

HELPING YOU EVERY STEP OF THE WAY

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## A selection of popular funeral hymns



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Funeral hymns are an important part of a Christian funeral service in the UK as they can help bring the congregation together and bring comfort to those in attendance. Hymns are traditional across many different denominations of Christianity and just like other types of music; they can be happy, sad or inspirational.

For support and general advice, whenever you need it, call our 24-hour support team:

**0800 456 1047**

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# Hymns

## Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountain green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among those 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 and pleasant land.

## The Lord's My Shepherd (Psalm 23)

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 no 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.



# Hymns

## 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, 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.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;  
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free.  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea—  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;  
And, though rebellious and perverse  
meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,  
On to the close, O Lord, 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.



# Hymns

## Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,

As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

The world shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun refuse to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Shall be forever mine.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun.



# Hymns

## How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder,  
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made;  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

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 see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

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!

And when I think, that God, His Son not sparing;  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;  
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin.

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 Christ shall come, with shout of  
acclamation,  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.

Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,  
And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou  
art!"

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!



# Hymns

## The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away, stood an old rugged Cross  
The emblem of suffering and shame  
And I love that old Cross where the dearest and  
best  
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross  
Till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged Cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown.

Oh, that old rugged Cross so despised by the  
world  
Has a wondrous attraction for me  
For the dear Lamb of God, left his Glory above  
To bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross  
Till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged Cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown.

In the old rugged Cross, stain'd with blood so  
divine  
A wondrous beauty I see  
For the dear Lamb of God, left his Glory above  
To pardon and sanctify me.

So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross  
Till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged Cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown.

To the old rugged Cross, I will ever be true  
Its shame and reproach gladly bear  
Then He'll call me some day to my home far  
away  
Where his glory forever I'll share.

So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross  
Till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged Cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown.



# Hymns

## Lord of All Hopefulness

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could  
destroy,  
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord,  
At the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane  
and the lathe,  
Be there at our labours and give us, we pray,  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord,  
At the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome, Your arms to  
embrace.

Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
Your love in our hearts, Lord,  
At the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is  
balm,  
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord,  
At the end of the day.

