

Funeral Service
for
Peter William Longland
31st January 1930 – 25th January 2023



Thursday 16th February 2023
at 11.30am

St Bride's Church
Fleet Street
London EC4



Organ Music before the Service

Choir

The Sentences – William Croft

Welcome & Opening Prayer

The Rector

Hymn

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.

My table thou hast furnishèd
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

First Reading

1 Corinthians 13

Read by The Venerable David Meara

If I speak in the tongues of men 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 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 I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known.

Choir

Beauty for ashes – Bob Chilcott

Second Reading

I'm fine, thank you – Constance O'Neon

Read by Norman Johnson

There is nothing the matter with me.
I'm as healthy as I can be.
I have arthritis in both my knees
and when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.

My pulse is weak, and my blood is thin
but I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.
Arch supports I have for my feet
or I wouldn't be able to be on the street.

Sleep is denied me night after night,
but every morning I find I'm all right.
My memory is failing, my head's in a spin
but I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

The moral is this, as my tale I unfold,
that for you and me who are growing old,
it's better to say "I'm fine" with a grin
than to let folks know the shape we are in.

How do I know that my youth is all spent?
Well, my “get up and go” just got up and went.
But I really don’t mind when I think with a grin
of all the grand places my “get up” has been.

Old age is golden, I’ve heard it said;
but sometimes I wonder as I get into bed
with my ears in the drawer, my teeth in a cup,
my eyes on the table until I wake up.

Ere sleep overtakes me, I say to myself,
“is there anything else I could lay on the shelf?”
When I was young my slippers were red,
I could kick my heels over my head.

When I was older my slippers were blue,
but I still could dance the whole night through.
Now I am old, my slippers are black,
I walk to the store and puff my way back.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits
and pick up the paper and read the obits.
If my name is still missing, I know I’m not dead,
so I fix me some breakfast and go back to bed.

Hymn

Be thou my vision

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;
be thou my best thought in the day and the night,
both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord;
be thou my great Father, and I thy true son;
be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might;
be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower:
O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise:
be thou my inheritance now and always;
be thou and thou only the first in my heart;
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright Sun,
O grant me its joys after vict'ry is won;
great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Address

Lesley-Ann Jones

Choir

And I saw a new heaven – Edgar Bainton

Address

Paget Dare Bryan

Choir

Beim Schlafengehen – Richard Strauss

Prayers

The Rector

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

Hymn

Dear Lord and Father of mankind

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence praise.

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.

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.

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!

Commendation and Farewell

Blessing
The Rector

Choir
Soave sia il vento – Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Organ Voluntary
St Anne Fugue BWV 552 – Johann Sebastian Bach



There will be a retiring collection for the ongoing work of St Bride's Church

*There will be a reception following the Service at the
St Bride Foundation, 14 Bride Lane, London EC4Y 8EQ*

RECTOR

The Revd Canon Dr Alison Joyce

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Robert Jones

ORGANIST

Matthew Morley

CHOIR

The Choir of St Bride's

HEAD OF FINANCE & FUNDRAISING

James Irving



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