

**Livingstone Parish Church**  
**Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> April 2020**  
**Easter Sunday**  
**Rev. Dave Sutherland**

**Hymn 1 MP 1105**

**See, what a morning,  
gloriously bright,**  
with the dawning of hope in Jerusalem;  
folded the grave clothes,  
tomb filled with light,  
as the angels announce Christ is risen!  
See God's salvation plan,  
wrought in love, borne in pain,  
paid in sacrifice,  
fulfilled in Christ the Man,  
for He lives: Christ is risen from the dead!

See Mary weeping, 'Where is He laid?'  
as in sorrow she turns  
from the empty tomb;  
hears a voice speaking,  
calling her name;  
it's the Master,  
the Lord raised to life again!  
The voice that spans the years,  
speaking life, stirring hope,  
bringing peace to us,  
will sound till He appears,  
for He lives: Christ is risen from the dead!

One with the Father, Ancient of days,  
through the Spirit,  
who clothes faith with certainty,  
honour and blessing, glory and praise  
to the King  
crowned with power and authority!  
And we are raised with Him,  
death is dead, love has won,  
Christ has conquered;  
and we shall reign with Him,  
for He lives: Christ is risen from the dead!

And we are raised with Him,  
death is dead, love has won,

Christ has conquered;  
and we shall reign with Him,  
for He lives: Christ is risen from the dead!  
Christ is risen from the dead!

Stuart Townend and Keith Getty  
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**Hymn 2 MP 357**

**Jesus Christ is risen today,  
hallelujah!**  
our triumphant holy day, *hallelujah!*  
who did once, upon the cross, *hallelujah!*  
suffer to redeem our loss. *Hallelujah!*  
Hymns of praise then let us sing,  
*hallelujah!*  
unto Christ, our heavenly King, *hallelujah!*  
who endured the cross and grave,  
*hallelujah!*  
sinners to redeem and save. *Hallelujah!*

But the pains which He endured,  
*hallelujah!*  
our salvation have procured, *hallelujah!*  
now in heaven above He's King, *hallelujah!*  
where the angels ever sing: *Hallelujah!*

From *Lyra Davidica*, 1708



**Hymn 3 MP 988**

**How deep the Father's love for us,**  
how vast beyond all measure,  
that He should give His only Son  
to make a wretch His treasure.  
How great the pain of searing loss –  
the Father turns His face away,  
as wounds which mar the chosen one  
bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,  
my sin upon His shoulders;  
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
cry out among the scoffers.  
It was my sin that held Him there  
until it was accomplished;  
His dying breath has brought me life –  
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,  
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,  
His death and resurrection.  
Why should I gain from His reward?  
I cannot give an answer,  
but this I know with all my heart,  
His wounds have paid my ransom.

Stuart Townend  
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**Hymn 4**

**Easter jubilation fills the streets and towns,**  
Celebrations have begun.  
Hear the music and the dancing now,  
Join the laughter and the fun!

*OH! Raise a joyful shout!  
Clap your hands and dance – let your  
feelings out.*

*OH! Hear what it's about,  
Christ the Lord has come to set us free!*

Put aside your sorrows, wipe your tears  
away,  
For a better time will come.  
There's a promise of a brighter day,  
Join the laughter and the fun!  
*OH! Raise a joyful shout!...*

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la.  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la.  
*OH! Raise a joyful shout!...*

Easter jubilation fills the streets and towns,  
Celebrations have begun.  
Hear the music and the dancing now,  
Join the laughter and the fun!  
*OH! Raise a joyful shout!...*

*OH! Raise a joyful shout!...*

*Christ the Lord has come to set us free!  
HEY!*

Mark and Helen Johnson  
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## Hymn 5 MP 1267

**Come, people of the risen King,**  
who delight to bring Him praise.  
Come all, and tune your hearts to sing  
to the morning star of grace.  
From the shifting shadows of the earth  
we will lift our eyes to Him,  
where steady arms of mercy reach  
To gather children in.

*Rejoice! Rejoice!*  
*Let every tongue rejoice!*  
*One heart, one voice,*  
*O church of Christ, rejoice!*

Come, those whose joy is morning sun,  
and those weeping through the night.  
Come, those who tell of battles won,  
and those struggling in the fight.  
For His perfect love will never change,  
and His mercies never cease,  
but follow us through all our days  
with the certain hope of peace.  
*Rejoice! Rejoice!...*

Come, young and old from every land,  
men and women of the faith.  
Come, those with full or empty hands,  
find the riches of His grace.  
Over all the world His people sing –  
shore to shore we hear them call  
the truth that cries through every age:  
'Our God is all in all'.  
*Rejoice! Rejoice!...*

Keith and Kristen Getty and Stuart  
Townend

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## Hymn 6 MP 689

**Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,**  
endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won;  
angels in bright raiment  
rolled the stone away,  
kept the folded grave-clothes  
where Thy body lay.  
*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,*  
*endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;  
lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;  
let the Church with gladness  
hymns of triumph sing,  
for her Lord now liveth;  
death hath lost its sting.  
*Thine be the glory...*

No more we doubt Thee,  
glorious Prince of life;  
life is naught without Thee:  
aid us in our strife;  
make us more than conquerors,  
through Thy deathless love:  
bring us safe through Jordan  
to Thy home above.  
*Thine be the glory...*

Edmond Budry (1854-1932)  
tr. R Birch Hoyle (1875-1939)  
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## Exeunt

**The greatest day in history,**  
death is beaten, You have rescued me  
Sing it out, Jesus is alive.

The empty cross, the empty grave  
Life eternal, You have won the day  
Shout is all, Jesus is alive.  
He's alive.

Oh happy day, happy day  
You washed my sin away.  
Oh happy day, happy day  
I'll never be the same,  
Forever I am changed.

When I stand, in that place  
Free at last, meeting face to face,  
I am Yours, Jesus You are mine.  
Endless joy, perfect peace,  
Earthly pain finally will cease,  
Celebrate Jesus is alive.  
He's alive.

Oh happy day, happy day  
You washed my sin away.  
Oh happy day, happy day  
I'll never be the same,  
Forever I am changed.

Oh what a glorious day,  
What a glorious way,  
That You have saved me.  
Oh what a glorious day,  
What a glorious name.

Oh happy day, happy day  
You washed my sin away.  
Oh happy day, happy day  
I'll never be the same,  
Forever I am changed.

What a glorious, glorious day  
I'll never be the same.

Howard Williams, 2007.

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