

Stevenston Churches of Scotland  
Thursday 28<sup>th</sup> March 2024

Rev. Scott Cameron  
Rev. John Carrick  
Rev. Robert Travers  
Maundy Thursday

Hymn 1 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 2 CH4 380

There is a green hill far away,  
outside a city wall,  
where the dear Lord was crucified,  
who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell  
what pains he had to bear;  
but we believe it was for us  
he hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
he died to make us good,  
that we might go at last to heaven,  
saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
to pay the price of sin;  
he only could unlock the gate  
of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved,  
and we must love him too,  
and trust in his redeeming blood,  
and try his works to do.

\*Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)



noly week

Hymn 3 MP 755

When I survey the wondrous cross  
on which the Prince of glory died,  
my richest gain I count but loss,  
and pour contempt on all my pride.


Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
save in the death of Christ my God:  
all the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were an offering far too small,  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Stevenston Livingstone  
Church of Scotland



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Hymn 4 MP 536

On a hill far away stood an old  
rugged cross,  
the emblem of suffering and shame;  
and I love that old cross where the dearest  
and best  
for a world of lost sinners was slain.  
*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross  
till my trophies at last I lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross  
and exchange it someday for a crown.*

O, the old rugged cross so despised by the  
world,  
has a wondrous attraction for me;  
for the dear lamb of God left his glory  
above  
to bear it to dark Calvary.  
*So I'll cherish...*

In the old rugged cross, stained with love  
so divine,  
a wondrous beauty I see;  
for 'twas on that old cross  
Jesus suffered and died  
to pardon and sanctify me.  
*So I'll cherish...*

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,  
its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
then He'll call me some day to my home  
far away,  
when His glory for ever I'll share.  
*So I'll cherish...*

George Bennard (1873-1958)  
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