



*After the Funeral and Burial Service family members are welcome
for a cup of tea at Mrs. Edit Magdalena Clarke's house.
Alternatively all guests are welcome to join Rene at
The Wheatsheaf Pub
in Burton Joyce for a drink.
Thank you.*

*Memorial donations for
All We Can – Methodist Church of Great Britain
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn,
The Family Funeral Service
or left at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries*



A Service to Celebrate the Life
of



Peter Noel Byron Clarke

5th May 1932 – 31st December 2016

St Helen's Church, Burton Joyce

1:00pm

Friday 3rd February 2017

ORDER OF SERVICE

Entrance Music

Jesu, Joy Of Man's Desiring

Welcome and Introduction

Hymn . . . To Be A Pilgrim

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
He will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit,
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say,
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

Reading from Scripture

1 Peter 5:1-11

Eulogy

A Song from Leonore

Prayers concluding with 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.

Hymn . . . When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the death of Christ, my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Prayers of Commendation

Blessing

A parting song from René, Peter's son

Exit music

God Be In My Head