

Reading: John 16 : 1-6

Tribute by Kevin Seabeck

Hymn

Lord of all Hopefulness

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,  
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,  
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Poem: Read by Christine  
DAD

We'll always remember  
That special smile,  
That caring heart,  
That warm embrace,  
You always gave us.  
You being there  
For Mum and us  
Through good and bad times,  
No matter what.  
We'll always remember  
You Dad because  
There will never be another one  
To replace you in our hearts,  
And the love we will always  
Have for you.

Prayers: Including Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed by 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, for ever and ever. Amen.

Hymn  
Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen  
And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic mills

Bring me my bow of burning gold:  
Bring me my arrows of desire:  
Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold  
Bring me my chariot of fire.  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

COMMENDATION

BLESSING

EXIT

Singing The Blues  
Ipswich Town Version



The service will be followed by Committal at Clay Lane Cemetery