Hinckley United Reformed Church
Sunday 8th November 2026
Rev. Daniel Cheyne

Church notices.
Call to worship. In all these things we are more than Conquerers through Hirn who loved us, For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels or demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height or depth, nor anything in creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Hymn.498 O God our help in ages past

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Your throne
Your saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is Your arm alone,
and our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received her frame,
from everlasting You are God,
to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Your sight
are like an evening gone,
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all its sons away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies with the dawning day.

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
be our defence while life shall last,
and our eternal home.

Prayer
War Poem The dead and the living. (Crawford)
Two minutes silence.
Hymn. 111 Dear Lord and father of mankind

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,

forgive our foolish ways;
re-clothe us in our rightful mind;
in purer lives Thy service find,
in deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
beside the Syrian sea,
the gracious calling of the Lord,
let us, like them, without a word
rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
the silence of eternity,
interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
our words and works that drown
the tender whisper of Thy call,
as noiseless let Thy blessing fall
as fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease;
take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess
the beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

Gifts. Prayers of thanksgiving. Prayer for church growth.
Choir.
Reading Micah 4:1-5.
Hymn. 456 Make me a channel of your peace

Make me a channel of Your peace.
Where there is hatred let me bring Your love;
Where there is injury, Your pardon, Lord;
And where there's doubt, true faith in You.
(Chorus)
Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console;
To be understood as to understand;
To be loved, as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of Your peace.
Where there's despair in life let me bring hope;
where there is darkness, only light;
and where there's sadness, ever joy.
(Chorus)

Make me a channel of Your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving to all men that we receive;
And in dying that we're born to eternal life
(Chorus)

Prayers of intercession Lord's prayer sung.

Hymn. 122 Eternal Father strong to save

Eternal Father, strong to save,
whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
for those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
and hushed their raging at Thy word,
who walkedst on the foaming deep,
and calm amid the storm didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
for those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
upon the waters dark and rude,
and bid their angry tumult cease,
and give, for wild confusion, peace:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
for those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
our brethren shield in danger's hour;
from rock and tempest, fire and foe,
protect them wheresoe'er they go:
thus evermore shall rise to Thee
glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Sermon.
Music voluntary. Dido’s Lament by Henry Purcell
Hymn. 641 The day thou gavest

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended, t
he 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.

Benediction.
National Anthem.

Exit Music: Elegy by G Thalben-Ball