Jerusalem

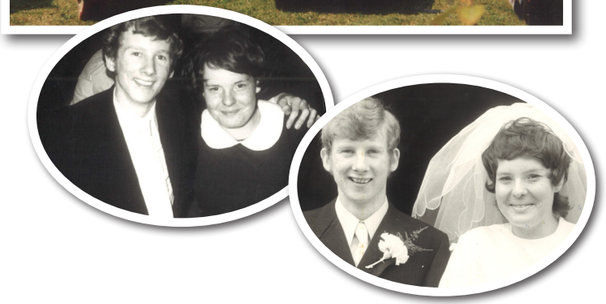
And did those feet in ancient time,
Walk upon England's mountains green:
And was the holy Lamb of God,
On England's pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Devine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded there.
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold;
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold:
Bring me my Chariot of Fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green & pleasant Land.

Roger's family thank you for your love, support and attendance here today and warmly invite you to join them for light refreshments at the Henley Hotel following the service.



In the care of
Grinter's FUNERAL HOME

Funeral Directors: Jim Goddin & David Espin
3 Hallys Lane, Cambridge. Ph: 07 827 6037
www.grinters.co.nz

Celebrating life - your way

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Roger Bert Jennings

10th July 1950 - 31st August 2021

Welcome to this Service to Celebrate the Life of

Roger

Held at St Andrews Anglican Church,
Hamilton Road, Cambridge
On Saturday, 11th September 2021 at 10.00 a.m.
Followed by the burial at The Leamington Cemetery

Officiating: Rev. Michele Willis
Organist: Roz Robinson

Order of Service

Processional Music: Abide With Me
Welcome
Eulogy: Simon
Tributes from the UK: Natalie
Time of Reflection - Music: Mr Blue Sky
Reading: Psalm 23
Commendation
Final Hymn: Jerusalem

Graveside Committal
Elaine Singing

Abide with Me

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, oh, 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 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
Abide with me, abide with me