

Order of service
January 24, 2021

Song: Donald where's your troosers
(Key of Em)

1

I've just come down from the Isle of Skye
I'm no very big and I'm awful shy
And the lassies shout when I go by
Donald, where's your troosers?

Refrain

Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt, I'll go
All the lassies say hello
Donald, where's your troosers?

2

A lassie took me to a ball
And it was slippery in the hall
And I was feared that I would fall
For I had nae on my troosers R

3

Now I went down to London Town
And I had some fun in the underground
The ladies turned their heads around
Saying, Donald, where are your trousers? R

4

To wear the kilt is my delight
It is not wrong, I know it's right
The Highlanders would get a fright
If they saw me in the trousers R

5

The lassies want me every one
Well, let them catch me if they can
You can not take the breaks off a Highland man

And I don't wear the troosers R

6

Oh, man, I'm all rock and roll
And I'm a-moving and a-grooving to save my soul
Grab your kilt and go, go, go
Hey, Donald, where's your troosers? R

7

I've just come down from the Isle of Skye
I'm not very big and I'm awful shy
And the lassies shout when I go by
Donald, where's your troosers? R

Greetings & welcoming the Trinity

Hymn: O Master let me walk with thee

(VU560; Tune: *The parting glass*, traditional Scottish; Key of D#)

1

O Master, let me walk with thee
in lowly paths of service free;
teach me thy secret, help me bear
the strain of toil, the fret of care.

2

Help me the slow of heart to move
with some clear, winning word of love;
teach me the wayward feet to stay,
and guide them in the homeward way.

3

Teach me thy patience; still with thee,
in closer, dearer company,
in work that keeps faith sure and strong,
in trust that triumphs over wrong,

4

in hope that sends a shining ray
far down the future's broadening way,
in peace that only thou canst give,
with thee, O Master, let me live.

Poem: A passing glimpse

By Robert Frost

Hymn: Spirit of God, come dwell within me

(Tune: *Leaving of Lismore*, traditional Scottish; Key of D)

1

Spirit of God, come dwell within me.
Open my heart, O come set me free.
Fill me with love for Jesus, my Lord.
O fill me with living water.

Refrain

Jesus is living, Jesus is here.
Jesus, my Lord, come closer to me.
Jesus, our Saviour, dying for me,
and rising to save his people

2

Lord, how I thirst, O Lord, I am weak.
Lord, come to me, you alone do I seek
Lord, you are life, and love and hope.
O fill me with living water. R

3

Lord, I am blind, O Lord, I can't see.
Stretch out your hand, O Lord comfort me.
Lead me your way in light and in truth
O fill me with Living water. R

Poem: Address to a haggis

By Robert Burns

Piping

Prayer

The Lord's prayer

(Tune: *Auld Lang Syne*; Key of D)

Our Fa-ther who art in Heav-en
Hallowed be thy name
Thy Kingdom come thy will be done
on earth as in heaven

Give us today our daily bread
And forgive us all our sins
As we forgive each one of those
who sins against us.

And lead us not to the time of trial
But deliver us from evil
For the reign, the glory and the power
Are yours, Amen! Amen!

A time for a' the Laird's wee bairns

Poem: I'll love you forever

By Robert Munsch

Hymn: A touching place

(*Dream Angus*, traditional lullaby, Key of G)

1

Christ's is the world in which we move,
Christ's are the folk we're summoned to love,
Christ's is the voice which calls us to care,
And Christ is the one who meets us here.

Refrain

To the lost Christ shows his face;
To the unloved, he gives his embrace;
To those who cry in pain or disgrace...
Christ makes with his friends a touching place

2

Feel for the people we most avoid,
Strange or bereaved or never employed;
Feel for the women, and feel for the men
Who fear that their living is all in vain. R

3

Feel for the parents who've lost their child,
Feel for the women whom men have defiled,
Feel for the baby for whom there's no breast,
And feel for the weary who find no rest. R

4

Feel for the lives by life confused,
Riddled with doubt, in loving abused;
Feel for the lonely heart, conscious of sin,
Who longs to be pure, but fears to begin. R

Poem: To a mouse, on turning her up in her nest with a plough
By Robert Burns

Hymn: Thy word is like a garden Lord
(Tune: *Rowan tree*, traditional; Key: Bd [G 3rd fret])

1

Thy Word is like a garden, Lord,
with flowers bright and fair;
And every one who seeks
may pluck a lovely cluster there.
Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine;
and jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths
for every searcher there.

2

Thy Word is like a starry host:
a thousand rays of light
Are seen to guide the traveler
and make the pathway bright.
Thy Word is like an armory,
where soldiers may repair;
And find, for life's long battle day,
all needful weapons there.

3

O may I love Thy precious Word,
may I explore the mine,
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
may light upon me shine!
O may I find my armor there!
Thy Word my trusty sword,
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord.

Poem: The road not taken

By Robert Frost

Hymn: Spirit, open my heart

(MV 79; tune: *Wild mountain tyme*, traditional Scottish; Key: D)

Refrain

Spirit, open my heart
to the joy and pain of living.
As you love may I love,
in receiving and in giving,
Spirit, open my heart.

1

God, replace my stony heart
with a heart that's kind and tender.
All my coldness and fear
to your grace I now surrender. R

2

Write your love upon my heart
as my law, my goal, my story.
In each thought, word, and deed,
may my living bring you glory. R

3

May I weep with those who weep,
share the joy of sister, brother.
In the welcome of Christ,
may we welcome one another. R

Poem: A red, red rose

By Robert Burns

Hymn: Love is the welcome

(Tune: *Loch Lomond*, traditional Scottish; Key of D)

1

Love is the welcome that comes from the heart
and opens its door to the stranger
which makes of its house
a resting place for all,
for the sake of the babe in the manger.

Refrain

Red is the blood of my love the crucified,
And clear is the light of His glory,
Pure is the heart
Of the Christ who died for me,
My love is fairer than any.

2

Love is the touch that does not draw back
from the maimed and the hurt and the broken,
but embraces their pain,
and calls them by their name,
that the word of compassion be spoken. R

3

Love is the life that responds to call
and chooses its truth as its treasures
and walks with the one
who says, "Come and follow me,
for to show you the way is my pleasure." R

Sung Scripture: Psalm 90

(Whoever lives beside the Lord (Psalm 91); Teann a Nall [Gaelic]; Key of G)

1

Whoever lives beside the Lord,
sheltering in th' Almighty's shade,
shall say, "My God, in you I trust,
my safety, my defender."

2

From unseen danger and disease
God will keep you safe and sure;
Beneath his wings a place you'll find,
A refuge from all danger.

3

You will not dread what darkness brings --
hidden dangers, deadly plague;
nor will you fear in daylight hours
the evil that surrounds you.

4

A thousand may die at your side,
thousands more fall close at hand;
but with God's truth for strength and shield,
no threat will ever touch you.

5

God says, "I'll save from every harm
those who know and love my name.
In trouble I will honour them,
And show them my salvation."

Sung Scripture: Psalm 130

(VU 852 [*Macpherson's Farewell*]; Key of D)

1

Up from the depths I cry to God:
O listen, Lord, to me;
O hear my voice in this distress,
this mire of misery.

Refrain

*I wait for God with all my heart,
my hope is in his word;
and more than *watchmen for the dawn
I'm longing for you, God.*

2

If you, my God, should measure guilt
who then could ever stand?
But those who fear your name will find
forgiveness from your hand. R

3

O Israel, set your hope on God
whose mercy is supreme:
the nation mourning for its sins
God surely will redeem. R

Sermon-ish

Prayers of the People

(Prayer response: *Eriskay love lilt*, traditional Scottish)

Inspired and adapted from a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Lord George MacLeod,
founder of the Iona Community and social and peace activist

One final poem: The hill we climb

By Amanda Gorman

Saying good-bye to the Trinity

Sung blessing: Celtic blessing

(Tune: *Danny Boy*, traditional Scottish; Key: A [G 2nd fret])

Now may the road rise gently up to meet you,
And may the wind be always at your back;
Now may the sun shine warm upon your faces
And may the rains fall soft upon your fields.

Until we meet, until we meet again,
Until we meet, until we meet again;
May God now hold you, hold you, hold you gently;
May God now hold you in the hollow of His hand.