

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 11th December 2022
Rev. Everisto Musedza
3rd Sunday of Advent

Hymn 1 CH4 304

O little town of Bethlehem,
how still we see you lie!
Above your deep and dreamless sleep
the silent stars go by;
yet in your streets is shining
the everlasting Light;
the hopes and fears of all the years
are met in you tonight.

O morning stars, together
proclaim the holy birth,
and praises sing to God the King,
and peace to all on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
and, gathered all above,
while mortals sleep, the angels keep
their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
the wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
the blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming;
but in this world of sin,
where meek souls will receive him, still
the dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
descend to us, we pray;
cast out our sin, and enter in;
be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
the great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
our Lord Emmanuel.

*Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)

Hymn 2 CH4 310

See Him lying on a bed of straw:
a draughty stable with an open door;
Mary cradling the babe she bore –
the Prince of glory is His name.
*O now carry me to Bethlehem
to see the Lord appear to men –
just as poor as was the stable then,
the Prince of glory when He came.*

Star of silver, sweep across the skies,
show where Jesus in the manger lies;
shepherds, swiftly from your stupor rise
to see the Saviour of the world!
O now carry...

Angels, sing the song that you began,
bring God's glory to the heart of man;
sing that Bethl'em's little baby can
be salvation to the soul.
O now carry...

Mine are riches, from Your poverty,
from Your innocence, eternity;
mine forgiveness by Your death for me,
child of sorrow for my joy.
O now carry...

Michael Arnold Perry (1942-1996)

Hymn 3 CH4 279

Make way, make way, for Christ the King
in splendour arrives;
fling wide the gates and welcome him
into your lives.
*Make way, make way, for the King of kings;
make way, make way, and let his kingdom in.*

He comes the broken hearts to heal,
the prisoners to free;
the deaf shall hear, the lame shall dance,
the blind shall see.
Make way, make way...

And those who mourn with heavy hearts,
who weep and sigh,
with laughter, joy, and royal crown
he'll beautify.
Make way, make way...

We call you now to worship him
as Lord of all,
to have no gods before him,
their thrones must fall!
Make way, make way...

Graham Kendrick (b. 1950)

Hymn 4 CH4 283

The voice of God goes out to all the world;
his glory speaks across the universe.
The great King's herald cries from star to star:
with power, with justice, he will walk his way.

The Lord has said: 'Receive my messenger,
my promise to the world, my pledge made flesh,
a lamp to every nation, light from light':
with power, with justice, he will walk his way.

The broken reed he will not trample down,
nor set his heel upon the dying flame.
He binds the wounds, and heals with his strong hand:
with power, with justice, he will walk his way.

Anointed with the Spirit and with power,
he comes to crown with comfort all the weak,
to show the face of justice to the poor:
with power, with justice, he will walk his way.

His touch will open eyes that darkness held;
the lame shall run, the halting tongue shall sing,
and prisoners laugh in light and liberty:
with power, with justice, he will walk his way.

Luke Connaughton (1917-1979)

Hymn 5 CH4 301

Hark! the herald-angels sing,

'Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!'

Joyful, all ye nations rise,
join the triumph of the skies,
with the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem'.

*Hark! the herald-angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King'.*

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
late in time behold him come,
offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
hail, the incarnate Deity,
pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!

*Hark! the herald-angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!'*

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
born that man no more may die,
born to raise the sons of earth,
born to give them second birth:

*Hark! the herald-angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!'*

Charles Wesley (1707-1788) and others

Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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Exeunt *(Sing Twice)*

May the peace of the Lord Christ go with you,

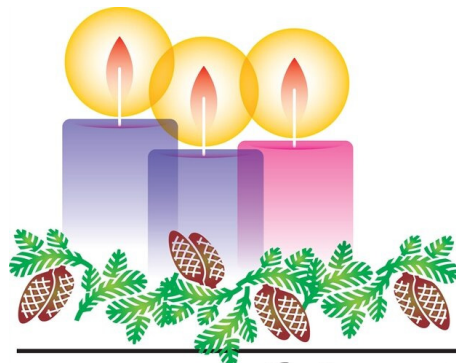
wherever He may send you.

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)



THIRD SUNDAY OF *Advent*