



No. 1 RADIO SCHOOL
ROYAL AIR FORCE, LOCKING

Service to mark the Graduation
of the
97th ENTRY
of Aircraft Apprentices



Sunday, December 15th, 1963

INTRODUCTION

Chaplain: On this occasion of the Graduation Service of our brethren of the 97th Entry of Aircraft Apprentices, we are gathered together to worship God and to commend to His merciful providence those who will be going forth from this place to serve their Queen and Country. Let us now, with them, in the words of our opening hymn, thank God for all His blessings to us in the past, and pray that He may continue to guide and keep us in the years to come.

HYMN.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our lives be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was is now,
And shall be evermore.

THE LESSON

HYMN.

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither ;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather ;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound ;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright ;
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have the right
To be a pilgrim.

No goblin nor fowl fiend
Can daunt his spirit ;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then, fancies, fly away ;
He'll not fear what men say ;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

THE APOSTLES' CREED

THE PRAYERS

Chaplain : The Lord be with you;
Congregation : And with thy spirit.
Chaplain : Let us pray.
Chaplain : Lord, have mercy upon us.
Congregation : Christ, have mercy upon us;
Chaplain : Lord, have mercy upon us.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(said by all)

Chaplain : O Lord, save thy servants ;
Congregation : Who put their trust in thee.
Chaplain : O Lord, send them help from above;
Congregation : And evermore mightily defend them.
Chaplain : Be unto them a tower of strength;
Congregation : From the face of their enemy.
Chaplain : O Lord, hear our prayer;
Congregation : And let our cry come unto Thee.
Chaplain : Let us pray.

(Here shall follow the Special Prayers)

HYMN.

Hark ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Hark ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see !
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Address by the Right Reverend E. B. HENDERSON, D.S.C., D.D.
Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

HYMN.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright!
So most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

As they offered gifts most rare
At thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy seat.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Allelulias to our King.

THE BLESSING

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM