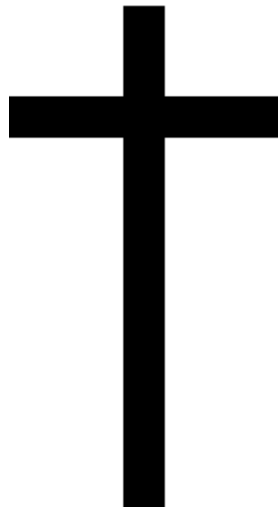


An example of an Order of Service for a Funeral – Lastingpost.com

Introduction

This is an example of an Order of Service for a traditional Church of England funeral.

THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. PETERS
FERNDALE



JOHN PETER DAVIDSON

1922 - 2008

Thursday 24th APRIL, 2008

2.30pm

He is not lost our dearest love,
Nor has he travelled far,
Just stepped inside home's loveliest room
And left the door ajar.

Anonymous

The music to be played before the service:

Nimrod from the Enigma Variations; Sir Edward Elgar Bt

Blessed Jesu, We Are Here; Johann Bach

ORDER OF SERVICE

Conducted by the Reverend David Jones

BIDDING PRAYERS

HYMN

Dear Lord and Father of mankind

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-cloth 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!

John G. Whittier, (1807 - 1892)

THE FIRST READING

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

WH Auden, (1907 - 1973)

HYMN

The Lord's my shepherd

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He maketh me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My souls 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 hast furnished
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.

Scottish Psalter 1650 (23rd Psalm)
Melody, Jessie Irvine, (1836 - 1887)

THE SECOND READING

Death is nothing at all

Death is nothing at all
I have only slipped away into the next room
I am I and you are you
Whatever we were to each other
That we are still
Call me by my own familiar name
Speak to me in the easy way you always used
Put no difference into your tone
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow
Laugh as we always laughed
At the little jokes we always enjoyed together
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was
Let it be spoken without effort
Without the ghost of a shadow in it
Life means all that it ever was
There is absolute unbroken continuity
What is death but a negligible accident?
Why should I be out of mind
Because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you for an interval
Somewhere very near
Just around the corner
All is well.
Nothing is past; nothing is lost
One brief moment and all will be as it was before
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

Canon Henry Scott-Holland, (1847 - 1918)

HYMN

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of Wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightening of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.
Glory, glory Alleluia!
Glory, glory Alleluia!
Glory, glory Alleluia!
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgement-seat:
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
Glory, glory Alleluia!
Glory, glory Alleluia!
Glory, glory Alleluia!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me,
As he died to make men holy, let us live to make men free
While God is marching on.
Glory, glory Alleluia!
Glory, glory Alleluia!
Glory, glory Alleluia!
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe, (1819 - 1910)

THE ADDRESS

PRAYERS

HYMN

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer

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,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
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 of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Original Welsh words, William Williams, (1717 - 1791)
Translated, Peter Williams (1727 - 1796) and others
Hymn tune, John Hughes (1873 - 1932)

BLESSING

He has achieved success

He has achieved success who has lived well,
laughed often and loved much:
who has enjoyed the trust of pure women,
the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children;
who has filled the niche and accomplished his task;
who has left the world better than he found it;
whether by an improved poppy,
a perfect poem, or a rescued soul;
who has never lacked appreciation of Earth's beauty
or failed to express it;
who has always looked for the best in others
and given the best he had.
Whose life was an inspiration;
Whose memory a benediction.

Bessie A Stanley

A Gaelic blessing

May the road rise gently at your feet;
May the sun shine warmly upon your face;
May the wind be always at your back;
May the rain fall softly upon your fields.
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

END

Last updated: 14th July, 2009