

*Robyn, Brian, Lorna, Mark, Danielle and the family
circle greatly appreciate your support and presence
here today and cordially invite everyone for
refreshments in the Ervine Memorial Hall.*



*Donations in lieu of floral tributes if desired
may be sent to*

**John Gamble Funeral Directors
7 Meeting Street
Dromore BT25 1AQ
02892 692319**

For
Chest, Heart and Stroke N.I.
(Cheques made payable to John Gamble)



John Gamble
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

**First Presbyterian (Non-Subscribing)
Church Dromore**

Service of Thanksgiving and Remembrance

For the life of



Paul James Beggs

28th May 1987 — 1st March 2024

On

**Wednesday 6th March 2024
at 12noon**

Conducted by: Rev Brian Moodie

I danced in the morning
When the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon
And the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven
And I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem
I had my birth.

***Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he.***

I danced for the scribe
And the pharisee,
But they would not dance
And they wouldn't follow me.
I danced for the fishermen,
For James and John –
They came with me
And the Dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath
And I cured the lame;
The holy people
Said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped
And they hung me on high,
And they left me there
On a Cross to die.

I danced on a Friday
When the sky turned black –
It's hard to dance
With the devil on your back.
They buried my body
And they thought I'd gone,
But I am the Dance,
And I still go on.

They cut me down
And I leapt up high;
I am the life
That'll never, never die;
I'll live in you
If you'll live in me –
I am the Lord
Of the Dance, said he.

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
the darkness falls at thy behest;
to thee our morning hymns ascended,
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church, unsleeping
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping
and rests not now by day nor night.

As o'er each continent and island
the dawn leads on another day,
the voice of prayer is never silent,
nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
our brethren 'neath the western sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are making
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
like earth's proud empires, pass away;
thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
till all thy creatures own thy sway.