

Livingstone Parish Church
Tuesday 12th April 2022
Mr. Andrew Bruce
Holy Week Tuesday

Hymn 1 CH4 465

Be thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;

naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
thou my best thought in the day or the night,
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my Wisdom, be thou my true Word;
I ever with thee, and thou with me, Lord;
thou my great Father: thine own I would be;
thou in me dwelling, and I one with thee.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
be thou my dignity, thou my delight,
thou my soul's shelter, and thou my high tower;
raise thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor earth's empty praise,
thou mine inheritance, now and always;
thou, and thou only, the first in my heart,
High King of Heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of Heaven, after victory won,
may I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

Irish, 8th Century
translated Mary Elizabeth Byrne
(1880-1931)
revised *Eleanor Henrietta Hull
(1860-1935)

Hymn 2 CH4 557

O love that wilt not let me go,

I rest my weary soul in thee:
I give thee back the life I owe,
that in thine ocean depths its flow
may richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee:
my heart restores its borrowed ray,
that in thy sunshine's blaze its day
may brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain,
that morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
and from the ground there blossoms red
life that shall endless be.

George Matheson (1842-1906)

Hymn 3 CH4 644

O Jesus, I have promised

to serve thee to the end;
be now and always near me,
my master and my friend:
I shall not fear the battle
if you are by my side,
nor wander from the pathway
if you will be my guide.

Oh, let me feel you near me:
the world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
the tempting sounds I hear;
my foes are ever near me
around me and within;
but, Jesus, draw still nearer
and shield my soul from sin.

Oh, let me hear thee speaking
in accents clear and still,
above the storms of passion,
the murmurs of self-will;
Oh, speak to reassure me,
to hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
true guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, you have promised
to all who follow you,
that where you are in glory
your servant shall be too;
and, Jesus, I have promised
to serve you to the end:
now give me grace to follow,
my master and my friend.

*John Ernest Bode (1816-1874)



Holy Week

Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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