

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 17th March 2024
Rev. John Carrick

Hymn 1 MP 1151

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear,
the hour I first believed.

*My chains are gone, I've been set free,
my God, my Saviour has ransomed me.
And like a flood His mercy reigns,
unending love, amazing grace.*

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
as long as life endures.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
the sun forbear to shine.
But God who called me here below
will be forever mine.

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J Newton (1725-1807), J P Rees (1828-
1900) and E O Excell (1851-1921):
Chorus by C Tomlin and L Giglio
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Hymn 2 IPH 24

I have seen the golden sunshine,
I have watched the flowers grow,
I have listened to the song birds
and there's one thing now I know:
they were all put there for us to share
by someone so divine,
and if you're a friend of Jesus,
you're a friend of mine.

*I've seen the light, I've seen the light,
and that's why my heart sings.
I've known the joy, I've known the joy
that loving Jesus brings.*

I have seen the morning sunshine,
I have heard the oceans roar,
I have seen the flowers of springtime,
and there's one thing I am sure:
they were all put there for us to share
by someone so divine,
and if you're a friend of Jesus,
you're a friend of mine.

I've seen the light...

I've seen the light...

Charlie Chester 1914-1997

Hymn 3 CH4 557

O love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee:
I give thee back the life I owe,
that in thine ocean depths its flow
may richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee:
my heart restores its borrowed ray,
that in thy sunshine's blaze its day
may brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain,
that morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
and from the ground there blossoms red
life that shall endless be.

George Matheson (1842-1906)

Hymn 4 MP 486

Now thank we all our God,
with hearts, and hands, and voices;
who wondrous things hath done,
in whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mothers' arms,
hath blest us on our way
with countless gifts of love,
and still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,
with ever-joyful hearts
and blessed peace to cheer us;
and keep us in His grace,
and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all ills
in this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
the Father now be given,
the Son, and Him who reigns
with Them in highest heaven;
the one eternal God,
whom heaven and earth adore;
for thus it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart (1586-1649)
tr. Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878)

Hymn 5

MP 932

Standing on the promises of Christ my King,

through eternal ages let His praises ring:
'Glory in the highest!' I will shout and sing,
standing on the promises of God.

*Standing, standing,
standing on the promises*

of God my Saviour,

standing, standing,

I'm standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
when the howling storms of doubt and fear
assail

by the living word of God I shall prevail,
standing on the promises of God.

Standing, standing...

Standing on the promises I now can see
perfect, present cleansing in the blood for
me;

standing in the liberty where Christ makes
free,

standing on the promises of God.

Standing, standing...

Standing on the promises of Christ the
Lord,

bound to Him eternally by love's strong
cord,

overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
standing on the promises of God.

Standing, standing...

Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
listening every moment to the Spirit's call,
resting in my Saviour as my all in all,
standing on the promises of God.

Standing, standing...

R K Carter (1849-1928)

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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