## Service Of Thanksgiving For The Life Of



## Elizabeth McClure (Myrtle)

23rd December 1937 - 28th February 2017

Saturday, 4th March 2017 Roselawn Crematorium 10.00am 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 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. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide; the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide; when other helpers fail and comforts flee, help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; earth's joys grown dim, its glories pass away; change and decay in all around I see:

O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour; what but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless; ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.

Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes, shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies; heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee: in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

