

ORDER OF SERVICE

**Led by Rev Ness Brunner-Ellis and Gill
Thompson, Anna Chaplain, Ridgeway Benefice**

MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

Panis Angelicus - Craig Pilgrim

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Vocal Works Gospel Choir

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

Ain't No Mountain High Enough

Vocal Works Gospel Choir

READING read by Alfie Bradstock

When at heart you should be sad,

Pondering the joys we had

Listen and keep very still

If the lowing from the hill,

Or the toiling of a bell

Do not serve to break the spell,

Listen; you may be allowed

To hear my laughter from a cloud

**Hylton Murray -Phillipson reflects on Mark's
childhood**

HYMN

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

*Each little flow'r that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
All things bright and beautiful...*

*The purple-headed mountains,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky.*

*The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.*

*The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
To gather every day.*

*He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.*

Say A Little Prayer for Me - Vocal Works
Psalm 23 read by Charlie Bridge
The Hoofs of the Horses read by Laura
Goedhuis
All you Need is Love - Vocal Works



Reading read by Sara Bradstock

***So I am glad, not that my loved one has gone,
But that the earth he laughed and lived on was my earth
too.***

***That I had known him and loved him,
And that my love I'd shown.***

Tears over his departure?

Yes, and a smile

That I walked with him so long awhile.

Your Love Keeps Lifting Me Higher - Vocal Works

Charlie Brooks: on life in Lambourn with Mark

Jerusalem

***And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy lamb of God
On England's pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those 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.***

