



June would like to thank everyone for their kind words  
and support at this sad time

Memorial donations for the  
**Alzheimer's Society**  
may be left in the box provided  
on leaving the service or sent care of  
A.W. Lymn  
The Family Funeral Service.

All are welcome for refreshments in  
the church meeting room.

**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*

## Malcolm Joseph Benson A.R.I.B.A

9th January 1931 - 7th February 2019



Church of the Holy Rood, Edwalton

Wednesday 27th February 2019  
at 12.30 pm



# Order of Service

## Entry Music

I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls  
Michael William Balfe

## Welcome and Opening Prayers

## Hymn

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won;  
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,  
Kept the folded grave-clothes where Thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won!*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;  
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;  
Let the church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,  
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won!*

No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life;  
Life is naught without Thee: aid us in our strife;  
Make us more than conquerors through Thy deathless love;  
Bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won!*

*Edmond Louis Budry (1854-1932)*

## Commendation

## Blessing

## Exit Music

from 'The Walk To The Paradise Garden'  
Frederick Delius

## Reading

St John's Gospel, Chapter 14: verses 1-9  
read by Trevor Greaves

## Address

## Prayers

*concluding with*

### 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.

## 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 mighty thunder,  
Thy power 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!  
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,  
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!  
*Then sings my soul...*

*Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)*

### **Eulogy**

read by John Blakeley

### **Music**

Bring Him Home from *'Les Misérables'*

### **Poem**

Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep  
read by Joan Spence



### **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)*

