



ORDER OF  
Memorial ❖ Service

IN COMMEMORATION OF

Her Late Most Gracious Majesty  
Queen Victoria,

ON

*Saturday, February 2nd, 1901,*

AT THE

BAND STAND, MAIN ST., BULAWAYO.



"There is a Green Hill."

Good.

BAND.

Address.

THE VERY REV. FATHER SYKES, S. J.

HYMN.

REV. J. G. ALDRIDGE.

**N**OW the labourer's task is o'er ;  
Now the battle day is past :  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the terrors of earth are dried ;  
There its hidden things are clear ;  
There the works of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls that turn  
To the Cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Christ shall learn  
At His Feet in Paradise.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of Hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace ;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
He Who died for their release.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust,"  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Leaving her to sleep in trust  
Till the Resurrection day,  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

*Amen.*

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Benediction.

REV. J. S. WIMBUSH, M.A.

## Funeral March

Beethoven.

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B. S. A. P. BAND.

## Prayer.

REV. J. S. WIMBUSH, M.A.

## Hymn.

REV. A. S. SHARP.

**O** GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home ;

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne  
Thy Saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the Same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream,  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. Amen.

## Psalm xc.

REV. T. H. JONES, M.A.

**L**ORD, Thou hast been our refuge :  
From one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought  
forth, or ever the earth and the world were  
made : thou art God from everlasting, and  
world without end.

Thou turnest man to destruction : again  
Thou sayest, Come again, ye children of  
men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are  
but as yesterday : seeing that is past as a  
watch in the night.

As soon as Thou scatterest them they  
are even as a sleep : and fade away  
suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green, and groweth  
up ; but in the evening it is cut down,  
dried up, and withered.

For we consume away in Thy dis-  
pleasure : and are afraid at Thy wrathful  
indignation.

Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee :  
and our secret sin in the light of Thy  
countenance.

For when Thou art angry all our days  
are gone : we bring our years to an end,  
as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are threescore  
years and ten ; and though men be so  
strong that they come to fourscore years :  
yet is their strength then but labour and  
sorrow ; so soon passeth it away, and we  
are gone.

But who regardeth the power of Thy  
wrath : for even thereafter as a man  
feareth, so is Thy displeasure.

So teach us to number our days : that we  
may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last :  
and be gracious unto Thy servants.

O satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that  
shall we rejoice and be glad all  
the days of our life.

Comfort us again now after the time  
that Thou hast plagued us : and for the  
years wherein we have suffered adversity.

Shew Thy servants Thy work : and  
their children Thy glory.

And the glorious Majesty of the Lord  
our God be upon us : prosper Thou the  
work of our hands upon us. • prosper  
Thou our handy-work.

**Hymn.**

REV. M. J. COHEN.

**A**BIDE 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.

*Amen.*

**Funeral March**

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...

...

*Chopin.*

**BAND.**

