

*Don't think of him as gone away,  
His journeys just begun.  
Life holds so many facets, this earth is only one.  
Just think of him as resting, from sorrow and the tears.  
In a place of warmth and comfort,  
Where there are no days or years.  
Think how he must be wishing,  
That we could know today.  
How nothing but our sadness, can really pass away.  
And think of him as living,  
In the hearts of those he touched.  
For nothing loved is ever lost,  
And he was loved so much.*

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The Hyndman family would like to thank you for your presence at the service today, and would like to invite you all to join them for refreshments in The Mountainview Social Club following the service.

Family flowers only.  
Donations in lieu if desired to:  
Cancer Research  
c/o Woodvale Funeral Services  
404-412 Shankill Road, Belfast  
BT13 3AE  
or online [woodvalefuneralservices.com](http://woodvalefuneralservices.com)

Woodvale Funeral Services 404/412 Shankill Road Belfast BT13 3AE  
Tel: 02890 333313

*Service Of Thanksgiving  
For The Life Of*

**Robert David Hyndman**

24th May 1929 - 16th March 2017



*We will never cease to miss you,  
We will never cease to care.  
In a special corner of our hearts,  
You will live forever there.*

Monday 20th March 2017  
12.15pm  
Woodvale Funeral Services

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 grown 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, O 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!

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,  
and time shall be no more,  
and the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;  
when the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,  
and the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

*Refrain:*

*When the roll is called up yonder,  
when the roll is called up yonder,  
when the roll is called up yonder,  
when the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.*

On that bright and cloudless morning  
when the dead in Christ shall rise,  
and the glory of His resurrection share;  
when His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,  
and the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

*(Refrain)*

Let us labour for the Master from the dawn till setting sun;  
let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;  
then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,  
and the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

*(Refrain)*