

MEMORIAL SERVICE

*Address by His Grace the Archbishop of Rupert's Land and
Primate of all Canada.*

401 "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and
there shall no torment touch them."

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.

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.

There the sinful souls, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of CHRIST shall learn
At His Feet in Paradise.

FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace ;
CHRIST the LORD shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.

FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving *her* to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection-day.

FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Amen.