

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 16th January 2022
Rev. Robert Travers BA BD

Hymn 1 CH4 127

O worship the King, all glorious above;

O gratefully sing his power and his love;
our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
his chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old;
hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
and round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?

It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
and sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust and feeble as frail,
in thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
our maker, defender, redeemer, and friend!

O measureless might, ineffable love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
the humbler creation, in lowlier ways,
with true adoration shall all sing thy praise.

*Robert Grant (1779-1838)

from *Psalms 104*

Hymn 2 CH4 577

Christ be beside me,

Christ be before me,
Christ be behind me,
King of my heart.

Christ be within me,
Christ be below me,
Christ be above me,
never to part.

Christ on my right hand,
Christ on my left hand,
Christ all around me,
shield in the strife.
Christ in my sleeping,
Christ in my sitting,
Christ in my rising,
light of my life.

Christ be in all hearts
thinking about me,
Christ be in all tongues
telling of me.
Christ be the vision
in eyes that see me,
in ears that hear me,
Christ ever be.

from *St Patrick's Breastplate*, 8th century
adapted James Quinn (1919-2010)

Hymn 3 CH4 268

O God of Bethel! by whose hand

thy people still are fed,
who through this earthly pilgrimage
hast all our fathers led:

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
our wandering footsteps guide;
give us each day our daily bread,
and raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around,
till all our wanderings cease,
and at our Father's loved abode
our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
our humble prayers implore;
and thou shalt be our chosen God,
and portion evermore.

**Scottish Paraphrases* 1781
From *Genesis* 28: 20-22

Hymn 4 CH4 251

I, the Lord of sea and sky,

I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin
my hand will save.

I, who made the stars of night,
I, will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

Here I am, Lord.

Is it I, Lord?

I have heard you calling in the night.

I will go, Lord,

if you lead me.

I will hold your people in my heart.

I, the Lord of snow and rain,

I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them.
They turn away.

I will break their hearts of stone,
give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak my Word to them.
Whom shall I send?
Here I am, Lord..

I, the Lord of wind and flame,
I will tend the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them.
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide
till their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them.
Whom shall I send?
Here I am, Lord..

Daniel Schutte (b. 1947)

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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