

HYMNS FOR A FUNERAL SERVICE

1. Abide with me

Abide with me, fast falls the even tide
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me

Swift to its close, ebbs out life's little day
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away
Change and decay in all around I see
O thou who changest not, abide with me

I need thy presence every passing hour
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy Cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies
Heaven's morning breaks,
and earth's vain shadows flee
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

2. All things bright and beautiful.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruit in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God almighty,
Who has made all things well.

3. Amazing Grace

Amazing grace how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I am found,
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we've first begun.

4. Crown him with many crowns.

Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon the throne,
While heaven's eternal anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died to be
Your Saviour and your matchless King
Through all eternity

Crown him the Lord of life
Triumphant from the grave,
who rose victorious from the strife
For those he came to save:
His glories now we sing
Who died and reigns on high;
He died eternal life to bring
And lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of love,
Who shows his hands and side
Those wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of peace -
His kingdom is at hand;
From pole to pole let warfare cease
And Christ rule every land!
A city stands on high,
His glory it displays,
And there the nations 'Holy' cry
In joyful hymns of praise.

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Crown him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres
In majesty sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail,
For you have died for me;
Your praise shall never, never fail
Through all eternity!

5. Guide me O, Thou great Redeemer.

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, Bread of heaven
Feed me now and ever more,
Feed me now and ever more.

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

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

6. I'll Walk beside you

I'll walk beside you through the world today,
While dreams and songs and flowers bless your way,
I'll look into your eyes and hold your hand,
I'll walk beside you through the golden land.

I'll walk beside you through the world tonight,
Beneath the starry skies ablaze with light,
And in your heart love's tender words I'll hide,
I'll walk beside you through the eventide

I'll walk beside you through the passing years,
Through days of cloud and sunshine, joy and tears;
and when the great call comes, the sunset gleams,
I'll walk beside you to the land of dreams

7. Lead, kindly Light

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on,
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I love to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
Till the night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile

8. Look, you saints, the sight is glorious!

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Look, you saints, the sight is glorious!
see the man of sorrows now
from the fight return victorious -
every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him,
Crown him, crown him,
crowns befit the victor's brow

Crown the saviour, angels, crown him!
rich the trophies Jesus brings;
in the seat of power enthrone him
while the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him,
Crown him, crown him,
crown the saviour King of kings.

Sinners in derision crowned him,
mocked the dying saviour's claim;
saints and angels crowd around him,
sing his triumph, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him,
Crown him, crown him,
spread abroad the victor's fame.

Hear the shout as he is greeted,
hear those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus Christ in glory seated -
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

9. Loving Shepherd

Loving Shepherd of your sheep,
keep your lamb, in safety keep;
nothing can your power withstand,
none can tear me from your hand.

Loving Lord, you chose to give
your own life that we might live;
and your hands outstretched to bless
bear the cruel nails' impress.

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Help me praise you every day,
gladly serve you and obey;
like your glorious ones above,
happy in your precious love.

Loving Shepherd ever near,
teach your lamb your voice to hear;
let my footsteps never stray
from the true and narrow way.

Where you lead me I will go,
walking in your steps below;
till, before my Father's throne,
I shall know as I am known

10. Mine eyes have seen the glory

Mine eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful light'ning
of His terrible, swift sword,
His truth is marching on

Glory! Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on

In the beauty of the lilies,
Christ was born across the sea,
with a glory in His bosom
that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy,
let us live to make men free,
His truth is marching on.

I can almost hear the trumpet sound,
the Lord's return is near,
But there're still so many people lost,
somehow they've got to hear;
Lord, please give me one more hour,
one more day, just one more year,
With you truth we're marching on.

11. Nearer, my God, to thee.

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee;
E'ven though it be a cross that raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer, my God to thee,

Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee.

12. Now thank we all our God,

Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mothers arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore

13. O God our help

O God, our help in ages past,
Our help in years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
Time like an ever-rolling stream,

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Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

14 On a hill far away ... rough wooden cross,

On a hill far away stood
a rough wooden cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
And I honour that cross
where the dearest and best
For the world of lost sinners was slain.

*So I'll cherish the rough wooden cross,
Till my burdens at last I lay down;
And by grace I will carry my cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.*

Oh that rough wooden cross,
so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God
left his glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

So the rough wooden cross
I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach I'll gladly bear;
Then he'll call me some day
to my home far away,
Where his glory for ever I'll share.

15. How great thou art

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works thy hands have 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 mountains grandeur
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze

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 burdens gladly bearing
He bled and died to take away my sin

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!

16. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

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 as 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.

17. Psalm 23

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 in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou has furnished
In presence of my foes
My head thou dost with oil anoint
And my cup over flows.

Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

18. The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,

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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 o'er 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 for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

19. The King of love my Shepherd is

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
with food celestial feedeth

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever

20. What a friend we have in Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pains we bear!
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there troubles anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in Prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge -
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

21. When I survey the wondrous cross

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

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