

**Livingstone Parish Church**  
**Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> April 2022**  
**Rev. Everisto Musedza**

**Hymn 1 CH4 554**

**Rock of ages cleft for me,**  
 let me hide myself in thee;  
 let the water and the blood,  
 from thy wounded side which flowed,  
 be of sin the double cure,  
 save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labours of my hands  
 can fulfil thy law's demands;  
 could my zeal no respite know,  
 could my tears for ever flow,  
 all for sin could not atone:  
 thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 simply to thy cross I cling;  
 naked, come to thee for dress;  
 helpless, look to thee for grace;  
 foul I to the fountain fly;  
 wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 when mine eyes shall close in death,  
 when I soar to worlds unknown,  
 see thee on thy judgement throne,  
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778)

**Hymn 2 CH4 448**

**Lord, the light of your love is shining,**  
 in the midst of the darkness, shining;  
 Jesus, light of the world, shine upon us,  
 Set us free by the truth you now bring us.  
 Shine on me, shine on me.

*Shine, Jesus, shine,  
 fill this land with the Father's glory;  
 blaze, Spirit, blaze,  
 set our hearts on fire.  
 Flow, river, flow,  
 flood the nations with grace and mercy;  
 send forth your word, Lord,  
 and let there be light!*

Lord, I come to your awesome presence,  
 from the shadows into your radiance;  
 by the blood I may enter your brightness,  
 search me, try me, consume all my  
 darkness.

Shine on me, shine on me.  
*Shine, Jesus, shine...*

As we gaze on your kingly brightness,  
 so our faces display your likeness,  
 ever changing from glory to glory,  
 mirrored here, may our lives tell your  
 story.

Shine on me, shine on me.  
*Shine, Jesus, shine...*

Graham Kendrick (b. 1950)

**Hymn 3 CH4 154**

**O Lord my God!**  
 when I in awesome wonder  
 consider all the works  
 thy hand hath made,  
 I see the stars,  
 I hear the mighty thunder,  
 the power throughout the universe  
 displayed:

*Then sings my soul,  
 my Saviour God, to thee,  
 'how great thou art,  
 how great thou art!'  
 Then sings my soul,  
 my Saviour God to thee,  
 'how great thou art,  
 how great thou art!'*

When through the woods  
 and forest glades I wander  
 and hear the birds sing sweetly in the  
 trees;

when I look down  
 from lofty mountain grandeur,  
 and hear the brook,  
 and feel the gentle breeze:  
*Then sings my soul..*

And when I think  
 that God his Son not sparing,  
 sent him to die –  
 I scarce can take it in,  
 that on the cross  
 my burden gladly bearing,  
 he bled and died to take away my sin:  
*Then sings my soul..*

When Christ shall come  
 with shout of acclamation  
 and take me home –  
 what joy shall fill my heart!  
 Then I shall bow in humble adoration  
 and there proclaim,  
 my God, how great thou art!  
*Then sings my soul..*

Russian hymn  
 translated Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)

**Hymn 4 CH4 547**

**What a friend we have in Jesus,**  
 all our sins and griefs to bear!  
 What a privilege to carry  
 everything to God in prayer!  
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
 oh, what needless pain we bear,  
 all because we do not carry  
 everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations,  
 is there trouble anywhere?  
 We should never be discouraged:  
 take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Can we find a friend so faithful,  
 who will all our sorrows share?  
 Jesus knows our every weakness:  
 take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
 cumbered with a load of care?  
 Jesus is our only refuge:  
 take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Do your friends despise, forsake you?  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
 In his arms he'll take and shield you;  
 you will find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven (1819-1886)

## Hymn 5

CH4 561

### Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!

Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;  
born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

*This is my story, this is my song,  
praising my Saviour all the day long.*

*This is my story, this is my song,  
praising my Saviour all the day long.*

Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
visions of rapture burst on my sight;  
angels descending bring from above  
echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

*This is my story...*

Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;  
watching and waiting, looking above,  
filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

*This is my story...*

Frances (Fanny) Jane Crosby (1820-1915)

## 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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