

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 21st January 2018
Mr. Brian Murray

Introit CH4 774

Jesus, name above all names,
beautiful Saviour, glorious Lord;
Emmanuel, God is with us,
blessèd Redeemer, living Word.
(Sing Twice)

Naida Hearn (1931-2001)

Hymn 1 CH4 111

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty!
early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Holy, holy. holy! all the saints adore thee,
casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;
cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
God ever living through eternity.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
though the sinful human eye thy glory may not see,
only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty!
all thy works shall praise thy name in earth
and sky and sea;
holy, holy, holy merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity.

*Reginald Heber (1783-1826)

Hymn 2 CH4 530

One more step along the world I go,
one more step along the world I go;

from the old things to the new
keep me travelling along with you:
And it's from the old I travel to the new;
keep me travelling along with you.

Round the corner of the world I turn,
more and more about the world I learn;
all the new things that I see
you'll be looking at along with me:
And it's from...

Give me courage when the world is rough,
keep me loving though the world is tough;
leap and sing in all I do,
keep me travelling along with you:
And it's from...
(Singing verses 1, 2 & 4)

Sydney Bertram Carter (1915-2004)

Hymn 3 CH4 268

O God of Bethel! by whose hand
thy people still are fed,
who through this earthly pilgrimage
hast all our fathers led:

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
our wandering footsteps guide;
give us each day our daily bread,
and raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around,
till all our wanderings cease,
and at our Father's loved abode
our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
our humble prayers implore;
and thou shalt be our chosen God,
and portion evermore.

*Scottish Paraphrases 1781
From Genesis 28: 20-22

Hymn 4

CH4 533

Will you come and follow me

if I but call your name?

Will you go where you don't know
and never be the same?

Will you let my love be shown,
will you let my name be known,
will you let my life be grown
in you and you in me?

Will you leave your self behind
if I but call your name?

Will you care for cruel and kind
and never be the same?

Will you risk the hostile stare
should your life attract or scare?

Will you let me answer prayer
in you and you in me?

Will you let the blinded see
if I but call your name?

Will you set the prisoners free
and never be the same?

Will you kiss the leper clean,
and do such as this unseen,
and admit to what I mean
in you and you in me?

Will you love the 'you' you hide
if I but call your name?

Will you quell the fear inside
and never be the same?

Will you use the faith you've found
to reshape the world around,
through my sight and touch and sound
in you and you in me?

Lord, your summons echoes true
when you but call my name.

Let me turn and follow you
and never be the same.

In your company I'll go
where your love and footsteps show.

Thus I'll move and live and grow
in you and you in me.

John L. Bell (b. 1949)
and Graham Maule (b. 1958)

Exeunt

CH4 528

Make me a channel of your peace.

Where there is hatred let me bring your
love;

where there is injury, your pardon Lord;
and where there's doubt, true faith in you.

*Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek
so much to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

Make me a channel of your peace.

Where there's despair in life let me bring
hope;

where there is darkness, only light;
and where there's sadness, ever joy.

Oh, Master...

Make me a channel of your peace.

It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving of ourselves that we receive;
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Oh, Master...

Sebastian Temple (1928-1997),
from the *Prayer of St Francis*

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