

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 24th September 2017
Rev. Dave Sutherland

Hymn 1 JP 139

Jesus' love is very wonderful,

Jesus' love is very wonderful,

Jesus' love is very wonderful,

O wonderful love!

So high, you can't get over it,

So low, you can't get under it,

So wide, you can't get round it,

O wonderful love!

(Sing twice)

H. W. Rattle

Hymn 2 MP 732

We plough the fields and scatter

the good seed on the land,

but it is fed and watered

by God's almighty hand;

He sends the snow in winter,

the warmth to swell the grain,

the breezes and the sunshine

and soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us

are sent from heaven above,

then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,

for all His love.

He only is the maker

of all things near and far;

He paints the wayside flower,

He lights the evening star;

the wind and waves obey Him,

by Him the birds are fed;

much more to us, His children,

He gives our daily bread.

All good gifts...

We thank You then, O Father,

for all things bright and good,

the seed-time and the harvest,

our life, our health, our food.

Accept the gifts we offer

for all Your love imparts;

we come now, Lord, to give You

our humble, thankful hearts.

All good gifts...

Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)

tr. Jane Montgomery Campbell (1817-1878)

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Hymn 3

God You're so good to me,

You give me all I ever need,

God You're so good to me,

You give me all I ever need,

You give me food to eat,

You give me clothes to wear,

You give me my good looks,

and my stylish hair,

For all these things I'd like to say....

Thank You for all You've done for me,

Thank You for all You give to me,

You put a smile upon my face,

I'll sing to You for all my days.

God You're so good to me,

You give me all I ever need,

God You're so good to me,

You give me all I ever need,

You give me games to play,

You give me sport for fun,

You give me football teams,

and my legs to run,

For all these things I'd like to say....

Mark Depledge

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Hymn 4 MP 152

For the beauty of the earth,

for the beauty of the skies,

for the love which from our birth

over and around us lies;

Father, unto You we raise

this our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour

of the day and of the night,

hill and vale, and tree and flower,

sun and moon, and stars of light;

Father, unto You we raise

this our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of love from God,
that we share on earth below;
for our friends and family,
and the love that they can show;
*Father, unto You we raise
this our sacrifice of praise.*

For each perfect gift divine
to our race so freely given,
thank You Lord that they are mine,
here on earth as gifts from heaven;
*Father, unto You we raise
this our sacrifice of praise.*

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint (1835-1917)
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Hymn 5 MP 988

How deep the Father's love for us,
how vast beyond all measure,
that He should give His only Son
to make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss –
the Father turns His face away,
as wounds which mar the chosen one
bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,
my sin upon His shoulders;
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
cry out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there
until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life –
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer,
but this I know with all my heart,
His wounds have paid my ransom.

Stuart Townend
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Hymn 6 MP 51

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
naught be all else to me, save that Thou art –
Thou my best thought, by day or the night,
waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom, Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee, Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father: I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Be thou my battle-shield, sword for the fight,
be Thou my dignity, Thou my delight.
Thou my soul's shelter, Thou my high tower:
raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my
power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou, and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.

High King of Heaven, after victory won,
may I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's
Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O ruler of all.

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