

**Livingstone Parish Church**  
**Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> April 2021**  
**Rev. Dave Sutherland**

**Hymn 1 MP 660**

**The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;**

He makes me down to lie  
in pastures green; He leadeth me  
the quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,  
and me to walk doth make  
within the paths of righteousness,  
e'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark  
vale,  
yet will I fear none ill;  
for Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
and staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd  
in presence of my foes;  
my head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
shall surely follow me;  
and in God's house for evermore  
my dwelling-place shall be.

Francis Rous (1579-1659)  
revised for *Scottish Psalter*, 1650

**Hymn 2 MP 506**

**O Lord my God!**

when I in awesome wonder  
consider all the works  
Thy hand hath made,  
I see the stars,  
I hear the mighty thunder,  
the power throughout the universe  
displayed;

*Then sings my soul,  
my Saviour God, to Thee,*

*how great Thou art,  
how great Thou art!  
Then sings my soul,  
my Saviour God to Thee,  
how great Thou art,  
how great Thou art!*

When through the woods  
and forest glades I wander  
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the  
trees;  
when I look down  
from lofty mountain grandeur,  
and hear the brook,  
and feel the gentle breeze;  
*Then sings my soul..*

And when I think  
that God His Son not sparing,  
sent Him to die –  
I scarce can take it in,  
that on the cross  
my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin:  
*Then sings my soul..*

When Christ shall come  
with shout of acclamation  
and take me home –  
what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then I shall bow in humble adoration  
and there proclaim,  
my God, how great Thou art!  
*Then sings my soul..*

Russian hymn  
tr. Stuart Wesley Keene Hine (1899-1989)  
©1953 Kingsways Thankyou Music

**Hymn 3 MP 649**

**The King of love my shepherd is,**  
whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am His  
and He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow  
my ransomed soul He leadeth,  
and where the verdant pastures grow  
with food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;  
but yet in love He sought me,  
and on His shoulder gently laid,  
and home rejoicing brought me.


In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
with Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
and O what transport of delight  
from Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
within Thy house for ever!

Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)

Stevenston Livingstone  
Church of Scotland



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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** (*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