

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 14th April 2024
Rev. Robert Travers BA BD

Hymn 1 CH4 528

Make me a channel of your peace.

Where there is hatred let me bring your love;
where there is injury, your pardon Lord;
and where there's doubt, true faith in you.

*Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek
so much to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there's despair in life let me bring
hope;
where there is darkness, only light;
and where there's sadness, ever joy.
Oh, Master...

Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving of ourselves that we receive;
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Sebastian Temple (1928-1997),
from the *Prayer of St Francis*

Hymn 2 CH4 404

I danced in the morning

when the world was young,
I danced in the moon
and the stars and the sun,
I came down from heaven
and I danced on the earth -
at Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance, dance, wherever you may be;
I am the Lord of the dance, said He,
and I'll lead you all,
wherever you may be,
and I'll lead you all in the dance,
said He.*

I danced for the scribes and the Pharisees,
they wouldn't dance
they wouldn't follow me.
I danced for the fishermen,
for James and John -
they came with me
so the dance went on.

Dance, dance, wherever you may be...

I danced on the Sabbath
and I cured the lame,
the holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped they stripped
they hung me on high,
left me there on a cross to die.

Dance, dance, wherever you may be...

I danced on a Friday
when the world turned black -
it's hard to dance
with the devil on your back.
They buried my body
they thought I was gone -
but I am the dance and the dance goes on.

Dance, dance, wherever you may be...

They cut me down and I leapt up high -
I am the life that will never, never die.
I'll live in you if you'll live in me,
I am the Lord of the dance, said He.

Dance, dance, wherever you may be...

Sydney Bertram Carter (1915-2004)

Hymn 3 CH4 200

Christ is made the sure foundation,

Christ the head and corner-stone,
chosen of the Lord, and precious,
binding all the Church in one,
holy Zion's help for ever,
and her confidence alone.

To this temple, where we call you,
come, O Lord of Hosts, today:
with your constant loving-kindness,
hear your servants as they pray,
and your fullest benediction
shed within its walls away.

Here bestow on all your servants
what they ask of you to gain,
what they gain from you for ever
with the blessing to retain,
and hereafter in your glory
evermore with you to reign.

Praise and honour to the Father,
praise and honour to the Son,
praise and honour to the Spirit,
ever Three and ever One,
One in might and One in glory
while unending ages run.

7th or 8th century
translated *John Mason Neale (1818-
1866)

Hymn 4 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.

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.

Stuart Townend

Hymn 5 CH4 531

My Jesus, my Saviour,

Lord, there is none like you.
All of my days I want to praise
the wonders of your mighty love.
My comfort, my shelter,
tower of refuge and strength,
let every breath, all that I am,
never cease to worship you.
*Shout to the Lord all the earth, let us sing,
power and majesty, praise to the King.
Mountains bow down and the seas will
roar
at the sound of your name.
I sing for joy at the work of your hands.
For ever I'll love you, for ever I'll stand.
Nothing compares to the promise I have in
you.*

My Jesus, my Saviour,
Lord, there is none like you.
All of my days I want to praise
the wonders of your mighty love.
My comfort, my shelter,
tower of refuge and strength,
let every breath, all that I am,
never cease to worship you.
*Shout to the Lord all the earth, let us sing,
power and majesty, praise to the King.
Mountains bow down and the seas will
roar
at the sound of your name.
I sing for joy at the work of your hands.
For ever I'll love you, for ever I'll stand.
Nothing compares to the promise I have
Nothing compares to the promise I have
Nothing compares to the promise I have in
you.*

Darlene Zschech

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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