



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

All are welcome for light refreshment at
The Long Eaton Rugby Club
West Park Clubhouse
NG10 4AA

Donations in memory of Donald for
Macmillan Cancer Support
may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service,
left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

West Park House
33 Lime Grove
Long Eaton
Nottingham
NG10 4LD
www.lymn.co.uk

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF



DONALD MACKINTOSH

21st December 1934 ~ 19th August 2021

Bramcote Crematorium
Tuesday 14th September 2021 at 2.45 pm



ORDER OF SERVICE

OPENING MUSIC

With A Little Help From My Friends
by The Beatles

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

FAREWELL

CLOSING WORDS

CLOSING MUSIC
Dance The Night Away
by The Mavericks



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 these 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)

HYMN

Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs and praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams (1717-1791)

POEM

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room;
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not for long,
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that once we shared;
Miss me, but let me go.

DON'S LIFE

FAMILY MEMORIES

by Ian

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

Cavatina from *The Deer Hunter*