

## *O My Father 292*

- 1. O my Father, thou that dwellest  
In the high and glorious place,  
When shall I regain thy presence  
And again behold thy face?  
In thy holy habitation,  
Did my spirit once reside?  
In my first primeval childhood  
Was I nurtured near thy side?*
  
- 2. For a wise and glorious purpose  
Thou hast placed me here on earth  
And withheld the recollection  
Of my former friends and birth;  
Yet ofttimes a secret something  
Whispered, "You're a stranger here,"  
And I felt that I had wandered  
From a more exalted sphere.*
  
- 3. I had learned to call thee Father,  
Thru thy Spirit from on high,  
But, until the key of knowledge  
Was restored, I knew not why.  
In the heav'ns are parents single?  
No, the thought makes reason stare!  
Truth is reason; truth eternal  
Tells me I've a mother there.*
  
- 4. When I leave this frail existence,  
When I lay this mortal by,  
Father, Mother, may I meet you  
In your royal courts on high?  
Then, at length, when I've completed  
All you sent me forth to do,  
With your mutual approbation  
Let me come and dwell with you.*

***EULOGY***  
***David & Ray Martin***

***Reflections Of Faith Martin***  
***Music and pictures***

***Reading from the Gosble***

*Nearer, my God, to thee 100*

*1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!*

*E'en though it be a cross, That raiseth me,*

*Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to thee,*

*Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to the*

*2. Though like the wanderer, The sun gone down,*

*Darkness be over me, My rest a stone,*

*Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to thee,*

*Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!*

*3. There let the way appear, Steps unto heav'n;*

*All that thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n;*

*Angels to beckon me, Nearer, my God, to thee,*

*Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!*

*4. Then with my waking thoughts Bright with thy praise,*

*Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;*

*So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to thee,*

*Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!*

*5. Or if, on joyful wing Cleaving the sky,*

*Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly,*

*Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to thee,*

*Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!*

*Closing Pray*

*Music*

*Coffin Leaves Church  
To Final resting place*

*at*

*St Osyth Cemetery Clay Lane CO16 8H2.*

*BLESSING & DISMISSAL*