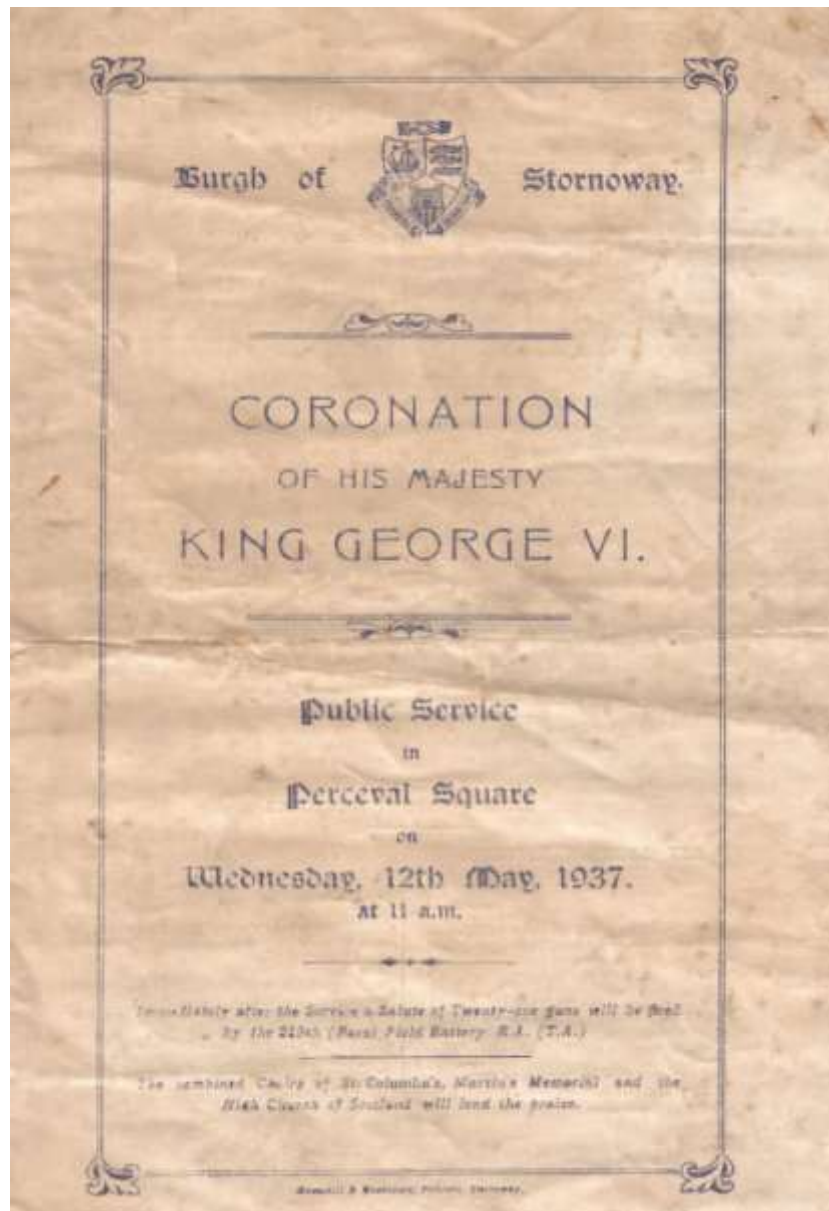




[Order of Service to Mark the Coronation of HM George VI (1937)]



REV. RODERICK MORISON

PSALM 100

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O open thou his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is surely so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever true;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

SCRIPTURE - Chronicles 1: 2 - 43

In that night did God appear unto Solomon, and said unto him, Ask what I shall give thee.

And Solomon said unto God, Thou hast showed great mercy unto David my Father, and hast made me to reign in his stead.

Now, O Lord, God, let thy promise unto David my father be established: for thou hast made me king over a people like the dust of the earth in multitude.

Give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and come in before this people: for who can judge this thy people, that is so great?

And God said to Solomon, Because this was in thine heart, and thou hast not asked riches, wealth, or honour, nor the life of thine enemies, neither yet hast asked long life; but hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself, that thou mayest judge thy people, which I have made thee king:

Wisdom and knowledge is granted unto thee; and I will give thee riches, and wealth, and honour, such as none of the kings have had that have been before thee, neither shall there any after thee have the like.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

REV. LACHLAN MACLEOD.

PRAYER.

HYMN 411

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too; how should we love
Another land so well?

O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless.

With generous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plentyassen.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

[ends]

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