

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 14th May 2023
Rev. Everisto Musedza

Hymn 1 CH4 395

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul;

what wondrous love is this, O my soul;
what wondrous love is this that caused the
Lord of bliss
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for
my soul,
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

When I was sinking down, sinking down,
sinking down,
when I was sinking down, sinking down;
when I was sinking down beneath God's
righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul for
my soul,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.

To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will
sing;
to God and to the Lamb I will sing;
to God and to the Lamb, who is the great
I AM,
while millions join the theme, I will sing, I
will sing,
while millions join the theme, I will sing.

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on,
I'll sing on;
and when from death I'm free, I'll sing on;
and when from death I'm free I'll sing his
love for me,
and through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing
on;
and through eternity I'll sing on.

Appalachian Hymn, 1867

Hymn 2 CH4 549

How deep the Father's love for us,
how vast beyond all measure,
that he should give his only Son
to make a wretch his treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss;
the Father turns his face away,
as wounds which mar the chosen One
bring many souls to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,
my sin upon his shoulders;
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held him there,
until it was accomplished;
his dying breath has brought me life –
I know that 'it is finished'.

I will not boast in anything,
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,
his death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from his reward?
I cannot give an answer;
but this I know with all my heart,
his wounds have paid my ransom.

Why should I gain from his reward?
I cannot give an answer;
but this I know with all my heart,
his wounds have paid my ransom.

Stuart Townend

Hymn 3 CH4 706

For the healing of the nations,
Lord, we pray with one accord;
for a just and equal sharing
of the things that earth affords.
To a life of love in action
help us rise and pledge our word.

Lead us forward into freedom,
from despair your world release,
that, redeemed from war and hatred,
all may come and go in peace.
Show us how through care and goodness
fear will die and hope increase.

All that kills abundant living,
let it from the earth be banned;
pride of status, race, or schooling,
dogmas that obscure your plan.
In our common quest for justice
may we hallow life's brief span.

You, Creator-God, have written
your great name on humankind;
for our growing in your likeness
bring the life of Christ to mind;
that by our response and service
earth its destiny may find.

Fred Kaan (1929-2009)

Hymn 4 CH4 738

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
he whose word cannot be broken
formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
what can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
springing from eternal love,
well supply thy sons and daughters,
and all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
ever will their thirst assuage –
grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hovering
see the cloud and fire appear
for a glory and a covering
showing that the Lord is near
Thus deriving from their banner
light by night and shade by day –
safe, they fee upon the manna
which he gives them when they pray.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
all his boasted pomp and show;
solid joys and lasting treasure
none but Zion's children know.

*John Newton (1725-1807)

Hymn 5 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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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)

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Church of Scotland



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