

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 4th March 2018
Rev. Dave Sutherland &
Mr. Brian Murray

Introit MP 38

As we are gathered, Jesus is here,
one with each other, Jesus is here;
joined by the Spirit, washed in His blood,
part of the body, the Church of God.
As we are gathered, Jesus is here,
one with each other, Jesus is here.

John Daniels
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Hymn 1 CH3 68

**Thou art before me, Lord, thou art
behind,**

And thou above me hast spread out thy
hand;
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,
Too high to grasp, too great to understand.

Then whither from thy Spirit shall I go,
And whither from thy presence shall I flee?
If I ascend to heaven thou art there,
And in the lowest depths I meet with thee.

If I should take my flight into the dawn,
If I should dwell on ocean's farthest shore,
Thy mighty hand would rest upon me still,
And thy right hand would guard me
evermore.

If I should say 'Darkness will cover me,
And I shall hide within the veil of night',
Surely the darkness is not dark to thee,
The night is as the day, the darkness light.

Search me, O God, search me and know my
heart,
Try me, O God, my mind and spirit try;
Keep me from any path that gives thee
pain,
And lead me in the everlasting way.

Ian Robertson Pitt-Watson (1923-1995)
From *the New English Bible* version of
Psalm 139

Hymn 2

MP 624

Take my life, and let it be

consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
take my moments and my days,
let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
at the impulse of Thy love;
take my feet, and let them be
swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
always, only, for my King;
take my lips, and let them be
filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
not a mite would I withhold;
take my intellect, and use
every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
it shall be no longer mine:
take my heart, it is Thine own;
it shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
at Thy feet its treasure store:
take myself, and I will be
ever, only, all, for Thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)

Hymn 3

MP 170

Give thanks with a grateful heart,

give thanks to the Holy One;
give thanks because He's given
Jesus Christ, His Son.

Give thanks with a grateful heart,
give thanks to the Holy One;
give thanks because He's given
Jesus Christ, His Son.

And now let the weak say, 'I am strong',
let the poor say, 'I am rich',
because of what the Lord has done for us;
and now let the weak say, 'I am strong',
let the poor say, 'I am rich',
because of what the Lord has done for us.

Give thanks with a grateful heart,
give thanks to the Holy One;
give thanks because He's given
Jesus Christ, His Son.

Give thanks with a grateful heart,
give thanks to the Holy One;
give thanks because He's given
Jesus Christ, His Son.

And now let the weak say, 'I am strong',
let the poor say, 'I am rich',
because of what the Lord has done for us;
and now let the weak say, 'I am strong',
let the poor say, 'I am rich',
because of what the Lord has done for us.
Give thanks.

Henry Smith (b. 1952)

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Hymn 4 MP 275

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

'Come unto Me and rest;
lay down, thou weary one, lay down
thy head upon My breast':
I came to Jesus as I was,
weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
and He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
the living water; thirsty one,
stoop down and drink, and live':
I came to Jesus, and I drank
of that life-giving stream;
my thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
and now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's light;
look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
and all thy day be bright':
I looked to Jesus, and I found
in him my star, my sun;
and in that light of life I'll walk,
till travelling days are done.

Horatius N. Bonar (1808-1889)

Hymn 5 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 by 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.

From *The Poem Book of the God*
selected and edited by

Eleanor Henrietta Hull (1860-1935)

originally published by Chatto & Windus

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Exeunt MP 411

Let there be love shared among us,

let there be love in our eyes;
may now Your love sweep this nation,
cause us, O Lord, to arise:
give us a fresh understanding
of brotherly love that is real;
let there be love shared among us,
let there be love.

Dave Bilbrough

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