

St. John's Church, Harlow



Memorial Service

Kenneth Laurence Dames, M.A.

1897 - 1967

12th September, 1967

Order of Service

HYMN 520

Love Divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down,  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesu, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy grace receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy Hosts above;  
Pray and praise Thee, without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then, Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee.

Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in Heav'n we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

PRAYERS

PSALM 15

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle : or who shall rest  
upon thy holy hill?

Even he, that leadeth an uncorrupt life : and doeth the thing  
which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to  
his neighbour : and hath not slandered his neighbour.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes :  
and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him  
not : though it were to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury : nor taken  
reward against the innocent.

Whoso doeth these things : shall never fall.

#### LESSON

#### HYMN 298

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,  
To His feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,  
Evermore His praises sing:

Alleluia, Alleluia!

Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;

Alleluia, Alleluia!

Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes;

Alleluia, Alleluia!

Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height, adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,  
Gather'd in from every race;

Alleluia, Alleluia!

Praise with us the God of grace.

#### ADDRESS

#### PRAYERS

#### HYMN 437

For all the Saints who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,  
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.

Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,  
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia!

#### THE BLESSING