

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 8th December 2019
Rev. Dave Sutherland
2nd Sunday of Advent

Hymn 1 MP 35

Angels from the realms of glory,
wing your flight through all the earth;
heralds of creation's story
now proclaim Messiah's birth!
Come and worship
Christ, the new-born King;
Come and worship,
worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
watching by your flocks at night,
God with man is now residing:
see, there shines the infant light!
Come and worship...

Wise men, leave your contemplations!
brighter visions shine afar;
seek in Him the hope of nations,
you have seen His rising star:
Come and worship...

Though an infant now we view Him,
He will share his Father's throne,
gather all the nations to Him;
every knee shall then bow down:
Come and worship...

All creation, join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son,
evermore your voices raising
to the eternal Three in One:
Come and worship...

James Montgomery (1771-1854)
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Hymn 2 CH4 302

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,
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,
to celebrate his birth bringing peace on
earth;
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)

Hymn 3 MP 624

Take my life, and let it be
consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
take my moments and my days,
let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
at the impulse of Thy love;
take my feet, and let them be
swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
always, only, for my King;
take my lips, and let them be
filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
not a mite would I withhold;
take my intellect, and use
every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
it shall be no longer mine:
take my heart, it is Thine own;
it shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
at Thy feet its treasure store:
take myself, and I will be
ever, only, all, for Thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)

Hymn 4 MP 388

Jesus, we enthrone You,
we proclaim You our King.
Standing here in the midst of us
we raise You up with our praise,
and as we worship build a throne,
and as we worship build a throne,
and as we worship build a throne,
come, Lord Jesus, and take Your place.

Jesus, we enthrone You,
we proclaim You our King.
Standing here in the midst of us
we raise You up with our praise,
and as we worship build a throne,
and as we worship build a throne,
and as we worship build a throne,
come, Lord Jesus, and take Your place.

And as we worship build a throne,
and as we worship build a throne,
and as we worship build a throne,
come, Lord Jesus, and take Your place.

Paul Kyle
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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 Twice)*

**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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