Service Of Thanksgiving For The Life Of



Herbert McCullough

14th February 1922 - 17th October 2017

Friday 20th October 2017 Woodvale Presbyterian Church 11.30am Love divine, all loves excelling, joy of heav'n, 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.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit; let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be; end of faith, as its beginning, set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty, to deliver; let us all Thy life receive; suddenly return and never, nevermore 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 heav'n we take our place, till we cast our crowns before Thee, lost in wonder, love, and praise.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended, the darkness falls at Thy behest; to Thee our morning hymns ascended, Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping, while earth rolls onward into light, through all the world her watch is keeping, and rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island the dawn leads on another day, the voice of prayer is never silent, nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking our brethren 'neath the western sky, and hour by hour fresh lips are making Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord: Thy throne shall never, like earth's proud empires, pass away; Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever, till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

