

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 1st September 2019
Communion Sunday
Rev. Alan Ford

Hymn 1 MP 1008

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.

He makes me lie in pastures green.
He leads me by the still, still waters,
His goodness restores my soul.

*And I will trust in You alone,
and I will trust in You alone,
for Your endless mercy follows me,
Your goodness will lead me home.*

He guides my ways in righteousness,
and He anoints my head with oil,
and my cup, it overflows with joy,
I feast on His pure delights.
And I will trust...

And though I walk the darkest path,
I will not fear the evil one,
for You are with me, and Your rod and staff
are the comfort I need to know.
And I will trust...

Psalm 23
adapted Stuart Townend
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Hymn 2 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)

Hymn 3 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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Hymn 4 MP 296

I stand amazed in the presence
of Jesus the Nazarene,
and wonder how He could love me,
a sinner, condemned, unclean.

*How marvellous! how wonderful!
and my song shall ever be:
How marvellous! how wonderful!
is my Saviour's love for me!*

For me it was in the garden
He prayed – 'Not My will, but Thine';
He had no tears for His own griefs,
but sweat drops of blood for mine.
How marvellous...

In pity angels beheld Him,
and came from the world of light,
to comfort Him in the sorrows
He bore for my soul that night.
How marvellous...

He took my sins and my sorrows,
He made them His very own;
He bore the burden to Calvary,
and suffered, and died alone.
How marvellous...

When with the ransomed in glory
His face I at last shall see,
'twill be my joy through the ages
to sing of His love for me.
How marvellous...

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel (1856-1932)
© Feba Radio

Hymn 5 MP 315

I will sing the wondrous story

of the Christ who died for me –
how He left the realms of glory
for the cross on Calvary.

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me –
sing it with His saints in glory,
gathered by the crystal sea.

I was lost: but Jesus found me,
found the sheep that went astray,
raised me up and gently led me
back into the narrow way.

Days of darkness still may meet me,
sorrow's path I oft may tread;
but His presence still is with me,
by His guiding hand I'm led.

He will keep me till the river
rolls its waters at my feet:
then He'll bear me safely over,
made by grace for glory meet.
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me –
sing it with His saints in glory,
gathered by the crystal sea.

Francis Harold Rowley (1854-1952)

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Hymn 6 MP 201

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,

pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fiery, cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
be Thou still my strength and shield,
be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside:
death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side:
songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee,
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams (1717-1791) altd.

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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