



Service for Isobel Pauline Marshall held in the
Tamatea Community Church, 1 York Avenue, Tamatea,
Napier, on Wednesday 25 June 1997 at 11.30 a.m.
thereafter private Cremation.

MINISTER: Rev. Brian Small
ORGANIST: Mr. Roy Evans
FUNERAL DIRECTOR: Mr. Paul Dunstall

HYMN:

PRAISE MY SOUL

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise with us the God of grace.

HYMN:

"HOW GREAT THOU ART"

O Lord my God ! When I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the works Thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed:

*Chorus: Then sings my soul, my saviour God to Thee;
How great Thou art, how great Thou art !
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee;
How great Thou art, how great Thou art !*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze;

Chorus

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart !
And I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art !

Chorus

HYMN:

THE DAY THOU GAVEST

The day thou gavest, Lord has ended,
the darkness falls at they behest;
to thee our morning hymns ascended,
they praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping,
and rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
the dawn leads on another day,
the voice of prayer is never silent,
nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
our brethren 'neath the western sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are making
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
like earth's proud empires, pass away;
they kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
till all thy creatures own thy sway.

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Isobel's Family sincerely thank you for your support
and presence here with them today and following this
service you are invited to a light luncheon in the Church
Hall.