

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 12th November 2023
Rev. John Carrick
Remembrance Sunday

Hymn 1 CH4 710

'I have a dream', a man once said,
'where all is perfect peace;
where men and women, black and white,
stand hand in hand, and all unite
in freedom and in love,
in freedom and in love.

But in this world of bitter strife
the dream can often fade;
reality seems dark as night,
we catch but glimpses of the light
Christ sheds on humankind,
Christ sheds on humankind.

Fierce persecution, war, and hate
are raging everywhere;
God calls us now to pay the price
through struggles and through sacrifice
of standing for the right,
of standing for the right.

So dream the dreams and sing the songs,
but never be content;
for thoughts and words don't ease the
pain:
unless there's action, all is vain;
faith proves itself in deeds,
faith proves itself in deeds.

Lord, give us vision, make us strong,
help us to do your will;
don't let us rest until we see
your love throughout humanity
uniting us in peace,
uniting us in peace.

Pamela J. Pettitt (1954-2005)

Hymn 2 CH4 580

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord with me abide:
when other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass
away;
change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can
be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness:
where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing
eyes,
shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies;
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee:
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

Hymn 3 MP 122

Eternal Father, strong to save,
whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
its own appointed limits keep:
O, hear us when we cry to Thee
for those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
and hushed their raging at Thy word,
who walkedst upon the foaming deep,
and calm amid the storm didst sleep:
O, hear us when we cry to Thee
for those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
upon the waters dark and rude,
and bid their angry tumult cease,
and give, for wild confusion, peace:
O, hear us when we cry to Thee
for those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
our brethren shield in danger's hour;
from rock and tempest, fire and foe,
protect them wheresoe'er they go:
thus evermore shall rise to Thee
glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting (1825-1878)

Hymn 4 MP 506

O Lord my God!
when I in awesome wonder
consider all the works
Thy hand hath made,
I see the stars,
I hear the mighty thunder,
the power throughout the universe
displayed;

*Then sings my soul,
my Saviour God, to Thee,
how great Thou art,
how great Thou art!*
*Then sings my soul,
my Saviour God to Thee,
how great Thou art,
how great Thou art!*

When through the woods
and forest glades I wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the
trees;
when I look down
from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook,
and feel the gentle breeze;
Then sings my soul...

And when I think
that God His Son not sparing,
sent Him to die –
I scarce can take it in,
that on the cross
my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin:
Then sings my soul...

When Christ shall come
with shout of acclamation
and take me home –
what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim,
my God, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul...

Russian hymn
tr. Stuart Wesley Keene Hine (1899-1989)
©1953 Kingsways Thankyou Music

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

Hymn 5 CH4 703

God save our gracious King,

long live our noble King;

God save the King!

Send him victorious,

happy and glorious,

long to reign over us:

God save the King!

Author unknown

Verses 1 from the version of 1745

Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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