

**Livingstone Parish Church**  
**Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> April 2023**  
**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)

Stevenston Livingstone  
Church of Scotland



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**Hymn 2 CH4 404**

**I danced in the morning**

when the world was young,  
I danced in the moon  
and the stars and the sun,  
I came down from heaven  
and I danced on the earth -  
at Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance, dance, wherever you may be;  
I am the Lord of the dance, said He,  
and I'll lead you all,  
wherever you may be,  
I'll lead you all in the dance,  
said He.*

I danced for the scribes and the Pharisees,  
they wouldn't dance  
they wouldn't follow me.  
I danced for the fishermen,  
for James and John -  
they came with me  
so the dance went on.

*Dance, dance, wherever you may be...*

I danced on the Sabbath  
and I cured the lame,  
the holy people said it was a shame.  
They whipped they stripped  
they hung me on high,  
left me there on a cross to die.

*Dance, dance, wherever you may be...*

I danced on a Friday  
when the world turned black -  
it's hard to dance  
with the devil on your back.

They buried my body  
they thought I was gone -  
but I am the dance and the dance goes on.  
*Dance, dance, wherever you may be...*

They cut me down and I leapt up high -  
I am the life that will never, never die.  
I'll live in you if you'll live in me,  
I am the Lord of the dance, said He.

*Dance, dance, wherever you may be...*

Sydney Bertram Carter (1915-2004)

**Hymn 3 CH4 419**

**Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,**

endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won;  
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,  
kept the folded grave-clothes, where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;  
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;  
let the Church with gladness  
hymns of triumph sing,  
for her Lord now liveth; death hast lost its sting.

*Thine be the glory...*

No more we doubt thee, glorious  
Prince of Life;  
life is naught without thee:  
aid us in our strife;  
make us more than conquerors,  
through thy deathless love:  
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

*Thine be the glory...*

Edmond Budry (1854-1932)  
translated Richard Birch Hoyle  
(1875-1939)

**Hymn 4 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 now 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...*

*This is my story...*

Frances (Fanny) Jane Crosby (1820-1915)

**Hymn 5 CH4 512**

**To God be the glory! great things he hath done;**

so loved he the world that he gave us his Son;  
who yielded His life an atonement for sin,  
and opened the life gate that all may go in.

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord!  
let the earth hear his voice;  
praise the Lord, praise the Lord!  
let the people rejoice.*

*Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,  
and give him the glory! Great things he hath done!*

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood!  
to every believer the promise of God;  
the vilest offender who truly believes,  
that moment from Jesus a pardon receives.  
*Praise the Lord...*

Great things he hath taught us,  
great things he hath done,  
and great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;  
but purer, and higher, and greater will be  
our wonder, our rapture, when Jesus we see.  
*Praise the Lord...*

\*Frances (Fanny) Jane Crosby  
(1829-1915)

**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)