

***Entrance Music***

*The Beautiful Blue Danube by Andre Rieu*

***Welcome and prayers***

*The Reverend Vicky Camber*



*Hymn: All Things Bright and Beautiful*

*Chorus:*

**All things bright and beautiful,  
all creatures great and small,  
all things wise and wonderful  
the Lord God made them all.**

Each little flower that opens,  
each little bird that sings,  
he made their glowing colours,  
he made their tiny wings:

*Chorus*

The purple headed mountain,  
the river running by,  
the sunset and the morning  
that brightens up the sky:

*Chorus*

The cold wind in the winter,  
the pleasant summer sun,  
the ripe fruits in the garden,  
he made them every one:

*Chorus*

He gave us eyes to see them,  
and lips that we might tell  
how great is God almighty,  
who has made all things well:

*Chorus*

***Eulogy – Anita***

***Reading: Psalms 23 – Doreen***

***Reflection***

*The Reverend Vicky Camber*

***Reflection Music***

*Nessun Dorma by Andre Rieu & The Platin Tenors (live)*

***Prayers, followed by 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: Abide with me*

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide:  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
When other helpers fail; and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see:  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me

