

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 3rd December 2023
Rev. Robert Travers
1st Sunday of Advent
Communion Sunday

Hymn 1 CH4 303

It came upon the midnight clear,
that glorious song of old,
from angels bending near the earth
to touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on the earth, good will to you
from heaven's all-gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
to hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
with peaceful wings unfurled;
and still their heavenly music floats
o'er all the weary world;
above its sad and lowly plains
they bend on hovering wing,
and ever o'er its Babel-sounds
the blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
the world has suffered long;
beneath the angels' hymn have rolled
two thousand years of wrong;
and warring humankind hears not
the love-song which they bring;
oh, hush the noise and still the strife
to hear the angels sing.

And you, beneath life's crushing load
whose forms are bending low,
who toil along the climbing way
with painful steps and slow,
look now! for glad and golden hours
come swiftly on the wing;
oh, rest, beside the weary road,
and hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
by prophet bards foretold,

when, with the every-rolling years,
still dawns the Age of Gold,
when peace shall over all the earth
its ancient splendours fling,
and all the world give back the song
which now the angels sing.

*Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810-1876)

Hymn 2 CH4 277

Hark the glad sound! the Saviour
comes,
the Saviour promised long;
let every heart exult with joy,
and every voice with song!

He comes, the prisoners to relieve,
in Satan's bondage held;
the gates of brass before him burst,
the iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken hearts to bind,
the bleeding souls to cure;
and with the treasures of his grace
to enrich the humble poor.

The sacred year has now revolved,
accepted of the Lord,
when heaven's high promise is fulfilled,
and Israel is restored.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
thy welcome shall proclaim;
and heaven's exalted arches ring
with thy most honoured name.

Scottish Paraphrases, 1781
St Luke 4: 18, 19

Hymn 3 CH4 374

From heaven you came, helpless
babe,
entered our world, your glory veiled,
not to be served but to serve,
and give your life that we might live.

This is our God, the Servant King,
he calls us now to follow him,
to bring our lives as a daily offering
of worship to the Servant King.

There in the garden of tears,
my heavy load he chose to bear;
his heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not my will but yours,' he said.
This is our God...

Come see his hands and his feet,
the scars that speak of sacrifice,
hands that flung stars into space
to cruel nails surrendered.
This is our God...

So let us learn how to serve,
and in our lives enthrone him;
each other's needs to prefer,
for it is Christ we're serving.
This is our God...

Graham Kendrick (b. 1950)

Hymn 4 CH4 538 (Read)

God be in my head, and in my understanding;

God be in mine eyes, and in my looking;
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;
God be in my heart, and in my thinking;
God be at mine end, and at my departing.

Book of Hours 1514

Hymn 5 CH4 19

Ye gates, lift up your heads on high;

ye doors that last for aye,
be lifted up, that so the King
of glory enter may.
But who of glory is the King?
The mighty Lord is this:
even that same Lord that great in might
and strong in battle is;
even that same Lord that great in might
and strong in battle is.

Ye gates, lift up your heads; ye doors,
doors that do last for aye,
be lifted up, that so the King
of glory enter may.
But who is he that is the King,
the King of glory? who is this?
The Lord of hosts, and none but he,
the King of glory is.
The Lord of hosts, and none but he,
the King of glory is.

Alleluia! alleluia!
alleluia! alleluia! alleluia!
Amen, amen, amen.

Psalm 24, verses 7-10,
The Scottish Psalter, 1929

Hymn 6 CH4 472

Come, thou long-expected Jesus,

born to set thy people free;
from our fears and sins release us;
let us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
hope of all the earth thou art,
dear desire of every nation,
joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
born a child, and yet a King,
born to reign in us for ever,
now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thine own eternal Spirit
rule in all our hearts alone;
by thine all-sufficient merit
raise us to thy glorious throne.

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.

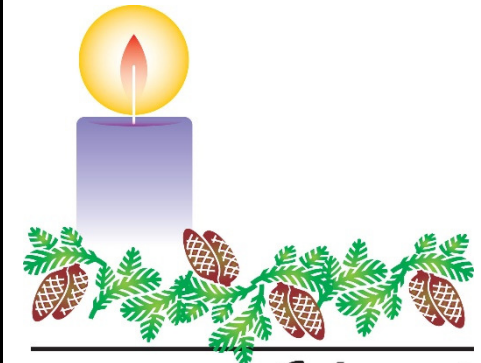
(Celtic Daily Prayer)

Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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FIRST SUNDAY OF *Advent*