responsive Reading: Matthew 27:27-37

### SONGS

#### 8:30 service

- 383 The Solid Rock
- 386 Without Him
- 527 The Haven of Rest
- 570 Blest Be the Tie That Binds

#### 11:00 service

- 239 In Christ Alone
- 106 How Deep the Father's Love For Us
- 309 There Is A Fountain  
Reformation Hymn

*In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.*

*Zechariah 13:1*

When William Cowper, who had suffered from severe depression since the death of his mother when he was just six years old, was faced with the prospect of a final law examination before the House of Lords, he experienced a mental breakdown that he never fully recovered from.

Having been sent to St. Alban's asylum for eighteen months, he began to read the Bible, which brought some peace to his mind, and he was able to leave and live with his good family friend, famed author of "Amazing Grace," John Newton. Newton helped Cowper recover, and together Cowper and Newton wrote poetry and religious verse, which they later published in their own hymnal.

"There is a Fountain Filled With Blood" is one such hymn, and it is a dramatic illustration of Cowper's faith. The last verse in particular speaks to Cowper's hope of redemption; it reads, "When this poor lisp'g, stamm'ring tongue lies silent in the grave, then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing thy pow'r to save." The mental breakdown at his examination gave Cowper a lisp and stutter that he had the rest of his life, but he knew there was a greater song to be sung than any his earthly voice could raise, a song of praise to the dying Lamb.

There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
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.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

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.

When this poor lisp'g, stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.