

# GRANTON PARISH CHURCH

## Memorial Service

FOR

CAROL BERTRAM

SUSAN BYRNE

LORRAINE DICK

DIANE DUDGEON

WILLIAM KERR

AND

SHEELAGH SUNDERLAND

Conducted by Rev. WILLIAM C. THOMAS, School Chaplain

Praise led by school choir and band

Conductor—Mr R. A. G. MacINTOSH

*3rd December 1971*

# Order of Service

## PROCESSIONAL

## PRELUDE

Kathryn Campbell, 4F1

## PSALM 23

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green: He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life,  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

## PRAYER

## READING

OLD TESTAMENT Psalm 139 1-12  
Mr M. WHITE, Housemaster, Inchcolm House

## HYMN 497

Just as I am, Thine own to be,  
Friend of the young, who lovest me,  
To consecrate myself to Thee,  
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,  
My life to give, my vows to pay,  
With no reserve and no delay,  
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,  
I would work ever for the right,  
I would serve Thee with all my might,  
Therefore to Thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong and free,  
To be the best that I can be  
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,  
Lord of my life, I come.

## READING

REVELATION Chapter 21 Verses 1-7  
School Chaplain

## HYMN 576

Who would true valour see,  
Let him come hither;  
One here will constant be,  
Come wind, come weather;  
There's no discouragement  
Shall make me once relent  
His first avowed intent  
To be a pilgrim.

No lion can him fright,  
He'll with a giant fight,  
But he will have the right  
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul field  
Can daunt his spirit;  
He knows he at the end  
Shall life inherit.

Whoso beset him round  
With dismal stories,  
Do but themselves confound;  
His strength the more is.

Then fancies fly away;  
He'll fear not what men say;  
He'll labour night and day  
To be a pilgrim.

*ADDRESS*

Rev. WILLIAM C. THOMAS School Chaplain

*HYMN 477*

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, Thou my true Word;  
I ever with Thee, Thou with me, Lord;  
Thou my great Father, 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 heaven-ward, O Power of my power.

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

High King of heaven, after victory won,  
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun!  
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

*Amen*

*BLESSING*

*RECESSIONAL*