



Harvey's family are incredibly grateful for your attendance here today and your messages of condolence.

Please join them, following the service, at The Market Inn,  
10A Market Place, Ilkeston, Derbyshire DE7 5QA  
for light refreshments.

Today's service was led by Shirley Read,  
Independent Funeral Celebrant.

Donations may be left in loving memory of Harvey  
to support the ongoing work of  
**Treetops Hospice**  
and may be sealed in the donation envelope  
and placed in the box on leaving the service,  
left online at

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*The Family Funeral Service®*

Bennerley House  
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Ilkeston  
Derbyshire  
DE7 8NG

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IN LOVING MEMORY

OF



## Harvey Hill

8th September 1938 - 10th July 2024

Bramcote Crematorium, Serenity Chapel

Thursday 1st August 2024  
at 2.00 pm

# Order of Service

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**Entry Music**  
A Boy Named Sue  
by Johnny Cash

**Welcome and Introduction**

**Hymn**

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 grow 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 strength 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.

*Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)*

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## Eulogy

### 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 thro' 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.

*Scottish Psalm (1650)*

### Poem

My Father Was A Miner  
by William Holman

My father was a miner,  
He worked deep underground.  
The rush of drams and clanking chains,  
They were his daily sounds.

He worked so far below the ground,  
Where coal was hewed by pick.  
The work so hard and wages small,  
He didn't dare go sick.

He crawled upon his belly  
In drifts so low and narrow;  
The wind it whistled down the shaft,  
It chilled him to the marrow.

He ate his food from a Tommy box  
Shaped like a slice of bread,  
While squatting down upon the ground,  
Where spit and crumbs were shed.

His water, it was in a Jack,  
To wet down clouds of dust  
That gathered in his throat and lungs,  
Where it formed a deadly crust.

We would listen for his footsteps,  
He then came into sight.  
This man, our dad, as black as black,  
Just like the darkest night.

His bath was always ready,  
Set down in front of fire.  
My mother then would wash his back  
And tell us to retire.

Right down his back white rivers ran  
Amongst the dirt and grime,  
But you cannot wash away blue scars  
That you get down in the mine.

Years now have passed, my father gone,  
But I am proud to say:  
My father was a miner  
Until his dying day.

## Time of Reflection

Music: Life Fades Away

by Roy Orbison

## 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.

## Committal and Farewell



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## Poem

They Do Not Leave

They do not leave, they are not gone,  
They look upon us still.  
They walk among the valley now,  
They stride upon the hill.

Their smile is in the summer sky,  
Their grace is in the breeze,  
Their memories whisper in the grass,  
Their calm is in the trees.

Their tears are in the gentle rain,  
Their sigh is in the autumn leaves.  
They do not leave, they are not gone,  
It's only us who grieve.

## Thanks and Notices

Exit Music  
Big Bad John  
by Jimmy Dean

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