

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 27th May 2018
Rev. Dave Sutherland

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 CH4 691

Be still my soul: the Lord is on your side;

bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
leave to your God to order and provide;
in every change he faithful will remain.
Be still my soul: your best, your heavenly
Friend
through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still my soul: your God will undertake
to guide the future as he has the past.
Your hope, your 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 lived
below.

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends
depart
and all is darkened in the vale of tears,
then you shall better know his love, his
heart,
who comes to soothe your sorrow, calm
your fears.
Be still, my soul: for Jesus can repay
from his own fullness all he takes away.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
when we shall be for ever with the Lord,
when disappointment, grief, and fear are
gone,
sorrow forgotten, love's pure joy restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears
are past,
all safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Katharina Amalia Dorothea von Schlegel
(1697-1768)

translated Jane Laurie Borthwick
(1813-1897)

Hymn 2 MP 515

O Love that wilt not let me go,

I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
that in Thine ocean depths its flow
may richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
my heart restores its borrowed ray,
that in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
may brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain
that morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
and from the ground there blossoms red
life that shall endless be.

George Matheson (1842-1906)

Hymn 3

MP 975

Before the throne of God above

I have a strong, perfect plea,
a great High Priest whose name is Love,
who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on His hands,
my name is written on His heart;
I know that while in heaven He stands
no tongue can bid me thence depart,
no tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,
and tells me of the guilt within,
upward I look and see Him there
who made an end to all my sin.
Because the sinless Saviour died,
my sinful soul is counted free;
for God the just is satisfied
to look on Him and pardon me,
to look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there! Thy risen lamb,
my perfect, spotless righteousness;
the great unchangeable I AM,
the King of glory and of grace!
One with Himself I cannot die,
my soul is purchased with His blood;
my life is hid with Christ on high,
with Christ my Saviour and my God,
with Christ my Saviour and my God.

Charitie L. Bancroft (1841-1892)

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Hymn 4

MP 746

What a friend we have in Jesus,

all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear –
all because we do not carry
everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful,
who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness –
take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven (1819-1886)

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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