

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 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

I've been to the distant mountain
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 Inammelled 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.



A celebration of the life of
**Sheelah Patricia
Royal Horsfield**
1923 – 2013

Saturday 8 March 2014
Church of St Bartholomew,
Cranmore

Service conducted by
The Reverends David Williamson
and Richard Reakes

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. | 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. |
| 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. | 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. |
| 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. | 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. | 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. |
| 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. | 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! |
| 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! | |

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. | 4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one;
<i>Refrain</i> |
| 2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
<i>Refrain</i> | 5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows for our play,
The rushes by the water,
To gather every day;
<i>Refrain</i> |
| 3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;
<i>Refrain</i> | 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.
<i>Refrain</i> |

Cecil Frances Alexander