

During the final procession

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 grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

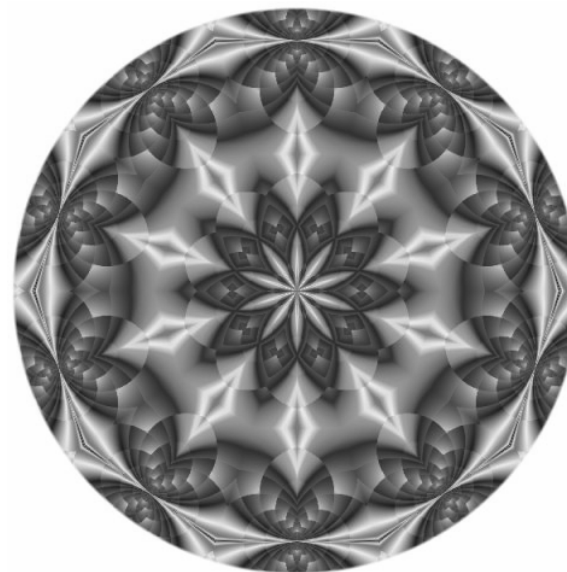
I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

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.

*Donations in memory of Geoff will be gratefully accepted by the PSP Association,
The Old Rectory, Wappenham, Towcester, Northants, NN12 8SQ (01327
860299).*

*All are welcome immediately after Mass to the Three Tuns Hotel (turn left outside
the Church, left again, and left just before the bridge), where the family will join them
following the burial.*



FUNERAL MASS FOR VIVIAN GEOFFREY ENDEAN

April 24 1938 – June 15 2005

St Cuthbert's, Old Elvet, Durham

Wednesday June 22, 2003

Opening 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,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow.
Let the fire and 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.

First Reading

Revelation 21: 1-7

After the First Reading

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 in 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.

Alleluia

Gospel

Luke 2: 22-35

Presentation of the Gifts

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.