



All are invited to the reception to be held at
Stanton-on-the-Wolds Golf Club,
Golf Course Road,
Keyworth,
Stanton-on-the-Wolds,
Nottingham
NG12 5BH
after the service.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

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*To Celebrate
the Life of*

Robert John Brooks
'Bob'

12th January 1941 - 21st November 2016

St Mary the Virgin, Plumtree

Wednesday 7th December 2016
at 1.00 pm

Order of Service

SENTENCES

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

EULOGY
by Michael Mayfield

THIRD 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 those 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)

COMMENDATION

BLESSING

The committal will follow in the churchyard.

ADDRESS

PRAYERS

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.

FIRST HYMN

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

READING

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6
read by Edward Wheatley

EULOGY

by Simon Brooks

READING

If ~ Rudyard Kipling
read by Edward Cursham

SECOND HYMN

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring!
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress!
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows.
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes,
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face:
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)