

HYMN

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 doom.
Let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord now liveth, 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 . . .

COMMITTAL



There is a retiring collection in aid of the Salvation Army

*The family hope that everyone will join them after the service
for refreshments in the W.I. Hall*

Lily Margaret Lock



30th June 1923 – 20th September 2012

HYMN

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

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress.
Praise him still the same for ever,
slow to chide and swift to bless.
Praise him, praise him!
Praise him, praise him!
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.
Praise him, praise him!
Praise him, praise him!
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.
Praise him, praise him!
Praise him, praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

TRIBUTE

READING: John 14:1-6

ADDRESS

HYMN

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 through 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.

PRAYERS AND 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