

ST PETERS'S CHURCH, WOODMANCOTE



A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE LIFE OF

DAVID GEORGE OWEN

25TH NOVEMBER 1929 - 31ST MARCH 2024

WELCOME

The Revd Canon Tony Thompson

HYMN

Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus, going on before.
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see His banners go!

*Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war;
With the cross of Jesus, going on before.*

Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God:
Brothers we are treading, where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one Body we—
One in faith and Spirit, one eternally.

Onward then ye people, join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices, in the triumph song.
Glory laud and honour, unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages men and angels sing.

READING

A FAREWELL - ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Read by Barney Owen

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river;
Nowhere by thee, my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

SONG

THINGS ARE MOVING ALL AROUND ME

Composed and sung by Henry Grace

HYMN

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the firey cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliv'rer, strong deliv'rer,
be thou still my strength and shield,
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside;
death of death and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs and praises, songs and praises,
I will ever give to thee,
I will ever give to thee.

READING

A SONG FROM CYMBELINE - WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Read by Vanessa Owen

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

TRIBUTE

Charles Owen

PRAYERS

THE LORDS PRAYER

HYMN

He who would valiant be 'gainst all disaster,
let him in constancy follow the Master.
There's no discouragement shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

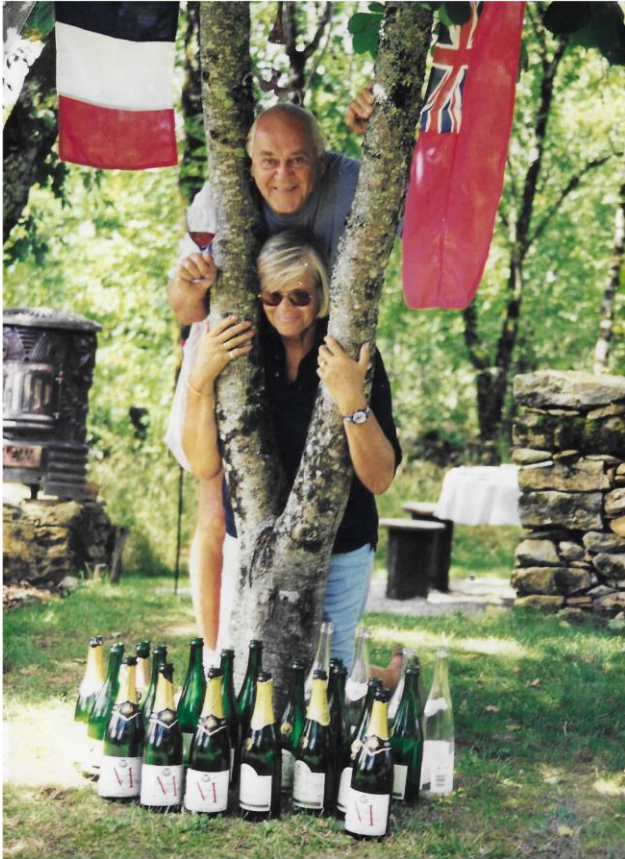
Who so beset him round with dismal stories
do but themselves confound - his strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might; though he with giants fight,
he will make good his right to be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, thou dost defend us with thy Spirit,
we know we at the end, shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away! I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day to be a pilgrim.

BLESSING

TRADITIONAL GAELIC BLESSING

May the road rise to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
May the rain fall softly upon your fields until we meet again,
And may God hold you in the hollow of His hand.



Donations in David's memory may be made to Blind Veterans UK (formerly St Dunstons) a charity which meant a great deal to David as a result of the way they looked after his Father.

Donations may be made c/o Chalcraft Funeral Directors or via
david-george-owen.muchloved.com

The family invite you to join them for refreshments after the service at
Tottington Manor Hotel, BN5 9LJ



I must go down to the sea again,
To the lonely sea and sky
I left my shoes and socks there -
I wonder if they're dry?

Spike Milligan