

CONSTANCE MARY KATHERINE
APPLEBEE

1873 - 1981



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST CHURCH
BURLEY

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3rd, 1981

THE OPENING SENTENCES

23rd PSALM

THE LESSON

1 Corinthians XII - 31—XIII

HYMN

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.

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.

Minister: Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Answer: Christ, have mercy upon us.

Minister: Lord, have mercy upon us.

OUR FATHER, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy 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.*

Minister: Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord.

Answer: For in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

Minister: Grant unto her eternal rest.

Answer: And let perpetual light shine upon her.

Minister: We believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord.

Answer: In the land of the living.

Minister: O Lord, hear our prayer.

Answer: And let our cry come unto thee.

HYMN

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain;
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee;
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness.

America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee;
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

THE ADDRESS:

The Reverend W. F. Shail, Vicar

THE PRAYERS

HYMN

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of battles,
And put the foe to rout.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumber'd foes;
Let courage rise with danger
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

(Followed by interment in the churchyard)