

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 4th December 2022
Rev. Robert Travers
2nd Sunday of Advent
Communion Sunday

Hymn 1 CH4 273

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
and ransom captive Israel,
that mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, thou Lord of might,
who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
in ancient times didst give the law
in cloud and majesty and awe:
Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, thou rod of Jesse, free
thine own from Satan's tyranny;
from depths of hell thy people save,
and give them victory o'er the grave:
Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, thou key of David, come,
and open wide our heavenly home;
make safe the way that leads on high,
and close the path to misery:
Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer
our spirits by thine advent here;
disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
and death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
shall come to thee, O Israel.

18th century, based on the
ancient *Advent Antiphons*
translated John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

Hymn 2 CH4 277

Hark the glad sound! the Saviour
comes,
the Saviour promised long;
let every heart exult with joy,
and every voice with song!

He comes, the prisoners to relieve,
in Satan's bondage held;
the gates of brass before him burst,
the iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken hearts to bind,
the bleeding souls to cure;
and with the treasures of his grace
to enrich the humble poor.

The sacred year has now revolved,
accepted of the Lord,
when heaven's high promise is fulfilled,
and Israel is restored.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
thy welcome shall proclaim;
and heaven's exalted arches ring
with thy most honoured name.

Scottish Paraphrases, 1781
St Luke 4: 18, 19

Hymn 3 CH4 189

Be still,
for the presence of the Lord,
the Holy one is here;
come bow before him now
with reverence and fear:
in him no sin is found –
we stand on holy ground.
Be still,
for the presence of the Lord,
the Holy one is here;

Be still,
for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around;
he burns with holy fire,
with splendour he is crowned:
how awesome is the sight –
our radiant king of light!

Be still,
for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around.

Be still,
for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place;
he comes to cleanse and heal,
to minister his grace:

no work too hard for him –
in faith receive from him.

Be still,
for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place.

David J. Evans (*b.* 1957)

Hymn 4 CH4 538 (Read)

God be in my head, and in my
understanding;

God be in mine eyes, and in my looking;
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;
God be in my heart, and in my thinking;
God be at mine end, and at my departing.

Book of Hours 1514

Hymn 5 CH4 303

It came upon the midnight clear,
that glorious song of old,
from angels bending near the earth
to touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on the earth, good will to you
from heaven's all-gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
to hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
with peaceful wings unfurled;
and still their heavenly music floats
o'er all the weary world;
above its sad and lowly plains
they bend on hovering wing,
and ever o'er its Babel-sounds
the blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
the world has suffered long;
beneath the angels' hymn have rolled
two thousand years of wrong;
and warring humankind hears not
the love-song which they bring;
oh, hush the noise and still the strife
to hear the angels sing.

And you, beneath life's crushing load
whose forms are bending low,
who toil along the climbing way
with painful steps and slow,
look now! for glad and golden hours
come swiftly on the wing;
oh, rest, beside the weary road,
and hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
by prophet bards foretold,
when, with the every-rolling years,
still dawns the Age of Gold,
when peace shall over all the earth
its ancient splendours fling,
and all the world give back the song
which now the angels sing.

*Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810-1876)

Hymn 6 CH4 475

Christ is coming! let creation
from her groans and travail cease;
let the glorious proclamation
hope restore and faith increase:
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Come, now blessèd Prince of Peace.

Earth can now but tell the story
of your bitter cross and pain;
she shall yet behold your glory,
Lord, when you return to reign:
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
'Come, Lord Jesus, come again!'

Long your exiles have been pining,
far from you, and rest, and home:
but, in heavenly glory shining,
soon their loving Lord shall come:
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

With that blessèd hope before us,
harps be played and songs be sung;
let the mighty advent chorus
onward roll from tongue to tongue:
'Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!'

*John Ross Macduff (1818-1895)

Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



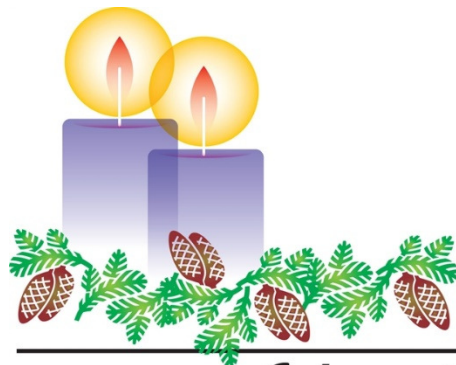
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Exeunt *(Sing Twice)*

**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)



SECOND SUNDAY OF *Advent*