

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 28th January 2018
Rev. Dave Sutherland

Introit MP 467

Morning has broken

like the first morning;
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
fresh from the Word.

Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness
where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning
born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
praise every morning,
God's re-creation
of the new day!

Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)
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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 987

Here is love vast as the ocean,
loving kindness as the flood,
when the Prince of life, our ransom,
shed for us His precious blood.
Who His love will not remember;
who can cease to sing His praise?
He can never be forgotten
throughout heaven's eternal days.

On the mount of crucifixion
fountains opened deep and wide;
through the floodgates of God's mercy
flowed a vast and gracious tide.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers
poured incessant from above;
and heaven's peace and perfect justice
kissed a guilty world in love.

after William Rees

Please return this hymn sheet to the
table in the vestibule so it can be
distributed to people who listen to the
service on CD at a later date.

Hymn 3

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 4

MP 201

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,

pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fiery, cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
be Thou still my strength and shield,
be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside:
death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side:
songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee,
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams (1717-1791) altd.

Exeunt

MP 14

All heaven declares

the glory of the risen Lord;
who can compare
with the beauty of the Lord?
For ever He will be
the Lamb upon the throne;
I gladly bow the knee,
and worship Him alone.

I will proclaim
the glory of the risen Lord,
who once was slain
to reconcile man to God.
For ever You will be
the Lamb upon the throne;
I gladly bow the knee,
and worship You alone.

Noel and Tricia Richards

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