

ROYAL ARMY EDUCATIONAL CORPS

SERVICE OF
DEDICATION

SERVICE TO BE HELD ON THE
OCCASION OF PASSING OUT
PARADES FOR INSTRUCTORS
ON THE COMPLETION OF THEIR
COURSE AT THE ARMY SCHOOL
OF EDUCATION & DEPOT R.A.E.C.

ORDER OF SERVICE

When all are in their places
the Chaplain will say
"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

Then shall follow the first verse of
THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Then shall be sung a
HYMN

This and the following hymns will be chosen
from the selection at the end of the paper

After which
The Chaplain shall read the
introduction as follows
the Congregation standing

BRETHREN we are come together in the presence of Almighty
God for a Service of Dedication for those who are about to
leave this establishment and go out into all parts of the world as
teachers. We are met together to pray that with God's help
they may be worthy of the profession to which they are called
and able to shoulder the great responsibilities with which they
are faced.

Wherefore, let us for a moment remain in silence and
remember God's presence with us now.

After which, all kneeling,
shall be read by the Chaplain

LORD of all power and might, who art the author and giver of
all good things: graft in our hearts the love of thy name,
increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness; and
of thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our
Lord. *Amen.*

GRANT to us, Lord, we beseech thee, the spirit to think and
do always such things as be rightful; that we who cannot do
anything which is good without thee, may by thee be enabled to
live according to thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

After which, shall be said, all together

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name.
Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in
heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our
trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead
us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the
kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. AMEN.

A HYMN

Then will follow

THE LESSON

Read by the Commandant of
the Army School of Education

A HYMN

THE ADDRESS

A HYMN

During the singing of which
a collection will be taken

After which, all standing, the following prayers
of Dedication will be said by
the Congregation

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, by whose grace thy servants
are enabled to fight the good fight of faith and ever prove
victorious: We humbly beseech thee so to inspire us, that we may
yield our hearts to thine obedience and exercise our wills on thy
behalf. Help us to think wisely; to speak rightly; to resolve
bravely; to act kindly; to live purely. Bless us in body and in
soul, and make us a blessing to our comrades. Whether at home
or abroad may we ever seek the extension of thy Kingdom. Let
the assurance of thy Presence save us from sinning; strengthen us
in life, and comfort us in death. O Lord our God, accept this
prayer for Jesus Christ's sake.

REMEMBER, O Lord, what thou hast wrought in us, and not
what we deserve; and, as thou hast called us to thy service,
make us worthy of our calling; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Then shall be sung

God be in my head, and in my understanding;
God be in my eyes, and in my looking;
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;
God be in my heart, and in my thinking;
God be at my end, and at my departing.

After which

The Congregation will kneel and after a silence
for Private Prayer the Chaplain shall pronounce

THE BLESSING

GO forth into the world in peace, be of good courage; hold
fast that which is good; render to no man evil for evil;
strengthen the fainthearted; support the weak, help the afflicted;
honour all men; love and serve the Lord, rejoicing in the power
of the Holy Spirit.

And the Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and
the Holy Spirit, be upon you, and remain with you for ever. Amen.

This service paper may be retained by all who
are leaving the Army School of Education

1

AND did those feet in ancient
time
Walk upon England's moun-
tains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures
seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded
hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic
mills?
Bring me my bow of burning
gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds,
unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental
fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in
my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleas-
ant land.

2

FIGHT the good fight with all
thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ
thy Right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.
Run the straight race through
God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His
Face:
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ
the prize.
Cast care aside, lean on thy
Guide;
His boundless mercy will
provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall
prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its
love.
Faint not nor fear, His Arms are
near,
He changeth not, and thou art
dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

3

GUIDE me, O Thou great
Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren
land;
I am weak but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful
hand;
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.
Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do
flow
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey
through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and
Shield.
When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's
Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

4

HE who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.
Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.
Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

5

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on
Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
Pienteous grace with Thee is
found,
Grace to cleanse from every
sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

6

JESUS shall reign where'er the
sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore
to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane
no more.
People and realms of every
tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest
song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His
Name.
Blessings abound where'er He
reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his
chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

7

O WORSHIP the King
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love;
Our shield and defender,
The ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour,
And girded with praise.

O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space:
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath established it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer and Friend.

O measureless Might
Ineffable love,
While Angels delight
To hymn thee above,
Thy ransom'd creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to thy praise.

8
PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,
 To His feet thy tribute bring;
 Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
 Evermore His praises sing!
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Praise the Everlasting King.
 Praise Him for His grace and favour
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him still the same as ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 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;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Widely yet His mercy flows.
 Angels in the height, adore Him;
 Ye behold Him face to face;
 Saints triumphant bow before Him,
 Gather'd in from every race;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Praise with us the God of grace.

9
THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the Promised Land.
 Clear before us through the darkness
 Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 Stepping fearless through the night.
 One the Light of God's Own Presence
 O'er His ransom'd people shed
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread:
 One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires.

One the strain that lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one:
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun:
 One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore,
 Where the One Almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.
 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
 Onward with the Cross our aid;
 Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
 Till we rest beneath its shade.
 Soon shall come the great awaking,
 Soon the rending of the tomb;
 Then the scattering of all shadows,
 And the end of toil and gloom.

10
IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
 In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
 Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
 Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.
 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
 Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
 Thy justice like mountains high soaring above,
 Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.
 To all life Thou givest—to both great and small;
 In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
 We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
 And wither and perish—but nought changeth Thee.
 Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
 Thine Angels adore Thee; all veiling their sight;
 All laud we would render; O help us to see:
 'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

11
O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed,
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led;
 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before Thy Throne of grace;
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.
 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.
 O spread Thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.

12
FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labour to pursue;
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
 In all I think, or speak, or do.
 The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd
 O let me cheerfully fulfil;
 In all my works Thy presence find,
 And prove Thy good and perfect will.
 Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
 And labour on at Thy command,
 And offer all my works to Thee.
 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
 And every moment watch and pray,
 And still to things eternal look,
 And hasten to Thy glorious day;
 For Thee delightfully employ
 Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
 And run my course with even joy
 And closely walk with Thee to Heav'n.

13
THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
 O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt His Name;
 When in distress to Him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.
 The Hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliverance He affords to all
 Who on His succour trust.
 O make but trial of His love,
 Experience will decide
 How bless'd are they, and only they,
 Who in His truth confide.
 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you His service your delight,
 Your wants shall be His care.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

14
PRAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation;
 O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation;
 All ye who hear,
 Now to His temple draw near,
 Joining in glad adoration.
 Praise to the Lord, Who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
 Shieldeth thee gently from harm, or when fainting sustaineth:
 Hast thou not seen
 How thy heart's wishes have been
 Granted in what He ordaineth?
 Praise to the Lord, Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee,
 Surely His goodness and mercy shall daily attend thee;
 Ponder anew
 What the Almighty can do,
 If to the end He befriend thee.

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