

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
(CECIL HAROLD) CYRIL WALL

18th February 1932 ~ 26th April 2017

Jean and the family thank you for your support today
and invite you to join them for refreshments at
The Nags Head, Woodborough,
after the ceremony, to continue
to share memories of Cyril.

Gifts in Cyril's memory can be made as you leave
the chapel this afternoon. They will go to the
Kendal Mountain Search and Rescue Team.

A.W. LYMN

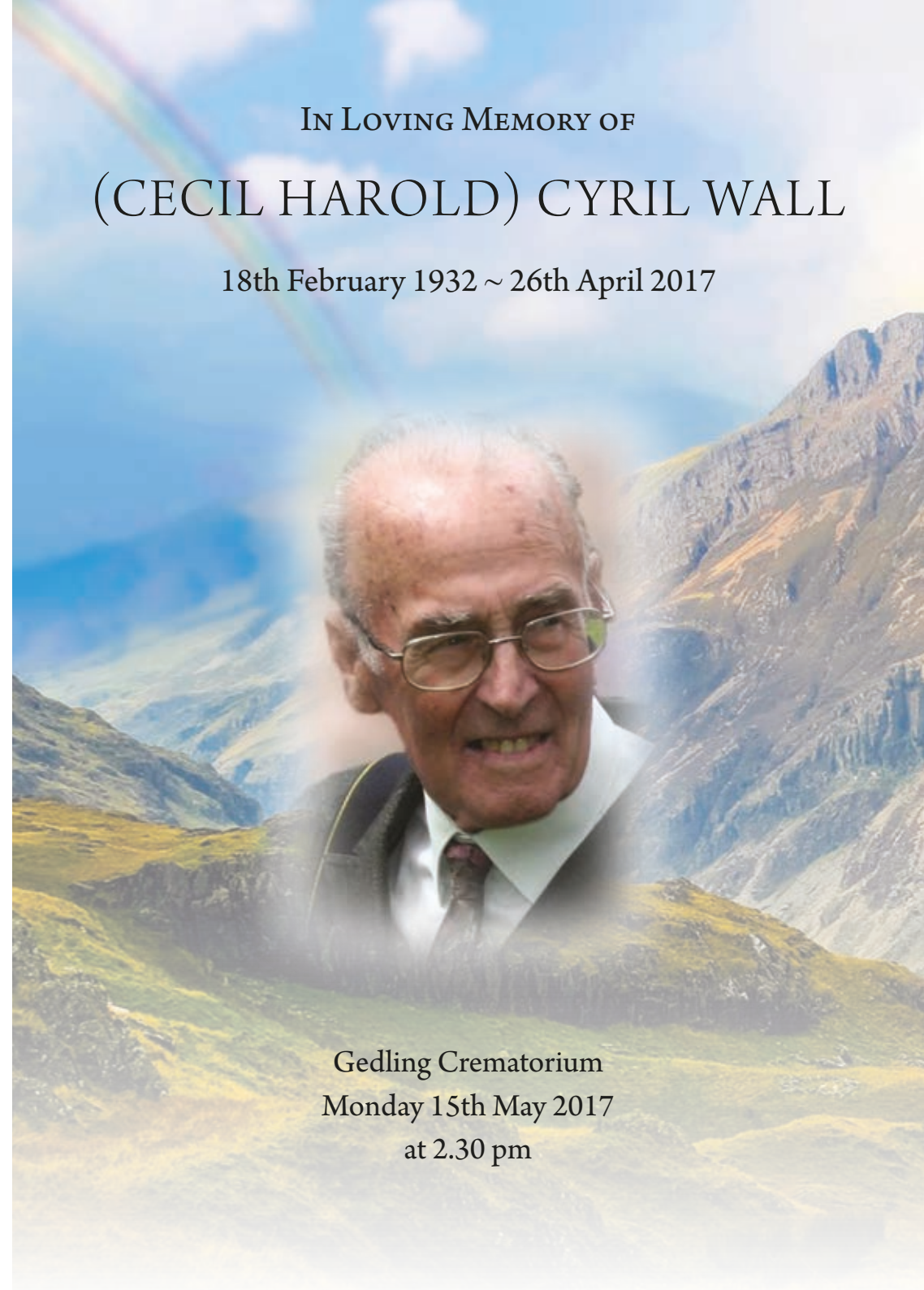
The Family Funeral Service

G Harrod & Son
9 Church Street
Carlton
Nottingham
NG4 1BJ

www.lymn.co.uk

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305

Gedling Crematorium
Monday 15th May 2017
at 2.30 pm



ENTRANCE MUSIC

Fallen Embers by Enya

WELCOME AND OPENING WORDS

Jeremy Pemberton, Civil Celebrant

POEM

The Fallen Limb

A limb has fallen from the family tree.
I keep hearing a voice that says, "Grieve not for me.
Remember the best times, the laughter, the song,
The good life I lived while I was strong.
Continue my heritage, I'm counting on you.
Keep smiling and surely the sun will shine through.
My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest.
Remembering all, how I truly was blessed.
Continue traditions, no matter how small.
Go on with your life, don't worry about falls.
I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin
Until the day comes we're together again."

HYMN

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For each perfect Gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of Heaven:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

Folliott S Pierpoint (1835-1917)

THE TRIBUTE

HYMN

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson (1842-1906)

THE FINAL FAREWELL

CLOSING WORDS

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Orinoco Flow by Enya