

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 16th July 2017
Rev. Dave Sutherland

Hymn 1 MP 200

Great is Thy faithfulness,

O God my Father,
there is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not,
Thy compassions they fail not,
as Thou hast been
Thou for ever wilt be.

*Great is Thy faithfulness,
Great is Thy faithfulness;
morning by morning
new mercies I see;
all I have needed
Thy hand hath provided -
great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me!*

Summer and winter,
and spring-time and harvest,
sun, moon, and stars
in their courses above,
join with all nature in manifold witness
to thy great faithfulness,
mercy, and love.

Great is Thy faithfulness...

Pardon for sin,
and a peace that endureth,
Thine own dear presence
to cheer and to guide;
strength for today
and bright hope for tomorrow,
blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!
Great is Thy faithfulness...

Thomas O. Chisholm (1866-1960)
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Hymn 2 JP 288

Who put the colours in the rainbow?

Who put the salt into the sea?
Who put the cold into the snowflake?
Who made you and me?
Who put the hump upon the camel?
Who put the neck on the giraffe?
Who put the tail upon the monkey?
Who made hyenas laugh?
Who made whales and snails and quails?
Who made hogs and dogs and frogs?
Who made bats and rats and cats?
Who made ev'rything?

Who put the gold into the sunshine?
Who put the sparkle in the stars?
Who put the silver in the moonlight?
Who made Earth and Mars?
Who put the scent into the roses?
Who taught the honey bee to dance?
Who put the tree inside the acorn?
It surely can't be chance!
Who made seas and leaves and trees?
Who made snow and winds that blow?
Who made streams and rivers flow?
God made all of these!

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Hymn 3 CH3 673

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side;

Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change he faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly
Friend

Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as he has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still
know
His voice who ruled them while he dwelt
below.

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends
depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then shalt thou better know his love, his
heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy
fears.
Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay,
From his own fullness, all he takes away.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief, and fear are
gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears
are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Katharina Von Schlegel (1697-?)
Tr. Jane Laurie Borthwick (1813-1897)

Hymn 4 CH4 81

I to the hills will lift mine eyes.
From whence doth come mine aid?
My safety cometh from the Lord,
who heaven and earth hath made.

Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
he slumber that thee keeps.
Behold, he that keeps Israel,
he slumbers not, nor sleeps.

The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
on thy right hand doth stay:
the moon by night thee shall not smite,
nor yet the sun by day.

The Lord shall keep thy soul; he shall
preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep forever will.

Psalm 121, *The Scottish Psalter*, 1929

Hymn 5 MP 770

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,

when the clouds unfold their wings of
strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables
strain,
will your anchor drift, or firm remain?
*We have an anchor that keeps the soul
steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
fastened to the rock which cannot move,
grounded firm and deep in the Saviours
love!*

Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,
when the breakers roar and the reef is
near?
While the surges rage and the wild winds
blow,
shall the angry waves then your bark
o'erflow?
We have an anchor...

Will your anchor hold in the floods of
death,
when the waters cold chill your latest
breath?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
while your anchor holds within the veil:
We have an anchor...

Will your eyes behold through the morning
light,
the city of gold and the harbour bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
when life's storms are past for evermore?
We have an anchor...

Priscilla Jane Owens (1829-1899)

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