

St. Andrew's Church
West Dean



EDWARD FRANK WILLIS JAMES

16th August, 1907 — 2nd December, 1984

Saturday, 8th December, 1984

THE SENTENCES

HYMN

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

PSALM 23

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 annoint,
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.

THE LESSON

THE PRAYERS

To be sung kneeling

God be in my head, and in my understanding,
God be in my eyes, and in my looking,
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking,
God be in my heart, and in my thinking,
God be at my end, and at my departing.

HYMN

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.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee,
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

Breathe through the heats of our desire
They coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!