

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 5th December 2021
Rev. Dave Sutherland
2nd Sunday of Advent
Communion Sunday

Hymn 1 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...

It is well...

Horatio Gates Spafford (1828-1888)

Hymn 2 MP 1045

From the squalor of a borrowed stable,

by the Spirit and a virgin's faith,
to the anguish and the shame of scandal
came the Saviour of the human race.
But the skies were filled with the praise of heaven,
shepherds listen as the angels tell
of the gift of God come down to man
at the dawning of Immanuel!

King of heaven now the friend of sinners,
humble servant in the Father's hands,
filled with power and the Holy Spirit,
filled with mercy for the broken man.
Yes, He walked my road and He felt my pain,
joys and sorrows that I know so well;
yet his righteous steps give me hope again-
I will follow my Immanuel!

Through the kisses of a friend's betrayal
He was lifted on a cruel cross;
He was punished for a world's transgressions,
He was suffering to save the lost.
He fights for breath, He fights for me,
loosing sinners from the claims of hell,
and with a shout our souls are free -
death defeated by Immanuel.

Now He's standing in the place of honour,
crowned with glory on the highest throne,
interceding for his own beloved
till His Father calls to bring them home.
Then the skies will part as the trumpet sounds
hope of heaven or the fear of hell;
but the Bride will run to her Lover's arms,
giving glory to Immanuel!

Stuart Townend

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Hymn 3 MP 1016

When the music fades,

all is stripped away
and I simply come;
longing just to bring
something that's of worth,
that will bless Your heart.
I'll bring You more than a song,
for a song in itself
is not what You have required.
You search much deeper within
through the way things appear,
You're looking into my heart.

*I'm coming back to the heart of worship,
and it's all about You,
all about You, Jesus.
I'm sorry, Lord,
for the thing I've made it,
when it's all about You,
all about You, Jesus.*

King of endless worth,
no-one could express
how much You deserve.
Though I'm weak and poor,
all I have is Yours,
every single breath.
I'll bring You more than a song,
for a song in itself
is not what You have required.
You search much deeper within
through the way things appear,
You're looking into my heart.
I'm coming back...

I'm coming back...

Matt Redman

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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,**

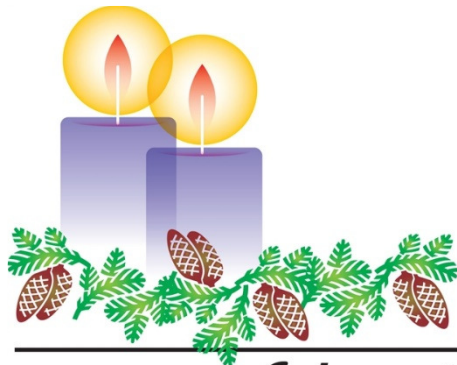
wherever He may send you.

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



SECOND SUNDAY OF *Advent*

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Church of Scotland



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