Livingstone Parish Church Sunday 23rd September 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 MP 732

We plough the fields and scatter

the good seed on the land, but it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand; He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain, the breezes and the sunshine and soft refreshing rain. All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above, then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all His love.

He only is the maker of all things near and far; He paints the wayside flower, He lights the evening star; the wind and waves obey Him, by Him the birds are fed; much more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread. All good gifts...

We thank You then, O Father, for all things bright and good, the seed-time and the harvest, our life, our health, our food. Accept the gifts we offer

for all Your love imparts; we come now, Lord, to give You our humble, thankful hearts. All good gifts...

> Matthias Claudius (1740-1815) tr. Jane Montgomery Campbell (1817-1878)

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Hymn 2 MP 23

All things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and small, all things wise and wonderful, the Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens, each little bird that sings, He made their glowing colours, He made their tiny wings.

All things bright...

The purple-headed mountain, the river running by, the sunset, and the morning that brightens up the sky; All things bright...

The cold wind in the winter, the pleasant summer sun, the ripe fruits in the garden, He made them every one: All things bright...

He gave us eyes to see them, and lips that we might tell how great is God almighty, who has made all things well. All things bright...

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)

Hymn 3 MP 799

All I once held dear, built my life upon, all this world reveres, and wars to own, all I once thought gain I have counted loss; spent and worthless now, compared to this:

Knowing You, Jesus, knowing You, there is no greater thing. You're my all, You're the best,

You're my joy, my righteousness,

Now my heart's desire is to know You more, to be found in You and known as Yours, to possess by faith what I could not earn, all-surpassing gift of righteousness. Knowing You...

And I love You, Lord.

Oh, to know the power of Your risen life, and to know You in Your sufferings, to become like You in Your death, my Lord, so with You to live and never die.

Knowing You...

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Hymn 4 MP 152

For the beauty of the earth, for the beauty of the skies, for the love which from our birth over and around us lies;
Father, unto You we raise this our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour of the day and of the night, hill and vale, and tree and flower, sun and moon, and stars of light; Father, unto You we raise this our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of love from God, that we share on earth below; for our friends and family, and the love that they can show; Father, unto You we raise this our sacrifice of praise.

For each perfect gift divine to our race so freely given, thank You Lord that they are mine, here on earth as gifts from heaven; Father, unto You we raise this our sacrifice of praise.

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint (1835-1917) altered © 1986 Horrobin/Leavers

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.

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