

**Stevenston Parish Church**  
**Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> November 2024**  
**Rev. John Carrick**  
**Remembrance Sunday**

**Hymn 1 CH3 312**

**Behold! the mountain of the Lord**

In latter days shall rise  
On mountain tops above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;  
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,  
And to his house we'll go.

Among the nations he shall judge;  
His judgements truth shall guide;  
His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds  
Disturb those peaceful years;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their  
swords,  
To pruning-hooks their spears.

Come then, O house of Jacob! come  
To worship at his shrine;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

*Scottish Paraphrases, 1781*  
From Isaiah 2: 2-5

**Hymn 2 MP 456**

**Make me a channel of Your peace.**

Where there is hatred let me bring Your  
love;  
where there is injury, Your pardon, Lord;  
and where there's doubt, true faith in You.

*Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek  
so much to be consoled as to console;  
to be understood as to understand;  
to be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

Make me a channel of Your peace.  
Where there's despair in life let me bring  
hope;  
where there is darkness, only light;  
and where there's sadness, ever joy.  
*Oh, Master...*

Make me a channel of Your peace.  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,  
in giving of ourselves that we receive;  
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Sebastian Temple (1928-1997),  
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**Hymn 3 MP 122**

**Eternal Father, strong to save,**

whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
who bidst't the mighty ocean deep  
its own appointed limits keep:  
O, hear us when we cry to Thee  
for those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,  
and hushed their raging at Thy word,  
who walkedst upon the foaming deep,  
and calm amid the storm didst sleep:  
O, hear us when we cry to Thee  
for those in peril on the sea.

O Ruler of the earth and sky  
be with our airmen when they fly;  
and keep them in thy loving care  
amid the perils of the air.  
O let our cry come unto thee  
for those who fly o'er land and sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood  
upon the waters dark and rude,  
and bid their angry tumult cease,  
and give, for wild confusion, peace:  
O, hear us when we cry to Thee  
for those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,  
our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
from rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
protect them wheresoe'er they go:  
thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting (1825-1878)

**Hymn 4 MP 735**

**We rest on Thee, our shield and our  
defender!**

we go not forth alone against the foe;  
strong in Thy strength, safe in Thy keeping  
tender,  
we rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go.  
Strong in Thy strength, safe in Thy keeping  
tender,  
we rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go.

Yes, in Thy name, O Captain of salvation!  
in Thy dear name, all other names above;  
Jesus our righteousness, our sure  
foundation,  
our Prince of glory and our King of love.  
Jesus our righteousness, our sure  
foundation,  
our Prince of glory and our King of love.

We go in faith, our own great weakness  
feeling,  
and needing more each day Thy grace to  
know:  
yet from our hearts a song of triumph  
pealing,  
'We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go.'  
Yet from our hearts a song of triumph  
pealing,  
'We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go.'

We rest on Thee, our shield and our  
defender!  
Thine is the battle, Thine shall be the  
praise;  
when passing through the gates of pearly  
splendour,  
victors, we rest with Thee, through endless  
days.  
When passing through the gates of pearly  
splendour,  
victors, we rest with Thee, through endless  
days.

Edith Gilling Cherry (1872-1897)

**Hymn 5      MP 560**

**Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;**

to His feet thy tribute bring;  
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
who like me His praise should sing?  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for his grace and favour  
to our fathers in distress;  
praise Him, still the same for ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us;  
well our feeble frame He knows;  
in His hands He gently bears us,  
rescues us from all our foes:  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him;  
ye behold Him face to face;  
sun and moon, bow down before Him;  
dwellers all in time and space.  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)  
From *Psalm 103*

**Hymn 6      CH4 703**

**God save our gracious King,**

long live our noble King;  
God save the King!  
Send him victorious,  
happy and glorious,  
long to reign over us:  
God save the King!

Author unknown

Verse 1 & 2 from the version of 1745

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PARISH · CHURCH



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