

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 12th January 2020
Mr. Douglas Creighton

Hymn 1 CH4 533

Will you come and follow me

if I but call your name?

Will you go where you don't know

and never be the same?

Will you let my love be shown,

will you let my name be known,

will you let my life be grown

in you and you in me?

Will you leave your self behind

if I but call your name?

Will you care for cruel and kind

and never be the same?

Will you risk the hostile stare

should your life attract or scare?

Will you let me answer prayer

in you and you in me?

Will you let the blinded see

if I but call your name?

Will you set the prisoners free

and never be the same?

Will you kiss the leper clean,

and do such as this unseen,

and admit to what I mean

in you and you in me?

Will you love the 'you' you hide

if I but call your name?

Will you quell the fear inside

and never be the same?

Will you use the faith you've found

to reshape the world around,

through my sight and touch and sound

in you and you in me?

Lord, your summons echoes true

when you but call my name.

Let me turn and follow you

and never be the same.

In your company I'll go

where your love and footsteps show.

Thus I'll move and live and grow

in you and you in me.

John L. Bell (*b.* 1949)

and Graham Maule (*b.* 1958)

Hymn 2 MP 988

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 sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,

my sin upon His shoulders;

ashamed, I hear my mocking voice

cry 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.

Stuart Townend

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Hymn 3 MP 806

Beauty for brokenness,

hope for despair,

Lord, in Your suffering world

this is our prayer.

Bread for the children,

justice, joy, peace,

sunrise to sunset,

Your kingdom increase!

Shelter for fragile lives,

cures for their ills,

work for the craftsmen,

trade for their skills;

land for the dispossessed,

rights for the weak,

voices to plead the cause

of those who can't speak.

God of the poor,

friend of the weak,

give us compassion we pray:

melt our cold hearts,

let tears fall like rain;

come, change our love

from a spark to a flame.

Refuge from cruel wars,

havens from fear,

cities for sanctuary,

freedoms to share.

Peace to the killing-fields,

scorched earth to green,

Christ for the bitterness,

His cross for the pain.

Rest for the ravaged earth,

oceans and streams

plundered and poisoned –

our future, our dreams.

Lord, end our madness,

carelessness, greed;

make us content with

the things that we need.

God of the poor...

Lighen our darkness,

breathe on this flame

until Your justice

burns brightly again;

until the nations

learn of Your ways,

seek Your salvation

and bring You their praise.

God of the poor...

Graham Kendrick

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Hymn 4 CH4 641

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God

and his righteousness;

and all these things shall be added unto

you;

allelu, alleluia.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, allelu, alleluia!

Ask and it shall be given unto you,

seek, and ye shall find;

knock, and the door shall be opened up to

you;

allelu, alleluia.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, allelu, alleluia!

You shall not live by bread alone,

but by every word

that proceeds from the mouth of the Lord;

allelu, alleluia.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, allelu, alleluia!

Karen Lafferty (*b.* 1948)

Hymn 5 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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