

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 9th December 2018
Rev. Dave Sutherland
2nd Sunday of Advent

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 JP 396

It was on a starry night when the hills were bright,
earth lay sleeping, sleeping calm and still,
then in a cattle shed, in a manger bed
for a Boy was born, King of all the world.
*And all the angels sang for Him,
the bells of heaven rang for Him;
for a Boy was born, King of all the world.
And all the angels sang for Him,
the bells of heaven rang for Him;
for a Boy was born, King of all the world.*

Soon the shepherds came that way, where
the Baby lay,
and were kneeling, kneeling by His side.
And their hearts believed again, for the
peace of men
for a Boy was born, King of all the world.
*And all the angels sang for him,
the bells of heaven rang for him;
for a boy was born, King of all the world.
And all the angels sang for him,
the bells of heaven rang for him;
for a boy was born, King of all the world.*

Joy Webb (b. 1932)
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Hymn 2 MP 456

Make me a channel of Your peace.

Where there is hatred let me bring Your love;
where there is injury, Your pardon, Lord;
and where there's doubt, true faith in You.

*Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek
so much to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

Make me a channel of Your peace.
Where there's despair in life let me bring hope;
where there is darkness, only light;
and where there's sadness, ever joy.
Oh, Master...

Make me a channel of Your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving of ourselves that we receive;
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Sebastian Temple (1928-1997),
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Hymn 3**MP 1045****From the squalor of a borrowed stable,**

by the Spirit and a virgin's faith,
to the anguish and the shame of scandal
came the Saviour of the human race.
But the skies were filled with the praise of
heaven,
shepherds listen as the angels tell
of the gift of God come down to man
at the dawning of Immanuel!

King of heaven now the friend of sinners,
humble servant in the Father's hands,
filled with power and the Holy Spirit,
filled with mercy for the broken man.
Yes, He walked my road and He felt my
pain,
joys and sorrows that I know so well;
yet his righteous steps give me hope again-
I will follow my Immanuel!

Through the kisses of a friend's betrayal
He was lifted on a cruel cross;
He was punished for a world's
transgressions,
He was suffering to save the lost.
He fights for breath, He fights for me,
loosing sinners from the claims of hell,
and with a shout our souls are free -
death defeated by Immanuel.

Now He's standing in the place of honour,
crowned with glory on the highest throne,
interceding for his own beloved
till His Father calls to bring them home.
Then the skies will part as the trumpet
sounds
hope of heaven or the fear of hell;
but the Bride will run to her Lover's arms,
giving glory to Immanuel!

Stuart Townend

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Hymn 4**MP 631****Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!**

Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice;
tender to me the promise of His word;
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His
name!

Make known His might, the deeds His arm
has done;
His mercy sure, from age to age the same;
His holy name, the Lord, the Mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of His
might!

Powers and dominions lay their glory by.
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to
flight,
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of His word!
Firm is His promise, and His mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
to children's children and for evermore!

From Luke 1

Timothy Dudley-Smith (b. 1926)

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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