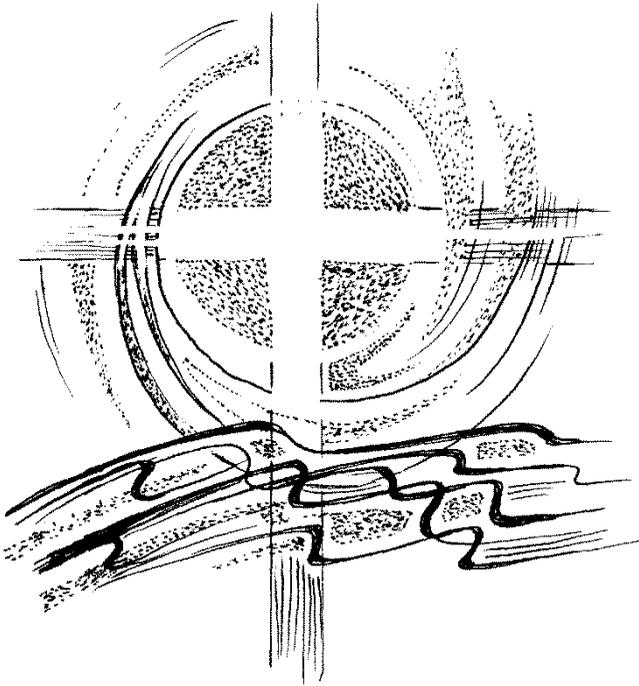


A brief guide to planning a
Funeral Service

**including a selection of
suitable readings and hymns**



St John's Anglican Church, Otumoetai

Please see the last page for contact details
A full printed copy is available from the Vicar or the Parish Office

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A companion booklet

*Planning your **Funeral***

is available in which you may record your wishes.

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Planning a Funeral Service

This booklet is designed to help you if you are planning the funeral of a loved one or if you are thinking ahead about your wishes for your own funeral.

Funerals can be on our minds for many reasons.

When someone close to you dies, there is so much to think about and so much to organise. We appreciate how difficult this can be. We hope we can help you say your final goodbye in a way that really helps.

You may be thinking in advance about your own funeral service. This need not be depressing; rather it may comfort you to know that your wishes – for readings or hymns or other elements – will be included in your farewell. Recording your wishes can help your family when the time comes.

When it comes to the organisation of a funeral, the Funeral Director will be responsible for making the overall arrangements in accordance with the family's wishes. The minister of the church – if you choose to have a Christian service, whether in church, in a chapel or at a crematorium – will be responsible for helping you plan the service itself and then for conducting it.

Funeral service step-by-step

A Christian funeral offers a sacred time during which the life of someone who has died can be celebrated and it provides a special opportunity to grieve, to say farewell to our loved ones and to find strength in the presence of God and other people. The service reflects the belief Christians have always had that there is hope in death as in life and that there is renewed life in Christ after death.

Wherever you choose to have a funeral, it will reflect the unique life of the person being remembered. There are many elements in the service which will help make the funeral special – music, hymns, readings, tributes – all of these can be part of a funeral led by an Anglican minister, either in church in a chapel or at a crematorium.

A funeral service will usually follow this pattern:

Arrival: when everyone has arrived at the funeral venue, the coffin will be carried by the pallbearers (who could be family or friends) into the building where the funeral is to take place. Music can be played as the coffin is carried in.

Welcome and greeting: the minister will say a few words of welcome and offer an opening prayer.

Hymn: a funeral service does not need to have hymns, but this is a good place in the service for the first one.

Tribute(s): this is the time for mourners to listen to a brief story honouring the life of the person who is being remembered – a friend, a relative or the church minister can do this.

Reading(s): a Christian funeral service will include at least one reading from the Bible. Another reading or a poem may also be included.

Address: the minister will offer words that speak about love – God’s love and our love – surpassing death and the hope of renewed life in Christ after death. Whatever your beliefs, hearing these words can bring a sense of hope and comfort, even at this very difficult time.

Optional short time of reflection: another hymn could be sung or a piece of music could be played or a short time of silence may be kept.

Prayers: will be offered giving thanks for the life of the person who died – and for all that made them special – and for all who mourn.

Hymn: another hymn may be sung.

Farewell: the minister will pray, asking God to care for your loved one.

Blessing: the minister will say a blessing and music may be played as mourners leave the venue.

It is an option to include the Eucharist during a funeral service in church.

Committal: if the service is in church the committal will usually take place in a crematorium or at the graveside.

Refreshments: please ask our Parish Office for details about hosting post-service refreshments at the church.

Readings, hymns and memories

A Funeral Service will include at least one reading but it is possible to have several. This booklet contains a selection of Bible readings which are often used at funerals. It also contains some other readings which may be appropriate. Another option can be for a family member or friend to write an appropriate reading/poem. You may wish to invite family and/or friends to read at the service. You may also wish to provide a slideshow on PowerPoint of highlights of the person's life.

Also included in this booklet are some possible hymns and songs. This is not a definitive selection. If the service is in church, an organist will be able to accompany the singing of hymns. Some people also wish to include the playing of a favourite piece of recorded music.

There may be other options not in this booklet which you would like to use.

If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to ask.

Bible Readings part I *Old Testament*

Ancient religious Hebrew writings

Job 19.23-27

'O that my words were written down!
O that they were inscribed in a book!
O that with an iron pen and with lead
they were engraved on a rock for ever!
For I know that my Redeemer lives,
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth;
and after my skin has been thus destroyed,
then in my flesh I shall see God,
whom I shall see on my side,
and my eyes shall behold, and not another.'

Psalm 15

O Lord, who may abide in your tent?
Who may dwell on your holy hill?

Those who walk blamelessly, and do what is right,
and speak the truth from their heart;
who do not slander with their tongue,
and do no evil to their friends,
nor take up a reproach against their neighbours;
in whose eyes the wicked are despised,
but who honour those who fear the Lord;
who stand by their oath even to their hurt;
who do not lend money at interest,
and do not take a bribe against the innocent.

Those who do these things shall never be moved.

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He makes me lie down in green pastures;
he leads me beside still waters;
he restores my soul.
He leads me in right paths
for his name's sake.

Even though I walk through the darkest valley,
I fear no evil;
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff—
they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies;
you anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life,
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
my whole life long.

Psalm 121

I lift up my eyes to the hills—
from where will my help come?
My help comes from the Lord,
who made heaven and earth.

He will not let your foot be moved;
he who keeps you will not slumber.
He who keeps Israel
will neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is your keeper;
the Lord is your shade at your right hand.
The sun shall not strike you by day,
nor the moon by night.

The Lord will keep you from all evil;
he will keep your life.
The Lord will keep
your going out and your coming in
from this time on and for evermore.

Psalm 139 1.18

O Lord, you have searched me and known me.
You know when I sit down and when I rise up;
you discern my thoughts from far away.
You search out my path and my lying down,
and are acquainted with all my ways.
Even before a word is on my tongue,
O Lord, you know it completely.
You hem me in, behind and before,
and lay your hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
it is so high that I cannot attain it.

Where can I go from your spirit?
Or where can I flee from your presence?
If I ascend to heaven, you are there;
if I make my bed in Sheol, you are there.

If I take the wings of the morning
and settle at the farthest limits of the sea,
even there your hand shall lead me,
and your right hand shall hold me fast.
If I say, 'Surely the darkness shall cover me,
and the light around me become night',
even the darkness is not dark to you;
the night is as bright as the day,
for darkness is as light to you.

For it was you who formed my inward parts;
you knit me together in my mother's womb.
I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.
Wonderful are your works; that I know very well.
My frame was not hidden from you,
when I was being made in secret,
intricately woven in the depths of the earth.
Your eyes beheld my unformed substance.
In your book were written
all the days that were formed for me,
when none of them as yet existed.
How weighty to me are your thoughts, O God!
How vast is the sum of them!
I try to count them - they are more than the sand;
I come to the end - I am still with you.

Ecclesiastes 3.1-15

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under
heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;
a time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
a time to throw away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
a time to seek, and a time to lose;

a time to keep, and a time to throw away;
a time to tear, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
a time to love, and a time to hate;
a time for war, and a time for peace.

What gain have the workers from their toil? I have seen the business that God has given to everyone to be busy with. He has made everything suitable for its time; moreover, he has put a sense of past and future into their minds, yet they cannot find out what God has done from the beginning to the end. I know that there is nothing better for them than to be happy and enjoy themselves as long as they live; moreover, it is God's gift that all should eat and drink and take pleasure in all their toil. I know that whatever God does endures for ever; nothing can be added to it, nor anything taken from it; God has done this, so that all should stand in awe before him. That which is, already has been; that which is to be, already is; and God seeks out what has gone by.

Song of Solomon 8.6-7

Set me as a seal upon your heart,
as a seal upon your arm;
for love is strong as death,
passion fierce as the grave.
Its flashes are flashes of fire,
a raging flame.
Many waters cannot quench love,
neither can floods drown it.
If one offered for love
all the wealth of one's house,
it would be utterly scorned.

Isaiah 60

Comfort, O comfort my people, says your God.
Speak tenderly to Jerusalem, and cry to her
that she has served her term,
that her penalty is paid,
that she has received from the Lord's hand
double for all her sins. A voice cries out:
'In the wilderness prepare the way of the Lord,
make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
Every valley shall be lifted up,
and every mountain and hill be made low;
the uneven ground shall become level,
and the rough places a plain.
Then the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
and all people shall see it together,
for the mouth of the Lord has spoken.'

A voice says, 'Cry out!'
And I said, 'What shall I cry?'
All people are grass,
their constancy is like the flower of the field.
The grass withers, the flower fades,
when the breath of the Lord blows upon it;
surely the people are grass.
The grass withers, the flower fades;
but the word of our God will stand for ever.
Get you up to a high mountain,
O Zion, herald of good tidings;
lift up your voice with strength,
O Jerusalem, herald of good tidings,
lift it up, do not fear;
say to the cities of Judah,
'Here is your God!'
See, the Lord God comes with might,
and his arm rules for him;
his reward is with him,
and his recompense before him.
He will feed his flock like a shepherd;

he will gather the lambs in his arms,
and carry them in his bosom,
and gently lead the mother sheep.

Isaiah 60.1-2, 5a, 19-20

Arise, shine; for your light has come,
and the glory of the Lord has risen upon you.
For darkness shall cover the earth,
and thick darkness the peoples;
but the Lord will arise upon you,
and his glory will appear over you.

Then you shall see and be radiant;
your heart shall thrill and rejoice.

The sun shall no longer be
your light by day,
nor for brightness shall the moon
give light to you by night;
but the Lord will be your everlasting light,
and your God will be your glory.
Your sun shall no more go down,
or your moon withdraw itself;
for the Lord will be your everlasting light,
and your days of mourning shall be ended.

Lamentations 3.22-26

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases,
his mercies never come to an end;
they are new every morning;
great is your faithfulness.

‘The Lord is my portion,’ says my soul,
‘therefore I will hope in him.’

The Lord is good to those who wait for him,
to the soul that seeks him.

It is good that one should wait quietly
for the salvation of the Lord.

Bible Readings part 2 *New Testament*

Matthew 5.3-12

Jesus said to his disciples:

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted. Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth. Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they will be filled. Blessed are the merciful, for they will receive mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God. Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are you when people revile you and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil against you falsely on my account. Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is great in heaven, for in the same way they persecuted the prophets who were before you.'

Mark 10.13-16

People were bringing little children to him in order that he might touch them; and the disciples spoke sternly to them. But when Jesus saw this, he was indignant and said to them, 'Let the little children come to me; do not stop them; for it is to such as these that the kingdom of God belongs. Truly I tell you, whoever does not receive the kingdom of God as a little child will never enter it.' And he took them up in his arms, laid his hands on them, and blessed them.

Luke 24.1-12

On the first day of the week, at early dawn, they came to the tomb, taking the spices that they had prepared. They found the stone rolled away from the tomb, but when they went in, they did not find the body. While they were perplexed about this, suddenly two men in dazzling clothes stood beside them. The women were terrified and bowed their faces to the ground, but the men said to them, 'Why do you look for the living among the dead? He is not here, but has risen. Remember how he told you, while he was still in Galilee, that the Son of Man must be handed over to sinners, and be crucified, and on the third day rise again.' Then they remembered his words, and returning from the tomb, they told all this to the eleven and to all the rest. Now

it was Mary Magdalene, Joanna, Mary the mother of James and the other women with them who told this to the apostles. But these words seemed to them an idle tale and they did not believe them. But Peter got up and ran to the tomb; stooping and looking in, he saw the linen cloths by themselves; then he went home, amazed at what had happened.

John 6:35-40

Jesus said 'I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never be hungry, and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty. But I said to you that you have seen me and yet do not believe. Everything that the Father gives me will come to me, and anyone who comes to me I will never drive away; for I have come down from heaven, not to do my own will, but the will of him who sent me. And this is the will of him who sent me, that I should lose nothing of all that he has given me, but raise it up on the last day. This is indeed the will of my Father, that all who see the Son and believe in him may have eternal life; and I will raise them up on the last day.'

John 10:27-29

My sheep hear my voice. I know them, and they follow me. I give them eternal life, and they will never perish. No one will snatch them out of my hand. What my Father has given me is greater than all else, and no one can snatch it out of the Father's hand.

John 11:20-26

When Martha heard that Jesus was coming, she went and met him, while Mary stayed at home. Martha said to Jesus, 'Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died. But even now I know that God will give you whatever you ask of him.' Jesus said to her, 'Your brother will rise again.' Martha said to him, 'I know that he will rise again in the resurrection on the last day.' Jesus said to her, 'I am the resurrection and the life. Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live, and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die'.

John 14.1-6a,7,27

Jesus said: 'Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many dwelling places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going.' Thomas said to him, 'Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?' Jesus said to him 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life. If you know me, you will know my Father also. From now on you do know him and have seen him'. 'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not let them be afraid.'

Romans 8:35, 37-39

Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Will hardship, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

1 Corinthians 13.1-13 *The section in square brackets may be omitted*

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends. [But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I

thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.]

1 Corinthians 15:51–55

Listen, I will tell you a mystery! We will not all die, but we will all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. Then the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable and we will be changed. For this perishable body must put on imperishability, and this mortal body must put on immortality. When this perishable body puts on imperishability, and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled: ‘Death has been swallowed up in victory.’ Where, O death, is your victory? Where, O death is your sting?

2 Corinthians 1.3-7

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation, who consoles us in all our affliction, so that we may be able to console those who are in any affliction with the consolation with which we ourselves are consoled by God. For just as the sufferings of Christ are abundant for us, so also our consolation is abundant through Christ. If we are being afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation; if we are being consoled, it is for your consolation, which you experience when you patiently endure the same sufferings that we are also suffering. Our hope for you is unshaken; for we know that as you share in our sufferings, so also you share in our consolation.

Colossians 3.12-15

As God’s chosen ones, holy and beloved, clothe yourselves with compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, and patience. Bear with one another and if anyone has a complaint against another, forgive each other; just as the Lord has forgiven you so you also must forgive. Above all, clothe yourselves with love which binds everything together in perfect harmony. And let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, to which indeed you were called in the one body. And be thankful.

2 Timothy 4:7-8

As for me, I am already being poured out as a libation, and the time of my departure has come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. From now on there is reserved for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give to me on that day, and not only to me but also to all who have longed for his appearing.

1 Peter 1.3-9

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! By his great mercy he has given us a new birth into a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, and into an inheritance that is imperishable, undefiled, and unfading, kept in heaven for you, who are being protected by the power of God through faith for a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. In this you rejoice,^{*} even if now for a little while you have had to suffer various trials, so that the genuineness of your faith—being more precious than gold that, though perishable, is tested by fire—may be found to result in praise and glory and honour when Jesus Christ is revealed. Although you have not seen^{*} him, you love him; and even though you do not see him now, you believe in him and rejoice with an indescribable and glorious joy, for you are receiving the outcome of your faith, the salvation of your souls.

Revelation 21.1-7

Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying,

‘See, the home of God is among mortals.

He will dwell with them;

they will be his peoples,

and God himself will be with them;

he will wipe every tear from their eyes.

Death will be no more;
mourning and crying and pain will be no more,
for the first things have passed away.'

And the one who was seated on the throne said, 'See, I am making all things new.' Also he said, 'Write this, for these words are trustworthy and true.' Then he said to me, 'It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give water as a gift from the spring of the water of life. Those who conquer will inherit these things, and I will be their God and they will be my children.

Poems and other readings

The following section contains other readings which you may find appropriate having chosen a Scripture Reading from the first section of the booklet. Again, this is just a selection of many possibilities.

When

*by Sophia de Mello Breyner Andresen
translated from the Portuguese by Margaret Jull Costa*

When my body falls sick and I die
The garden will still be here, the sea and the sky,
And the four seasons, just as they do today,
Will dance at my door.

In April, others will stroll in the orchard
Where I so often walked.
There will be long sunsets over the sea,
Others will love the things I loved.

The same glow, the same celebration,
The same garden at my door,
The same golden-haired forest,
Just as if I hadn't died.

A Celtic blessing

Anonymous

Deep peace of the running wave to you.
Deep peace of the flowing air to you.
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you.
Deep peace of the shining stars to you.
Deep peace of the Son of Peace to you.
May the road rise up to meet you.
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face;
the rains fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again,
may God hold you in the palm of his hand.

‘Not, how did he die, but how did he live?’

Anonymous

Not, how did he die, but how did he live?
Not, what did he gain, but what did he give?
These are the units to measure the worth
Of a man as a man, regardless of his birth.
Nor what was his church, nor what was his creed?
But had he befriended those really in need?
Was he ever ready, with words of good cheer,
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?
Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,
But how many were sorry when he passed away?

Beyond Life’s Gateway

Unknown

There’s an open gate at the end of the road
Through which each must go alone,
And then in a light we cannot see
Our Father claims his own.
Beyond the gate, your loved one
Finds happiness and peace,
And there is comfort in the thought
That a loving God gives rest.

'Weep you no more, sad fountains'

Anonymous

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lie sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets.
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

After I Have Gone

Vera Arlett

Speak my name softly after I have gone.
I loved the quiet things, the flowers and the dew,
Field mice; birds homing; and the frost that shone
On nursery windows when my years were few;
And autumn mists subduing hill and plain
and blurring outlines of those older moods
that follow, after loss and grief and pain
And last and best, a gentle laugh with friends,
All bitterness foregone, and evening near.
If we be kind and faithful when day ends,
We shall not meet that ragged starveling 'fear'
As one by one we take the unknown way
Speak my name softly - there's no more to say.

The peace of wild things

Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

Letters and Papers from Prison

Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Nothing can make up for the absence of someone whom we love, and it would be wrong to try to find a substitute; we must simply hold out and see it through. That sounds very hard at first, but at the same time it is a great consolation, for the gap, as long as it remains unfilled, preserves the bonds between us. It is nonsense to say that God fills the gap; God doesn't fill it, but on the contrary, keeps it empty and so helps us to keep alive our former communion with each other, even at the cost of pain.

Epitaph on a Friend

Robert Burns

An honest man here lies at rest,
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd;
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

What is dying?

Attributed to Charles Henry Brent

I am standing on the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand watching her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and the sky come down to meet and mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says, 'There! She is gone!' Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all. She is just as large in the mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of its destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says, 'There! She is gone!' there are other eyes that are watching for her coming and other voices take up a glad shout, 'There she comes!' And that is – dying.

Sonnet 43

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

My Funeral

Wendy Cope

I hope I can trust you, friends, not to use our relationship
As an excuse for an unsolicited ego-trip.
I have seen enough of them at funerals and they make me cross.
At this one, though deceased, I aim to be the boss.
If you are asked to talk about me for five minutes,
please do not go on for eight
There is a strict timetable at the crematorium and
nobody wants to be late.
If invited to read a poem, just read the bloody poem.
If requested
to sing a song, just sing it, as suggested,
And don't say anything. Though I will not be there,
Glancing pointedly at my watch and fixing the speaker
with a malevolent stare,
Remember that this was how I always reacted
When I felt that anybody's speech, sermon or poetry
reading was becoming too protracted.
Yes, I was intolerant, and not always polite
And if there aren't many people at my funeral,
it will serve me right.

Our Last Awakening

John Donne

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening into the house and gate
of heaven, to enter into that gate and dwell in that house, where there
shall be no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal light; no noise nor
silence, but one equal music; no fears nor hopes, but one equal
possession; no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity: in the
habitations of thy majesty and glory, world without end. Amen.

Holy Sonnet 10

John Donne

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

From East Coker

TS Eliot

Home is where one starts from. As we grow older
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living. Not the intense moment
Isolated, with no before and after,
But a lifetime burning in every moment
And not the lifetime of one man only
But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.
There is a time for the evening under starlight,
A time for the evening under lamplight
(The evening with the photograph album).
Love is most nearly itself
When here and now cease to matter.
Old men ought to be explorers
Here or there does not matter
We must be still and still moving
Into another intensity
For a further union, a deeper communion

continued...

Through the dark cold and the empty desolation,
The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters
Of the petrel and the porpoise. In my end is my beginning.

On death from *The Prophet*

Kahlil Gibran

You would know the secret of death.

But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?

The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot
unveil the mystery of light.

If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your heart
wide unto the body of life.

For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one.

In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your
silent knowledge of the beyond;

And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your
heart dreams of spring.

Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate
to eternity.

Your fear of death is but the trembling of the shepherd when he
stands before the king whose hand is to be laid upon him in honour.

Is the shepherd not joyful beneath his trembling,
that he shall wear the mark of the king?

Yet is he not more mindful of his trembling?

For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind
and to melt into the sun?

And what is it to cease breathing, but to free the
breath from its restless tides, that it may rise and
expand and seek God unencumbered?

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing.

And when you have reached the mountain top,
then you shall begin to climb.

And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then
shall you truly dance.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Death does not come from the outside

Jaan Kaplinski

Translated from the Estonian by Hildi Hawkins

Death does not come from outside. Death is within.
Born-grows together with us.
Goes with us to kindergarten and school.
Learns with us to read and count.
Goes sledging with us, and to the pictures.
Seeks with us the meaning of life.
Tries to make sense with us of Einstein and Wiener
Makes with us our first sexual contacts.
Marries, bears children, quarrels, makes up.
Separates, or perhaps not, with us.
Goes to work, goes to the doctor, goes camping,
to the convalescent home and the sanatorium. Grows old,
sees children married, retired,
looks after grandchildren, grows ill, dies
with us. Let us not fear, then. Our death
will not outlive us.

Code Poem for The French Resistance

Leo Marks

The life that I have is all that I have,
And the life that I have is yours.
The love that I have of the life that I have,
Is yours and yours and yours.

A sleep I shall have,
A rest I shall have,
Yet death will be but a pause,
For the peace of my years in the long green grass,
Will be yours and yours and yours.

Sea Fever

John Masefield

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted
knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

From The House at Pooh Corner

AA Milne

'Then, suddenly again, Christopher Robin, who was still looking at the world, with his chin in his hand, called out 'Pooh! '

'Yes?' said Pooh.

'When I'm – when – Pooh! '

'Yes, Christopher Robin? '

'I'm not going to do Nothing any more.'

'Never again?'

'Well, not so much. They don't let you.'

Pooh waited for him to go on, but he was silent again.

'Yes, Christopher Robin?' said Pooh helpfully.

'Pooh, when I'm – *you* know – when I'm not doing Nothing, will you come up here sometimes?'

'Just me?'

'Yes, Pooh.'

'Will you be here too?'

'Yes Pooh, I will be *really*. I *promise* I will be Pooh.'

'That's good,' said Pooh.

continued...

'Pooh, *promise* you won't forget about me, ever. Not even when I'm a hundred.

'Pooh thought for a little.

'How old shall I be then?'

'Ninety-nine.'

Pooh nodded.

'I promise,' he said.

Still with his eyes on the world Christopher Robin put out a hand and felt Pooh's paw.

'Pooh,' said Christopher Robin earnestly, 'if I – if I'm not quite–' he stopped and tried again – 'Pooh, whatever happens, you *will* understand, won't you?'

'Understand what?'

'Oh, nothing.' He laughed and jumped to his feet. Come on!'

'Where?' said Pooh.

'Anywhere.' said Christopher Robin.

So, they went off together. But wherever they go, and whatever happens to them on the way, in that enchanted place on the top of the Forest, a little boy and his Bear will always be playing.

To those whom I loved and those who loved me

Mary Alice Ramish

When I am gone, release me, let me go

—I have so many things to see and do.

You must not tie yourself to me with tears,
be happy that we had so many years.

I gave you my love, you can only guess
how much you gave me in happiness.

I thank you for the love you each have shown,
But now it is time I travelled alone.

So grieve a while for me, if grieve you must -
then let your grief be comforted by trust,
It is only for a while that we must part
so bless the memories within your heart.

I will not be far away, because life goes on—
so if your need me, call and I will come.
Though you cannot see to touch me, I will be near,
and if your listen with your heart, you will hear
all of my love around you soft and clear.

Then, when you must come this way alone,
I will greet you with a smile and a 'Welcome Home'.

Remember

Christina Rossetti

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
 Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

Everything you see

Rumi

Everything you see has its roots in the unseen world.
The forms may change, yet the essence remains the same.
Every wonderful sight will vanish, every sweet word will fade,
But do not be disheartened,
The source they come from is eternal, growing,
Branching out, giving new life and new joy.
Why do you weep?
The source is within you,
And this whole world is springing up from it.

Sonnet 30

William Shakespeare

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight;
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

Peace, My Heart

Rabindranath Tagore

Peace, my heart, let the time for the parting be sweet.
Let it not be a death but completeness.
Let love melt into memory and pain into songs.
Let the flight through the sky end in the folding of
the wings over the nest.
Let the last touch of your hands be gentle like the
flower of the night.
Stand still, O Beautiful End, for a moment, and say
your last words in silence.
I bow to you and hold up my lamp to light you on your way.

Farewell My Friends

Rabindranath Tagore

It was beautiful
As long as it lasted
The journey of my life.
I have no regrets
Whatsoever said
The pain I'll leave behind.
Those dear hearts
Who love and care...
And the strings pulling
At the heart and soul...
The strong arms
That held me up
When my own strength
Let me down.
At the turning of my life
I came across
Good friends,
Friends who stood by me
Even when time raced me by.
Farewell, farewell my friends
I smile and
Bid you goodbye.
No, shed no tears
For I need them not
All I need is your smile.
If you feel sad
Do think of me
For that's what I'll like
When you live in the hearts
Of those you love
Remember then
You never die.

Those who are near me do not know

Rabindranath Tagore

They who are near to me do not know that you are
nearer to me than they are.
They who speak to me do not know that my heart is
full with your unspoken words.
They who crowd in my path do not know
I am walking alone with you.
They who love me do not know that their love
brings you to my heart.

Crossing the Bar

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Do not go gentle into that good night

Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Comparisons

RS Thomas

To all light things
I compared her; to
a snowflake, a feather.

I remember she rested
at the dance on my
arm, as a bird

on its nest lest
the eggs break, lest
she lean too heavily

on our love. Snow
melts, feathers
are blown away;

I have let
her ashes down
in me like an anchor.

Belief

Ann Thorp

I have to believe
That you still exist
Somewhere,
That you still watch me
Sometimes
That you still love me
Somehow.

I have to believe
That life has meaning
Somehow
That I am useful here
Sometimes,
That I make small differences
Somewhere.

I have to believe
That I need to stay here
For some time,
That all this teaches me
Something,
So that I can meet you again
Somewhere.

Time is

Henry van Dyke

Time is too slow for those who wait;
Too swift for those who fear;
Too long for those who grieve;
Too short for those who rejoice;
But for those who love,
Time is eternity.

I never wanted to be born

John L Bell (Iona Community)

Written originally for the funeral service of a group of teenagers who had been killed in a car crash.

“I never wanted to be born.

The older I grew,
the fonder I became of my mother’s womb
and it’s warmth
and it’s safety.

I feared the unknown:
the next world,
about which I knew nothing
but I imagined the worst.

Yet, as I grew older,
I sensed in my soul
That the womb was not my home forever.

Though I did not know when,
I felt sure that one day
I would disappear through a door
which had yet to be opened,
and confront the unknown
of which I was afraid.

And then,
it happened.

In blood, tears and pain,
it happened.

I was cut off from the familiar;
I left my life behind
and discovered not darkness but light,
not hostility but love,
not eternal separation
but hands that wanted to hold me.

(pause)

I never wanted to be born.

continued...

I don't want to die.

The older I grow,
the fonder I become
of this world
and it's warmth
and it's safety.

I fear the unknown:
the next world,
about which I know nothing
but imagine the worst.

Yet as I grow older,
I sense in my soul
that this world is not my home forever.

Though I do not know when,
I feel that one day
I will disappear through a door
which has yet to be opened.

Perhaps having come so safely through the first door,
I should not fear so hopelessly the second."

The Prayer of St Francis

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light;
Where there is sadness, joy.

O, Divine Master, grant that I may seek
not so much to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved as to love;
for it is in giving that we receive;
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

Hymns and Songs

This section contains hymns and songs which you may find appropriate for the service. It is not an exhaustive selection. You may like to ask yourself: will people in the congregation know this well enough to join in? Most hymns included are, however, well-known and have been sung at funerals over the years.

A suitable number to choose would be between one and three hymns. (This is your choice).

Abide with me

HF Lyte

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, Lord, 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.

All my hope on God is founded

Robert Bridges

All my hope on God is founded;
All my trust he shall renew;
he, my guide through changing order,
only good and only true:

God unknown,
he alone

calls my heart to be his own.

Human pride and earthly glory,
sword and crown betray his trust;
what with care and toil we fashion,
tower and temple, fall to dust;

but God's power
hour by hour

is my temple and my tower.

Day by day our mighty giver
grants to us his gifts of love;
in his will our souls find pleasure,
leading to our home above:

Love shall stand
at his hand,

joy shall wait for his command.

Still from earth to God eternal
sacrifice of praise be done;
high above all praises praising
for the gift of Christ his Son:

Hear Christ's call
one and all –

We who follow shall not fall.

Be still, for the presence of the Lord

David J Evans

Be still, for the presence of the Lord,
the Holy One, is here;
come bow before him now
with reverence and fear.

In him no sin is found,
we stand on holy ground.
Be still, for the presence of the Lord,
the Holy One, is here.

Be still, for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around;
he burns with holy fire,
with splendour he is crowned:
how awesome is the sight,
our radiant king of light!
Be still, for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around.

Be still, for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place:
he comes to cleanse and heal,
to minister his grace.
No work too hard for him,
in faith receive from him;
Be still, for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place.

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side

Katerina AD von Schegel; translated Jane Borthwick

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side.
bear patiently the cross of grief or pain.
leave to thy God to order and provide;
in every change, He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend
through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: thy God will undertake
to guide the future, as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
all now mysterious shall be clear at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
his voice, who ruled them while he dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
and all is darkened in the vale of tears,
then you shall better know His love, His heart,
who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul: for Jesus can repay
from His own fullness all He takes away.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hast'ning on
when we shall be for ever with the Lord,
when disappointment, grief and fear are gone,
sorrow forgotten, love's pure joy restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past
all safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Be still, my soul: begin the song of praise
On earth, believing, to thy Lord on high;
Acknowledge Him in all thy words and ways,
So shall He view thee with a well pleased eye.
Be still, my soul: the Sun of life divine
Through passing clouds shall but more brightly shine.

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart

Irish c 8th century

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
thou my best thought in the day and the night,
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord,
thou my great Father, and I thy true heir,
thou in me dwelling, and I in thy care.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight,
be thou my armour, and be thou my might,
thou my soul's shelter, and thou my high tow'r,
raise thou me heav'nward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.

Riches I eed not, nor all the world's praise,
thou mine inheritance through all my days,
thou, and thou only, the first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, when battle is done,
grant heaven's joy to me, O bright heave'n's sun;
Christ of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Dear Lord and Father of mankind

John Whittier

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
beside the Syrian sea,
the gracious calling of the Lord,
let us, like them, without a word
rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
where Jesus knelt to share with thee
the silence of eternity,
interpreted by love!

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease;
take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess
the beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
thy coolness and thy balm;
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

For all the saints who from their labours rest

William Walsham How (1823-1897), adapted by Jim Cotter

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
who in the world their faith in God confessed,
your name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

You were the stranger in the dark of night
with whom they strove to find their one True Light,
to whom you gave God's blessing ever bright:
Alleluia! Alleluia!

They are the folk who gave with Love Divine,
always in service did their wills incline,
forgetting self, they did with glory shine:
Alleluia! Alleluia!

They followed you, cast out the city's gate
killed by the eyes and guns of human hate,
yet trumpets sound their resurrection fête:
Alleluia! Alleluia!

And there will dawn a yet more marvellous day,
the saints with laughter sing and dance and play,
the Clown of Glory tumbles in the way:
Alleluia! Alleluia!

With earth restored, with this our fragile star,
in gladness home from pilgrimage afar,
we find in God a joy that none can mar:
Alleluia! Alleluia!

For the beauty of the earth

FS Pierpoint

For the beauty of the earth,
for the beauty of the skies,
for the love which from our birth
over and around us lies:

*Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our grateful hymn of praise.*

For the beauty of each hour
of the day and of the night,
hill and vale, and tree and flower,
sun and moon and stars of light:

*Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our grateful hymn of praise.*

For the joy of ear and eye,
for the heart and brain's delight,
for the mystic harmony
linking sense to sound and sight:

*Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our grateful hymn of praise.*

For the joy of human love,
brother, sister, parent, child,
friends on earth and friends above,
for all gentle thoughts and mild:

*Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our sacrifice of praise.*

For each perfect gift of thine
to our race so freely given,
graces human and divine,
flowers of earth and buds of heaven:

*Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our grateful hymn of praise.*

Guide me, O thou Great Redeemer

William Williams

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
hold me with thy powerful hand:
bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me now and evermore
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fiery cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
strong deliverer, strong deliverer
be thou still my strength and shield,
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside;
death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side:
songs and praises, songs and praises
I will ever give to thee,
I will ever give to thee.

In heav'nly love abiding

In heav'nly love abiding,
no change my heart shall fear;
and safe is such confiding,
for nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
my heart may low be laid,
but God is round about me,
and can I be dismayed?

Wherever he may guide me,
no want shall turn me back;
my Shepherd is beside me,
and nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
his sight is never dim;
he knows the way he taketh,
and I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,
which yet I have not seen;
bright skies will soon be o'er me,
where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
my path to life is free;
my Saviour has my treasure,
and he will walk with me.

I'd like to teach the world to sing

I'd like to build the world a home
and furnish it with love,
Grow apple trees and honey bees
and snow white turtle doves.
I'd like to teach the world to sing
in perfect harmony,
I'd like to hold it in my arms
and keep it company.

I'd like to see the world for once
all standing hand in hand,
And hear them echo through the hills
for peace throughout the land.
That's the song I hear,
let the world sing today,
A song of peace that echoes on
and never goes away.

I'd like to teach the world to sing
in perfect harmony,
I'd like to hold it in my arms
and keep it company.
I'd like to see the world for once
all standing hand in hand,
And hear them echo through the hills
for peace throughout the land.

Immortal, invisible, God only wise

W Chalmers Smith

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible, hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
Thy justice, like mountains, high soaring above
Thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all, life thou givest, to both great and small;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—but naught changeth thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
All praise we would render; oh, help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

Immortal love for ever full

John Whittier

Immortal love for ever full,
for ever flowing free,
for ever shared, for ever whole,
a never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name,
all other names above;
love only knoweth whence it came
and comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steps
to bring the lord Christ down;
in vain we search the lowest deeps,
for him no depths can drown;

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
a present help is he;
and faith has still its Olivet,
and love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
is by our beds of pain;
we touch him in life's throng and press,
and we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
our lips of childhood frame;
the last low whispers of our dead
are burdened with his name.

Alone, O love ineffable,
thy saving name is given;
to turn aside from thee is hell,
to walk with thee is heaven.

Jerusalem the golden

Bernard of Cluny, 12th century; Translation: J M Neale

Jerusalem the golden,
with milk and honey blest,
beneath thy contemplation
sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O I know not,
what social joys are there,
what radiancy of glory,
what light beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
conjubilant with song,
and bright with many an angel,
and all the martyr throng;
the Prince is ever in them,
the daylight is serene,
the pastures of the blessèd
are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
and there, from care released,
the song of them that triumph,
the shout of them that feast;
and they who, with their Leader,
have conquered in the fight,
for ever and for ever
are clad in robes of white.

Oh, sweet and blessèd country,
shall I ever see thy face?
Oh, sweet and blessèd country,
shall I ever win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
the Lord shall be thy part:
his only, his for ever,
thou shalt be, and thou art!

Jesu, lover of my soul

Charles Wesley

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Just a closer walk with thee

Unkown

I am weak but thou art strong,
Jesus, keep me from all wrong;
I'll be satisfied as long -
As I walk, let me walk close to Thee.

*Just a closer walk with Thee.
Grant it Jesus, this my plea;
Daily walking close to Thee,
Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.*

Through this world of toil and snares,
If I falter Lord, who cares?
Who with me my burden shares?
None but Thee, dear Lord, none but Thee.

When my feeble life is o'er,
Time for me will be no more;
Guide me gently, safely o'er
To Thy kingdom shore, to Thy shore.

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us

James Edmeston

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
o'er the world's tempestuous sea;
guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
for we have no help but thee;
yet possessing every blessing
if our God our Father be.

Saviour, breath forgiveness o'er us,
all our weakness thou dost know,
thou didst tread this earth before us,
thou didst feel its keenest woe;
lone and dreary, faint and weary,
through the desert thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
love with every passion blending,
pleasure that can never cloy:
thus provided, pardoned, guided,
nothing can our peace destroy.

Lord of all hopefulness

Jan Struther

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
whose trust, ever child-like, 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.

Love Divine, all loves excelling

Charley Wesley

Love Divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heaven to earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
pure unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation,
enter every trembling heart.

continued...

Come, almighty to deliver,
let us all thy life receive;
suddenly return, and never,
never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above,
pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation,
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation,
perfectly restored in thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love and praise.

Make me a channel of your peace

Make me a channel of your peace
Where there is hatred let me bring your love;
where there is injury your pardon, Lord;
And where there is doubt, true faith in you.

*Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console;
To be understood as to understand;
To be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

Make me a channel of your peace;
Where there's despair in life let me bring hope;
Where there is darkness, only light;
And where there's sadness, ever joy.

Make me a channel of your peace;
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving to all that we receive;
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Nearer my God to Thee

Sarah Flower Adams

Nearer my God to thee,
nearer to thee!

E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer
the sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone.
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let my way appear
steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me
in mercy give:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer my God to thee
Nearer to thee!

Now thank we all our God

Martin Rinkart; translated Catherin Winkworth

Now thank we all our God,
with heart and hands and voices,
who wondrous things hath done,
in whom his world rejoices;
who from our mother's arms
hath blessed us on our way
with countless gifts of love
and still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,
with ever joyful hearts
and blessed peace to cheer us:
and keep us in his grace,
and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all ills
in this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
the Father now be given,
the Son and him who reigns
with them in highest heaven,
the one eternal God,
whom earth and heaven adore,
for thus is was , is now ,
and shall be evermore.

Now the green blade riseth

JMC Crum

Now the green blade riseth from the buried grain,
wheat that in the dark earth many days has lain;
Love lives again, that with the dead has been:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

In the grave they laid him, Love whom men had slain,
thinking they that never he would wake again,
laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
he that till the third day in the grave was lain,
quick from the dead, my risen Lord is seen:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,
thou, O God, can call us back to life again,
fields of our hearts, that dead and bare have been:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

O God our help in ages past

Issac Watts

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its folk away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be though our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

O Lord my God

Words: Russian, translated by Stuart K Hine

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
thy power throughout the universe displayed:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!*

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;

But when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
sent him to die, I scarce can take it in
that on the cross, our burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away our sin;

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim: My God, how great thou art!

O Lord, My God!

With alternative verse

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!*

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!*

Whakaaria Mai, Tou ripeka ki au
Tiaho mai ra roto i te po
Ki Kona au Titiro atu ai
Ora mate Hei au Koe noho ai

But when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
sent him to die, I scarce can take it in
that on the cross, our burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away our sin;

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim: My God, how great thou art!

O Thou who camest from above

Charles Wesley

O Thou who camest from above,
the pure celestial fire to impart,
kindle a flame of sacred love
on the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn
with inextinguishable blaze,
and trembling to its source return
in humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
to work and speak and think for thee;
still let me guard the holy fire,
and still stir up thy gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat,
till death thy endless mercies seal,
and make the sacrifice complete.

Praise my Soul the King of Heaven

HF Lyte

Praise my soul, the King of heaven,
to his feet thy tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like me his praise should sing?
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise him still the same as ever,
slow to chide and swift to bless:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us,
well our feeble frame he knows;
in his hands he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
widely as his mercy flows.

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:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
praise with us the God of grace.

Teach me, my God and King

George Herbert

Teach me, my God and King,
in all things thee to see;
and what I do in anything
to do it as for thee.

A man that looks on glass,
on it may stay his eye;
or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
and then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake;
nothing can be so mean
which, with this tincture, For thy sake,
will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
makes drudgery divine;
who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
that turneth all to gold;
for that which God doth touch and own
cannot for less be told.

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended

John Ellerton

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
the darkness falls at thy behest;
to thee our morning hymns ascended,
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping,
and rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
the dawn leads on another day,
the voice of prayer is never silent
nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
our brethren 'neath the western sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are making
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord: thy throne shall never,
like earth's proud empires, pass away:
thy kingdom stands and grows for ever
till all thy creatures own thy sway.

The King of love my Shepherd is

HW Baker

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
and he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so thro' all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

The Lord's my Shepherd (Tune: Crimond)

Scottish Psalter 1650

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want
He makes me down to lie
in pastures green, he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill:
for thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou has furnishèd
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.

Thine be the glory

Edmond Budry

Thine be the glory, risen conquering son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes, where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord is living, death has lost its sting.
Thine be the glory...

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is nought without thee: aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love:
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.
Thine be the glory...

Thine for ever! God of love

Mary Maude

Thine for ever! God of love,
hear us from thy throne above;
thine for ever may we be
here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
shield us through our earthly strife;
thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! O how blest
they who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
us thy frail and trembling sheep;
safe alone beneath thy care,
let us all thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! Thou our guide,
all our wants by thee supplied,
all our sins by thee forgiven,
lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

HOW TO CONTACT US

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