

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 23rd July 2023
Rev. Ross Mitchell

Hymn 1 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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Hymn 2 CH4 771 *(Sing 3 Times)*

If you believe and I believe

and we together pray,
the Holy Spirit must come down
and set God's people free,
and set God's people free,
and set God's people free,
the Holy Spirit must come down
and set God's people free.

Zimbabwean traditional song
based on *Matthew 18: 19*

Hymn 3 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.

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I cannot give an answer;
but this I know with all my heart,
his wounds have paid my ransom.

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Hymn 4 MP 212

Have Thine own way, Lord,

have Thine own way;
Thou art the potter, I am the clay;
mould me and make me after Thy will,
while I am waiting, yielded and still.

Have Thine own way, Lord,
have Thine own way;
search me and try me, Master, today.
Whiter than snow, Lord, wash me just
now,
as in Thy presence humbly I bow.

Have Thine own way, Lord,
have Thine own way;
wounded and weary, help me, I pray.
Power, all power, surely is Thine;
touch me and heal me, Saviour divine.

Have Thine own way, Lord,
have Thine own way;
hold o'er my being absolute sway;
fill with Thy Spirit till all shall see
Christ only, always, living in me.

Adelaide Addison Pollard (1862-1934)

Hymn 5 CH4 130

**Ye servants of God, your Master
proclaim,**

and publish abroad his wonderful name;
the name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
his kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
and still he is nigh, his presence we have;
the great congregation his triumph shall
sing,
ascribing salvation to Jesus our king.

'Salvation to God who sits on the throne!
let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
the praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
fall down on their faces, and worship the
Lamb.

Then let us adore, and give him his right:
all glory and power, all wisdom and might,
all honour and blessing with angels above,
and thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

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)

Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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