

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 21st November 2021
Rev. Dave Sutherland

Hymn 1 MP 51

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;

naught be all else to me, save that Thou art –

Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true
Word;

I ever with Thee, and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father: and I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Be thou my battle-shield, sword for the
fight,
be Thou my dignity, Thou my delight.
Thou my soul's shelter, Thou my high
tower:

raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of
my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou, and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou
art.

High King of Heaven, my victory won,
may I reach heaven's joys, O bright
heaven's Sun!

Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O ruler of all.

From The Poem Book of the God
selected and edited by Eleanor Henrietta
Hull (1860-1935)
originally published by Chatto & Windus
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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 315

I will sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me –
how He left his home in glory
for the cross of Calvary.
I was lost: but Jesus found me,
found the sheep that went astray,
threw His loving arms around me
drew me back into His way.

I was bruised but Jesus healed me
faint was I from many a fall.
Sight was gone and fears possessed me
but He freed me from them all.
Days of darkness still come o'er me,
sorrow's path I often tread;
but the Saviour still is with me,
by His hand I'm safely led.

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

Francis Harold Rowley (1854-1952)
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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

Stevenson Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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