

**Livingstone Parish Church**  
**Wednesday 5<sup>th</sup> April 2023**  
**Rev. Everisto Musedza**  
**Holy Week Wednesday**

**Hymn 1 MP 536**

**On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,**

the emblem of suffering and shame;  
and I love that old cross where the dearest  
and best

for a world of lost sinners was slain.

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross  
till my trophies at last I lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross  
and exchange it someday for a crown.*

O, the old rugged cross so despised by the  
world,

has a wondrous attraction for me;  
for the dear lamb of God left his glory  
above

to bear it to dark Calvary.

*So I'll cherish...*

In the old rugged cross, stained with love  
so divine,

a wondrous beauty I see;  
for 'twas on that old cross  
Jesus suffered and died  
to pardon and sanctify me.

*So I'll cherish...*

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,  
its shame and reproach gladly bear;

then He'll call me some day to my home  
far away,  
when His glory for ever I'll share.

*So I'll cherish...*

George Bennard (1873-1958)

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Song Solutions

**Hymn 2 CH4 392**

**When I survey the wondrous cross**

on which the Prince of Glory died,  
my richest gain I count but loss,  
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
save in the death of Christ, my God;  
all the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were an offering far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)



# HOLY WEEK

Stevenson Livingstone  
Church of Scotland



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**Hymn 3 MP 1072**

**In Christ alone my hope is found,**

He is my light, my strength, my song;  
this cornerstone, this solid ground,  
firm through the fiercest drought and  
storm.

What heights of love, what depths of  
peace,  
when fears are stilled, when strivings  
cease!

My comforter, my all in all,  
here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone – who took on flesh,  
fullness of God in helpless Babe!  
This gift of love and righteousness,  
scorned by the ones he came to save  
till on that cross as Jesus died,  
the wrath of God was satisfied,  
for every sin on Him was laid;  
here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground his body lay,  
light of the world by darkness slain,  
then, bursting forth in glorious day,  
up from the grave He rose again!  
And as he stands in victory  
sin's curse has lost its grip on me,  
for I am His and He is mine –  
bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,  
this is the power of Christ in me;  
from life's first cry to final breath,  
Jesus commands my destiny.  
No power of hell, no scheme of man  
can ever pluck me from His hand;  
till He returns or calls me home,  
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

No power of hell, no scheme of man  
can ever pluck me from His hand;  
till He returns or calls me home,  
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

Stuart Townend

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