

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 30th April 2023
Mr. Sandy Hershaw
Mrs. Susan Gibson
Mr. A. P. Tomlinson

Hymn 1 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 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...

Frances (Fanny) Jane Crosby (1820-1915)

Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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Hymn 2 (Sing Twice)

If Jesus is your friend, clap your hands

If Jesus is your friend, clap your hands
If Jesus is your friend and you want the world to know it,
if Jesus is your friend clap your hands

If Jesus is your friend stomp your feet
If Jesus is your friend stomp your feet
If Jesus is your friend and you want the world to know it,
if Jesus is your friend stomp your feet

If Jesus is your friend shout hooray
If Jesus is your friend shout hooray
If Jesus is your friend and you want the world to know it,
if Jesus is your friend shout hooray

If Jesus is your friend do all three
If Jesus is your friend do all three
If Jesus is your friend and you want the world to know it,
if Jesus is your friend do all three

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Hymn 3 MP 746

What a friend we have in Jesus,

all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear –
all because we do not carry
everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
For we should never be discouraged:
take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful,
who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness –
take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
thou wilt find a solace there.

What a friend we have in Jesus,
all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
everything to God in prayer!
Joseph Scriven (1819-1886)

Hymn 4 MP 1008

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

He makes me lie in pastures green.
He leads me by the still, still waters,
His goodness restores my soul.
*And I will trust in You alone,
and I will trust in You alone,
for Your endless mercy follows me,
Your goodness will lead me home.*

He guides my ways in righteousness,
and He anoints my head with oil,
and my cup, it overflows with joy,
I feast on His pure delights.
And I will trust...

And though I walk the darkest path,
I will not fear the evil one,
for You are with me, and Your rod and staff
are the comfort I need to know.
And I will trust...

*for Your endless mercy follows me,
Your goodness will lead me home.*

Psalm 23
adapted Stuart Townend
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Hymn 5 CH4 167

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
feed me till my want is o'er. (x2)

Open now the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
be thou still my strength and shield. (x2)

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside!
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side!
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee. (x2)

William Williams (1717-1791)
translated Peter Williams (1727-1796)

Exeunt CH4 804 (Sing Twice)

You shall go out with joy
and be led forth with peace,
and the mountains and the hills
shall break forth before you.
There'll be shouts of joy,
and the trees of the field
shall clap, shall clap their hands,
and the trees of the field
shall clap their hands,
and the trees of the field
shall clap their hands,
and the trees of the field
shall clap their hands,
and you'll go out with joy.

Stuart Dauermann (b. 1944)