



# The Order of Service

PSALM 23 - - - - - "The Lord's my Shepherd"

PRAYER

REV. J. GEDDES RITCHIE

SCRIPTURE LESSON — 2nd Samuel, i, 17-27 - JAY LESSELLS, ESQ.

HYMN 601 - - - - - "O God, our help, in ages past"

Unveiling Ceremony and Address

THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF EGLINTON AND WINTON

The Names of the Fallen

Prefect ALASTAIR MACGREGOR

HYMN 220 - "For all the Saints who from their labours rest"

The Memorial Presented, Accepted and Dedicated

J. WHITELAW, ESQ. THE RECTOR REV. T. K. POTTS

"The Flowers o' the Forest"

SCHOOL CHOIR

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BENEDICTION

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.

HYMN 601

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

HYMN 220

For all the saints who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.  
Hallelujah !

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.  
Hallelujah !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.  
Hallelujah !

But, lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;  
The King of Glory passes on His way.  
Hallelujah !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
Hallelujah !