

***ENTRANCE MUSIC***

*What a Wonderful World - Louis Armstrong*

***WELCOME & OPENING PRAYERS***

*Reverend Ann Gibbs*

***HYMN: Praise, My Soul***

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
To His feet thy tribute bring.  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me His praise should sing?  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress.  
Praise Him still the same forever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish  
Blows the wind and it is gone  
But while mortals rise and perish  
God endures unchanging on  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise the high eternal One

*(Cont'd)*

Fatherlike He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He Knows.  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Widely as His mercy goes.

Angels help us to adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
Dwellers all in time and space.  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise with us the God of grace.

***READING: Do Not Stand at My Grave & Weep***  
*Read by David Atkins on behalf of the Grandchildren*

***EULOGY: Trish & Sandie***

***MUSIC: Time for reflection***  
*Ar Hyd y Nos (All Through the Night) - Bryn Terfel*

***READING: John 14: 1-7 & 27***  
*Read by Victoria Norris*

***ADDRESS & PRAYERS***

*Reverend Ann Gibbs*

***THE LORD'S 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,  
for ever and ever.  
Amen.

***HYMN: Jerusalem***

And did those feet in ancient time,  
Walk upon Englands mountains green:  
And was the holy Lamb of God,  
On Englands 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 Englands green and pleasant Land.

***EXIT MUSIC***

*In the Mood - Glenn Miller*