

Livingstone Parish Church
Sunday 14th August 2022
Mr. Willie Robertson

Hymn 1 CH4 478

Behold the amazing gift of love

the Father hath bestowed
on us, in calling us his own,
the children of our God!

Concealed as yet this honour lies,
by this dark world unknown,
a world that knew not when he came,
even God's eternal Son.

High is the rank we now possess;
but higher we shall rise,
though what we shall hereafter be
is hid from mortal eyes.

Our souls, we know, when he appears,
shall bear his image bright;
for all his glory, full disclosed,
shall open to our sight.

A hope so great and so divine
may trials well endure;
and purge the soul from sense and sin,
as Christ Himself is pure.

**Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781
1 John 3: 1-3

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 580

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord with me abide:
when other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass
away;
change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?

Who like thyself my guide and stay can
be?

Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness:
where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
victory?

I triumph still if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing
eyes,
shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies;
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee:
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

Hymn 4 CH4 517

**Fight the good fight with all your
might;**

Christ is your strength, and Christ your
right;
lay hold on life, and it shall be
your joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good
grace,

lift up your eyes, and seek his face;
life with its path before us lies;
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on your Guide;
his boundless mercy will provide.

Trust, and your trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear; his arm is near;
he does not change, and you are dear;
only believe, and Christ shall be
your all in all eternally.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811-1875)

Hymn 5 CH4 710

'I have a dream', a man once said,
‘where all is perfect peace;
where men and women, black and white,
stand hand in hand, and all unite
in freedom and in love,
in freedom and in love.

But in this world of bitter strife
the dream can often fade;
reality seems dark as night,
we catch but glimpses of the light
Christ sheds on humankind,
Christ sheds on humankind.

Fierce persecution, war, and hate
are raging everywhere;
God calls us now to pay the price
through struggles and through sacrifice
of standing for the right,
of standing for the right.

So dream the dreams and sing the songs,
but never be content;
for thoughts and words don't ease the
pain:
unless there's action, all is vain;
faith proves itself in deeds,
faith proves itself in deeds.

Lord, give us vision, make us strong,
help us to do your will;
don't let us rest until we see
your love throughout humanity
uniting us in peace,
uniting us in peace.

Pamela J. Pettitt (1954-2005)

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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