

A celebration of the life of
John O'Shea
1932-2022



Islington and St Pancras Cemetery
Friday 22nd April 2022
2:00 pm



OPENING SONG

The Banks Of My Own Lovely Lee

Richard Forbes and JC Flannagan

(Sung by the choir)

How oft do my thoughts in their fancy take flight
 To the home of my childhood away,
To the days when each patriot's vision seem'd bright
 Ere I dreamed that those joys should decay.
When my heart was as light as the wild winds that blow
 Down the Mardyke through each elm tree,
 Where I sported and play'd 'neath
 each green leafy shade
On the banks of my own lovely Lee.

And then in the springtime of laughter and song
 Can I ever forget the sweet hours?
With the friends of my youth as we rambled along
'Mongst the green mossy banks and wild flowers.
Then too, when the evening sun's sinking to rest
 Sheds its golden light over the sea
The maid with her lover the wild daisies pressed
 On the banks of my own lovely Lee
The maid with her lover the wild daisies pressed
 On the banks of my own lovely Lee.



WELCOME & OPENING PRAYERS
Father Christopher Connor



HYMN

All Things Bright and Beautiful

Cecil Frances Alexander and William Henry Monk

(Sung by all)

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

All things bright ...

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high and lowly,
And ordered their estate.

All things bright ...

The purple headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;

Continued overleaf



All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one:

All things bright ...

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;

All things bright ...

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.



FIRST READING
A Time for Everything
Ecclesiastes 3
(*New International Version*)

There is a time for everything,
and a season for every activity under the heavens:
a time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to uproot,
a time to kill and a time to heal,
a time to tear down and a time to build,
a time to weep and a time to laugh,
a time to mourn and a time to dance.



PSALM 90

Lord, thou hast been our refuge

Ralph Vaughan Williams

(Sung by the choir)

Lord, thou hast been our refuge from
one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth,
or ever the earth and the world were made,
Thou art God from everlasting and world without end.

Thou turnest man to destruction; again Thou sayest:

Come again, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are
but as yesterday; seeing that is past
as a watch in the night.

O God our help in ages past,

Our hope for years to come.

Our shelter from the stormy blast,

And our eternal home.

As soon as thou scatterest them,

they are even as a sleep,

and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green and groweth up,

but in the evening it is cut down,

dried up and withered.



GOSPEL READING

Jesus the Way to the Father

John 14:1-3

(Good News Translation)

“Do not be worried and upset,” Jesus told them.

“Believe in God and believe also in me.

There are many rooms in my father’s house,
and I am going to prepare a place for you.

I would not tell you this if it were not so.

And after I go and prepare a place for you,

I will come back and take you to myself,
so that you will be where I am.

You know the way that leads
to the place where I am going.”

Thomas said to him,

“Lord, we do not know where you are going;
so how can we know the way to get there?”

Jesus answered him, “I am the way, the truth,
and the life; no one goes to the Father except by me.

Now that you have known me,” he said to them,

“you will know my Father also,
and from now on you do know him
and you have seen him.”



SONG

Danny Boy

Frederic Weatherly and Jonathan Rathbone

(Sung by the choir)

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, It's you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
Yes I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow, —
Oh, Danny boy, Oh Danny boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
And I am dead, as dead I well may be,
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!



EULOGY

HOMILY

PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION

Our Father,
who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread;
and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those who trespass against us;
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

Hail Mary full of Grace, the Lord is with thee.
Blessed are thou among women and
blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus.
Holy Mary Mother of God,
pray for us sinners now
and at the hour of our death.

PRAYERS OF COMMENDATION



CLOSING SONG

We'll Meet Again

Ross Parker and Hughie Charles

(Sung by all)

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.

Let's say goodbye with a smile, dear,
Just for a while dear, we must part.
Don't let the parting upset you,
I'll not forget you, sweetheart.

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.

Keep smiling through, just like you always do,
Till the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away.

So will you please say hello to the folks that I know,
Tell them I won't be long.

They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go
I was singing this song:

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.



PROCESSION TO THE GRAVESIDE

WAKE

To be held after the service at

25 Brassey Road

London

NW6 2BE

020 7624 5810

















