

Requiem Mass In Thanksgiving of

Rocco Marzano

17th August 1928 – 31st January 2019



Wednesday 20th February 2019 at 10.30 am
St. Barnabas Cathedral



ENTRANCE HYMN

Pie Jesu

Pie Jesu, pie Jesu, pie Jesu, pie Jesu
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Dona eis requiem
Dona eis requiem

Pie Jesu, pie Jesu, pie Jesu, pie Jesu
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Dona eis requiem
Dona eis requiem

Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Dona eis requiem
Dona eis requiem

Sempiternam
Sempiternam

Requiem sempiternam

OPENING PRAYER

An aerial photograph of a town with numerous red-tiled roofs and a prominent white dome, likely a church, in the background. The image is slightly faded and serves as a background for the text.

FIRST READING

from the Book of Revelation

Then I heard a voice from heaven saying,
'Write this: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!
Blessed indeed, the Spirit says; now they can rest from their labours,
for their good deeds go with them.'
The word of the Lord.

DAL LIBRO DELL'APOCALISSE DI SAN GIOVANNI

E udii una voce dal cielo che diceva: «Scrivi: d'ora in poi, beati i morti
che muoiono nel Signore. Sì - dice lo Spirito -, essi riposeranno dalle loro
fatiche, perché le loro opere li seguono».

Parola di Dio

PSALM

sung by choir

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 furnishèd
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.

Scottish Psalter (1650)

THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN

Dal Vangelo secondo S. Giovanni

Non sia turbato il vostro cuore. Abbiate fede in Dio e abbiate fede anche in me. Nella casa del Padre mio vi sono molti posti. Se no, ve l'avrei detto. Io vado a prepararvi un posto; quando sarò andato e vi avrò preparato un posto, ritornerò e vi prenderò con me, perché siate anche voi dove sono io. E del luogo dove io vado, voi conoscete la via.

Gli disse Tommaso: Signore, non sappiamo dove vai e come possiamo conoscere la via?. Gli disse Gesù: «Io sono la via, la verità e la vita. Nessuno viene al Padre se non per mezzo di me.

Parola del Signore

A Reading from the Gospel of St. John, Chapter 14: verses 1-7

Do not let your hearts be troubled. You trust in God, trust also in me. In my Father's house there are many places to live in; otherwise I would have told you. I am going now to prepare a place for you, and after I have gone and prepared you a place, I shall return to take you to myself, so that you may be with me where I am.

You know the way to the place where I am going.

Thomas said, 'Lord, we do not know where you are going, so how can we know the way?'

Jesus said: I am the Way; I am Truth and Life.
No one can come to the Father except through me.

The Gospel of the Lord.

An aerial photograph of a town with numerous buildings and tiled roofs. A prominent church spire is visible in the upper right. The image is slightly faded and has a soft, ethereal quality.

HOMILY
Please sit

BIDDING PRAYERS

THE LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

OFFERTORY HYMN

Ave Maria

Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banish'd, outcast and reviled -
Maiden! Hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Undefined!
The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem this down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! Hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, list a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!
Ave Maria!

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

An aerial, slightly hazy photograph of a town with terraced roofs, likely a hillside town. The buildings are densely packed, and the perspective is from a high vantage point looking down. The colors are muted, with a lot of browns, greys, and soft blues.

COMMUNION HYMN

Panis Angelicus

Pannis angelicus
Fit panis hominum;
Dat panis coelicus
Figuris terminum;
O res mirabilis!
Manducat dominum

Pauper, pauper
Servus et humilis.
Pauper, pauper
Servus et humilis.

Panis angelicus
Fit panis hominum;
Dat panis coelicus
Figuris terminum;
O res mirabilis!
Manducat dominum

Pauper, pauper
Servus et humilis.
Pauper, pauper
Servus, servus et humilis.

MUSIC

Canon in D Major
Johann Pachelbel

An aerial photograph of a town with numerous buildings featuring terracotta-tiled roofs. The town is built on a hillside, and the background shows rolling hills under a bright, slightly hazy sky. The overall tone is soft and somewhat desaturated.

EULOGY

Before the final prayers Greg, Christina and Caroline will say a few words about Rocco, their grandad

An aerial, high-angle photograph of Jerusalem, showing a dense cluster of buildings with terracotta roofs and a prominent white dome in the distance. The image is slightly faded and serves as a background for the text.

PRAYER OF COMMENDATION

Song of Farewell: In Paradisum

In paradisum deducant angeli
In tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres
Et perducant te
In civitatem sanctam Jerusalem
Chorus angelorum te suscipiat
Et cum Lazaro, quondam paupere
Aeternam habeas requiem

May angels lead you into paradise
Martyrs receive you at your arrival
And bring you
To the holy city Jerusalem
May the choir of angels receive you
And with Lazarus, once a pauper
May you have eternal rest.

RECESSIONAL HYMN

How Great Thou Art

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...

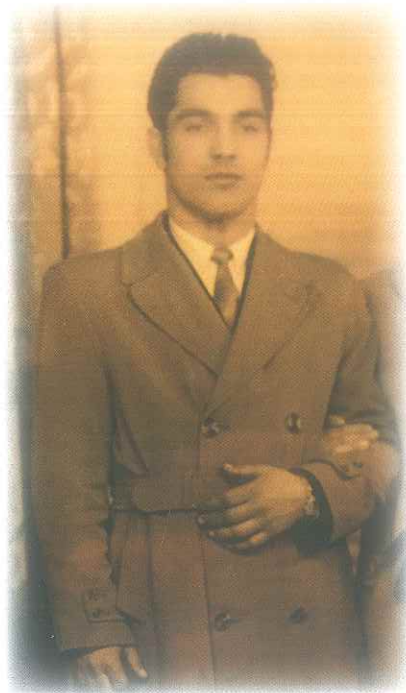
And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in:
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin;

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)



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

Memorial donations for
The British Red Cross
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, or sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service.

A.W. LYMN

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