

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 13th November 2022
Rev. Everisto Musedza
Remembrance Sunday

Hymn 1 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!

Under 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 2 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 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 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,
thy 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 shall I bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim,
my God, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul..

Russian hymn

Hymn 5 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

Verses 1 & 2 from the version of 1745
verse 3 by W.E. Hickson (1803-1870)

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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