Praise

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

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

Kohima Epitaph

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame.
From ever lasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in they sight,
Are like an evening gone.
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

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.

National Anthem

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen

Service of Remembrance

se Lords Prayer

Praise

Praver

Romans 8:31-Revelation 21:

Brief invitation to worship.

Rogart War Memorial memal angular

Sunday 11th November, 2012

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old. Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun, and in the morning. We will remember them, .m.s 24.01

All Affirm

We will remember them

Order of Service

Praise

Service of Remembrance

Brief invitation to worship.

Scripture Readings

Romans 8:31-39

Revelation 21:1-7

<u>Prayer</u> (Followed by the Lords Prayer)

Pipers Lament, BiromeM as W trages

Sunday 11th November, 2. Senill s'novnie

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old. Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun, and in the morning. We will remember them.

All Affirm

We will remember them

Order of Service

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come. Our shelter from the stormy past.

Two Minutes Silence

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

Kohima Epitaph

When you go home, tell them of us and say.

Or earth received her frame.

For your tomorrow, we gave our today.

Piper's Reveille.

A thousand ages in they sight, Are like an evening gone.

Short as the watch that ends the night, Before the rising sun.

Laying of Wreaths.

Fime, like an ever-rolling stream, ilears all its sons away. They fly forgotien, as a divers. They at the opening day.

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National Anthem

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