



Church of the Holy Rood  
Edwalton

Trevor wishes to thank you all  
for your support at this time  
and your presence today.

You are invited for refreshments at  
The Long Room, Trent Bridge  
(parking at Hound Road car park),  
following this service.

There will be a retiring collection  
in memory of Elsie for the  
**British Heart Foundation,**  
**Diabetes UK**  
and the  
**Royal National Institute of Blind People**  
following this service, or donations  
may be sent to  
A. W. Lymn  
The Family Funeral Service  
at the address below.



A Service of Celebration and  
Thanksgiving for the Life of

*Elsie May Morton*

9th May 1938 - 28th October 2018

Thursday 8th November 2018

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Rutland House  
128 Melton Road  
West Bridgford  
NG2 6EP

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# *Order of Service*

## **PRAYERS**

### **POEM**

Footprints In The Sand  
Nigel Cutts

### **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)*

## **COMMENDATION AND BLESSING**

## HYMN

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;  
To His feet thy tribute bring!  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me His praise should sing?  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress!  
Praise Him still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless!  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Father-like, He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows.  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Widely as His mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face:  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace!

*Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)*

## SENTENCES AND INTRODUCTION

### PSALM 23

### **HYMN**

Morning has broken, like the first morning;  
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!  
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,  
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning  
Born of the one light Eden saw play!  
Praise with elation, praise every morning,  
God's re-creation of the new day!

*Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)*

### **READING**

St John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6, 15-17 and 27

### **ADDRESS**

Canon Alan Haydock