

## Hymn

Morning has broken, like the first morning,  
blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing! Praise for the Morning!  
Praise for them, springing fresh from the word!

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from Heaven,  
like the first dew-fall on the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,  
sprung in completeness where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning,  
born of the one light Eden saw play!  
Praise with elation, praise every morning,  
God's re-creation of the new day!

**Memories of Christine,  
by Canon Andrew Froud**

## Hymn

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,  
naught be all else to me save that thou art;  
thou my best thought in the day and the night,  
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,  
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;  
thou my great Father, and I thy true heir;  
thou in me dwelling, and I in thy care.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight,  
be thou my armour, and be thou my might,  
thou my soul's shelter, and thou my high tow'r,  
praise thou me heav'nward, O pow'r of my pow'r.

Riches I need not, nor all the world's praise,  
thou mine inheritance through all my days;  
thou, and thou only, the first in my heart,  
High King of heaven, my treasure thou art!

High King of heaven, when battle is done,  
grant heaven's joy to me, O bright heav'n's sun;  
Christ of my own heart, whatever befall,  
still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

# Bible Reading

## Sermon

### Prayers of thanksgiving, concluding with the Lords Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name;  
thy kingdom come; thy will be done;  
on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread  
and forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom,  
the power, and the glory,  
forever and ever. Amen

## Hymn

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
that saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost, but now I am found;  
was blind, but now I see.

Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
and grace my fears relived.  
How precious did that grace appear,  
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come.  
Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
and grace will lead me home.

The lord has promised good to me,  
his word my hopes secures,  
he will my shield and portion be,  
as long as life endures.

When we've been there a thousand years,  
bright shining as the sun,  
we've no less days to sing God's praise  
than when we first begun.

## The Commendation

**A private family committal follows in the churchyard**