

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

Memorial donations for the  
**British Heart Foundation**  
and  
**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](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)

All are welcome for refreshment at the  
Nottingham Knight,  
Loughborough Road,  
West Bridgford,  
Nottingham  
NG2 6LS.

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Chaworth House  
24 Varney Road  
Clifton  
NG11 8EX  
[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

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*In Loving Memory of*



*Florence Lilian Bartholomew*

17th November 1929 - 6th September 2018

Wednesday 19th September 2018 at 2.00 pm

Wilford Hill Crematorium

Service conducted by Reverend Owen Page

*Order of Service*

*Processional Music*

Will You Remember? (Sweetheart)  
by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy

*Welcome and Opening Prayer*

*Blessing*

*Closing Music*

My Dearest Dear  
by Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello



The background of the page is a soft-focus image of pink roses with green leaves, creating a gentle and elegant atmosphere.

## *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.

## *Commendation*

## *Committal*

## *Reading*

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

## *Tributes to Florence*

## *Poem*

Remember Me  
by Anthony Dowson



## *Hymn*

And did those feet in ancient times  
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.

