

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 17th October 2021
Rev. Dave Sutherland

Hymn 1 MP 50

Be still,
for the presence of the Lord,
the Holy One, is here;
come bow before Him now
with reverence and fear:
in Him no sin is found –
we stand on holy ground.
Be still,
for the presence of the Lord,
the Holy One is here.

Be still,
for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around;
He burns with holy fire,
with splendour He is crowned:
how awesome is the sight –
our radiant King of light!
Be still,
for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around.

Be still,
for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place:
He comes to cleanse and heal,
to minister His grace –
no work too hard for Him.
In faith receive from Him.
Be still,
for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place.

David J. Evans (*b.* 1957)
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Hymn 2 CH4 533

Will you come and follow me
if I but call your name?
Will you go where you don't know
and never be the same?
Will you let my love be shown,
will you let my name be known,
will you let my life be grown
in you and you in me?

Will you leave your self behind
if I but call your name?
Will you care for cruel and kind
and never be the same?
Will you risk the hostile stare
should your life attract or scare?
Will you let me answer prayer
in you and you in me?

Will you let the blinded see
if I but call your name?
Will you set the prisoners free
and never be the same?
Will you kiss the leper clean,
and do such as this unseen,
and admit to what I mean
in you and you in me?

Will you love the 'you' you hide
if I but call your name?
Will you quell the fear inside
and never be the same?
Will you use the faith you've found
to reshape the world around,
through my sight and touch and sound
in you and you in me?

Lord, your summons echoes true
when you but call my name.
Let me turn and follow you
and never be the same.
In your company I'll go
where your love and footsteps show.
Thus I'll move and live and grow
in you and you in me.

John L. Bell (*b.* 1949)
and Graham Maule (*b.* 1958)

Hymn 3 MP 990

I will offer up my life
in spirit and truth
pouring out the oil of love
as my worship to You.
In surrender I must give
My every part;
Lord, receive the sacrifice
of a broken heart.
Jesus, what can I give,
what can I bring
to so faithful a friend,
to so loving a king?
Saviour, what can be said?
What can be sung
as a praise of Your name
for the things You have done?
Oh, my words could not tell,
not even in part,
of the debt of love that is owed
by this thankful heart.

You deserve my every breath,
for You've paid the great cost;
giving up Your life to death,
even death on a cross.
You took all my shame away,
there defeated my sin,
opened up the gates of heaven
and have beckoned me in.
Jesus, what can I give..

What can I give, what can I bring,
what can I sing as an offering Lord?

What can I give, what can I bring,
what can I sing as an offering Lord?

I will offer up my life
in spirit and truth
pouring out the oil of love
as my worship to You.
In surrender I must give
My every part;
Lord, receive the sacrifice
of a broken heart.

Jesus, what can I give..

Matt Redman
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Hymn 4 MP 1072

In Christ alone my hope is found,

He is my light, my strength, my song;
this cornerstone, this solid ground,
firm through the fiercest drought and storm.

What heights of love, what depths of peace,
when fears are stilled, when strivings cease!

My comforter, my all in all,
here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone – who took on flesh,
fullness of God in helpless Babe!
This gift of love and righteousness,
scorned by the ones he came to save
till on that cross as Jesus died,
the wrath of God was satisfied,
for every sin on Him was laid;
here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground his body lay,
light of the world by darkness slain,
then, bursting forth in glorious day,
up from the grave He rose again!
And as he stands in victory
sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
for I am His and He is mine –
bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
this is the power of Christ in me;
from life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man
can ever pluck me from His hand;
till He returns or calls me home,
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

No power of hell, no scheme of man
can ever pluck me from His hand;
till He returns or calls me home,
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

Stuart Townend

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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

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Church of Scotland



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