

Service of Thanksgiving  
for the life of  
**Ian Blythe**



Friday 20<sup>th</sup> November 2009 at 11.30am

St Bride's Church  
Fleet Street EC4





## **Organ**

Jesu, Joy Of Man's Desiring Bach

## **Introit**

Psalm 23 Brother James' Air

## **Bidding Prayer**

The Rector

## **Hymn**

Ye holy angels bright,  
Who wait at God's right hand,  
Or through the realms of light  
Fly at your Lord's command,  
Assist our song,  
For else the theme  
Too high doth seem  
For mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,  
Who ran this earthly race,  
And now, from sin released,  
Behold the Saviour's face,  
God's praises sound,  
As in his sight  
With sweet delight  
Ye do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below,  
Adore your heavenly King,  
And onward as ye go  
Some joyful anthem sing;  
Take what he gives  
And praise him still,  
Through good or ill,  
Who ever lives!





My soul, bear thou thy part,  
Triumph in God above:  
And with a well-tuned heart  
Sing thou the songs of love!

Let all thy days  
Till life shall end,  
Whate'er he send,  
Be filled with praise.

### **First Reading**

John 14. 1-6

Peter Goudge

Jesus said to his disciples: "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."

### **Choir**

In Paradisum *from* Requiem Fauré

### **First Address**

Conal Gregory MW

### **Choir**

Bring Us, O Lord God Harris





## Second Reading

“He is Gone” *by* David Harkins

Michael Shirley

You can shed tears that he is gone  
Or you can smile because he lived,  
You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back  
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him  
Or you can be full of the love that you shared,  
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday  
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember him and only that he is gone  
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on,  
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back  
Or you can do what he would want: smile, open your eyes,  
love and go on.

## Hymn

O worship the King, all glorious above,  
O gratefully sing God's power and his love;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,  
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old:  
Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.





O measureless Might, ineffable Love,  
While angels delight to hymn thee above,  
Thy humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

### **Third Reading**

“How Do You Live Your Dash?” *by* Linda Ellis

John Burgess

I read of a man who stood to speak  
At the funeral of a friend.  
He referred to the dates on his tombstone,  
From the beginning...to the end.  
He noted that first came his date of birth  
And spoke the following date with tears,  
But he said what mattered most of all  
Was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time  
That he spent alive on earth...  
And now only those who loved him  
Know what that little line is worth.  
For it matters not, how much we own;  
The cars...the houses...the cash,  
What matters is how we live and love  
And how we spend our Dash.

### **Second Address**

Dr Roger Hood QVRM TD DL

### **Choir**

I Am The Very Model Of A Modern Major General  
*from* The Pirates Of Penzance Gilbert & Sullivan

### **Prayers**

The Rector





## Bugler

The Last Post & Reveillé

## Hymn

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?

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.

## Blessing

The Rector

## Choir

Ascot Gavotte *from* My Fair Lady Lerner/Loewe

## Organ Voluntary

A retiring collection will be taken to be shared between  
St Bride's Church and the Marketors' Trust

Doreen would be delighted if you would join her after the service  
at the St Bride Institute





ST BRIDE'S CHURCH  
FLEET STREET,  
LONDON EC4Y 8AU

Rector

*The Venerable David Meara*

Director of Music

*Matthew Morley*

Organist

*Huw Williams*

Bugler

*Howard Rowntree*