## Service Of Thanksgiving For The Life Of



Harriett Ritchie

13th May 1924 - 14th November 2016

Thursday, 17th November 2016 Sandy Row Methodist Church 12.45pm 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. All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small, All things wise and wonderful: The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens, each little bird that sings, He made their glowing colours, He made their tiny wings.

All things bright and beautiful...

The purple-headed mountain, the river running by, the sunset and the morning that brightens up the sky.

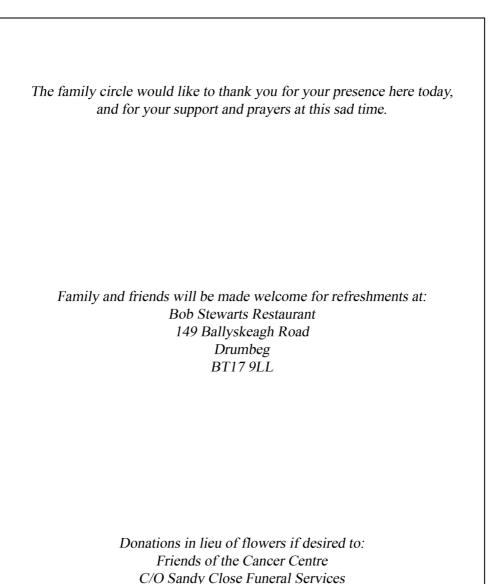
All things bright and beautiful...

The cold wind in the winter, the pleasant summer sun, the ripe fruits in the garden, He made them every one.

All things bright and beautiful...

He gave us eyes to see them, and lips that we might tell how great is God Almighty, Who has made all things well.

All things bright and beautiful...



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