Livingstone Parish Church Monday 15th April 2019 Rev. Dave Sutherland

Hymn 1 Video

Thank you for the cross, Lord

Thank you for the price You paid Bearing all my sin and shame In love You came And gave amazing grace.

Thank you for this love, Lord
Thank you for the nail pierced hands
Washed me in Your cleansing flow
Now all I know
Your forgiveness and embrace.

Worthy is the Lamb Seated on the throne Crown You now with many crowns You reign victorious.

High and lifted up Jesus Son of God The treasure of Heaven crucified Worthy is the Lamb Worthy is the Lamb.

Thank you for the cross, Lord (thank you)
Thank you for the price You paid
Bearing all my sin and shame
In love You came
And gave amazing grace.

Thank you for this love, Lord Thank you for the nail pierced hands Washed me in Your cleansing flow Now all I know Your forgiveness and embrace.

Worthy is the Lamb Seated on the throne Crown You now with many crowns You reign victorious.

High and lifted up Jesus Son of God The treasure of Heaven crucified

Worthy is the Lamb

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Worthy is the Lamb Seated on the throne Crown You now with many crowns You reign victorious.

High and lifted up
Jesus Son of God
The treasure of Heaven crucified
Worthy is the Lamb

Darlene Joyce Zschech © Music Services, Inc. Hillsong Worship

Hymn 2 MP 50

Be still, for the presence of the Lord,

the Holy One, is here; come bow before Him now with reverence and fear: in Him no sin is found — we stand on holy ground. Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One is here.

Be still,
for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around;
He burns with holy fire,
with splendour He is crowned:
how awesome is the sight —
our radiant King of light!
Be still,
for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around.

Be still,
for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place:
He comes to cleanse and heal,
to minister His grace —
no work too hard for Him.
In faith receive from Him.
Be still,
for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place.

David J. Evans (b. 1957) © 1986 Kingsway's Thankyou Music

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MP 1016

Hymn 3

When the music fades,

all is stripped away and I simply come; longing just to bring something that's of worth, that will bless Your heart. I'll bring You more than a song, for a song in itself is not what You have required. You search much deeper within through the way things appear, You're looking into my heart.

I'm coming back to the heart of worship, and it's all about You, it's all about You, Jesus.
I'm sorry, Lord, for the thing I've made it, when it's all about You, it's all about You, jesus.

King of endless worth,
no-one could express
how much You deserve.
Though I'm weak and poor,
all I have is Yours,
every single breath.
I'll bring You more than a song,
for a song in itself
is not what You have required.
You search much deeper within
through the way things appear,
You're looking into my heart.
I'm coming back...

I'm coming back...

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Hymn 4 MP 1008

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.

He makes me lie in pastures green.
He leads me by the still, still waters,
His goodness restores my soul.
And I will trust in You alone,
and I will trust in You alone,
for Your endless mercy follows me,
Your goodness will lead me home.

He guides my ways in righteousness, and He anoints my head with oil, and my cup, it overflows with joy, I feast on His pure delights.

And I will trust...

And though I walk the darkest path, I will not fear the evil one, for You are with me, and Your rod and staff are the comfort I need to know.

And I will trust...

Psalm 23 adapted Stuart Townend © 1996 Kingsway's Thankyou Music

Hymn 5 MP 315

I will sing the wondrous story

of the Christ who died for me — how He left the realms of glory for the cross on Calvary.

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story of the Christ who died for me — sing it with His saints in glory, gathered by the crystal sea.

I was lost: but Jesus found me, found the sheep that went astray, raised me up and gently led me back into the narrow way.

Days of darkness still may meet me, sorrow's path I oft may tread; but His presence still is with me, by His quiding hand I'm led.

He will keep me till the river rolls its waters at my feet: then He'll bear me safely over, made by grace for glory meet. Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story of the Christ who died for me—sing it with His saints in glory, gathered by the crystal sea.

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HOLY WEEK

Stevenston Livingstome Church of Scotland



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