



A SERVANT OF GOD, BELOVED MOTHER,
GRANDMOTHER, SISTER, AUNTIE, IN-LAW AND FRIEND.



CELEBRATING
MARGARET COBBLAH



BURIAL AND THANKSGIVING
SERVICE FOR THE LATE
MARGARET COBBLAH

A . K . A
AUNTIE MAGGIE

1958-2023

Burial Service:

FRIDAY 20TH OCTOBER 2023
AT TRANSITIONS FUNERAL HOME,
HAATSO - ACCRA
AT 08:00AM GMT



Thanksgiving service

SUNDAY 22ND OCTOBER 2023
AT ST MICHAEL & ALL ANGELS ANGLICAN CHURCH
(KORLE-GONNO)
AT 09:00AM GMT

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Venerable John Antonio Nelson: (Parish Priest)

St. Michael and All Angels Anglican Church,
Korle Gonno.

Rev'd Fr. Godfred Quarcoopome (Priest Assisting)

St. Michael and All Angels Anglican Church,
Korle Gonno.



PART ONE:

PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. PROCESSIONAL HYMN / SENTENCES :A&M 165
2. PRAYERS
3. HYMNS FOR FILLING PAST - A&M 298, 172, 254, 228, 222, 499, 575
4. TRIBUTES
5. CLOSING OF CASKET

PART TWO: BURIAL SERVICE

1. PROCESSIONAL HYMN - A & M 265
2. SENTENCE
3. PRAYER
4. PSALM
5. BIOGRAPHY & TRIBUTES
6. SCRIPTURAL READING
7. HYMN - A & M 321
8. SERMON
9. OFFERTORY HYMN:
A & M 282, 240, 538, 283
10. BLESSING OF OFFERTORY

PART THREE:

THANKSGIVING SERVICE

1. THANKSGIVING PRAYERS
2. HYMN - A & M 297
3. ABSOLUTION
4. DEAD MARCH IN SAUL
5. RECESSIONAL HYMN - A & M 135



PART FOUR: AT THE CEMETERY

1. HYMN - A & M 609
2. PRAYERS
3. HYMN - A & M 401
4. INTERNMENT
5. WREATH LAYING
6. VOTE OF THANKS -
7. HYMN - A & M. 27
8. BENEDICTION -



CELEBRATING
MARGARET COBBLAH

Her Story

"Then I heard a voice from Heaven
saying, "Unto me, write, blessed are the dead
which die in the Lord from henceforth the
spirit answered,
that they will be rewarded for what they
have done" (Rev 14:2-3)

Margaret Cobblah affectionately called Maggie was born on the 11th of December 1958 to Mr. Henry Cobblah (of blessed memory) who hailed from Teshie Agbawe (Kumiwe) and Mrs Florence Adoley Addo Bempong of Osu.





She began her primary education at Kaneshie 2 and K2 Middle School in 1965. After completing her middle school education in 1975, she pursued a course in secretaryship at Snaps College of Accountancy, Asylum Down, Accra from 1976 to 1978.

After graduating from Snaps College, she gained employment at Karma Carpet Limited. She worked at Karma Carpet for two years as a secretary and then left to start her own trading business. For about three years, she traded in goods sourced from Lome, Togo.

She eventually set up a retail shop with her younger sister at Adabraka near P.T.C. The shop was named MARSOPH Enterprise for the two sisters - Maggie and Sophie. After fifteen years, they relocated the shop to Mamprobi-Sempe and ten years later, Margaret retired to spend time with her grandchildren and take care of her aging parents.

Since 1995 when she was confirmed by Rev. Fr. Fred. Opare-Addo, Margaret was an active parishioner at St Michael and All Angels Anglican Church at Korle-Gonno. She was very involved in the Women's Fellowship and appointed Vice President for two terms. She was nominated as a candidate for the presidency but unfortunately had to decline due to ill health.

Late in life, she met Mr Ameyaw Wiafe and was blessed with a son, Richard, her pride and joy. In her leisure time, Margaret loved to sing along to hymns being played on the radio.

Maggie's health started failing in March of this year. She often visited the hospital for treatment, her family supporting her with love and prayers.

Her health improved but she was suddenly taken ill and was rushed to the hospital on the 30th of August 2023 when she transitioned to be with the Lord.

Maggie, you have left indelible footprints in the sand of time which we strive to follow till the very end. Until we meet again, may the Good Lord give you peaceful rest.

Till we meet again.

Maggie yaawɔjogbanɔ.



Kaneshie 2 Middle School 1975 Year Group







TRIBUTE TO OUR
DEAREST DAUGHTER
FROM YOUR MAMA AND PAPA

I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from where cometh my help (Psalm 121:1)

As parents we shouldn't be reading the tribute of our beautiful daughter but such is life. Maggie although you have been sick for some time now, we hoped and prayed for speedy recovery. Due to proper care you started looking well, you even told your younger sister to start renovating the house because you would be celebrating your birthday in December. Not knowing you would be leaving us to your maker in Heaven.

The days becomes empty without you, we tried to wipe our tears, but the harder we tried, the more we cry. We would have gladly let you stay so that one of us could replace you but God in his own wisdom knows why he called you. You will forever remain in our hearts. Maggie, may the Good Lord find a resting place for you in his bosom. Till we meet again,

Wɔ Jogbanj.
Nantew yie.
Amen.



MOTHER & SON



TO MY BELOVED MOTHER
TRIBUTE BY SON

Psalm 23:4 (ESV)

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

Lying before us is the mortal remains of my beloved mother. I have known this beautiful young lady for as many years as a son will know a mother; sons are indeed forever! I have known this beautiful soul for *over more* than forty-two years as she willingly and carefully carried me about in her womb for nine months and delivered me on that beautiful Sunday morning.

From that time, she gave me her all, more love, attention, care, than any child ever needed. She taught me to be kind to everyone. She gave me life lessons to be responsible, respectful and hardworking.

She was very active in her church and was insistent on doing God's work. She would never miss the opportunity to be in the presence of God, evidenced by her active participation in several church societies and activities. My mother taught me how to pray and led me through prayers before going to bed and at sunrise. Opportunities she never had, she created them for me. She was the happiest and proudest mother on earth, when I got admitted to the University and at my graduation.

My mother really wanted me to be a mass server working with the Priest on the altar. She will often say,; "I like the way the servers dress and the discipline with which they go about their duties". She was ecstatic I joined the Lighthouse Chapel Church International at Korle - Gonno in December 1999.

Maa, You should have stayed on longer to see your grand children appointed as Pastors and working for the Lord. I never imagined this day would come so soon. My heart is broken!! You left us too soon! I had plans for you, Jeremiah 29:11; Plans to bring you to an expected end. I will miss your calls, I will miss your prayers, I will miss our 'two-man' private discussions. I was at peace on the last Sunday we visited and gave you communion and prayed for you. May the angels bear you up and may you rest peacefully in the Lords bosom, till we meet again!!!! Forever remain in utterly broken heart. Sleep well in the Lord, sleep well!!!!!!





CELEBRATING
MARGARET COBBLAH



TRIBUTE TO OUR
DEAREST GRANDMOTHER
FROM YOUR GRAND CHILDREN

Proverbs 17:6 Grandchildren are the crown of the elderly, and the pride of sons is their fathers.

Yellow Grandma as we affectionately called you, because of your colour. We were blessed by your presence and visits either to you or to us. You made every visit very special; you always brought us gifts and our favourite jollof rice.

You will always call to check up on us, you were concern about our health, school and every aspect of our lives.

Who will we worry again?! You should have stayed on a bit longer to see us graduate from the University, to enjoy our first salary as workers, to see us appointed as Pastors and to see us get married, so you would have carried your great grand children.

We will remember the fun times we had with you with every visit, with lots of pictures taking sessions.

We are very sad that you left us too soon, but we believe we will all see you one day, when we meet in heaven. Emmanuel, Nyamedea, Jojo, Maame and Jesse will miss you dearly.

Sleep well Yellow Grandma!!!





TRIBUTE TO MY
DEAREST MOTHER IN-LAW

My dear mother-in-law, you passed away just over months ago, and I'm really struggling. I always felt very close to you, saw you as another mother. And you always treated me like you daughter.

Losing you was unexpected, we all thought you were pulling through. Ever since you passed, I just can't stop thinking about you, and I get this anxious numbing feeling when I realise you're actually gone; you won't be just down the road or a phone call away.

You were a central figure in our extended family and I just don't know how we will move on from this. I'm just so lost and can't believe you're gone. Rest in peace Mama Maggie!!



TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS

If we live, we live for the Lord and if we die, we die for the Lord, so whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord (Romans 14:8)

Losing a loving sister is like losing one's keys, you will always find them in an unexpected place, so we know our sister best fits in Heaven. We all affectionately called you Maggie. Although you were my big sister, you were also my mother, friend, advisor, and we did everything in common.





CELEBRATING
MARGARET COBBLAH

As your younger sister, I remember the memorable times we spent during our childhood days and then growing into adulthood. We opened a shop together and operated it for several years, until you retired to take care of our grandchildren. Though we didn't fellowship at the same church, we go in the same car and arrived home together. Most of her church friends, I took as mine and mine she took as Her's. Most of our friends came to visit and pray for you, hoping for you to get well soon. We went shopping to the market, cooked and ate together. What else can I say?

I wake up every morning asking of you have really left us. We did all we could to let you live. The medication, the care, the prayers but at last death laid its icy hands on you. I still can't come to terms with your departure. The pain and sorrow is too much. You have left our aged parents behind who we wished you would have stayed, so we would give them a befitting burial but that wasn't so.

As we share our farewell message, we are comforted by the Presbyterian Hymn 508 (Verse 1)

*'What God ordains is always good,
What He permits is best here.
My life He ordered best for me,
I shall be still before Him.
My God is good, He knows all things,
He will be with me in all things.
I shall therefore leave all to him.'*

Dear Sister, we would wish you stayed with us forever.

Fare thee well Maggie.

Rest peacefully in the bosom of your maker.

Till we meet again, Amen.



TRIBUTE
BY NIECES & NEPHEWS

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven, a time to be born and a time to die (Ecclesiastes 3:1)

Aunty Maggie, though you have left here to sleep awaiting the day of reckoning, our mind and hearts cannot comprehend your departure. You will ever remain indelibly inscribed in our hearts as the best auntie, who showed so much affection and a great sense of judgement in all your dealings with us.

In fact, we have learnt a lot from you but time and space will not permit us to go into details.

Aunty Maggie, we will dearly miss you and hope to see you again in the new world where the Good Lord himself, "will wipe out every tear from our eyes and death will be no more, neither will mourning nor outcry, nor pain be anymore for the former things have passed away. (Rev 21:3-4)

It is our heartfelt desire that you rest peacefully and rise again on the day of resurrection. Rest Well Auntie, Amen.



TRIBUTE BY COUSINS

Our beautiful cousin, we will never forget you. Your memories will remain in us forever. Your beautiful smile will be missed and you will stay close to our hearts. May your soul rest in peace cousin.

God knew you were the one to save. He took you to get some rest. Even though we loved you best. Our hearts are filled with so much pain. God loves you more.

Sis Maggie, as we affectionately called her. She was the eldest of all the cousins from the maternal family. During school vacations, we the cousins met at the family house at Fohoyo, Awudome Estates. She took good care of all of us. Our Grandmother was a petty trader by then, so Sis Maggie was the one who led all of us the cousins to go and buy wares for our grandma at places like Fan Milk Limited to buy ice blocks.

Sis Maggie helped our Grandma by carrying all her wares from home to the market center and opened the shop for early customers before our grandmother took over from her.

We all loved her because she was very caring and loving to all of us. She made sure all the cousins enjoyed their stay during the holidays at the Awudome Estates, till school reopened then we all leave to our various homes.

Sis Maggie, all your cousins appreciate you. Some of us, we know you were part of our upbringing and assisted in what we have become now, as responsible adults to the family.

Sis Maggie, we love you, we appreciate you. We pray that the good Lord guides you safely home.

Yaa wɔjogbanɔ.



CELEBRATING
MARGARET COBBLAH



TRIBUTE FROM WOMEN FELLOWSHIP
ST MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS ANGLICAN CHURCH,
KORLE GONNO, ACCRA.

*'Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast.
There by His love overshadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.'
Anglican Hymn SUP 51 VI*

It's with profound sorrow and heavy hearts that we pay this tribute to our dear Sister Maggie Cobblah as she lies motionless before us today. Sister Maggie as we address ourselves joined the Women Fellowship in the year 2006. She was a staunch and committed member, very punctual to meetings and in all her duties due to this attitude she rose to the Vice President of the parish and was the immediate past Vice President.

She was plump, beautiful from within and affable. This endeared her to all and sundry, always with a smile and freely gives, never saw her angry or quarrelsome. Your ill health didn't allow you to attend church as you loved to, your last day at church a lot of people interacted with you for some time, not knowing that was the last time we could feel your presence. We visited on several occasions and were communicating with messages and prayers when we call. Little did we know that you weren't getting better. We can't stop loving you it's really a blow to us your members. God knows and loves you more.

We have lost a friend, a sister and a mother.

We know because we have cried

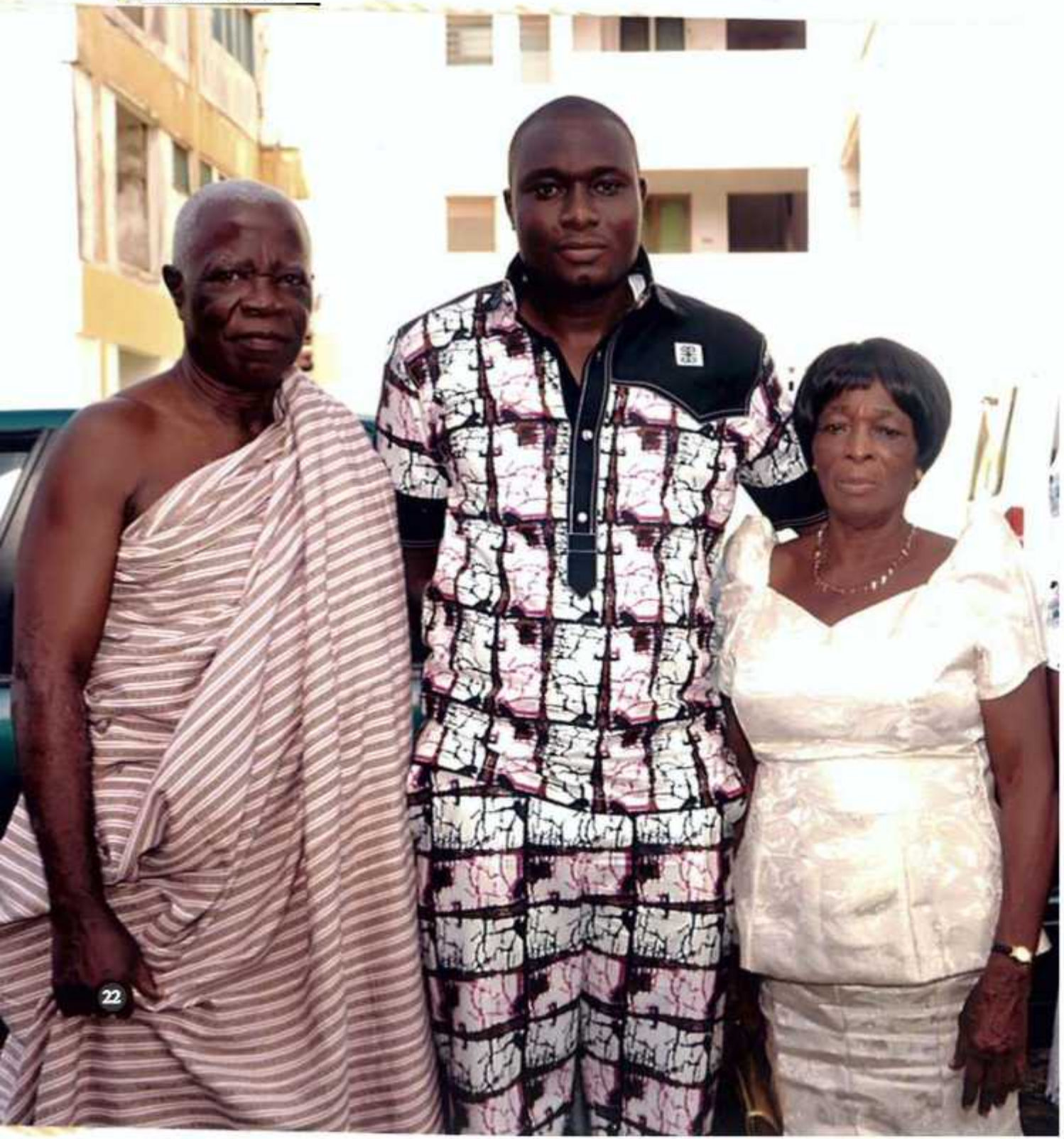
Our hope is only in the Lord our God

We thank God for your life.

May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace

Sister Maggie Yaa wɔ Ojogbanɔ.















A & M 165-

1. O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home:

2. Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone,
and our defense is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received her frame,
from everlasting thou art God,
to endless years the same.

4. A thousand ages in thy sight
are like an evening gone;
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.

5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all its sons away;
they fly, forgotten, as a dream
dies at the opening day.

6. O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
be thou our guide while troubles last,
and our eternal home!

A & M 298

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet your tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
evermore his praises sing.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
to his people in distress.

Praise him, still the same as ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless.

Alleluia, alleluia!

Glorious in his faithfulness!

3 Fatherlike he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows.

In his hand he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.

Alleluia, alleluia!

Widely yet his mercy flows!

4 Angels, help us to adore him;

you 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!

A & M 172

1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,

And in the depth be praise:

In all His words most wonderful,

Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God!

When all was sin and shame,

A second Adam to the fight,

And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood

Which did in Adam fail,

Should strive afresh against the foe,

Should strive and should prevail.

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very self
And essence all-divine.

5 O generous love! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo.

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

A & M 254-

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
art thou sore distrest?
'Come to me,' saith One, 'and
coming, be at rest!'

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
if he be my guide?
In his feet and hands are
wound-prints, and his side.

3 Hath he diadem as monarch
that his brow adorns?
Yea, a crown, in very surety,
but of thorns.

4 If I find him, if I follow,
what his guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
many a tear.

5 If I still hold closely to him,
what has he at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labour
ended, Jordan past.

6 If I ask him to receive me,
will he say me nay?
Not till earth, and not till
heaven pass away.

A & M 228-

1 Jerusalem the golden,
with milk and honey blest,
beneath your contemplation
sink heart and voice oppressed;
I know not, O I know not
what joys await me there,
what radiancy of glory,
what bliss beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
all jubilant with song,
and bright with many an angel,
and all the martyr throng;
the Prince is ever in them;
the daylight is serene;
the pastures of the blessed
are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
and there, from care released,
the shout of those who triumph,
the song of those who feast;
and they, who with their Leader
have conquered in the fight,
forever and forever
are clad in robes of white.

A & M 222-

1 Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph night!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Savior, come.

A & M 499

1. On the resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

2. "Fear not, thou shalt bear a Son,
aided by the Holy One;
greater than the greatest, he
Son of God most high shall be."

3. Thus the holy angel said,
Blessed Mary bowed her head:
"Lo, the handmaid of the Lord;
with his word may all accord."

4. So to hearts still undefiled
comes the promise of a child,
full of joy, akin to tears,
full of hope, yet full of fears.

5. Happy she who answers still,
"Be it, Lord, as thy sweet will;
all I am to thee I owe,
all thy purpose thou dost know.

6. "What thou givest to be mine,
may it ne'er be aught but thine:
be it good or be it ill,
still be all at thy sweet will."

7. Holy Mary, taught by thee
let us vain forebodings flee.
God is giving; fears must cease:
in his will is perfect peace.

A & M 575-

1. Within the churchyard, side by
side,
Are many long low graves;
And some have stones set over them,
On some the green grass waves.

2. Full many a little Christian child,
Woman, and man, lies there;
And we pass near them every time
When we go in to prayer.

3. They cannot hear our footsteps
come,
They do not see us pass;
They cannot feel the warm bright sun
That shines upon the grass.

4. They do not hear when the great bell
Is ringing overhead;
They cannot rise and come to church
With us, for they are dead.

5. But we believe a day shall come
When all the dead will rise,
When they who sleep down in the grass,
Will ope again their eyes.

6. For Christ our Lord was buried once,
He died and rose again,
He conquered death, He left the grave;
And so will Christian men.

7. So when the friends we love the best
Lie in their churchyard bed,
We must not cry too bitterly
Over the happy dead;

H A & M 265-

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
from India's coral strand;
where Afric's sunny fountains
roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
from many a palmy plain,
they call us to deliver
their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
blow soft o'er Java's isle;
though every prospect pleases,
and only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
the gifts of God are strown;
the heathen in his blindness
bows down to wood and stone!

3. Can we, whose souls are lighted
with wisdom from on high,
can we to those benighted
the lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
till earth's remotest nation
has learned Messiah's Name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
and you, ye waters, roll
till, like a sea of glory,
it spreads from pole to pole:
till o'er our ransomed nature
the Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
in bliss returns to reign.

A & M 321-

1 We pray thee, heavenly Father,
to hear us in thy love,
and pour upon thy children
the unction from above;
that so in love abiding,
from all defilement free,
we may in pureness offer
our Eucharist to thee.

2 Be thou our guide and helper,
O Jesus Christ, we pray;
so may we well approach thee,
if thou wilt be the Way:
thou, very Truth, hast promised
to help us in our strife,
food of the weary pilgrim,
eternal source of Life.

3 And thou, creator Spirit,
look on us, we are thine;
renew in us thy graces,
upon our darkness shine;
that, with thy benediction
upon our souls outpoured,
we may receive in gladness
the body of the Lord.

A & M 282-

1 Be thou my guardian and my guide, and hear me when I call; let not my slippery footsteps slide, and hold me lest I fall.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell around the path I tread; O save me from the snares of hell, thou quickener of the dead.

3 And if I tempted am to sin, and outward things are strong, do thou, O Lord, keep watch within, and save my soul from wrong.

4 Still let me ever watch and pray, and feel that I am frail; that if the tempter cross my way, yet he may not prevail.

A & M 240-

1. Pleasant are thy courts above in the land of light and love; pleasant are thy courts below in this land of sin and woe: O my spirit longs and faints for the converse of thy saints, for the brightness of thy face, for thy fullness, God of grace.

2. Happy birds that sing and fly round thy altars, O Most High; happier souls that find a rest in a heavenly Father's breast: like the wandering dove, that found no repose on earth around, they can to their ark repair, and enjoy it ever there.

3. Happy souls, their praises flow even in this vale of woe; waters in the desert rise, manna feeds them from the skies; on they go from strength to strength, till they reach thy throne at length, at thy feet adoring fall, who hast led them safe through all.

A & M 538

1 They whose course on earth is o'er, think they of their brethren more? They before the throne who bow, feel they for their brethren now?

2 We by enemies distressed, they in paradise at rest; we the captives, they the freed — we and they are one indeed.

3 Those whom many a land divides, many mountains, many tides, have they with each other part, fellowship of heart with heart?

4 Each to each may be unknown, wide apart their lots be thrown; differing tongues their lips may speak, one be strong, and one be weak:

A & M 283-

1 O thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to thee; In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart My sins lie heavily, Thy pardon grant, new peace impart: Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot flee, O let my strength be as my day: Good Lord, remember me.

4 If, for thy sake, upon my name Shame and reproach shall be, All hail reproach, and welcome shame! Good Lord, remember me.

5 If worn with pain, disease, or grief, This feeble frame should be, Grant patience, rest, and kind relief: Good Lord, remember me.

A & M 297

1 Songs of praise the angels sang, heaven with alleluias rang, when creation was begun, when God spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn when the Prince of peace was born; songs of praise arose when he captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away; songs of praise shall crown that day: God will make new heavens and earth; songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall we alone be dumb till that glorious kingdom come? No, the church delights to raise psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
still in songs of praise rejoice;
learning here, by faith and love,
songs of praise to sing above.

A & M 135-

1. Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

The strife is o'er, the battle done,
now is the victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung,
Alleluia!

2. Death's mightiest powers have
done their worst,
and Jesus hath his foes dispersed:
let shout of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3. On the third morn he rose again
glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain:
Alleluia!

4. Lord! by the stripes which
wounded thee,
from death's dread sting thy servants
free,
that we may live and sing to thee.
Alleluia!

A & M 609-

1 Safe Home, safe Home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But O the joy upon the shore

To tell our voyage perils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The warrior nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly he had fail'd,—
How nearly had that foe prevail'd!

4 The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penn'd:
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd die

A & M 401-

1 Now 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.

2 There the tears of earth are dried,
There its hidden things are clear,
There the work of life is tried
By a juster judge than here.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At his feet in Paradise.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping

A & M 27

1. 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.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's
Little day;
Earth's joy grow dim, its glories
pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

3. 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.

4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's dark sting? where, grave,
thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.