

A Service of Thanksgiving and Celebration for

Hilda Darling

24th June 1927 – 9th February 2017



Monday 6th March 2017
2:15pm

Cannon Hill Chapel
Canley Crematorium

Service led by
Reverend Terence Colling

Order of Service

Entrance Music

Leonard Cohen – Hey, That’s No Way To Say Goodbye

Welcome and Introduction

Hymn

The Day thou gavest, Lord, is ended:
the darkness falls at thy behest;
to thee our morning hymns ascended;
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping
and rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
the dawn leads on another day,
the voice of prayer is never silent,
nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
our brethren 'neath the western sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are making
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord, thy throne shall never,
like earth's proud empires, pass away;
thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
till all thy creatures own thy sway.

Reading

Psalm 121

Reading

John Ch. 14 v. 1-6

Address

Revd. Terence Colling

Poem

“Fear no more the heat o’ the sun”

Fear no more the heat o’ the sun,
Nor the furious winter’s rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta’en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o’ the great;
Thou art past the tyrant’s stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616)

From Cymbeline by William Shakespeare
Read by Ross Darling

Prayers

Hymn

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed.

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee:
how great thou art, how great thou art.*

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
how great thou art, how great thou art.*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

Then sings my soul

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,
that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away my sin.

Then sings my soul

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart;
when I shall bow in humble adoration,
and there proclaim: my God, how great thou art.

Then sings my soul

Commendation

Committal

Exit Music

The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra – The Blue Danube Waltz



Sincere thanks are extended for all the thoughtful expressions of sympathy received and for kind donations for Coventry Myton Hospice to be sent to A. J. Lloyd, Funeral Directors, 38 Wallace Road, Keresley, Coventry CV6 2LX.

Ross and Sara would be delighted if you could join them at The Jacobean Hotel, Holyhead Road, Coventry, CV5 8HX (02476 601601) for refreshments following the service.

Donations in memory of Hilda for:



may be sent c/o

A J Lloyd
The Family Funeral Directors
38 Wallace Road,
Coventry
CV6 2LX
Telephone: 024 76331900
Donate online at www.ajlloyd.co.uk