

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 20th February 2022
Rev. Robert Travers BA BD

Hymn 1 CH4 191

Do not be afraid for I have redeemed you,

I have called you by your name; you are mine.

When you walk through the waters I'll be with you,
you will never sink beneath the waves.
Do not be afraid...

When the fire is burning all around you,
you will never be consumed by the flames.
Do not be afraid...

When the fear of loneliness is looming,
then remember I am at your side.
Do not be afraid...

When you dwell in the exile of the stranger,
remember you are precious in my eyes.
Do not be afraid...

You are mine, O my child; I am your Father,
and I love you with a perfect love.
Do not be afraid...

Gerald Markland (b. 1953)
from *Isaiah 43: 1-4*

Hymn 2 CH4 528

Make me a channel of your peace.

Where there is hatred let me bring your love;
where there is injury, your pardon Lord;
and where there's doubt, true faith in you.

*Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek
so much to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there's despair in life let me bring hope;
where there is darkness, only light;
and where there's sadness, ever joy.
Oh, Master...

Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving of ourselves that we receive;
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Sebastian Temple (1928-1997),
from the *Prayer of St Francis*

Hymn 3 CH4 476

Mine eyes have seen the glory

of the coming of the Lord:
he is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are stored;
he hath loosed the fatal lightning
of his terrible swift sword:
his truth is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah, (x3)
his truth is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never call retreat;
he is sifting out the human hearts
before his judgement-seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him;
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah, (x3)
our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
with a glory in his bosom
that transfigures you and me:
as he died to make us holy,
let us live to make all free,
while God is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah, (x3)
while God is marching on.

He is coming like the glory
of the morning on the wave;
he is wisdom to the mighty;
he is succour to the brave;
so the world shall be his footstool,
and the soul of time his slave:
our God is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah, (x3)
our God is marching on.

*Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910)
and others

Hymn 4 CH4 535

Who would true valour see,

let him come hither;
one here will constant be,
come wind, come weather;
there's no discouragement
shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent
to be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
with dismal stories,
do but themselves confound;
his strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
he'll with a giant fight,
but he will have a right
to be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
can daunt his spirit;
he knows he at the end
shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
he'll fear not what men say;
he'll labour night and day
to be a pilgrim.

John Bunyan (1628-1688)

Hymn 5 CH4 513

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
though your path be dark as night;
there's a star to guide the humble:
trust in God, and do the right.
Let the road be rough and dreary,
and its end far out of sight;
foot it bravely; strong or weary,
trust in God, trust in God,
trust in God, and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning,
perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
trust in God, and do the right.
Some will hate you, some will love you,
some will flatter, some will slight;
heed them not, and look above you:
trust in God, trust in God,
trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
inward peace and inward might,
star upon our path abiding,
trust in God, and do the right.
Courage, sister! do not stumble,
though your path be dark as night;
there's a star to guide the humble:
trust in God, trust in God,
trust in God, and do the right.

*Norman Macleod (1812-1872)

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)

Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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