

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

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
and sings to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:

**BENEDICTION** (*spoken together*):

*Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with thy most gracious favour,  
and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works begun,  
continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy Name,  
and finally by thy mercy obtain everlasting life;  
through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.*

Heath United Reformed Church Halifax

*Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of*

***Walter Ronald Swale T.D. M.A.***  
***1904 - 1993***

*Headmaster of Heath Grammar School*  
*1946 - 1971*

26th March 1993

**OPENING SENTENCES:**

**HYMN:** *Let all the world in every corner sing  
'My God and King!'*

The heavens are not too high,  
his praise may thither fly:  
the earth is not too low,  
his praises there may grow.

*Let all the world in every corner sing  
'My God and King!'*

The Church with psalms must shout,  
no door can keep them out:  
but, above all, the heart  
must bear the longest part.

*Let all the world in every corner sing  
'My God and King!'*

**PRAYERS:** Rev. Neil Thorogood

**FIRST READING:** Psalm 121 (Read by Rev. Cliff Bembridge)

**SECOND READING:** I Corinthians 13

(Read by Robert Smithies, Secretary Heath Old Boys Assoc.)

**RON SWALE: HIS LIFE.** (Stephen Fearnley)

**HYMN:** When I survey the wondrous Cross,  
on which the Prince of glory died,  
my richest gain I count but loss,  
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
save in the death of Christ my God;  
all the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,  
spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
then I am dead to all the globe,  
and all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were a present far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

**RON SWALE: HIS FAITH** (Rev.Cliff Bembridge)

**PRAYERS:** Rev Neil Thorogood

**THE LORD'S PRAYER:**

**HYMN:** For all the saints who from their labours rest,  
who thee by faith before the world confessed,  
thy name, Lord Jesus, be for ever blessed:  
*Alleluia! Alleluia!*

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might,  
thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight,  
in deepest darkness thou their one true light:

O may thy servants, faithful, true, and bold,  
fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
and win with them the victor's crown of gold: