

**Livingstone Parish Church**  
**Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> October 2019**  
**Rev. Dave Sutherland**

**Hymn 1 MP 1003** *(Sing Twice)*

**My Jesus, my Saviour,**  
Lord, there is none like You.  
All of my days I want to praise  
the wonders of Your mighty love.  
My comfort, my shelter,  
tower of refuge and strength,  
let every breath, all that I am,  
never cease to worship You.  
*Shout to the Lord all the earth, let us sing,  
power and majesty, praise to the King.  
Mountains bow down and the seas will  
roar  
at the sound of Your name.  
I sing for joy at the work of Your hands,  
for ever I'll love You, for ever I'll stand.  
Nothing compares to the promise I have in  
You.*

Darlene Zschech  
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**Hymn 2 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 3 MP 31**

**Amazing grace – how sweet the sound –**

that saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
and grace my fears relieved;  
how precious did that grace appear  
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years  
bright shining as the sun,  
we've no less days to sing God's praise  
than when we've first begun.

John Newton (1725-1807)

**Hymn 4 MP 1016**

**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,  
all about You, Jesus.  
I'm sorry, Lord,  
for the thing I've made it,  
when it's all about You,  
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...*

Matt Redman  
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**Hymn 5 MP 33**

**And can it be, that I should gain**  
an interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be  
that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?  
(x2)

'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:  
who can explore His strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
to sound the depths of love divine.  
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,  
let angel minds inquire no more. (x2)

He left His Father's throne above -  
so free, so infinite His grace -  
emptied Himself of all but love,  
and bled for Adam's helpless race.  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;  
for, O my God, it found out me! (x2)

Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray -  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
my chains fell off, my heart was free.  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee. (x2)

No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
and clothed in righteousness divine,  
bold I approach the eternal throne,  
and claim the crown, through Christ, my  
own. (x2)

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

**Exeunt** *(Sing three times)*

**May the peace of the Lord Christ go with you,**

wherever He may send you.  
May He guide you through the wilderness,  
protect you through the storm.  
May He bring you home rejoicing  
at the wonders He has shown you.  
May He bring you home rejoicing  
once again into our doors.

Celtic Daily Prayer

Stevenston Livingstone  
Church of Scotland



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