

To Celebrate the Life
of



Alan George Hague

7th May 1931 - 5th July 2019

Kingswood Methodist Church, Wollaton

Wednesday 24th July 2019

at 11.00 am

Memorial donations, in lieu of flowers, for

Alzheimer's Society

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

All are welcome for refreshment at

Kingswood Methodist Church,

Lambourne Drive,

Wollaton,

NG8 1GR

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Deer Park House
359 Wollaton Road
Nottingham
NG8 1FQ

www.lymn.co.uk

Entry Music

Leamoor

composed and played by Alan's father, Herbert Hague,
on English concertina

Welcome

Reverend Christine Fox

Prayer



Alan and Pat were happily married for 56 years.
While Pat is unable to attend today's service, she is happy in
Wollaton Park Care Home and enjoys seeing visitors.

Commendation

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.

Blessing

Hymn

O Come!

Sweet and low! Sweet and low!
Hear ye the voice of Jesus.
Come, come, come just now,
He will to thee be gracious.
Though thou hast grieved Him, He will forgive,
Then thy sad heart peace will receive.
Wilt thou not come to Jesus?
While He's calling thee, while He's calling thee, come!

Come and rest! Come and rest!
Thou art of sinning weary.
Rest, rest on His breast,
He will in His arms fold thee.
Do not delay, He's calling for thee,
From each fetter thou canst be free,
Now bring thy heart to Jesus.
Now He's calling thee, now He's calling thee, come!

Bible Readings

Psalm 23

Judith Dakin

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6 and 27

Nancy Briggs

Remembering Dad

Jeremy and Nicholas Hague

Address

Prayers

Hymn

The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, Is Ended

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As over each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.