

Service of Thanksgiving
for the life of
Ian Blythe



Friday 20th 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

