

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 3rd June 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 MP 18

All over the world the Spirit is moving,
all over the world as the prophet said it
would be;
all over the world there's a mighty
revelation
of the glory of the Lord, as the waters
cover the sea.

All over His Church God's Spirit is moving,
all over His Church as the prophet said it
would be;
all over His Church there's a mighty
revelation
of the glory of the Lord, as the waters
cover the sea.

Right here in this place the Spirit is moving,
right here in this place as the prophet said
it would be;
right here in this place there's a mighty
revelation
of the glory of the Lord, as the waters
cover the sea.

Roy Turner
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Hymn 2 MP 465

Meekness and majesty,
manhood and deity,
in perfect harmony,
the man who is God:
Lord of eternity
dwells in humanity,
kneels in humility
and washes our feet.

*O what a mystery,
meekness and majesty:
bow down and worship,
for this is your God,
this is your God!*

Father's pure radiance,
Perfect in innocence,
yet learns obedience
to death on a cross:
suffering to give us life,
conquering through sacrifice;
and, as they crucify,
prays, 'Father, forgive.'
O what a mystery...

Wisdom unsearchable,
God the invisible,
Love indestructible
in frailty appears.
Lord of infinity,
stooping so tenderly,
lifts our humanity
to the heights of His throne.
O what a mystery...

Graham Kendrick
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Hymn 3

MP 1259

Bless the Lord, O my soul;

O my soul, worship His holy name.

Sing like never before, O my soul.

I'll worship Your holy name.

The sun comes up, it's a new day dawning;
it's time to sing Your song again.

Whatever may pass and whatever lies
before me,

let me be singing when the evening comes.

Bless the Lord, O my soul...

You're rich in love and You're slow to
anger,

Your name is great and Your heart is kind.

For all Your goodness, I will keep on
singing;

ten thousand reasons for my heart to find.

Bless the Lord, O my soul...

And on that day when my strength is
failing,

the end draws near and my time has come,

still my soul will sing Your praise unending:

ten thousand years and then for ever more!

Bless the Lord, O my soul...

Bless the Lord, O my soul...

...I'll worship Your holy name.

Yes, I'll worship Your holy name.

Lord, I'll worship Your holy name.

Jonas Myrin and Matt Redman

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Hymn 4

MP 755

When I survey the wondrous cross

on which the Prince of glory died,

my richest gain I count but loss,

and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the death of Christ my God:
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down:
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small,
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Hymn 5

MP 109

Crown Him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own:
awake, my soul, and sing
of Him who died for thee,
and hail Him as thy chosen King
through all eternity.

Crown Him the Son of God
before the worlds began;
and ye who tread where He hath trod,
crown Him the Son of Man,
who every grief hath known
that wrings the human breast,
and takes and bears them for His own,
that all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of life,
who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the strife,
for those He came to save:
His glories now we sing,
who died and rose on high,
who died eternal life to bring,
and lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
enthroned in worlds above;
crown Him the King to whom is given
the wondrous name of Love:
all hail, Redeemer, hail!
for Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges (1800-1894)
and Godfrey Thring (1823-1903)

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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