

In Loving Memory



Howard Sanders

1876—1958

St. Christopher's Church

12th February, 1958

Hymn :

Crimond

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 furnished,
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.

Psalm cxvi.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills
from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh even from the Lord
Who hath made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
and He that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Behold, He that keepeth Israel
shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord Himself is thy keeper,
the Lord is thy defence upon thy right
hand.

So that the sun shall not burn thee by
day,
neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all
evil,
yea, it is even He that shall keep thy
soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out
and thy coming in,
from this time forth for evermore.

Hymn :

Aberystwyth

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Masonic Closing Hymn

Now the evening shadows closing,
Worn from toil to peaceful rest ;
Mystic arts and rites reposing,
Sacred in each faithful breast.

God of light, whose love unceasing,
Doth to all Thy works extend ;
Crown our order with Thy blessing,
Build, sustain us to the end.

Humbly now we bow before Thee,
Grateful for Thy aid divine ;
Everlasting power and glory,
Mighty Architect, be Thine.

So mote it be.

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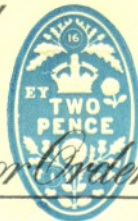
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