

In Loving Memory of

# **Lydia Mary Baker**

Who passed away peacefully on

10<sup>th</sup> September 2021

Aged 69 years

Funeral Service at

Swavesey Particular Baptist Chapel

on Tuesday 28<sup>th</sup> September 2021

at 11.00am

Followed by interment at

Swavesey Non Conformist Cemetery

## Hymn

Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound)  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am 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;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the vail,  
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

## Hymn

1. The sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of Heaven breaks;  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn awakes:  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory-glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

2. The King there in His beauty,  
Without a veil is seen:  
It were a well spent journey,  
Though seven deaths lay between:  
The Lamb with His fair army,  
Doth on Mount Zion stand;  
And glory-glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

3. Oh! Christ, He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love!  
The streams on earth I've tasted  
More deep I'll drink above:  
There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory-glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

4. I've wrestled on towards Heaven,  
Against storm and wind and tide;-  
Now, like a weary traveler,  
That leaneth on his guide,  
Amid the shades of evening,  
While sinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dawning  
From Immanuel's land.

5. Deep waters crossed life's pathway,  
The hedge of thorns was sharp;  
Now, these lie all behind me,-  
Oh for a well-tuned harp!  
Oh, to join Hallelujah  
With yon triumphant band,  
Who sing where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

6. With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye, the dews of sorrow  
Were lustered with His love!  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned  
When throned where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

7. The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory  
But on my King of grace—  
Not at the crown He giveth  
But on His pierced hand:  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

*The family thank everyone for  
their kind messages of support  
and expressions of sympathy.*