

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 9th May 2021
Rev. Dave Sutherland

Hymn 1 MP 37

As the deer pants for the water,

so my soul longs after You.
 You alone are my heart's desire
 and I long to worship You.
*You alone are my strength, my shield,
 to You alone may my spirit yield.
 You alone are my heart's desire
 and I long to worship You.*

You're my friend and You're my brother,
 even though You are a king.
 I love You more than any other,
 so much more than anything.
You alone are...

I want You more than gold or silver,
 only You can satisfy.
 You alone are the real joy-giver
 and the apple of my eye.
You alone are...

You alone are...

Martin Nystrom
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Hymn 2 CH4 691

Be still my soul: the Lord is on thy side;

bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
 leave to thy God to order and provide;
 in every change he faithful will remain.
 Be still my soul: thy best, thy heavenly
 Friend
 through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends
 depart
 and all is darkened in the vale of tears,
 then shalt thou better know his love, his

heart,
 who comes to soothe thy sorrows and thy
 fears.
 Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still
 know
 His voice who ruled them while He dwelt
 below.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
 when we shall be for ever with the Lord,
 when disappointment, grief, and fear are
 gone,
 sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
 Be still, my soul: when change and tears
 are past,
 all safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Katharina Amalia Dorothea von Schlegel
 (1697-1768)
translated Jane Laurie Borthwick
 (1813-1897)

Hymn 3 MP 806

Beauty for brokenness,

hope for despair,
 Lord, in the suffering
 this is our prayer.
 Bread for the children,
 justice, joy, peace,
 sunrise to sunset,
 Your kingdom increase!

Shelter for fragile lives,
 cures for their ills,
 work for the craftsmen,
 trade for their skills;
 land for the dispossessed,
 rights for the weak,
 voices to plead the cause
 of those who can't speak.

*God of the poor,
 friend of the weak,
 give us compassion we pray:
 melt our cold hearts,
 let tears fall like rain;
 come, change our love*

from a spark to a flame.

Refuge from cruel wars,
 havens from fear,
 cities for sanctuary,
 freedoms to share.
 Peace to the killing-fields,
 scorched earth to green,
 Christ for the bitterness,
 His cross for the pain.
God of the poor...


Rest for the ravaged earth,
 oceans and streams
 plundered and poisoned –
 our future, our dreams.
 Lord, end our madness,
 carelessness, greed;
 make us content with
 the things that we need.
God of the poor...

Lighten our darkness,
 breathe on this flame
 until Your justice
 burns brightly again;
 until the nations
 learn of Your ways,
 seek Your salvation
 and bring You their praise.
God of the poor...

God of the poor...

Graham Kendrick
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 Church of Scotland



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Hymn 4 MP 746

What a friend we have in Jesus,

all our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 everything to God in prayer!
 O what peace we often forfeit,
 O what needless pain we bear –
 all because we do not carry
 everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged:
 take it to the Lord in prayer!
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness –
 take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
 cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
 Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven (1819-1886)

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