

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 11th September 2022
Rev. Everisto Musedza

Hymn 1 CH4 485

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,

forgive our foolish ways;
re clothe us in our rightful mind;
in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence, praise. (x2)

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
beside the Syrian sea,
the gracious calling of the Lord,
let us, like them, without a word
rise up and follow thee. (x2)

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
where Jesus knelt to share with thee
the silence of eternity,
interpreted by love! (x2)

With that deep hush subduing all
our words and works that drown
the tender whisper of thy call,
as noiseless let thy blessing fall
as fell thy manna down. (x2)

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease;
take from our souls the strain and
stress,
and let our ordered lives confess
the beauty of thy peace. (x2)

Breathe through the heats of our desire
thy coolness and thy balm;
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake, wind and
fire,
O still small voice of calm! (x2)

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

Hymn 2 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*

Hymn 3 CH4 14

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

He makes me down to lie
in pastures green: he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
even for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale
yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me: and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling - place shall be.

Psalm 23
The Scottish Psalter, 1929

Hymn 4 CH4 161

O God our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home!

Beneath the shadow of thy throne
thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone,
and our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received her frame,
from everlasting thou art God,
to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
are like an evening gone;
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all its sons away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
be thou our guard while troubles last,
and our eternal home.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Hymn 5 CH4 694

Brother, sister, let me serve you,

let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace to
let you be my servant too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,
and companions on the road;
we are here to help each other
walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you
in the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping;
when you laugh I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow
till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven
we shall find such harmony,
born of all we've known together
of Christ's love and agony.

Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace to
let you be my servant too.

Richard A. M. Gillard (*b.* 1953)

Exeunt CH4 703

God save our gracious King,

long live our noble King;
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
happy and glorious,
long to reign over us:
God save the King!

Thy choicest gifts in store
on him be pleased to pour;
long may he reign;
may he defend our laws,
and ever give us cause
to sing with heart and voice,
'God save the King!'

Not on this land alone,
but be God's mercies known
from shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
that all should kindred be,
and form one family
the wide world o'er.

Author unknown

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Church of Scotland



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