



F. A. H.

A Service of Thanksgiving
for the Life and Work of

FRANKIE HOWERD, O.B.E.

St. Martin in the Fields Church
Trafalgar Square, London.

Wednesday, 8th July, 1992.
3.30 p.m.

The service is conducted by
The Reverend Martin Henwood

Assisted by
The Reverend Martin Morgan

The organist, musical director
and choir arranger is
Mark Stringer

The choir is from
The Graveney School, Tooting.

**The service incorporates some of
Frankie's favourite music and songs**

The organ music includes

Ode To Joy - Beethoven's 9th Choral Symphony
Autumn Leaves
Send In The Clowns

ORDER OF SERVICE

Seated

Introduction and welcome
The Reverend Martin Henwood

Stand

HYMN

All Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake,
wind, and fire, O still small voice of calm!

Words: John Greenleaf Whittier (1872)
Music: Charles Hubert Parry (1888)

The Bidding Prayer
The Reverend Martin Henwood

Sit

CILLA BLACK

Piano
VANESSA LATARCHE
Chopin's Third Ballade in A Flat

BARRY CRYER

Stand

HYMN

All 1 For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness, still their one true Light.

Alleluia!

3 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Alleluia!

4 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

5 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of Glory passes on his way.
Alleluia!

Words: Bishop W. Walsham How (1864)
Music: (Engleberg) Sir Charles Stanford (1864)

Sit

JUNE WHITFIELD

GRIFF RHYS JONES

Piano

RUSS CONWAY

Comedy Tonight

Three Little Fishes

When You're Smiling

Accompanied by The Graveney School Choir

BRUCE FORSYTH

Thanksgiving Prayer
The Reverend Martin Morgan

Kneel

Priest: Let us Pray
Priest: For your gift of life and a sense of humour.
All: **We Thank You O Lord**

Priest: For the life and work of Frankie Howerd
All: **We Thank You O Lord**

Priest: For his gift of making us laugh.
All: **We Thank You O Lord**

Priest: For his generosity and friendship
All: **We Thank You O Lord**

Priest: For his works of charity
All: **We Thank You O Lord**

Priest: For all who cared for him
All: **We Thank You O Lord**

Priest: For the loyalty of his audiences and fans
All: **We Thank You O Lord**

Priest: For all those who through their skills in
producing, writing and directing, made
his success possible
All: **We Thank You O Lord**

Priest: Hear us O Merciful Father
As we remember in love and thanksgiving
the life and work of **FRANKIE HOWERD**
whom we have placed in your hands.
Acknowledge, we pray, a sheep of your
own fold
A lamb of your own flock
A sinner of your own redeeming
Enfold Frank with the arms of your mercy
In the blessed rest of everlasting peace,
and in the glorious company of the
Saints in light.

All: **Amen**

Stand

HYMN

All 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 divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among those dark satanic mills?

This verse is sung
by the childrens choir

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 divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among those dark satanic mills?

All 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.

Words: William Blake 1757-1827
Music: C.H.H. Parry 1848-1910

Blessing

The Reverend Martin Henwood