

In Loving Memory of
Bert Hodge Harris



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

29th November 1932 - 19th April 2020

Bramcote Crematorium, Reflection Chapel
Monday 4th May 2020 at 10.30 am

Celebrant - Mr Richard Marshall

A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service**

Parker House
25 Church Street
Stapleford
Nottingham
NG9 8GA

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Order of Service

Closing Words

Exit Music

Spanish Eyes
by Engelbert Humperdinck

Committal and Farewell

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.

Entrance Music

Ave Maria
by Andrea Bocelli

Welcome and Introduction

Tribute

Hymn

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail; and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Hymn

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.