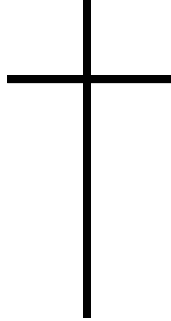


CITY OF LONDON CREMATORIUM
TRADITIONAL CHAPEL



NAME

13TH MAY 1902 – 1ST JULY 2001

FRIDAY 6TH JULY 2001
AT 3.30 PM

ORDER OF SERVICE

OPENING SENTENCES

HYMN

1. 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
2. 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.
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
4. My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
5. Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Psalm 23

READING

TRIBUTE

ADDRESS

PRAYERS

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

COMMITTAL

PRAYERS

HYMN

1. 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.
2. 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!
3. 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
4. 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,
5. 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!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.