



The family would like to thank everyone for their kind words and support at this sad time.

Memorial donations for
Cancer Research UK
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
or left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries.

All are welcome for refreshment at
The Embankment,
282-284 Arkwright Street,
Nottingham
NG2 2GR.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

www.lymn.co.uk

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF
EVA MABBOTT

10th April 1927 - 22nd May 2019



Wilford Hill Main Chapel

Friday 7th June 2019
at 10.40 am

Order of Service

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Till by Shirley Bassey

WELCOME

PRAYER



CLOSING WORDS

LEAVING MUSIC

Hawaiian War Chant

*The committal will now follow at the graveside,
with the release of doves.*



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 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!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

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)

READING

Farewell My Friends

Gitanjali Ghei

It was beautiful as long as it lasted, the journey of my life,
I have no regrets whatsoever, save the pain I'll leave behind.
Those dear hearts who love and care, and the heavy-with-sleep,
ever-moist eyes, the smile in spite of a lump in the throat
and the strings pulling at the heart and soul.

The strong arms that held me up when my own strength let me down,
each morsel that I was fed with was full of love.

At every turning of my life I came across good friends,
friends who stood by me, even when the time raced me by.
Farewell, farewell my friends, I smile and bid you goodbye.
No, shed no tears, for I need them not, all I need is your smile.
If you feel sad, do think of me, for that's what I'll like.

When you live in the hearts of those you love,
remember then ... you never die.



TRIBUTES

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.