
*Takk for fremmotet
og for all vennlig deltakelse.
Familien*

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** 19 - 1 - 1953 † 23 - 3 - 2020*

*Nittedal kirke
Fredag 3. april 2020*

Solo
F. Schubert: Ave Maria

Unisont
Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
This grace has brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me:
His word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be
as long as life endures.

Solo
Vem kan segla förutan vind

Unisont
Morning has broken like the first morning.
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning.
Praise, for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven.
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning.
Born of the one light Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, praise ev'ry morning.
God's recreation of the new day.

Vår Far i himmelen!
La navnet ditt helliges.
La riket ditt komme.
La viljen din skje på jorden slik som i himmelen.
Gi oss i dag vårt daglige brød,
og tilgi oss vår skyld, slik også vi tilgir våre skyldnere.
Og la oss ikke komme i fristelse, men frels oss fra det onde.
For riket er ditt og makten og æren i evighet.
Amen.

Unisont
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.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see;
o Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

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.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
heavn's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O lord, abide with me.

Solo
J. S. Bach: Air, fra suite nr. 3