

Remembrance All souls

November the month to remember



Autumn Churchyard

Do not search for me down among the marble headstones
Where rooks on November branches
Make gathering cry for the dying year
Do not look for me where summer's leaves
Decay on waves of winter grass
Do not imagine me as you last saw me
Pale, bruised and empty of life
I am not here
But see that shaft of sunlight
Which spots the grey dark lake of late November
On the heather hillside of Donegal
Or listen to the thrush
Squeeze out the last notes of its sunny summer song
Or hear the laughter
I splashed in my sister's face
On the sun drenched beach that summer before I left you
I go on playing not where winter withers
But where spring
Is eternal.

Opening hymn: Be still for the presence of the Lord

1. Be still for the presence of the Lord
The Holy One is here
Come bow before Him now
With reverence and fear
In Him no sin is found
We stand on holy ground
Be still for the presence of the Lord
The Holy One is here
2. Be still for the glory of the Lord
Is shining all around
He burns with holy fire
With splendour he is crowned
How awesome is the sight
Our radiant King of Light
Be still for the glory of the Lord
Is shining all around
3. Be still for the power of the Lord
Is moving in this place
He comes to cleanse and heal
To minister His grace
No work too hard for Him
In faith receive from Him
Be still for the power of the Lord
Is moving in this place.

Psalm 22 (23):

R: The Lord is my Shepherd: there is nothing I shall want

Acclamation:

Alleluia, alleluia!

It is my Father's will, says the Lord,
that I should lose nothing of all he has given to me,
and that I should raise it up on the last day.

Alleluia

Communion: Amazing Grace

1. Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.
3. Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home
4. The Lord has promised good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

Recessional hymn: How great thou art

1. O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds thy hand has made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed.
*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee:
How great thou art, how great thou art.*
*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee:
How great Thou art, how great Thou art.*
2. When through the wood and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.
3. And when I think of God, his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.
4. When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart;
When I shall bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim: my God, how great thou art.