



A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of
SHIRLEY FRAPWELL

3rd May 1935 - 13th November 2024

The church service will be followed by a private committal.

The family would like you to join them for refreshments at Woodborough Hall, 1 Bank Hill, Woodborough, Nottingham NG14 6EE, after the service

Donations in memory of Shirley for
Lymphoma Action
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.



A.W. LYMN
The Family Funeral Service



St. Swithun's Church, Woodborough
Tuesday 17th December 2024 at 1.30 pm

When the night has been too lonely and the road has been too long
And you think that love is only for the lucky and the strong,
Just remember in the winter, far beneath the bitter snows,
Lies the seed that with the sun's love in the Spring becomes the rose.
Verse 3 of The Rose by Amanda McBroom



ORDER OF SERVICE

Conducted by The Reverend Sally Baylis

COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

MUSIC

Nine Million Bicycles
by Katie Melua

MUSIC

Nimrod from Enigma Variations
by Edward Elgar

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

OPENING PRAYERS

HYMN

Dear Lord And Father Of Mankind

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
forgive our foolish ways;
re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
beside the Syrian sea,
the gracious calling of the Lord,
let us, like them, without a word
rise up and follow thee.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease;
take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess
the beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
thy coolness and thy balm;
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

HYMN

Jerusalem

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)

BIBLE READING

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

PRAYERS

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.

READING

Miss Me, But Let Me Go
attributed to Christina Rossetti
Alice Owen-Lloyd

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.

For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the master plan,
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at all the things we used to do;
Miss me, but let me go.

TRIBUTE

Caroline Nevile

HYMN

Lord Of All Hopefulness

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord,
At the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord,
At the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, Your arms to embrace.
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord,
At the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord,
At the end of the day.
Jan Struther (1901-1953)

TRIBUTE

Tom Frapwell

READING

The Hoofs Of The Horses

by William Ogilvie

Chris Nevile

The hoofs of the horses! — Oh! witching and sweet
Is the music earth steals from the iron-shod feet;
No whisper of lover, no trilling of bird
Can stir me as hoofs of the horses have stirred.

They spurn disappointment and trample despair,
And drown with their drum-beats the challenge of care;
With scarlet and silk for their banners above,
They are swifter than Fortune and sweeter than Love.

On the wings of the morning they gather and fly,
In the hush of the night-time I hear them go by —
The horses of memory thundering through
With flashing white fetlocks all wet with the dew.

When you lay me to slumber no spot you can choose
But will ring to the rhythm of galloping shoes,
And under the daisies no grave be so deep
But the hoofs of the horses shall sound in my sleep.