



In Memoriam.

ALFRED ROBERT TUCKER,
D.D., LL.D.

THIRD BISHOP OF EASTERN EQUATORIAL
AFRICA, 1890-1899.

FIRST BISHOP OF UGANDA, 1899-1911,

— AND —

CANON OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL, 1911-1914.

Born April 1st, 1849.

Entered into rest June 15th, 1914.

*“Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the
joy of thy Lord.”*

—S. MATTHEW 25, 21.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL,

JUNE 19th, 1914.

8 a.m. Celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

2 p.m. Office for the Burial of the Dead.

HYMNS.

586 (A. & M.)

mf **L**IFT up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield;
And let the King of Glory pass;
The Cross is in the field.

That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

A holy war those servants wage,
In that mysterious strife,
The powers of Heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

Ye armies of the living God,
Sworn warriors of CHRIST's host,
Where hallow'd footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.

p
cr Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.

The spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves as trophies meet,
In His great judgment day.

mf Then fear not, faint not, halt not now ;
In JESUS' Name be strong !
To Him shall all the nations bow,
And sing the triumph song :—

f Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield ;
Behold the King of Glory pass ;
The Cross hath won the field.

AMEN.

(J. Montgomery).

170 (A. & M.)

JESUS is GOD : (*mf*) the solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night.
f The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire ;
mf The pleasant wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

f JESUS is GOD : (*mf*) the glorious bands
Of golden Angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true GOD in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's Cross true GOD ;
He, Who in Heaven Eternal reign'd,
In time on earth abode.

f JESUS is GOD : (*mf*) let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill,
cr All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil ;
mf Worth while a thousand years of woe
To speak one little word,
If by that " I believe " we own
f The GODHEAD of our Lord.

AMEN.

(F. W. Faber).



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