

Alan Leslie Murray
7th July 1914 – 4th March 2005

Order of Service

Chorale prelude "Vor deinem Thron"

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

¶ **All stand**

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Psalm 23

Tune: Crimond. J.S.Irvine (1836-1887)

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 furnishèd
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.

Scottish Psalter 1650

¶ All sit

Extract from Little Gidding

T.S.Eliot

The Lesson: I Corinthians, Chapter 13.

Choir: Lord for thy tender mercy's sake

John Hilton

*Lord, for thy tender mercy's sake, lay not our sins to our charge,
but forgive that is past, and give us grace to amend our sinful lives.
To decline from sin, and incline to virtue, that we may walk in an upright
heart, before thee this day and evermore.*

A tribute to Alan Murray

John Murray

Address

John Greig

Hymn: Passion chorale

Tune: Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

O sacred head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn
O bleeding head, sore wounded
So shamed and put to scorn.
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
The glow of life decays
Yet angel hosts adore thee
And tremble as they gaze

Thy comeliness and vigour
Is withered up and gone.
And in thy wasted figure
I see death drawing on.
O agony and dying
O love to sinners free
Jesu, all grace supplying
Turn thou thy face on me.

**In this thy bitter passion,
Good shepherd, think of me
With thy most sweet compassion
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest
In thy dear love confiding
And with thy presence blest.**

P. Gerhardt (1607-76), tr. H.W. Baker (1821-77)

¶ **All kneel**

Minister: O God our Father, we thank you that you sent your Son, Jesus Christ, to die for us and to rise again.
His cross declares your love to be without limit;
His resurrection, that death our last enemy is doomed;
By his victory we are assured that you will never leave us or forsake us;
That because he lives we will live also, and that neither death nor life, nor things present nor things to come can separate us from your love in Christ Jesus our Lord. *Amen*

Father in heaven, we thank you for Alan, for all that he was and all that he did. We thank you for all that he meant to each of us and we honour his memory. And now that for his struggle and pain are no more, we thank you for the hope that he lives forever in your love. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen*

O God our father, look with compassion upon us your bereaved children, Surround us with your love, that we may not be overwhelmed by our loss, but may have confidence in your goodness and strength to renew our spirits and to meet with hope the days to come. *Amen*

Minister and People together

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be they Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done; In earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

¶ **All sit**

Silence

May the souls (reading from a work by Cardinal J.R. Newman)

Here's to you. (Adapted from a song written to commemorate the deaths of Sacco & Vanzetti, two anarchists and peaceworkers of the early twentieth century.)

*Here's to you, to Alan and Phyl,
Rest forever here in our hearts
The last and final moment is yours,
We sing farewell with all our hearts
Joan Baez*

The Blessing

¶ All stand

Hymn: Guide me, O thou great Redeemer

Tune: Cwm Rhondda John Hughes (1873-1932)

**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,
feed me now and evermore.**

**Open now the crystal fountain
whence our healing stream doth flow;
let the fiery cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
strong deliverer,
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
I will ever give to thee.**

W. Williams (1717-1791) Welsh, tr. P. & W. Williams

Prelude & Fugue

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)