

*Opening Music - Elgar - Nimrod*

**WELCOME & OPENING PRAYERS**

***MORNING HAS BROKEN***

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 world

Sweet the rains new fall, sunlit from Heaven  
Like the first dewfall 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 recreation of the new day

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 world

***Readings*** - Ecclesiastes 3 1-8

***Eulogy*** - Read by Jude Lumb, Step daughter.

***Address***- Rev. Mandy Williams

***Music - Peer Gynt Suite No 1 -Morning Mood***

***Prayers***

***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  
and the power, and the glory,  
forever and ever.

Amen.

*Woodland Burial poem*  
*by Pam Ayres*

Don't lay me in some gloomy churchyard shaded by a wall  
Where the dust of ancient bones has spread a dryness over  
all,

Lay me in some leafy loam where, sheltered from the cold,  
Little seeds investigate and tender leaves unfold.

There kindly and affectionately, plant a native tree  
To grow resplendent before God and hold some part of me.  
The roots will not disturb me as they wend their peaceful  
way

To build the fine and bountiful, from closure and decay.  
To seek their small requirements so that when their work is  
done,

I'll be tall and standing strongly in the beauty of the sun.

*(Bob's ashes will be scattered in the Orchard at Ailscroft at a  
later point.)*

## ***WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS, AND SCATTER***

We plough the fields, and scatter  
the good seed on the land;  
but it is fed and watered  
by God's almighty hand:  
he sends the snow in winter,  
the warmth to swell the grain;  
the breezes and the sunshine  
and soft refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us  
are sent from heaven above:  
then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord  
for all his love.*

He only is the Maker  
of all things near and far;  
he paints the wayside flower,  
he lights the evening star:  
the winds and waves obey him,  
by him the birds are fed;  
much more, to us his children  
he gives our daily bread.

We thank you, then, our Father,  
for all things bright and good;  
the seed-time and the harvest,  
our life, our health, our food:  
accept the gifts we offer  
for all your love imparts;  
and that which you most welcome –  
our humble, thankful hearts!