FORM OF SERVICE

Adapted from The Book of Common Prayer
The Order for the Burial of the Dead

FUNERAL MARCH. . . . . *Chopin.*

SENTENCES

PRAYER FOR THE NATION.

SOLO. I know that my Redeemer
Liveth. . . . . HANDEL.

LESSON. . . . . I Corinthians XV, 20.

ADDRESS

HYMN

My GOD, my FATHER, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
«Thy Will be done.»

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
«Thy Will be done.»

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
«Thy Will be done.»

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
«Thy Will be done.» Amen.

ADDRESSES

HYMN

Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto Heav'n,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

BENEDICTION.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.