



In Loving Memory of

Robert Biggs

14th October 1944 - 2nd April 2020

South Bristol Crematorium
Wednesday 22nd April 2020
3.00pm

*Donations in memory of Bob for Parkinson's UK may be sent
care of Thomas Davis Funeral Directors,
Southville Lodge, Southville Road,
Southville, Bristol, BS3 1DJ*



Visit Bob's memorial page at www.bristolfuneraldirectors.co.uk

Thomas Davis EST. 1840
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Southville Lodge, Southville, Bristol, BS3 1DJ
Tel: 0117 966 3268



Bristol
Memorial
Pages

CCL1538001



PROOFREADING

ENTRY MUSIC

You'll Never Walk Alone by Gerry and The Pacemakers



WELCOME & OPENING PRAYER



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 in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no 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



READING

The Grandfather Clock



EULOGY

Celebrating the life and legacy of Bob

PRAYERS FOR BOB AND HIS FAMILY

followed by
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 that 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

The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, is Ended

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.



COMMENDATION AND COMMITTAL



BLESSING



EXIT MUSIC

We'll Meet Again by Vera Lynn