
In Loving Memory
of
Ian Philip Milner Payne

4th October 1944 ~ 6th April 2024



St Mary's Church, The Lace Market, Nottingham
Tuesday May 7th 2024, at 2pm



ENTRY MUSIC

Organ Voluntary

WELCOME

Reverend Pippa Scott

HYMN

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

William Blake (1757-1827)

MEMORIES OF DAD

by Myles Payne



HYMN

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease:
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

John Newton (1725-1807)

A PERSONAL REFLECTION

by Peter Yandell

SCRIPTURE READING

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

THE 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.

THE GOLFER'S POEM

by John Betjeman
read by 'Uncle' Miles Raven

How straight it flew, how long it flew,
It clear'd the rutty track
And soaring, disappeared from view
Beyond the bunker's back -
A glorious, sailing, bounding drive
That made me glad I was alive.

And down the fairway, far along
It glowed a lonely white;
I played an iron sure and strong
And clipp'd it out of sight,
And spite of grassy banks between
I knew I'd find it on the green.

And so I did. It lay content
Two paces from the pin;
A steady putt and then it went
Oh, most surely in.
The very turf rejoiced to see
That quite unprecedented three.

Ah! Seaweed smells from sandy caves
And thyme and mist in whiffs,
In-coming tide, Atlantic waves
Slapping the sunny cliffs,
Lark song and sea sounds in the air
And splendour, splendour everywhere.

EXIT MUSIC

Mr Blue Sky
Electric Light Orchestra



Before the service, Ian's immediate family accompanied him to the crematorium to pay their last respects in private.

The family thank you for being here today and invite you to join them, after the service, at the Pitcher and Piano for refreshment and to share memories of Ian.

Donations in Ian's memory for

Hayward House

to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for their care and support at the end of his life.

Donations may be placed in the box on leaving the service, made online at

www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

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