

Livingstone Parish Church
Wednesday 14th April 2022
Rev. Alan Ford
Maundy Thursday

Hymn 1

Jesus, keep me near the Cross;

There a precious fountain,
 Free to all, a healing stream,
 Flows from Calvary's mountain.

*In the Cross, in the Cross,
 Be my glory ever;
 Till my raptured soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.*

Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
 Love and mercy found me;
 There the bright and morning star
 Shed its beams around me.
In the Cross, in the Cross...

Near the Cross: O Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me;
 Help me walk from day to day,
 With its shadow o'er me.
In the Cross, in the Cross...

Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
 Hoping, trusting ever,
 Till I reach the golden strand,
 Just beyond the river.
In the Cross, in the Cross...

Frances Jane van Alstyne (Fanny Crosby)
 (1820-1915) Public Domain

Hymn 2 MP 1008

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.

He makes me lie in pastures green.
 He leads me by the still, still waters,
 His goodness restores my soul.
*And I will trust in You alone,
 and I will trust in You alone,
 for Your endless mercy follows me,
 Your goodness will lead me home.*

He guides my ways in righteousness,
 and He anoints my head with oil,
 and my cup, it overflows with joy,
 I feast on His pure delights.
And I will trust...

And though I walk the darkest path,
 I will not fear the evil one,
 for You are with me, and Your rod and staff
 are the comfort I need to know.
And I will trust...

Psalm 23
 adapted Stuart Townend
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Hymn 3 MP 755

When I survey the wondrous cross

on which the Prince of glory died,
 my richest gain I count but loss,
 and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 save in the death of Christ my God:
 all the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
 sorrow and love flow mingled down:
 did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 that were an offering far too small,
 love so amazing, so divine,
 demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Hymn 4 CH4 19

Ye gates, lift up your heads on high;

ye doors that last for aye,
 be lifted up, that so the King
 of glory enter may.
 But who of glory is the King?
 The mighty Lord is this:
 even that same Lord that great in might
 and strong in battle is;
 even that same Lord that great in might
 and strong in battle is.

Ye gates, lift up your heads; ye doors,
 doors that do last for aye,
 be lifted up, that so the King
 of glory enter may.
 But who is he that is the King,
 the King of glory? who is this?
 The Lord of hosts, and none but he,
 the King of glory is.
 The Lord of hosts, and none but he,
 the King of glory is.

Alleluia! alleluia!
 alleluia! alleluia! alleluia!
 Amen, amen, amen.

Psalm 24, verses 7-10,
The Scottish Psalter, 1929



holy week

Stevenston Livingstone
 Church of Scotland



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