

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 13th June 2021
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.*
*Nothing compares to the promise I have in
 You.*

Darlene Zschech
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Stevenston Livingstone
 Church of Scotland



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Hymn 2 MP 975

Before the throne of God above

I have a strong and perfect plea,
 a great High Priest whose name is Love,
 who ever lives and pleads for me.
 My name is graven on His hands,
 my name is written on His heart;
 I know that while in heaven He stands
 no tongue can bid me thence depart,
 no tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,
 and tells me of the guilt within,
 upward I look and see Him there
 who made an end to all my sin.
 Because the sinless Saviour died,
 my sinful soul is counted free;
 for God the just is satisfied
 to look on Him and pardon me,
 to look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there! Thy risen lamb,
 my perfect, spotless righteousness;
 the great unchangeable I AM,
 the King of glory and of grace!
 One with Himself I cannot die,
 my soul is purchased by His blood;
 my life is hid with Christ on high,
 with Christ my Saviour and my God,
 with Christ my Saviour and my God.

Charitie L. Bancroft (1841-1892)

Hymn 3 MP 757

When peace like a river attendeth my way,

when sorrows like sea-billows roll;
 whatever my lot You have taught me to
 say,
 'It is well, it is well with my soul.'
*It is well with my soul;
 it is well, it is well with my soul.*

Though Satan should buffet, though trials
 should come,
 let this blest assurance control,
 that Christ has regarded my helpless
 estate,
 and hath shed His own blood for my soul.
It is well...

My sin – O the bliss of this glorious
 thought –
 my sin – not in part – but the whole
 is nailed to the cross; and I bear it no
 more;
 praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my
 soul.
It is well...

And Lord, haste the day, when the faith
 shall be sight,
 the clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
 the trump shall resound and the Lord shall
 descend,
 even so it is well with my soul.
It is well...

Horatio Gates Spafford (1828-1888)

Hymn 4 MP 23

***All things bright and beautiful,
 all creatures great and small,
 all things wise and wonderful,
 the Lord God made them all.***

Each little flower that opens,
 each little bird that sings,
 He made their glowing colours,
 He made their tiny wings.
All things bright...

The purple-headed mountain,
 the river running by,
 the sunset, and the morning
 that brightens up the sky;
All things bright...

The cold wind in the winter,
 the pleasant summer sun,
 the ripe fruits in the garden,
 He made them every one:
All things bright...

He gave us eyes to see them,
 and lips that we might tell
 how great is God almighty,
 who has made all things well.
All things bright...

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)

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