

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

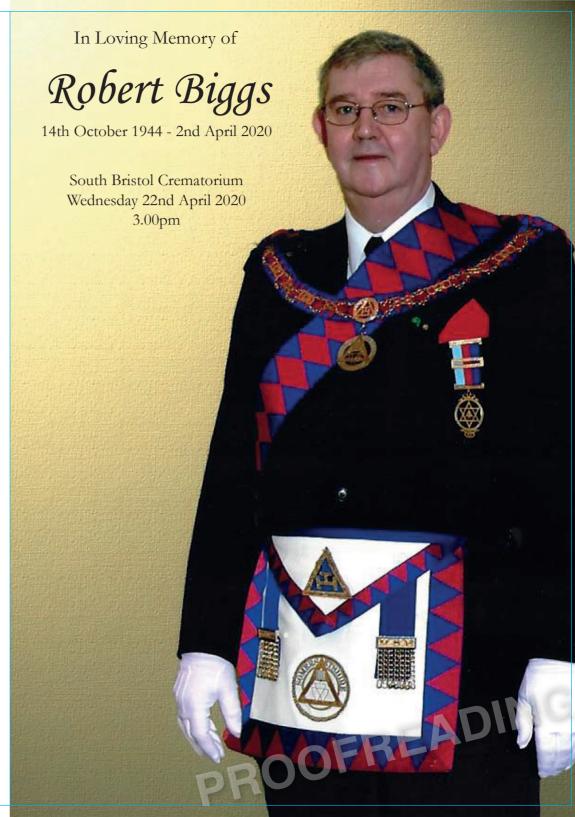
OR

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

Thomas Pavis
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Southville Lodge, Southville, Bristol, BS3 1DJ





## **ENTRY MUSIC**

You'll Never Walk Alone by Gerry and The Pacemakers



WELCOME & OPENING PRAYER

R

**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

R

READING
The Grandfather Clock

æ

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.

R

## **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.

æ

COMMENDATION AND COMMITTAL

R

BLESSING

R

**EXIT MUSIC** 

We'll Meet Again by Vera Lynn