

**Livingstone Parish Church**  
**Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> April 2023**  
**Rev. Everisto Musedza**  
**Holy Week Tuesday**

**Hymn 1 CH4 380**

**There is a green hill far away,**  
outside a city wall,  
where the dear Lord was crucified,  
who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell  
what pains he had to bear;  
but we believe it was for us  
he hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
he died to make us good,  
that we might go at last to heaven,  
saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
to pay the price of sin;  
he only could unlock the gate  
of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved,  
and we must love him too,  
and trust in his redeeming blood,  
and try his works to do.

\*Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)

Stevenston Livingstone  
Church of Scotland



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**Hymn 2** *(Sing Three Times)*

**When I think about the cross**

When I think of Jesus,  
I'm reminded of his love -  
Love that never leaves me.  
Who am I  
That He should die,  
Giving life so freely?  
When I think about the cross  
Help me to believe it.

Mark and Helen Johnson  
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**Holy Week**

**Hymn 3 CH4 396**

**And can it be, that I should gain**  
an interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died he for me, who caused his pain -  
for me, who him to death pursued?  
*Amazing love! how can it be*  
*that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?*  
(x2)

'Tis mystery all; the Immortal dies!  
Who can explore his strange design?  
In vain the first born seraph tries  
to sound the depths of love divine.  
*'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,*  
*let angel minds inquire no more.* (x2)

He left his Father's throne above, -  
so free, so infinite his grace -  
emptied himself of all but love,  
and bled for Adam's helpless race:  
*'tis mercy all, immense and free;*  
*for, O my God, it found out me!* (x2)

Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
thine eye diffused a quickening ray;  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
*my chains fell off, my heart was free,*  
*I rose, went forth, and followed thee.* (x2)

No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!  
Alive in him, my living Head,  
and clothed in righteousness divine,  
*bold I approach the eternal throne,*  
*and claim the crown, through Christ, my*  
*own.* (x2)

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)