

In Loving and Happy Memory

of

Robert George Strathdee

1942 - 2011

Cults Church

Aberdeen

Monday 12th September 2011

2.00pm

Conducted by the Very Reverend Professor

Alan Main TD. MA. BD. STM. PHD. DD.

HYMN

PRAISE my soul the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
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:
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
Blows the wind and it is gone;
But, while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on:
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the high eternal One.

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

HYMN

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver;
let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee.

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

*God saw you getting tired
And a cure was not to be
So He put His arms around you
And whispered 'come to me'.
With tearful eyes we watched
And saw you pass away
Although we love you dearly
We could not make you stay.
A golden heart stopped beating,
Hard working hands at rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best*