

Stevenston Churches of Scotland
Sunday 21st July 2024

Rev. John Carrick

Shared Worship @ Livingstone

Hymn 1 CH4 159

Lord, for the years your love has kept and guided,

urged and inspired us, cheered us on our way,
sought us and saved us, pardoned and provided,
Lord of the years, we bring our thanks today.

Lord, for that word, the Word of life that fires us,
speaks to our hearts and sets our souls ablaze,
teaches and trains, rebukes us and inspires us,
Lord of the word, receive your people's praise.

Lord, for our land, in this our generation,
spirits oppressed by pleasure, wealth and care;
for young and old, for commonwealth and nation,
Lord of our land, be pleased to hear our prayer.

Lord, for our world; when we disown and doubt him,
loveless in strength, and comfortless in pain;
hungry and helpless, lost indeed without him,
Lord of the world, we pray that Christ may reign.

Lord, for ourselves; in living power remake us,
self on the cross and Christ upon the throne;

past put behind us, for the future take us,
Lord of our lives, to live for Christ alone.

Timothy Dudley-Smith (*b.1926*)

Hymn 2 JP 50

Give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning.

Give me oil in my lamp, I pray.
Give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning,
Keep me burning till the break of day.

*Sing hosanna, sing hosanna,
Sing hosanna to the King of Kings!
Sing hosanna, sing hosanna,
Sing hosanna, to the King!*

Give me joy in my heart, keep me singing.
Give me joy in my heart, I pray.
Give me joy in my heart, keep me singing,
Keep me singing till the break of day.

Sing hosanna...

Give me love in my heart, keep me serving.
Give me love in my heart, I pray.
Give me love in my heart, keep me serving,
Keep me serving till the break of day.

Sing hosanna...

Give me peace in my heart, keep me resting.

Give me peace in my heart, I pray.
Give me peace in my heart, keep me resting,

Keep me resting till the break of day.

Sing hosanna...

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Hymn 3 CH3 388

The King of Love my Shepherd is,

Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever!

Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)
from *Psalm 23*

Hymn 4 CH4 247

Moved by the Gospel, let us move

with every gift and art.
The image of created love
indwells each human heart.
The Maker calls creation good,
so let us now express
with sound and colour, stone and wood,
the shape of holiness.

Let weavers form from broken strands
a tapestry of prayer.
Let artists paint with skilful hands
their joy, lament and care.
Then mime the story: Christ has come.
With reverence dance the word.
With flute and organ, gong and drum
God's praise be ever heard.

O Spirit, breathe among us here;
inspire the work we do.
May hands and voices, eye and ear
attest to life made new.
In worship and in daily strife
create among us still.
Great Artist, form our common life
according to your will.

Ruth C. Duck (*b. 1947*)

Hymn 5 MP 1072

In Christ alone my hope is found,

He is my light, my strength, my song;
this cornerstone, this solid ground,
firm through the fiercest drought and
storm.

What heights of love, what depths of
peace,
when fears are stilled, when strivings
cease!

My comforter, my all in all,
here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone – who took on flesh,
fullness of God in helpless Babe!
This gift of love and righteousness,
scorned by the ones he came to save
till on that cross as Jesus died,
the wrath of God was satisfied,
for every sin on Him was laid;
here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground his body lay,
light of the world by darkness slain,
then, bursting forth in glorious day,
up from the grave He rose again!
And as he stands in victory
sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
for I am His and He is mine –
bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
this is the power of Christ in me;
from life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.

No power of hell, no scheme of man
can ever pluck me from His hand;
till He returns or calls me home,
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

Stuart Townend

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Exeunt MP 411

Let there be love shared among us,

let there be love in our eyes;
may now Your love sweep this nation,
cause us, O Lord, to arise:
give us a fresh understanding
of brotherly love that is real;
let there be love shared among us,
let there be love.

Dave Bilbrough

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Church of Scotland



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