

St Martin's Walsall

Hymns & Readings

for funerals at
St Martin's
Church Walsall

Hymns

Abide with me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
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.

Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm 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 that 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 first begun.

Guide me, O Thou Great Redeemer

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land.
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me in Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

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

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

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
to 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...

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
in a believer's ear;
it soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
and drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul
and to the weary rest.

Dear name, the rock on which I build
my shield and hiding place;
my never failing treasury, filled
with boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my shepherd, brother, friend,
my prophet, priest and king;
my Lord, my life, my way, my end,
accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart
and cold my warmest thought;
but when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of Thy name
refresh my soul in death.

I Cannot Tell

(tune - Danny Boy)

I cannot tell why He Whom angels worship,
Should set His love upon the sons of men,
Or why, as Shepherd, He should seek the wanderers,
To bring them back, they know not how or when.
But this I know, that He was born of Mary
When Bethlehem's manger was His only home,
And that He lived at Nazareth and laboured,
And so the Saviour, Saviour of the world is come.

I cannot tell how silently He suffered,
As with His peace He graced this place of tears,
Or how His heart upon the cross was broken,
The crown of pain to three and thirty years.
But this I know, He heals the broken hearted,
And stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear,
And lifts the burden from the heavy laden,
For yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world is here.

I cannot tell how He will win the nations,
How He will claim His earthly heritage,
How satisfy the needs and aspirations
Of East and West, of sinner and of sage.
But this I know, all flesh shall see His glory,
And He shall reap the harvest He has sown,
And some glad day His sun shall shine in splendour,
When He the Saviour, Saviour of the world is known.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,
When, at His bidding, every storm is stilled,
Or who can say how great the jubilation
When all the hearts of men with love are filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
And myriad, myriad human voices sing,
And earth to Heaven, and Heaven to earth, will answer:
At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world is King!

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.

Love divine

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver.
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temple leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,

Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

O God, our help in ages past

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Your throne
Your saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is Your arm alone,
and our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received her frame,
from everlasting You are God,
to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Your sight
are like an evening gone,
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all its sons away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies with the dawning day.

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
be our defence while life shall last,
and our eternal home.

The day Thou gavest

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.

The King of Love

The King of love my shepherd is
Whose goodness faileth never
I nothing lack if I am His
and He is mine forever.

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 spreads't a table in my sight,
Thine 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!

The Lord's My Shepherd

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.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my days
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

The old rugged cross

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

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown.*

O the old rugged 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...

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died
To pardon and sanctify me...

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

When I survey

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.

Suitable Readings

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He makes me lie down in green pastures.
He leads me beside still waters.
He restores my soul.
He guides me in right pathways for His name's sake.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil,
for You are with me;
Your rod and staff comfort me.

You prepare a table before me
in the face of those who trouble me.
You anoint my head with oil,
and my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy will follow me
All the days of my life;
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Psalm 121

I lift up my eyes to the hills—
from where will my help come?
My help comes from the LORD,
who made heaven and earth.

He will not let your foot be moved;
he who keeps you will not slumber.
He who keeps Israel
will neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is your keeper;
the LORD is your shade at your right hand.
The sun shall not strike you by day,
nor the moon by night.

The LORD will keep you from all evil;
he will keep your life.
The LORD will keep your going out and your coming in
from this time on and for evermore.

Ecclesiastes chapter 3 verses 1-11

For everything there is a time,
and a season for every matter under heaven:
a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to uproot;
a time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
a time to throw away stones, and a time to gather them;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain;
a time to seek, and a time to give up;
a time to keep, and a time to throw away;
a time to tear, and a time to mend;
a time to be silent, and a time to speak;
a time to love, and a time to hate;
a time for war, and a time for peace.

What do the workers gain from their toil? I have seen the burden God has laid upon men. He has made everything beautiful in its time; He has also set eternity in the hearts of men, yet they cannot fathom what God has done from beginning to end.

Matthew 6:25-33

Jesus said, 'Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink, or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothing? Look at the birds of the air; they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they? And can any of you by worrying add a single hour to your span of life? And why do you worry about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin, yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not clothed like one of these. But if God so clothes the grass of the field, which is alive today and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, will he not much more clothe you—you of little faith? Therefore do not worry, saying, "What will we eat?" or "What will we drink?" or "What will we wear?" For it is the

Gentiles who strive for all these things; and indeed your heavenly Father knows that you need all these things. But seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well.'

John 10:11, 14-17

Jesus said, 'I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep. The hired hand, who is not the shepherd and does not own the sheep, sees the wolf coming and leaves the sheep and runs away—and the wolf snatches them and scatters them. The hired hand runs away because a hired hand does not care for the sheep. I am the good shepherd. I know my own and my own know me, just as the Father knows me and I know the Father. And I lay down my life for the sheep. I have other sheep that do not belong to this fold. I must bring them also, and they will listen to my voice. So there will be one flock, one shepherd. For this reason the Father loves me, because I lay down my life in order to take it up again.

John 11:17-27

When Jesus arrived, he found that Lazarus had already been in the tomb for four days. Now Bethany was near Jerusalem, some two miles away, and many of the Jews had come to Martha and Mary to console them about their brother. When Martha heard that Jesus was coming, she went and met him, while Mary stayed at home. Martha said to Jesus, 'Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died. But even now I know that God will give you whatever you ask of him.' Jesus said to her, 'Your brother will rise again.' Martha said to him, 'I know that he will rise again in the resurrection on the last day.' Jesus said to her, 'I am the resurrection and the life. Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live, and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die. Do you believe this?' She said to him, 'Yes, Lord, I believe that you are the Messiah, the Son of God, the one coming into the world.'

John 14:1-6

Jesus said, 'Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many dwelling-places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going.' Thomas said to him, 'Lord, we do not know

where you are going. How can we know the way?’ Jesus said to him, ‘I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.’

Romans 8:31-39

What then are we to say about these things? If God is for us, who is against us? He who did not withhold his own Son, but gave him up for all of us, will he not with him also give us everything else? Who will bring any charge against God’s elect? It is God who justifies. Who is to condemn? It is Christ Jesus, who died, yes, who was raised, who is at the right hand of God, who indeed intercedes for us. Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Will hardship, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written,

‘For your sake we are being killed all day long;
we are accounted as sheep to be slaughtered.’

No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

1 Corinthians chapter 13

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but

then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known.

And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

1 Thessalonians 4:13-18

But we do not want you to be uninformed, brothers and sisters, about those who have died, so that you may not grieve as others do who have no hope. For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have died. For this we declare to you by the word of the Lord, that we who are alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, will by no means precede those who have died. For the Lord himself, with a cry of command, with the archangel's call and with the sound of God's trumpet, will descend from heaven, and the dead in Christ will rise first. Then we who are alive, who are left, will be caught up in the clouds together with them to meet the Lord in the air; and so we will be with the Lord for ever. Therefore encourage one another with these words.

Revelation 21:1-5

Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying,

See, the home of God is among men.
He will dwell with them;
they will be his people,
and God himself will be with them;
he will wipe every tear from their eyes.
Death will be no more;
mourning and crying and pain will be no more,
for the first things have passed away.'

And the one who was seated on the throne said, 'See, I am making all things new.'

Personalising the service:

- Choice of music to enter
- Choice of up to 3 hymns (church), maximum 2 (crematorium)
- Choice of readings
- Choice of any other readings, tributes, poems, contributions...
- Quiet reflective music to play after tributes (church)
- Choice of music to exit
- Choice of music to enter and leave crematorium (tell the funeral directors about this!)

Standard Format:

Entry

Verses of Scripture

Welcome

Opening Prayer

(hymn 1)

Bible Reading

(tributes etc)

Address

(hymn 2)

Prayers

(hymn 3)

commendation

exit to crematorium for committal