

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 6th February 2022
Mr. A. P. Tomlinson

Hymn 1 CH4 132

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessèd, most glorious,
the Ancient of Days,
almighty, victorious,
thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in
might;
thy justice, like mountains,
high soaring above
thy clouds, which are fountains
of goodness and love.

To all, life thou givest, to both great and
small;
in all life thou livest, the true life of all;
we blossom and flourish
as leaves on the tree,
and wither and perish,
but naught changeth thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
thine angels adore thee, all veiling their
sight.
All praise we would render:
O help us to see
'tis only the splendour
of light hideth thee.

Walter Chalmers Smith (1824-1908)

Hymn 2 JP 169 (Sing Twice)

**My God is so big, so strong and so
mighty,**

There's nothing my God cannot do.
(repeat)

The mountains are his, the rivers are his,
The stars are his handiwork too.
My God is so big, so strong and so mighty
There's nothing my God cannot do. For
you!

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Hymn 3 CH4 112

God, whose almighty word

chaos and darkness heard,
and took their flight;
hear us, we humbly pray,
and, where the gospel-day
sheds not its glorious ray,
let there be light.

Saviour, who came to bring,
on your redeeming wing,
healing and sight,
health to the sick in mind,
sight to the inly blind,
now to all humankind
let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
life-giving, holy dove,
speed forth your flight;
move o'er the waters' face,
bearing the lamp of grace,
and in earth's darkest place
let there be light.

Blessed and holy Three,
glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
boundless as ocean's tide
rolling in fullest pride,
through the world far and wide
let there be light.

*John Marriott (1780-1825)
and *Thomas Raffles (1788-1863)

Hymn 4 CH4 197 (Sing Twice)

As we are gathered, Jesus is here;
one with each other, Jesus is here;
joined by the Spirit, washed in his blood,
part of the body, the Church of God.
As we are gathered, Jesus is here;
one with each other, Jesus is here.

John Daniels

Hymn 5 CH4 160

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet thy tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise him, still the same forever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows;
in his hands he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes:
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
widely as his mercy flows.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
blows the wind and it is gone;
but, while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the high eternal One.

Angels, help us to adore him;
ye behold him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before him;
dwellers all in time and space.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
From *Psalm 103*

Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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