Eulogy Hugo

Prayers

Hymn

- 1 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 those dark satanic mills?
- 2 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

All now move to the grave side.

Committal – The Blessing

Crispin, Antonia, Hugo and Claudia invite all to join them at The Strode Arms for refreshments after the service.









I've been to the distant mountain

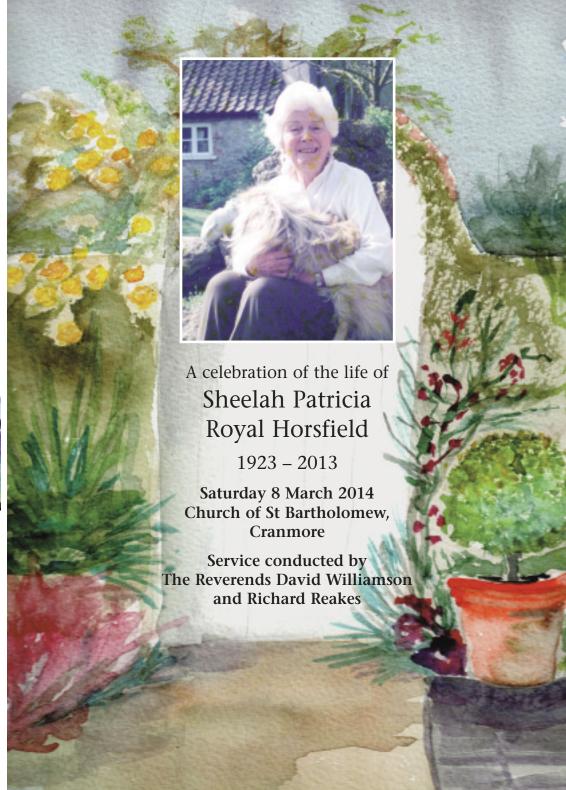


I've been wandering in the greenwoods
And mid flowery smiling plains
I've been listening to the dark floods
To the thrushes thrilling strains
I have gathered the pale primrose
And the purple violet sweet
I've been where the Asphodel grows
And where lives the red deer fleet

To the silver singing rill
By the crystal murmuring fountain
And the shady verdant hill
I've been where the poplar is springing
From the fair lnammelled ground
Where the nightingale is singing
With a solemn plaintive sound

Charlotte Brontë 13yrs

Donations in memory of Sheelah may be left in the plate by the church door as you go out or sent to 'The Church of St Bartholomew', c/o W J Trotman Funeral Directors, Asdene, Frome Road, Cranmore, Shepton Mallet BA4 4QQ. The donations will go to the Church, where Sheelah was a Churchwarden for 18 years.



Welcome

Sentences of Scripture

Hymn

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 Mine is the sunlight, Mine is the morning. Born of the one light Eden saw play. Praise with elation, Praise ev'ry morning, God's re-creation Of the new day.

- 4 Cool the grey clouds roll, peaking the mountains, Gull in her free flight, swooping the skies. Praise for the mystery, misting the morning, Behind the shadow, waiting to shine.
- 5 I am the sunrise, warming the heavens, Spilling my warm glow over the earth. Praise for the brightness of this new morning, Filling my spirit with Your great love.
- 6 Mine is a turning,
 mine is a new life,
 Mine is a journey
 closer to You.
 Praise for the sweet glimpse,
 caught in a moment,
 Joy breathing deeply,
 dancing in flight.

Eleanor Farjeon

Introduction

Remembering Mum *Antonia*

Bible Reading
Matthew 13 v 3 - 8

Address Rev Richard Reakes

Hymn

- 1 Dear Lord and Father of mankind, forgive our foolish ways!
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind, in purer lives thy service find, in deeper rev'rence praise, in deeper rev'rence praise.
- 2 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, rise up and follow thee.
- 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
 where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 the silence of eternity,
 interpreted by love!
 Interpreted by love!

- 4 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, the beauty of thy peace.
- 5 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!
 O still small voice of calm!

John Greenleaf Whittier

Reading: The Rose beyond the Wall Tom

Hymn

The first verse is also the refrain.

- 1 All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small, All things wise and wonderful, The Lord God made them all.
- 2 Each little flower that opens, Each little bird that sings, He made their glowing colours, He made their tiny wings. Refrain
- 3 The purple-headed mountain, The river running by, The sunset and the morning, That brightens up the sky; Refrain

- 4 The cold wind in the winter, The pleasant summer sun, The ripe fruits in the garden, He made them every one; Refrain
- 5 The tall trees in the greenwood, The meadows for our play, The rushes by the water, To gather every day; Refrain
- 6 He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell How great is God Almighty, Who has made all things well. Refrain

Cecil Frances Alexander