

Poems and Readings for Funerals

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1. Remember Only My Best – Lyman Hancock

When I come to the end of my journey
and I travel my last weary mile, just forget,
if you can, that I ever frowned and remember only the smile.

Forget unkind words I have spoken;
remember some good I have done.
Forget that I've stumbled and blundered
and sometimes fell by the way.

Remember I have fought some hard battles
and won, ere the close of the day.
Then forget to grieve for my going;
I would not have you sad for a day,
but in summer just gather some flowers
and remember the place where I lay,
and come in the shade of the evening
when the sun paints the sky in the west.
Stand for a few moments beside me
and remember only my best.

2. Memories in the Heart - Author Unknown

Feel no guilt in laughter;
She knows how much you care
Feel no sorrow in a smile
that she's not here to share.
You cannot grieve forever;
she would not want you to.
She'd hope that you can carry on,
the way you always do.
So talk about the good times
and the ways you showed you cared
The days you spent together,
all the happiness you shared.
For if you keep these moments,
you will never be apart
And xx will live forever, locked safely in your heart

3. When Tomorrow Starts Without Me - David M Romano

When tomorrow starts without me
And I'm not there to see
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
All filled with tears for me.
I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you do today
While thinking of the many things
We didn't get to say.
I know how much you love me
As much I love you
And each time that you think of me
I know you miss me too.
But when tomorrow starts without me
Please try to understand
That an Angel came and called my name
And took me by the hand.
And said my place was ready
In heaven far above
And that I'd have to leave behind
All those I dearly love.
So when tomorrow starts without me
Don't think we're far apart
For every time you think of me
I'm right there in your heart.

4. Memories are a Treasure - Author unknown

Memories are a treasure time cannot take away,
So may you all be surrounded by happy ones today.
May all the love and tenderness of golden years well spent,
Come back today to fill your hearts with beauty and content.
May you walk down memory lane and meet the one you love,
For while you cannot see her, she'll be watching from above.
And if you trust your dreaming your faith will make it true,
And if you listen with your heart she'll come and talk to you.
So, for her sake be happy and show her that her love
Has proven strong and big enough to reach down from above
You will never walk alone when memories door sways wide
For you will find that your (*wife ... relationship*) is always at your side.

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5. Don't remember me with sadness - *Author unknown*

Don't remember me with sadness
Don't remember me with tears
Remember me with the laughter
We shared throughout the years
Then when the summer's sunshine
Awakes the flowers in bloom
I will walk that light from heaven
Around the corners of every room.
Do the things we did before
The same in every way
Just whisper a little prayer to me
At the dawn of every day.
Just think of me as present
Don't think of me as past
For a friend's love is a blessing
In death it still can last.
Forget your troubles and your worries
They are mine forever more
I will watch, care for and love you
From heavens open door
And when your road gets rough and rocky
Or you are down and need a crutch
Remember I am right beside you
And love you all so much.

6. His journey's just begun - *E. Brenneman*

Don't think of him as gone away
His journey's just begun,
Life holds so many facets
This earth is only one.
Just think of him as resting
from the sorrow and the tears,
In a place of rest and comfort
Where there are no days or years.
Think how he must be wishing
That we could know, today,
How nothing but our sadness
Can really pass away.
And think of him as living

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In the hearts of those he touched,
For nothing loved is ever lost
And he was loved so much.

7. The Gift Wrap & The Jewel - Wanda Goines

The definition of antique
Is something that is at least 100 years old
So many collectibles fit into that category
But what about a human being?
We refer to them as a centenarian
And they are more valuable
Than all the antiques in the world
While an antique may be on display
With a brief history of its origin and use
The centenarian is the living history
Of 100 years of progress, innovation and societal change
What makes 100 years of life so special?
You'd have to ask the centenarian
Because he or she has lived it
And what is their secret?
Well, I believe they are engaged, curious, kind, loving,
Generous, forgiving, accepting of life's ups and downs
They don't take for granted, but give their all
They have taken responsibility for life
And made it meaningful and worthwhile.

8. Untitled verse - *Author unknown*

The time has come and now we part,
Thoughts of you so close to our heart,
The loss is like a burning pain.
We would give it all to see you again.
But no, you're gone. In time we know
The pain will fade away,
The thoughts and memories will still be there
As in our heart you will always stay.

9. Cry Not For Me - *Ruth Van Gramberg*

Shadows fall upon the world of my loved ones
They no longer see the dew upon the rose
The sun has slipped behind a darkened rain cloud

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Their souls are clenched in pain as sorrow grows
From the surface of their minds they have set forth
Pursuing each daily chore with melancholy face
That yields no more, no less than asked
And yet, I long to reach right out and say aloud
Cry not for me my friends, hear the music in my heart
And kiss my memory- *'Farewell'*.
I have lived so well upon this earth
I have followed many paths to reach the sun
If I had troubles, or pain, or heartaches
I cherished more the smiles, a thousand more, when one
Had said to me in friendship – *'I wish you well!'*
They were sweet words I treasured long.
To the hilltops, to the clouds to the moon and stars beyond
To a pasture glistening with fresh rain – I run
So, cry not for me, my friends,
hear the music in my heart
And kiss my memory *'Farewell'*.

10. Give me a Quiet Corner - *Author unknown*

Give me a quiet corner and a little time to hear
The singing of the birds from dawn to dusk throughout the year
Give me a chance to think things out before it's time to go
Give me a place where I can sit and see the sunset glow.
Give me a cottage far from all the bustle of the town
Give me a garden I can tend until the sun goes down
Give me the opportunity to see the seasons turn
Watching nature at work, there is so much to learn.
Give me a window with a view that's beautiful to see
Give me the joy of gathering my fruit from bush and tree.
Give me good days and sleep-blessed nights
When I have closed the door and anyone can have the world
I'll never ask for more.

11. Because Of You - *Faye Kilday*

Because of you, The world is a much nicer place.
Because of you, I have faith in the human race.
Because of you, I know what it means to love unconditionally.
Because of you, I know what it means to give unselfishly.

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Because of you, I believe in magic and mystery and worlds unseen.
Because of you, There is joy - wherever you are and have ever been.
And all because of you!

12. The Plumber - Paul E. Tracy

Down in a corner crouching in a cellar,
Striking in the darkness a fragrant snake,
Jabbing down the oakum, mumbling bits of hokum,
Jabbing all the oakum that the joint will take;
Squatting in the cob-webs, scaring sullen spiders,
Humbling himself before the proud outsiders,
Fumbling and mumbling, rising up and stumbling,
Fumbling in the shadow for his lost dividers! ...
Back in a cavern underneath a stairway,
Flattened in the blackness a tom-cat glows,
Glowering at the plumber, swearing at the plumber,
Eyeing the new-comer with the cob-webbed nose.
Down on his knees by the torch that roars,
Roaring at the lead in the cast-iron pot—
Soaring tongues of red, tongues white-hot
Bellow at the lead in a burning spot.
Here kneels the plumber at his shrine-winter, summer,
Humbling, mumbling, fumbling in the shadows;
Bowing at his altar, mindful of the nation,
Worshipping obscurely the goddess Sanitation.
The tom-cat glowers and the spiders sulk
Awaiting the departure of the solitary hulk.
Still he keeps a-pounding, pounding down the lead
— Pounding down the lead, bowing down his head,
Mindful of the living, thoughtful of the dead.

13. SOMETIMES (Footsteps) - Maggie Dent

Sometimes, on our journey through life
We meet people, who leave footprints on our mind
They challenge us to see things differently
And to question our personal reality.

Sometimes, on our journey through life
We meet people, who leave footprints on our heart
They create a safe place for us
To open our hearts to feel loved and special.

Then sometimes, on our journey through life
We meet people who leave footprints on our souls
They share themselves with us so profoundly
That they touch the very essence of who we are
In that secret quiet place.

(Insert name) has left gentle footprints on the minds, hearts and souls of many here today
May we always remember
The beauty of her love, her kindness and
The sacred way she touched our lives.

14. After Glow – Helen Lowrie Marshall

I'd like the memory of me
To be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow
Of smiles when life is done.
I'd like to leave an echo,
Whispering softly down the ways.
Of happy times and laughing times
And bright and sunny days.
I'd like the tears of those who grieve
To dry before the sun.
Of happy memories that I leave
When my life is done.

15. May I Go Now? - Susan A. Jackson

May I go now? Do you think the time is right?
May I say good-bye to pain filled days
and endless lonely nights?
I've lived my life and done my best,
an example tried to be.
So can I take that step beyond
and set my spirit free?
I didn't want to go at first,
I fought with all my might.
But something seems to draw me now
to a warm and loving light.
I want to go. I really do.
It's difficult to stay.
But I will try as best I can to live just one more day.

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To give you time to care for me and share your love and fears.
I know you're sad and afraid, because I see your tears.
I'll not be far, I promise that,
and hope you'll always know
that my spirit will be close to you
wherever you may go.
Thank you so for loving me.
You know I love you, too.
That's why it's hard to say good-bye
and end this life with you.
So hold me now just one more time
and let me hear you say,
because you care so much for me,
you'll let me go today.

16. God's Garden *Adaptation - Anonymous*

They say it's a beautiful journey
From the old world to the new
Some day we'll take that journey
Up the staircase that leads to you.
And when we reach that garden
Where all are free from pain,
We'll put our arms around you
And we'll never part again.
A golden heart stopped beating
Two hands were laid to rest
God broke our heart to prove
He only takes the best.
If tears could build a stairway
And memories build a lane
We would walk right up to heaven,
And bring you back again.
God looked around his garden
And found an empty space,
He then looked down upon the earth
And found a tired face.
He put his arms around you
And lifted you to rest,
The garden must be beautiful
Because, he only takes the best.

17. Death is Nothing at All - Canon Henry Scott-Holland

Death is nothing at all
I have only slipped away into the next room.
I am I, and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other,
That we are still
Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak to me in the easy way which you always used.
Put no difference in your tone,
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed
at the jokes we enjoyed together.
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was,
Let it be spoken without effect, without a trace of shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was:
There is unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval,
Somewhere very near,
just around the corner.
All is well.

18. Don't Cry For Me - Carol Pool

Don't cry for me now that I'm not here
I've just gone beyond to somewhere quite near
My troubled soul now freed from pain
Has now returned from whence it came
I've taken now't with me, nothing new, nothing old
But the love you gave me and the memories I hold
Those are the things that mattered to me
But I was blind - I could not see
So stretch out your hand, help another in strife
And something worthwhile,
will be gained from my life!

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19. Families - *Author Unknown*

Family – What comfort the word implies
Family by blood, by obligation, by necessity
By desire, and sometimes when one is very lucky – by Love.
It is a word that implies solidity.
A rock, solid foundation
A place to go home to –
to grow away from
And yet, remember and hang onto.
The memories like painted Ivory from a single tusk
And softer ones faded sometimes
so dim as to be almost forgotten
And yet, never to be ignored or left behind.
The place one begins, and hopes to end...
The thing one works hard to build on one's own...
The pieces like building blocks,
reaching high into the sky...
Family... what images that conjures...
What memories beautiful memories...
What dreams!!

20. Miss Me – But Let Me Go - *Author unknown*

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room
Why cry for a soul set free.
Miss me a little, but not too long
And not with your head bowed low,
Remember the love that we once shared.
Miss me – but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick of heart,
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds,
Miss me – but let me go.

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21. When Life Comes To An End - Ruth Van Gramberg

When Life comes to an end,
when all seasons are spent...
When death comes and claims its right,
to say to me "This is the End!"
I want to step through that door,
full of curiosity, wondering
What is it going to be like ...
that unknown realm of obscurity?
I will then look upon the past,
as no more than an idea – a fleeting span,
That started some yesterday and raced through years concealed.
When it's over, I want to say – Yes, that was Me!!
I had gazed around with 'amazement',
searching for answers
I lived, I breathed, I felt and touched ...
I followed many a dream!
And, when it's over,
I don't want to wonder if I made my existence
Something particular, something unreal or something notable...
I don't want to leave ashamed or frightened,
imploping 'one *more day*'!
To rectify some worthless deed...
I don't want to end up
simply having visited this terrain and failed.
I want to leave – having stained it with my struggles,
a palette of varied hues,
I shared, simply or expansively,
wildly or silently, with payments and dues,
Life's complexities and triumphs hand in hand
As I did exist - from birth till now!
And, it was 'Grand'!!
Pages brushed elusively with music, tears and mirth
I hungered for the unknown,
and sought what touched my soul...
*And proudly leave it 'Spectacular',
for having lived and loved upon this earth!*

22. To Those Whom I Love And who love me - Mary Ramish

When I am gone,
release me, let me go
I have so many things to see and do.

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You must not tie yourself to me with tears,
Be happy that we had so many years.
I gave you my love, you can only guess
How much you gave me in happiness.
I thank you for the love you each have shown,
But now it is time I travelled on alone.
So grieve a while for me, if grieve you must
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It is only for a while that we must part
So bless the memories within your heart.
I will not be far away, for life goes on
So if you need me, call and I will come.
Though you cannot see or touch me,
I will be near,
And if you listen with your heart,
you will hear
All of my love around you soft and clear.
Then, when you must come this way alone,
I will greet you with a smile and a 'Welcome Home'.

23. The Gardener – Mark Gregory

The gardener, with his spade and hoe,
Works in the sun and rain and snow;
He digs and plants and waters too,
And watches over what he grew.

He tends the flowers with loving care,
And prunes the branches here and there;
He weeds the beds and mends the fences,
And gathers up the fallen senses

He is a lover of the earth,
And all the wonders it gives birth;
He is a lover of the bloom,
And all the fragrant, sweet perfume.

The gardener is a patient man,
He works from dawn as much he can;
And when the day is done and he's through,
He looks with pride at what he grew.

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So let us all be gardeners fair,
And tend to life with love and care,
And watch the seeds we plant come through,
To bloom and flourish, strong and true.

24. The Star – Catherine Turner

A light went out on Earth for me
The day we said goodbye
And on that day a star was born,
The brightest in the sky
Reaching through the darkness
With its rays of purest white
Lighting up the Heavens
As it once lit up my life
With beams of love to heal
The broken heart you left behind
Where always in my memory
Your lovely star will shine

25. Memories - Author Unknown

Memories are not framed in gold or hung for all to see,
they are held deep within our hearts
that's where you will always be.
Since you have left us
our lives are not the same
so walk with us throughout our lives
until we meet again.
Remember, It was not the body you loved
it was the unique and precious spirit that dwelled within.
That spirit is still with you
Spirit is eternal ... it does not die,
though unseen,..... walks besides you....
as before, safe in the love you always knew.

26. The Stars Called You Home - Donna Ashworth

The stars have called you home, love.
Up high, so far away.
I think they missed your brilliance,
they couldn't let you stay.

You've shone that light of yours, love.
on all the lives you touched.
We've known your joy for years and years,
I guess they thought 'enough'.

They need your light up there now.
This world grows ever dark.
Your passion will rain down like love,
dripped into every heart.

The stars have called you home,
now we'll miss you, every day.
And every night we'll scour the skies,
to watch you, where you lay.

And when dark clouds are gathering,
and air's too cold to breathe.
The life you lived will warm our bones,
and your star will help us see.

27. A Long Cup Of Tea - Michael Ashby

Death is too negative for me
So I'll be popping off for a long cup of tea
Do splash out on two bags in the pot
And for my god's sake keep the water hot
Please pick the biggest mug you can find
Size really does matter at this time
I'll pass on the lapsang with that souchong
And that stuff with bergamot
And stick with my favourite friend
You know the English breakfast blend
Breakfast! thanks for reminding me
There's just time before I fail
To stand on ceremony
Two rashers of best back, Should keep me
Smelling sweet up the smokestack
So, mother, put the kettle on for me
It's time, mother,
for my long cup of tea.

28. If I had a voice now, Anon

If I had a voice now, it would be loving,
And I would say thank you for all of your care.
If I had a voice now, I'd want to tell you
I'm sorry for not always being there.
My life, it confused you. It did so to me,
But I am released now and my heart is free.
The heart that was hidden beneath all the pain,
It felt so much more than I could ever explain.
And if I had a voice now, I'd say out loud,
I love you, I wish that I'd made that clear.
And in my lifetime I need you to know
That I really was much more than I did appear.
These are the things that I'd say through choice,
if I had the chance...if I had my voice

29. When I am Dead Cry for Me a Little - *Author unknown*

When I am dead
Cry for me a little
Think of me sometimes
But not too much.
Think of me now and again
As I was in life.
At some moments it's pleasant to recall
But not for long
Leave me in peace
And I shall leave you in peace
And while you live
let your thoughts be with the living.

30. In Memory - *Author unknown*

God saw that you were weary
He knew you'd had your share.
He gently closed your tired eyes,
And took you in His care.
Away to the beautiful somewhere,
Sheltered from sorrow and pain.
You rest in Gods beautiful garden.....

Until we meet again.

31. God Saw - Author unknown

God saw the road was getting rough,
The hill was hard to climb;
He gently closed those loving eyes And whispered
"Peace Be Thine."
The weary hours, the days of pain,
The sleepless nights have passed;
The ever patient worn-out frame
Has found sweet rest at last.
God Saw that you were weary
So He did what He knows best.
He came and stood beside you,
And whispered, "Come and rest."

32. Memories of the Heart - Author unknown

Feel no guilt in laughter,
He knows how much you care.
Feel no sorrow in a smile
That he's not here to share.
You cannot grieve forever,
He would not want you to,
He'd hope that you would carry on
The way you always do.
So talk about the good times
And the ways you showed you cared.
The days you spent together,
All the happiness you shared.
Let the memories surround you,
A word someone may say
Will suddenly recapture
A time, an hour, a day.
That brings him back as clearly
As though he were still here,
And fills you with the feelings
That he is always near.
For if you keep those memories
You will never be apart
And he will live forever

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Locked safe within your heart

33. Grandfather - *Author unknown*

A wonderful Grandfather so loving and kind.
What beautiful memories you leave behind.
Sharing and caring and always content.
Loved and respected wherever you went.
A happy smile, a heart of gold.
You were the best this world could hold.
A special Grandfather so kind and true.
What wonderful memories
we all have of you.

34. Granddad - *Author unknown*

We want you to know that we loved you.
You were a very important part of our lives.
Our relationship, our memories and moments shared
And the love you've given us, are all so very precious to us.

We count our blessings to have had a Granddad like you,
And we hope that you realised
that you have always been our inspiration.
You have guided us in each decision, and encouraged us to reach for every dream.
You have helped us through your guidance, wisdom,
and the strength of your love
To become the person you wanted us to be.
We want you to know that though we may not have told you often enough
You mean so much more to us that words can say.
We thank you and we love you with all our hearts
You were the greatest Granddad of all.

35. He/She is Gone - *David Harkins*

You can shed tears that she/he has gone
Or you can smile because she/he has lived.
You can close your eyes and pray she/he will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she/he has left you.
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her/him
Or you can be full of the love that you have shared.
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday

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Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.
You can remember her/him and only that she/he has gone
Or you can cherish her/his memory and let it live on.
You can cry and close your mind,
be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what he/she would want you to do
Smile, open your eyes,
live and go on.

36. As Long As We Can Dream - *Author unknown*

As long as we can dream, as long as we can think
As long as we have memory
We will love you
As long as we have eyes to see and ears to hear and lips to speak
We will love you
As long as we have a heart to feel, a soul stirring within us,
And imagination to hold you
We will love you.
As long as there is time,
As long as there is love
and as long as we have breath to speak your name
We will love you.

37. Today is a Gift - *Laszlo Kotro-Kosztandi*

Many people will walk in and out of your life,
But only true friends will leave footprints in your heart
To handle yourself, use your head; To handle others, use your heart.
Anger is only one letter short of danger. If someone betrays you twice, it is your fault
Great minds discuss events; Small minds discuss people.
He who loses money, loses much;
He who loses a friend, loses much more;
He who loses faith, loses all.
Beautiful old people are works of art.
Learn from the mistakes of others
You can't live long enough to make them all yourself.
Friends, you and me ... you brought another friend ...
and we started our group ... our circle of friends ...
and like a circle ... there is no beginning or end ...
Yesterday is history.
Tomorrow is mystery.

Today is a gift.

38. I Leave ...It Is My Time - Ruth Van Gramberg

I need to leave, no anguish, no trace of being
Of having unreservedly experienced and loved
I must not tarry, nor linger for the final scene
As I was never 'comfy' with any saddened word
I need to fly this land,
Leave no imprint on sand
As silently as a whisper, without sign – unheard.
Turn pages in an Album – if you must
Remember with a smile, but leave no frame
As comprehension of the 'once that was'
Would unsuspectingly – freely gather dust
Do not fear for me, for I have severed earthly ties
I cannot change or trick the mechanism
Nor ponder on the contrite 'might have been'
As I – just I, perceived what lay before my eyes.
Wrong or Right – I was my 'jury' it would seem
No feigned regret or impassioned woe implore
It's time to leave – I now entreat you please
Say 'Farewell' and softly close the door!

39. Lines of Comfort - Author unknown

Bless you for all your kindness,
for all you've done for me,
For little courtesies of heart
With no one near to see.
For moments when without your smile
I would have lost my way,
For these and all the other things,
bless you, my dear/family/friends, I say.
Bless you for all the nights of prayer and watch when I was ill,
When faith shines like a steady light
In long dark hours and still.
And bless you for your morning smile when dawn breaks clear at last.
Oh bless you, dear, stay in my heart,
where I will hold you fast.

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40. Best Friends Are Forever! - *Author unknown*

I sit alone thinking of you
And all the things we've both been through
You are my soul mate, my very best friend
And I know you'll be there until the end
Although we're going separate ways
you're in my heart till my final days
Nothing can make a person see
How special a friend you are to me.
We've been together through good and bad
You made me laugh when I was sad
And no one else could ever be
As good of a friend as you are to me.

41. The Clock Of Life - *Robert H Smith*

The clock of life is wound but once,
And no one has the power
To tell just where the hands will stop
At late, or early hour.
To lose one's wealth is sad indeed,
To lose one's health is more
To lose one's soul is such a loss
As no one can restore.
The present only is our own
To seek to do God's will,
Tomorrow holds no promise,
For The clock may then be still.

42. Memories and Peace - *Gloria Matthew*

Why smile in such sadness?
It's because of the memories,
of laughter, shared in the past.
The humour of life,
The fun and the joy,
The reminiscences certain to last,
Why relief in such sadness?
It's because there is peace
With no more chance of pain
No-one can hurt, nor take away
There will never be fear again.

43. My hands were busy - *Author unknown*

My hands were busy through the day,
I didn't have much time to play.
The little games you asked me to,
I didn't have much time for you.
I'd wash your clothes; I'd sew and cook,
But when you'd bring your picture book,
And ask me, please, to share your fun,
I'd say, "Yes, later, little one".
I'd tuck you in all safe at night,
and hear your prayers, turn out the light.
Then tip-toe softly to the door,
I wished I'd stayed a minute more.
For life is short and years rush past,
A little child grows up so fast.
No longer are they at your side,
Their precious secrets to confide.
The picture books are put away.
There are no children's games to play.
No goodnight kiss, no prayers to hear,
That all belongs to yesteryear.
My hands once busy, now lie still
The days are long and hard to fill.
I wish I might go back and do
The little things you asked me to.

44. Around the corner - *Anders Lim*

Around the corner I have a friend,
in this great city that has no end:
yet days go by and weeks rush on
and before I know it a year has gone,
and I'll never see my old friend's face
for life is swift and a terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
as in the days when I rang his bell
and he rang mine, we were younger then,
and now we are busy, tired men-
tired with playing a foolish game,
tired with trying to make a name.

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"Tomorrow", I say, I will call on Jim
just to show that I'm thinking of him.
But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,
and the distance between us grows and grows.
Around the corner-yet miles away,
"Here's a telegram, sir" "Jim died today".
And that's what we get,
and deserve in the end,
around the corner, a vanished friend.

45. The Man was a Success - *adaptation Ralph Waldo Emerson*

The man was a success, he has lived well,
laughed often and loved much;
he has gained the respect of intelligent men and women and the love of children;
he has filled his niche and accomplished his task;
he leaves the world better than he found it,
he has never lacked appreciation for Earth's beauty or failed to express it;
he looked for the best in others' and gave the best he had.

46. Mothers Never Really Die - *Helen Steiner Rice*

Death beckoned her with outstretched hands
And whispered softly of an unknown land
But she was not afraid to go
For though the path she did not know
She gently took death by the hand
And journeyed to the Promised Land
And there with steps so light and gay
She polishes the sun by day
And lights the stars that shine at night
And keeps the moonbeams silvery bright
For mothers never really die
They just keep house up in the sky
And in the heavenly home above
They wait to welcome
Those they love....

47. The Door That Never Closes - *Rhaas*

There's a door that never closes, though it opens one way
It's the door that leads to heaven at the end of life's long day.

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It's the threshold of forever where the heart is always glad,
It's a respite for the weary and a comfort for the sad.
It's the door to peace and healing
and the door to joy and grace
Where the Master greets each guest by name
and with a warm embrace.
And the loved ones who pass through into the light that's shining there
Find a sweet and perfect home
within our Father's loving care.

48. A single, perfect, scarlet rose - Author unknown

A single, perfect, scarlet rose its petals damp with dew,
Damp with nature's morning tears,
as the tears we shed for you.
The dawning of each newborn day
will bring a longing to our hearts.
A longing just to hear your voice
that we miss now we're apart.
Now our rose has died but her memory we retain,
Her love for us will never die
and in our hearts she will remain

49. The Dash

I read of a man who stood to speak
at the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on the tombstone
from the beginning...to the end.
He noted that first came the date of birth
and spoke the following date with tears,
but he said what mattered most of all
was the dash between those years.
For that dash represents all the time
that they spent alive on earth.
And now only those who loved them
know what that little line is worth.
For it matters not, how much we own,
the cars...the house...the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
and how we spend our dash.
So, think about this long and hard.
Are there things you'd like to change?

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For you never know how much time is left
that can still be rearranged.
If we could just slow down enough
to consider what's true and real
and always try to understand
the way other people feel.
And be less quick to anger
and show appreciation more
and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.
If we treat each other with respect
and more often wear a smile,
remembering that this special dash
might only last a little while.
So, when your eulogy is being read,
with your life's actions to rehash...
would you be proud of the things they say
about how you spent YOUR dash?

50. Crossing the Bar - Alfred Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

51. To A Man, Anon

To a man who liked a whiskey,
Okay, so maybe two,
A man who made all others laugh,
Quite why, he had no clue.

To a man who liked his garden,
Treading mud into the house,
A man who could be raucous,
Or as quiet as a mouse.

To a man who loved his children,
Who loved his friends and family too,
A man I'm proud to call my dad,
And dad, we all miss you.

52. If I Be The First Of Us To Die - *Author unknown*

If I be the first of us to die, let grief not blacken your sky.
Be bold yet modest in your grieving. There is a change but not a leaving,
For just as death is part of life,
The dead live on forever in the living.
And all the gathered riches of our journey,
The moments shared, the mysteries explored,
The steady layering of intimacy stored,
The things that made us laugh or weep or sing,
The joy of the first unfurling of the spring.
The wordless language of look and touch, the knowing.
Each giving and each taking, these are not flowers that fade,
Nor trees that fall and crumble,
nor are they stone,
For even stone cannot the wind and rain withstand
And, mighty mountain peaks in time reduce to sand.
What we were, we are. What we had, we have.
A conjoined past imperishably present.
So when you walk where we once walked together,
And scan in vain for my shadow,
Or pause where we always did
Upon the hill to gaze across the land,

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And spotting something reach by habit for my hand,
And finding none, feel sorrow start to steal upon you.
Be still,
close your eyes.
Breathe.
Listen for my footfall in your heart,
I am not gone but merely walking within you.

53. Message - *Author unknown*

I leave myself to your memory, with love.
I leave my thought, my laughter, my dreams;
to you whom I have treasured.
I give you what no thief can steal,
the memories of our times together,
the tender moments, the success we have shared,
the hard times that brought us closer together
and the road we have walked side by side.
And all I take with me as I leave
is your love and the millions of memories
of all that we have shared
so I truly enter my new life as a millionaire.
Fear not nor grieve at my departure
you whom I have loved so much
for my roots and yours
are forever intertwined.

54. Do Not Weep That I Have Gone - *Author unknown*

Do not weep that I have gone,
But rejoice that I have been.
For I have known life,
To its fullest measure. I have felt pain and I have known pleasure.
Tears I have cried, in grief and in laughter.
I have known love and all that comes after.
I have tasted the salt and bitterness in tears.
I've walked in the rain when the day is done,
Felt soft summer breeze, the warmth of the sun.
I've sat by the sea and heard waves pound
Of the hand that is friendship
And its richness abound.
Yes I have known life and I will learn death,

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So weep not for me that I have gone
But rejoice that I have been
And that I have known you.

55. Give me the long, straight road before me – Olive Runner

Give me the long, straight road before me,
A clear, cold day with a nipping air,
Tall, bare trees to run on beside me,
A heart that is light and free from care.
Then let me go! – I care not whither
My feet may lead, for my spirit shall be
Free as the brook that flows to the river,
Free as the river that flows to the sea.

56. I'm Free - Shannon Lee Moseley

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm Free
I'm following the path God laid for me.
I took His hand when I heard him call
I turned my back and left it all.
I could not stay another day to laugh,
to love to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way
I found that place at the close of day.
If my parting has left a void
then fill it with remembered joy.
A Friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss
ah yes, these things I too, will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full, I savoured much
good friends, good times, a loved ones touch.
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me
God wants me now..He set me free.

57. What is a Mother - Helen Steiner Rice

It takes a mother's love to make a house a home
A place to be remembered no matter where we roam
It takes a mother's patience, to bring a child up right

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And her courage and cheerfulness,
to make a dark day bright
It takes a mother's thoughtfulness
to mend the heart's deep hurts
And her skill and her endurance, to mend little socks and shirts
It takes a mother's kindness to forgive us when we err
To sympathise in trouble and bow her head in prayer
It takes a mother's wisdom to recognise our needs
And to give us re-assurance by her loving words and deeds
It takes a mother's endless faith, her confidence and trust
To guide us through the pitfalls of selfishness and lust
And that is why, in this entire world,
there could not be another
Who could fulfil Gods purpose as completely
As a mother.

58. Loving Memories - *Author unknown*

Your gentle face and patient smile with sadness we recall,
You had a kindly word for each and died beloved by all.
The voice is mute and stilled the heart that loved us well and true,
Ah, bitter was the trial to part from one as good as you.
You are not forgotten loved one
Nor will you ever be
as long as life and memory last
we will remember thee.
We miss you now, our hearts are sore,
As time goes by we'll miss you more,
Your loving smile, your gentle face,
No one can fill your vacant place.

59. Friendship - *Kahlil Gibran*

And a youth said, "Speak to us of Friendship."
Your friend is your needs answered.
He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgiving.
And he is your board and your fireside.
For you come to him with your hunger,
and you seek him for peace.
When your friend speaks his mind you fear
not the "nay" in your own mind, nor do you withhold the "ay."
And when he is silent your heart ceases not to listen to his heart;
For without words, in friendship, all thoughts, all desires,

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all expectations are born and shared, with joy that is un-acclaimed.
When you part from your friend, you grieve not;
For that which you love most in him may be clearer in his absence,
as the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain.
And let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the spirit.
For love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love but a net cast forth:
and only the unprofitable is caught.
And let your best be for your friend.
If he must know the ebb of your tide, let him know its flood also.
For what is your friend that you should seek him with hours to kill? Seek him always with hours
to live.
For it is his to fill your need, but not your emptiness.
And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter,
and sharing of pleasures.
For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning
and is refreshed.

60. Mothers - Author unknown

"Mothers... "A Labor of Love".

Even in spite of all the "Joys of Motherhood" they have encountered,
it's still the greatest joy ever known. There is a legend that says that since God could not be
physically present amongst all of His people at all times, He created Mothers to take His place.

Looking at the smile on the face of a Mother as she looks at her baby explains it all very clearly.
As we age, we begin to realize the value of a mother's love and the enormous depth of her
commitment to us. No other relationship we form can ever be as close or profound as that
with our mothers.

Every human being carries with him or her the seal of "Maternal Love." We always remember
the maternal tenderness which is very hard to remove from the heart. Even when we grow old,
there remain the distant memories and the strong desire to see our Mothers once again.
Sadly, we have now lost her at the young age of seventy-five. She will always live on in a very
special part of our heart".

61. Grandmothers Angel Wings - Chris R. Slater

Ever unfolding, Like Angels radiant Wings,
Is the Magical love, And Kindness,
That a Dear Grandmother Brings.
Ever unfailing, As the Sea that beats the Shore,
Is the special care, Given to us, That will grow forever more.
Ever timeless, like a feather, falling gently,
Through the air, Is the love,

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Of Our Dear Grandmother,
To which nothing can compare.

62. Memories of You - *Author unknown*

I remember everything about you,
your voice, your smile, your touch,
the way you walked, the way you talked,
the way you looked at me meant so much.
I remember all the words you said to me,
some funny, some kind, some wise,
all of the things you did for me,
I see now with different eyes.
I remember every moment we shared,
seems like only yesterday,
or maybe it was ages ago, It's really hard to say
I know that you have left me now,
but one thing they can't take away,
your memory resides inside my heart,
and lights up my darkest days.

63. Grief - *Author unknown*

I think about you every day,
The pain I feel won't go away.
It's the price I pay and always hold,
And unlike the stories I get told.
Time does nowt to help me heal,
Don't plan to lose the way I feel.
Why would I try to just forget,
There's not a second I regret.
The precious times we got to share,
Those memories forever there.
So I'll think about you every day,
It's the price and pain I have to pay.
But please don't think that I don't miss,
And what I'd give for one more kiss.
But I know, I'll cease to grieve,
When it comes my time, for me to leave.
Until that time and who knows when,
I hope somehow, we'll meet again.

64. Ecclesiastes

Chapter 3 Verses 1 – 8 New King James Version

To everything there is a season and a time for every purpose under heaven.
a time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to pluck what is planted.
a time to kill and a time to heal,
a time to breakdown and a time to build up.
a time to weep and a time to laugh
a time to mourn and a time to dance
a time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones,
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing.
a time to gain and a time to lose,
a time to keep and a time to throwaway.
a time to tear and a time to sew,
a time to keep silent and a time to speak
a time to love and a time to hate,
a time of war and a time of peace.

65. Emotions - *Author unknown*

Our emotions sometimes take control when we lose someone we love.
For when a person that we've cared about is called from up above,
There is an aching in our heart and many tears left to be cried,
but the tears we shed are for ourselves for the sadness we feel inside.
For you who has passed is not suffering;
not in pain, nor full of sorrows,
just gone forward to a beautiful place
to spend all of your tomorrows.
We must realize about those we've loved
as a relative or a friend
that although their earthly existence has now come to an end,
In time, we'll meet with them once more and no reunion could be greater.
So for now *insert name*) we will not say "Goodbye..." we'll just say "See you later!"

66. Footprints in the sand - *Author Unknown*

One night I dreamed I was walking along the beach with the Lord.
Many scenes from my life flashed across the sky. In each scene I noticed footprints in the sand.
Sometimes there were two sets of footprints;
other times there were one set of footprints. This bothered me because I noticed that during
the low periods of my life, when I was suffering from anguish, sorrow or defeat, I could see

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only one set of footprints.

So I said to the Lord, "You promised me Lord, that if I followed you, you would walk with me always. But I have noticed that during the most trying periods of my life there have only been one set of footprints in the sand.

Why, when I needed you most, you have not been there for me?" The Lord replied, "The times when you have seen only one set of footprints in the sand, is when I carried you".

67. I'm Free - *Author unknown*

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free

I'm following the path God has laid you see.

I took His hand when I heard him call

I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day

To laugh, to love, to work, to play.

Tasks left undone must stay that way

I found that peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void

Then fill it with remembered joy.

A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss

Oh yes, these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow

I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.

My life's been full, I savoured much

Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief

don't lengthen it now with undue grief.

Lift up your hearts and peace to thee

God wanted me now; He set me free.

68. Gone From My Sight - *Henry Van Dyke*

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength.

I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other. Then, someone at my side says; "There, she is gone!" "Gone where?" Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says, "There, she is gone!" There are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout; "Here she comes!" And that is dying.

69. Flanders Fields - John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead.
Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow
Loved and were loved,
and now we lie, In Flanders fields
Take up our quarrels with the foe,
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep,
though poppies grow
In Flanders fields

70. Gates of Prayer - Author Unknown

As long as we live, they too will live;
For they are now a part of us:
As we remember them!
At the rising sun and at its going down we remember them.
At the blowing of the wind
and in the chill of winter we remember them.
At the opening of the buds
and in the rebirth of spring we remember them.
At the blueness of the skies
and in the warmth of summer
we remember them.
At the rustling of the leaves
and in the beauty of the autumn
we remember them.
At the beginning of the year
and when it ends
we remember them.
As long as we live,
they too will live,
for they are now a part of us.

As we remember them.
When we are weary and in need of strength
we remember them.
When we are lost and sick at heart
we remember them.
When we have decisions that are difficult to make
we remember them.
When we have joy we crave to share
we remember them.
When we have achievements that are based on theirs
we remember them.
For as long as we live, they too will live,
For they are now a part of us,
as we remember them.

71. Funeral Blues - W. H. Auden

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.
Let airplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of public doves;
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.
He was my North, my South, my East and West.
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever; I was wrong.
The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

72. Let Me Go - Author unknown

We've known lots of pleasure, At times endured pain; We've lived in the sunshine And walked
in the rain.
But now we're separated And for a time apart, But I am not alone- You're forever in my heart.
Death always seems so sudden, And it is always sure, But what is oft' forgotten- It is not
without a cure.
I'm walking now with someone, And I know He'll always stay, I know He's walking with you
too, Giving comfort everyday.

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There may be times you miss me, I sort of hope you do, But smile when you think of me, For I'll be waiting for you.

Now there's many things for you to do, And lots of ways to grow, So get busy, be happy, and live your life, Miss me, but let me go.

73. Poem of Life - *Author unknown*

Life is but a stopping place, A pause in what's to be,
A resting place along the road, to sweet eternity.
We all have different journeys, Different paths along the way,
We all were meant to learn some things, but never meant to stay...
Our destination is a place Far greater than we know.
For some the journey's quicker,
For some the journey's slow.
And when the journey finally ends,
We'll claim a great reward,
And find an everlasting peace,
Together with the lord.

74. Traditional Gaelic Blessing - *Author unknown*

May the road rise to meet you,
May the wind always be at your back,
May the sunshine warm upon your face
And the rains fall soft upon your fields,
And until we meet again
May God hold you in the palm of his hand.
When you are sorrowful
Look again in your heart
And you shall see that in truth
You are weeping for that which has been your delight.

75. A Dog's Poem

Also known as Missing You by Colleen Fitzsimmons

I stood by your bed last night, I came to have a peep.
I could see that you were crying, You found it hard to sleep.
I whined to you softly as you brushed away a tear,
"It's me, I haven't left you, I'm well, I'm fine, I'm here."

I was close to you at breakfast, I watched you pour the tea,
You were thinking of the many times, your hands reached down to me.

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I was with you at the shops today, Your arms were getting sore.
I longed to take your parcels, I wish I could do more.

I was with you at my grave today, You tend it with such care.
I want to re-assure you, that I'm not lying there.
I walked with you towards the house, as you fumbled for your key.
I gently put my paw on you, I smiled and said " it's me."

You looked so very tired, and sank into a chair.
I tried so hard to let you know, that I was standing there.
It's possible for me, to be so near you everyday.
To say to you with certainty, "*I never went away.*"
You sat there very quietly, then smiled,
I think you knew... In the stillness of that evening,
I was very close to you.

The day is over... I smile and watch
you yawning and say "good-night, God bless, I'll see you in the morning."

And when the time is right for you to cross the brief divide,
I'll rush across to greet you and we'll stand, side by side.
I have so many things to show you, there is so much for you to see.
Be patient, live your journey out...then come home to be with me.

76. A Fantastic Football Fan - Anthea Ballam

What's with this game
That made you feel so high?
Was it your team
Your mates
The offside trap
And then that lousy shoot-out
Nearly made you cry?

What's with this ball
That they could kick so high?
It meant the world
To you and them, so why?

It's all about expecting
And then throwing in
It's all about the winning

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But not whining – not giving-in
The square, the short and long ball
The pals, solid as a rock
The unexpected tackle
Sudden shock

You felt the roar
And saw the lucky chip
The crossbar stopped the goal
That you were willing in

And in the end
At injury time
When you went deep and deeper
You didn't find the goal
Or spot the sweeper

Then at the very end
When they were on their knees
You still walked tall
And like your mates
You claimed to take it all...
The penalty and the strike, *your way*
The win that set your heart aflame
The game, the pitch, the offside rule
The love that took your heart
Your final match at home — your ball.

77. Roads Go Ever On - J. R. R. Tolkien The following passage is taken from "*The Lord of the Rings*"

*Roads go ever ever on,
Over rock and under tree,
By caves where never sun has shone,
By streams that never find the sea;
Over snow by winter sown,
And through the merry flowers of June,
Over grass and over stone,
And under mountains in the moon.
Roads go ever ever on
Under cloud and under star,
Yet feet that wandering have gone*

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*Turn at last to home afar.
Eyes that fire and sword have seen
And horror in the halls of stone
Look at last on meadows green
And trees and hills they long have known.
Roads go ever on and on
Out from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
Let others follow it who can!
Let them a journey new begin,
But I at last with weary feet
Will turn towards the lighted inn,
My evening-rest and sleep to meet.*

78. No Matter What – Debi Gliori

“Does love wear out?” said Small, “does it break or bend? Can you fix it, stick it, does it mend?”
“oh help,” said Large. “Im not that clever, I just know I’ll love you forever”
Small said “But what about when you’re dead and gone – would you love me then, does love go on?”
Large held Small snug as they looked at the night, at the moon in the dark and the stars shining bright.
“Small, look at those stars – how they shine and glow. Yet some of those stars died a long time ago. Still they shine in the evening skies...love, like starlight, never dies”

79. Happy the Man - John Dryden

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.
Be fair or foul or rain or shine
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

80. Desiderata - Max Ehrmann © 1927

GO PLACIDLY amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence.
As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons.

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Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.

And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

81. Not Ready to Let You Go - Kelly Roper

I'm not ready to let you go. But you've already departed, And my heart is feeling so low.
I miss that little twinkle That used to light up your eyes. And I miss the sound of your voice,
Your laughter and your sighs.

But most of all I miss The way you made me feel, Like nothing could ever harm me because
Your love was so strong and real.

There are others here who miss you, And they've gathered here today. Your life touched so
many people, Who became your friends along the way.

They want you to know they love you, too. And they're filled with sadness and grief. No one
really wants to say goodbye, So we'll just wish you eternal peace.

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82. Pardon Me for Not Getting Up - Kelly Roper

Oh dear, if you're reading this right now, I must have given up the ghost. I hope you can forgive me for being Such a stiff and unwelcoming host.
Just talk amongst yourself my friends, And share a toast or two. For I am sure you will remember well How I loved to drink with you.
Don't worry about mourning me, I was never easy to offend. Feel free to share a story at my expense And we'll have a good laugh at the end.

83. I'm There Inside Your Heart - Anon

*Right now I'm in a different place
And though we seem apart
I'm closer than I ever was,
I'm there inside your heart.
I'm with you when you greet each day
And while the sun shines bright
I'm there to share the sunsets, too
I'm with you every night.
I'm with you when the times are good
To share a laugh or two,
And if a tear should start to fall
I'll still be there for you.
And when that day arrives
That we no longer are apart,
I'll smile and hold you close to me,
Forever in my heart.*

84. The Last Journey - Timothy Cootes

There is a train at the station
With a seat reserved just for me
I'm excited about its destination
As I've heard it sets you free

The trials and tribulations
The pain and stress we breathe
Don't exist where I am going
Only happiness I believe

I hope that you will be there
To wish me on my way
It's not a journey you can join in

It's not your time today

There'll be many destinations
Some are happy, some are sad
Each one a brief reminder
Of the great times that we've had

Many friends I know are waiting
Who took an earlier train
To greet and reassure me
That nothing has really changed

We'll take the time together
To catch up on the past
To build a new beginning
One that will always last

One day you'll take your journey
On the train just like me
And I promise that I'll be there
At the station and you will see

That life is just a journey
Enriched by those you meet
No-one can take that from you
It's always yours to keep

But now as no seat is vacant
You will have to muddle through
Make sure you fulfil your ambitions
As you know I'll be watching you

And if there's an occasion
To mention who you knew
Speak kindly of that person
As one day it will be you

Now I can't except this ending
And as it's time for me to leave
Please make haste to the reception
To enjoy my drinks, they're free!

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85. FUNERALISSIMO - Michael Ashby

The musical notes stood in lines
Discordant in their grief
Before regaining their composure
As black tears in embossed relief

The instruments played this salutation
To a **musician** of note and much more
At the end, everyone stamped their feet
Encore, Encore, Encore

86. Life Well Lived - Anon

A life well lived is a precious gift,
Of hope and strength and grace,
from someone who has made our world,
A brighter, better place.

It's filled with moments, sweet and sad,
With smiles and sometimes tears,
With friendships formed and good times shared,
and laughter through the years.

A life well lived is a legacy,
Of joy and pride and pleasure,
A living, lasting memory,
Our grateful hearts will treasure.

87. Somewhere - 'Miss C.G.', from Co.Durham

Somewhere behind the clouds,
The sun is shining,
Somewhere around the bend
The sky is blue,
Today you may be sad
And heavy hearted,
But put the past behind
And start anew.

Look forward to a bright
And glad tomorrow,
Yesterday is past
And gone for good,
Be thankful for true friends

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Who rallied around you,
Who knew your burden
And who understood.

Somewhere – sometimes your faith
Will be rewarded,
You'll stand there, head erect
And be aware,
That all that passed
Was just a time of testing,
And you will overcome
Sometime – somewhere.

88. Two Mothers Remembered - Joann Snow Duncanson

I had two Mothers – two Mothers I claim
Two different people, yet with the same name.
Two separate women, diverse by design,
But I loved them both because they were mine.
The first was the Mother who carried me here,
Gave birth and nurtured and launched my career.
She was the one whose features I bear,
Complete with the facial expressions I wear.
She gave me her love, which follows me yet,
Along with the examples in life that she set.
As I got older, she somehow younger grew,
And we'd laugh as just Mothers and daughters should do.
But then came the time that her mind clouded so,
And I sensed that the Mother I knew would soon go.
So quickly she changed and turned into the other,
A stranger who dressed in the clothes of my Mother.
Oh, she looked the same, at least at arm's length,
But now she was the child and I was her strength.
We'd come full circle, we women three,
My Mother the first, the second and me.
And if my own children should come to a day,
When a new Mother comes and the old goes away,
I'd ask of them nothing that I didn't do.
Love both of your Mothers as both have loved you.

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89. Winston Churchill Quote

“Let us be contented with what has happened and be thankful for all that we have been spared.
Let us accept the natural order of things in which we move.
Let us reconcile ourselves to the mysterious rhythm of our destinies,
such as they must be in this world of space and time.
Let us treasure our joys but not bewail our sorrows.
The glory of light cannot exist without its shadows.
Life is a whole, and good and ill must be accepted together.
The journey has been enjoyable and one worth making – once.”

90. As We Look Back - Clare Jones

As we look back over time
We find ourselves wondering
Did we remember to thank you enough
For all you have done for us?
For all the times you were by our sides
To help and support us
To celebrate our successes
To understand our problems
And accept our defeats?
Or for teaching us by your example,
The value of hard work, good judgment, Courage and integrity?
We wonder if we ever thanked you
For the sacrifices you made. To let us have the very best?
And for the simple things
Like laughter, smiles and times we shared?
If we have forgotten to show our
Gratitude enough for all the things you did,
We're thanking you now.
And we are hoping you knew all along,
How much you meant to us.

91. Until We Meet Again - Author unknown

Each morning when we wake,
We know that you are gone.
And no one knows the heartache,
As we try to carry on.
Our hearts still ache with sadness,
And secret tears still flow.
What it meant to lose you,
No one will ever know.

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Our thoughts are always with you,
Your place no one can fill.
In life we loved you dearly,
In death we love you still.
There will always be a heartache,
And often a silent tear.
But always a precious memory,
Of the days when you were here.
If tears would make a staircase,
And heartaches make a lane,
We'd walk a path to heaven,
And bring you home again.
We hold you close within our hearts,
And there you will remain.
To walk with us throughout our lives,
Until we meet again.

92. Extract from *The Amber Spyglass* – Philip Pullman

I will love you forever; whatever happens. Till I die and after I die, and when I find my way out of the land of the dead, I'll drift about forever, all my atoms, till I find you again... I'll be looking for you, every moment, every single moment. And when we do find each other again, we'll cling together so tight that nothing and no one'll ever tear us apart. Every atom of me and every atom of you... we'll live in birds and flowers and dragonflies and pine trees and in clouds and in those little specks of light you see floating in sunbeams... and when they use our atoms to make new lives, they won't just be able to take one, they'll have to take two, one of you and one of me, we'll be joined so tight...

93. *The Broken Chain* - Ron Tranmer

We little knew that day,
God was going to call your name.
In life we loved you dearly,
In death, we do the same.
It broke our hearts to lose you.
You did not go alone.
For part of us went with you,
The day God called you home.

You left us beautiful memories,
Your love is still our guide.
And although we cannot see you,
You are always at our side.
Our family chain is broken,

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And nothing seems the same,
But as God calls us one by one,
The chain will link again.

94. One at Rest - anon

Think of me as one at rest
For me you should not weep ..
I have no pain, no troubled thoughts
For I am just asleep.

The living thinking me that was
Is now forever still ..
And life goes on without me
As time forever will.

If your heart is heavy now
Because I've gone away ..
Dwell not long upon it, friend
For none of us can stay.

Those of you who liked me
I sincerely thank you all ..
And those of you who loved me
I thank you most of all.

The answer to life's riddle
In life I never knew ..
I go with hope that now I will
And even so will you.

Oh, foolish, foolish me
That was I who was so small ..
To have wondered, even worried
At the mystery of it all.

And in my fleeting lifespan
As time went rushing by ..
I found some time to hesitate
To laugh, to love, to cry.

Matters it not if time began
If time will ever cease? ..
I was here, I used it all

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And now I am at peace.

95. Instructions - Arnold Compton

When I have moved beyond you in the adventure of life,
Gather in some pleasant place and there remember me
With spoken words, old and new.
Let a tear if you will, but let a smile come quickly
For I have loved the laughter of life.
Do not linger too long with your solemnities.
Go eat and talk, and when you can;
Follow a woodland trail, climb a high mountain,
Walk along the wild seashore,
Chew the thoughts of some book
Which challenges your soul.
Use your hands some bright day
To make a thing of beauty
Or to lift someone's heavy load.
Though you mention not my name,
Though no thought of me crosses your mind,
I shall be with you,
For these have been the realities of my life for me.
And when you face some crisis with anguish.
When you walk alone with courage,
When you choose your path of right,
I shall be very close to you.
I have followed the valleys,
I have climbed the heights of life

96. Rainbow Bridge, author unknown

Just this side of heaven is a place called Rainbow Bridge.
When an animal dies that has been especially close to someone here, that pet goes to Rainbow Bridge. There are meadows and hills for all of our special friends so they can run and play together. There is plenty of food, water and sunshine, and our friends are warm and comfortable.
All the animals who had been ill and old are restored to health and vigor. Those who were hurt or maimed are made whole and strong again, just as we remember them in our dreams of days and times gone by. The animals are happy and content, except for one small thing; they each miss someone very special to them, who had to be left behind.
They all run and play together, but the day comes when one suddenly stops and looks into the distance. His bright eyes are intent. His eager body quivers. Suddenly he begins to run from the group, flying over the green grass, his legs carrying him faster and faster.
You have been spotted, and when you and your special friend finally meet, you cling together in

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joyous reunion, never to be parted again. The happy kisses rain upon your face; your hands again caress the beloved head, and you look once more into the trusting eyes of your pet, so long gone from your life but never absent from your heart.

Then you cross Rainbow Bridge together....

97. Do Not Stand at my Grave and Weep - Mary Elizabeth Frye

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am the thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints in snow,
I am the sunlight on the ripened grain,
I am the gentle, autumn rain.
As you awake in the morning's hush,
I am the swift upflinging rush,
Of quiet birds in circling flight,
I am the transcending night.
Do not stand by my grave and cry,
I am not there, I did not die.

98. 'Woodland Burial' - Pam Ayres

Don't lay me in some gloomy churchyard shaded by a wall
Where the dust of ancient bones has spread a dryness over all,
Lay me in some leafy loam where, sheltered from the cold
Little seeds investigate and tender leaves unfold.
There kindly and affectionately, plant a native tree
To grow resplendent before God and hold some part of me.
The roots will not disturb me as they wend their peaceful way
To build the fine and bountiful, from closure and decay.
To seek their small requirements so that when their work is done
I'll be tall and standing strongly in the beauty of the sun.

99. When Great Trees Fall - Maya Angelou

When great trees fall,
rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down
in tall grasses,
and even elephants
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall
in forests,

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small things recoil into silence,
their senses
eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die,
the air around us becomes
light, rare, sterile.
We breathe, briefly.
Our eyes, briefly,
see with
a hurtful clarity.
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,
examines,
gnaws on kind words
unsaid,
promised walks
never taken.

Great souls die and
our reality, bound to
them, takes leave of us.
Our souls,
dependent upon their
nurture,
now shrink, wizened.
Our minds, formed
and informed by their
radiance, fall away.
We are not so much maddened
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance of
dark, cold
caves.

And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed.
We can be. Be and be
better. For they existed.

100. 'Death (If I Should Go)' - Joyce Grenfell

*If I should go before the rest of you
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone
Nor when I'm gone speak in a Sunday voice
But be the usual selves that I have known
Weep if you must
Parting is Hell
But life goes on,
So sing as well.*

101. Life is short. Kiss slowly, laugh insanely, love truly and forgive quickly. Paulo Coelho

102. My life's stem was cut – Helen Dunmore

My life's stem was cut,
But quickly, lovingly
I was lifted up,
I heard the rush of the tap
And I was set in water
In the blue vase, beautiful
In lip and curve,
And here I am
Opening one petal
As the tea cools.
I wait while the sun moves
And the bees finish their dancing,
I know I am dying
But why not keep flowering
As long as I can
From my cut stem?

103. Albert Einstein Quote:

Our death is not an end if we can live on in our children and younger generation. For they are us; our bodies are only wilted leaves on the tree of life.

104. "The Place Where Lost Things Go"

(from "Mary Poppins Returns" soundtrack) Sung on the Soundtrack by Emily Blunt. Written by Scott Wittman.

This beautiful song is equally lovely read as a poem, and the final verse can be changed from her to him, as required.

Do you ever lie
Awake at night?
Just between the dark
And the morning light
Searching for the things
You used to know
Looking for the place
Where the lost things go

Do you ever dream
Or reminisce?
Wondering where to find
What you truly miss
Well maybe all those things
That you love so
Are waiting in the place
Where the lost things go

Memories you've shared
Gone for good you feared
They're all around you still
Though they've disappeared
Nothing's really left
Or lost without a trace
Nothing's gone forever
Only out of place

So maybe now the dish
And my best spoon
Are playing hide and seek
Just behind the moon
Waiting there until
It's time to show
Spring is like that now
Far beneath the snow
Hiding in the place
Where the lost things go

Time to close your eyes
So sleep can come around
For when you dream you'll find
All that's lost is found
Maybe on the moon
Or maybe somewhere new
Maybe all you're missing lives inside of you

So when you need her touch
And loving gaze
Gone but not forgotten
Is the perfect phrase
Smiling from a star
That she makes glow
Trust she's always there
Watching as you grow
Find her in the place
Where the lost things go

105. While Waiting for Thee - Helen Steiner Rice

Don't weep at my grave, for I am not there,
I've a date with a butterfly to dance in the air.
I'll be singing in the sunshine, wild and free,
Playing tag with the wind, while I'm waiting for thee.

106. Bilbo's Last Song – JRR Tolkien

Day is ended, dim my eyes,
but journey long before me lies.
Farewell, friends! I hear the call.
The ship's beside the stony wall.
Foam is white and waves are grey;
beyond the sunset leads my way.
Foam is salt, the wind is free;
I hear the rising of the Sea.

Farewell, friends! The sails are set,
the wind is east, the moorings fret.
Shadows long before me lie,
beneath the ever-bending sky,
but islands lie behind the Sun
that I shall raise ere all is done;

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lands there are to west of West,
where night is quiet and sleep is rest.

Guided by the Lonely Star,
beyond the utmost harbour-bar,
I'll find the heavens fair and free,
and beaches of the Starlit Sea.
Ship, my ship! I seek the West,
and fields and mountains ever blest.
Farewell to Middle-earth at last.
I see the Star above my mast!

107. Bilbo's Poem from *Fellowship of the Ring* – JRR Tolkien

I sit beside the fire and think of all that I have seen,
of meadow-flowers and butterflies in summers that have been;
Of yellow leaves and gossamer in autumns that there were,
with morning mist and silver sun and wind upon my hair.

I sit beside the fire and think of how the world will be
when winter comes without a spring that I shall ever see.
For still there are so many things that I have never seen:
in every wood in every spring there is a different green.

I sit beside the fire and think of people long ago,
and people who will see a world that I shall never know.
But all the while I sit and think of times there were before,
I listen for returning feet and voices at the door.

108. Epitaph on a Friend

by Robert Burns

An honest man here lies at rest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd
Few head with knowledge so inform'd
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

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109. I do not think my song will end - Johnny Hathcock

I do not think my song will end
While flowers, grass and trees
Abound with birds and butterflies
For I am one with these.
And I believe my voice will sound
Upon the whispering wind
I shall remain in hearts and minds
Of loved ones that I knew,
And in the rocks and hills and streams
Because I love those, too.
So long as love and hope and dreams
Abide in earth and sky,
Though you weep for me, remember this.
I shall not really die.

110.

"How long will the pain last?"

by Martha White

"How long will the pain last?"

A broken hearted mourner asked me.

"All the rest of your Life."

I have to answer truthfully.

We never quite forget.
No matter how many years pass, we remember.
The loss of a loved one is like a major operation.
Part of us is removed,
And we have a scar for the rest of our lives.

As years go by, we manage.
There are things to do, people to care for,
Tasks that call for full attention. But the pain is still there,
Not far below the surface.

We see a face that looks familiar,
Hear a voice that echoes,
See a photograph in someone's album,
See a landscape that once we saw together,
And it seems as though a knife were in the wound again.

But not so painfully.
And mixed with joy, too.

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Because remembering a happy time is not all sorrow,
It brings back happiness with it.

"How long will the pain last?"

"All the rest of your life".

But the things to remember is that not only the pain will last,
But the blessed memories as well.

Tears are proof of life.

The more love, the more tears.

If this be true,

Then how could we ever ask that the pain cease altogether?

For then the memory of love would go with it.

The pain of grief is the price we pay for love.

111. Leisure – by W.H. Davies

What is this life if, full of care,

We have no time to stand and stare?-

No time to stand beneath the boughs

And stare as long as sheep or cows:

No time to see, when woods we pass,

Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass:

No time to see, in broad daylight,

Streams full of stars, like skies at night:

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,

And watch her feet, how they can dance:

No time to wait till her mouth can

Enrich that smile her eyes began?

A poor life this if, full of care,

We have no time to stand and stare.

112. Check out the exquisite poetry of Donna Ashworth – google her name and lots will pop up. (inc 114 and 115 on this list)

113. And If I Go While You're Still Here - Emily Dickinson

And if I go, while you're still here...

Know that I live on,

Vibrating to a different measure

Behind a thin veil you cannot see through.

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You will not see me,
So you must have faith.
I wait for the time when
We can soar together again,
Both aware of each other.

Until then, live your life to the fullest
And when you need me,
Just whisper my name in your heart,
... I will be there.

114. You May Be Gone, Donna Ashworth

You may be gone
But I feel you
When the cool breeze
Brushes past.

You may be gone
But I hear you
When the music
Plays its last

You may be gone
But I know you
As a painter knows
Their art

You may be gone
But I feel you
In the chambers of
My heart

You may be gone
But your laughter
Is still my
Favourite sound

You may be gone
But my darling dad
You're ever
All around.

115. When I Go – Donna Ashworth (from the book - *Loss*)

When I Go
Don't learn to live without me
Just learn to live with my love
In a different way.

And if you need to see me
Close your eyes
Or look in your shadow
When the sun shines
I'm there.

Sit with me in the quiet
And you will know
That I did not leave.

There is no leaving
When one soul is blended
With another.

When I go
Don't learn to live without me
Just learn to look for me
In the moments.

I will *be there*.

116. Garden's Final Autumn by *Maya Anthony*

In the garden where life did teem
Autumn arrives, with a silent theme,
Leaves once green, now turn to gold,
Tales of endings, silently told.

Petals fall, their time is done,
Whispers of life, now begun,
With each wilt, and fading hue,
Nature speaks of life's renew.

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Though gardens sleep, in winter's clutch,
Life and death, intertwine as such,
For in each ending, new roots lie,
Promising life, under next sky.

117. Man United Days – Author unknown

Red is the colour that I often wore with pride
When I would sit and watch the match, fellow supporters at my side
We'd imagine ourselves at Old Trafford, hearts full of hope and dread,
Exuberant men, Red Devil Fans, always winners in our head

The match would start, let battle commence, we know what we are facing
Paul Scholes scores a blinder and the whole stand is embracing
Alex Ferguson is on his feet and shouting at his troops
Supporters singing 'Que Sera' as the players all re-group

Those were the good days that I loved so much, sometimes it felt like war
But 'The Red Devils', they never let us down, we all came back for more
Such memories they created, that in days to come we'd share.
Glory Glory Man United, I just wish I could have been there

But now I'm free to stand in that theatre of dreams
And my eyes are filled with tears of pride
I'm an equal amongst my heroes, Bobby Charlton at my side
The 'Heavenly Red's' need my help, I'm talking tactics for the game
And Sir Matt Busby even shook my hand and said he knew my name

My Man United days were glorious and I hope you can all see
That a large part of my heart belongs to Manchester United FC
But the rest belongs to all of you that I leave behind today
United we stand, forever in your hearts is where I'll stay

118. Find me in the future – Aroura Raine

In the future
You will find me waiting
In a little cottage by the sea
My field of sunflowers
Will have reached their way up
To touch the turquoise sky
I will have left the kettle on for you
And a little candle in the window
And we will laugh about

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How we thought for a moment
Everything was lost
When all you needed to do was
Find me
In the future

119. Belief – Ann Thorpe

I have to believe
That you still exist
Somewhere.
That you still watch me
Sometimes
That you still love me
Somehow.

I have to believe that life has meaning
Somehow.
That I am useful here
Sometimes.
That I make small differences
Somewhere.

I have to believe that I need to stay here for
Sometime.
That all this teaches me
Something.
So that I can meet you again
Somewhere.

120. You are – John F Connor

You are the waves that crash upon the shore
You are the wind that blows through the trees
You are the golden sunset
You are the summer breeze
You are a child's laughter
You are the birds that sing
You are autumn and winter
You are summer and you are spring
You are the golden sun
You are the moon and night
You are the green fields I roam
You are the stars that shine so bright

Poems and Readings for Funerals

You are the air I breathe
You are my heart that beats inside
You are every emotion I feel
You are love and hope and pride
You are everything
You are near yet oh so far
But everywhere I look
I know is where you are

121. For awhile – Ullie-Kaye

And for awhile, it will feel as though you have all this love, but nowhere to bring it.
And if you do, give it to the smallest of creatures. However, you find them.
Breadcrumbs for the birds. A tender hand for the butterfly with the crooked wings.
Cup your hands and save the insects from drowning.
Give your love to the wandering ones. Those souls who do not quite know how to find their way in an unforgiving world.
Give your love to the days where the Sun does not make an appearance.
Where oceans are deep and unkind and relentless.
To the loneliest tree in the quietest orchard. Find me here.
Beside every act of courage.
Amongst the beauty and the ache.
Scratched into backs of park benches and beach sands and pavements on rainy days.
I am woven into every memory that we've ever made.
When your love has nowhere to go, give it away.
And where ever it lands, that's where I am too.

122. They call us "The Elderly" - anon

We were born in the 40-50-60's.
We grew up in the 50-60-70's.
We studied in the 60-70-80's.
We were dating in the 70-80-90's.
We got married and discovered the world in the 70-80-90's.
We venture into the 80-90's.
We stabilize in the 2000's.
We got wiser in the 2010's.
And we are going firmly through and beyond 2020.
Turns out we've lived through EIGHT different decades...
TWO different centuries...
TWO different millennia...
We have gone from the telephone with an operator for long-distance calls to video calls to anywhere in the world.

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We have gone from slides to YouTube, from vinyl records to online music, from handwritten letters to email and Whats App.

From live matches on the radio, to black and white TV, colour TV and then to 3D HD TV.

We went to the Video store and now we watch Netflix.

We got to know the first computers, punch cards, floppy disks and now we have gigabytes and megabytes on our smartphones.

We wore shorts throughout our childhood and then long trousers, Oxfords, flares, shell suits & blue jeans.

We dodged infantile paralysis, meningitis, polio, tuberculosis, swine flu and now COVID-19.

We rode skates, tricycles, bicycles, mopeds, petrol or diesel cars and now we drive hybrids or electric.

Yes, we've been through a lot but what a great life we've had!

They could describe us as “exennials”; people who were born in that world of the fifties, who had an analog childhood and a digital adulthood.

We've kind of “Seen-It-All”!

Our generation has literally lived through and witnessed more than any other in every dimension of life.

It is our generation that has literally adapted to “CHANGE”.

A big round of applause to all the members of a very special generation, which will be UNIQUE.

123. Half of who you are - Verity Rock

I'm that shining, distant star?

My darling go to a mirror now, I'm half of who you are.

I'm right there in your features, That unique shape to your brow, I always said I'd be with you,
Why should that change now?

Look into your eyes my sweet, Do you still think I've gone far?

Those beautiful eyes are my eyes too, I'm half of who you are.

My time on Earth has ended, I'm so sorry I couldn't stay, My body was so tired,
There was no other way.

But remember all I've taught you, You're amazing, you'll go far, I couldn't leave you if I tried, I'm
half of who you are.

124. Perhaps the light - Mandy Antoniaci

Perhaps the light

That made her beautiful

Was not from her eyes

Nor from her smile

But from the way

That no matter the darkness.

That swelled around her,

within her,

she still found the courage to shine.

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125. Signs – Becky Hemsley

There's a robin on my fence today,
A feather by my feet
A heart-shaped leaf that blows along
Beside me down the street

Your song played on the radio
This morning in the car
And just last night I could've sworn
I saw a shooting star

The sun and rain are dancing
Making rainbows in the sky
And on the slightest breeze I watch
A butterfly go by

And people might say these are not
The signs I know they are
That it is just coincidence
Your song played in the car

That it is just the sky
And it is just the birds and breeze
A little windy weather
And the nature of the trees

But there is nothing little
About the way they make me feel
The sense of peace they carry
Is both comforting and real

Because it's just one song
And just one butterfly and bird
Just one star and just one leaf
In one enormous world

And so the probability
Of noticing it all
Is close to nearly nothing;
Almost infinitely small

And that is how I know
That when that leaf floats into view
It isn't a coincidence,

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But a sign of love from you

So keep on shooting stars to me,
Keep playing me your song
Whilst you dance atop the rainbows
And blow heart-shaped leaves along

Yes, keep on sending signs my love
I'll always look around
For your butterflies on breezes
And your feathers on the ground

126. And for a while – anon

And for a while, it will feel as though you have all this love,
but nowhere to bring it.
And if you do, give it to the smallest of creatures. However, you find them.
Breadcrumbs for the birds.
A tender hand for the butterfly with the crooked wings.
Cup your hands and save the insects from drowning.
Give your love to the wandering ones.
Those souls who do not quite know how to find their way in an unforgiving world.
Give your love to the days where the Sun does not make an appearance.
Where oceans are deep and unkind and relentless.
To the loneliest tree in the quietest orchard.
Find me here.
Beside every act of courage.
Amongst the beauty and the ache.
Scratched into backs of park benches and beach sands and pavements on rainy days.
I am woven into every memory that we've ever made.
When your love has nowhere to go, give it away.
And where ever it lands, that's where I am too.

127. Listen for Me - Donna Ashworth

Listen for me in the music
in the songs we held so dear
I'll find a way to play them
so you will feel me near
each verse will lift your spirits
embrace your weary soul
each word my soul is sending
to help you feel more whole
listen for me in the music

Poems and Readings for Funerals

and nature's music too
the birds will sing my message
they'll chorus my love for you
the wind will play the trees
as you are walking by
if you listen very closely
my heart's in every sigh
listen for me my love
I'll find a million ways
to whisper in your ear
that I'm not so far away.

128. A Smile That Warmed the World - anon

A rare beauty was she,
With a smile that warmed the world,
A light in the darkness,
A gentle sweet girl.

Her laughter was contagious,
Her heart filled with care,
A gift from above,
A special one so rare.

The beauty of her smile,
Would light up a room,
A beacon of love,
A blissful delight bloom.

Though she's gone from us,
Her light will remain,
A reminder of beauty,
A warm and gentle flame.

So when we think of her,
We'll remember her grace,
The beauty of her smile,
That lit up the place.

129. Gabriel's Oboe (Whispers in a dream)

Whispers in a dream
The world is quiet and waiting
And all around the air is still

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And sings the angels

When all is come to pass
The storm has breathed it's last
And the rain
Has washed our fears away
Love will find

Whispers in the wind
The clouds part to let the light in
And all around the people sigh
As birds take to the sky

When all is come to pass
The storm has breathed it's last
And the rain
Has washed our fears away
Love will find
A new song
The world will smile again

Whispers in a dream
The world is quiet and waiting
And all around the air is still
Then sings the angels

130. By the edge of the woods, author unknown

By the edge of the woods,
At the foot of the hill,
Is a lush green meadow,
where time stands still.

Where the friends of man and women do run
When their time on earth is over and done.
For here, between this world and the next,
Is a place where each beloved creature finds rest.

On their golden land, they wait and they play,
Til' the rainbow bridge they cross over one day.
No more do they suffer, in pain or in sadness,
For here they do whole, their lives filled with gladness.

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Their limbs are restored, their health renewed,
Their bodies have healed, with strength imbued.
They romp through the grass, without even a care
Until one day they start, and sniff at the air.

All ears prick forward, eyes dart front to and back,
Then all of a sudden, one breaks from the pack.
For just at that instant, their eyes have met,
Together again, both person and pet.

So, they run to each other, these friends from long past,
The time of their parting is over at last.
The sadness they felt whilst they were apart,
Has turned into joy once more in each heart.
They embrace with love that will last forever,
And then, side by side, they cross over together.

131. Reading: Adaptation of a passage from Little Women by Louise M Alcott

With tears and prayers and tender hearts they made her ready for the long sleep that pain would never mar again, seeing with grateful eyes the serenity that soon replaced the patience that had wrung their hearts so long, and feeling with reverence that their dearest's death was a benign angel and not a phantom full of dread.

When morning came, for the first time in many months, the fire was out, the place was empty and the room was very still. But a bird sang blithely on a budding bough, close by the snowdrops blossomed freshly at the window, and the spring sunshine streamed in like a benediction over the placid face upon the pillow, a face so full of painless peace that those who loved it best smiled through their tears and thanked God that she was well at last.

132. Sonnet: 'Our revels now are ended' - William Shakespeare From *The Tempest*, Act 4 Scene 1 (Prospero)

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

133. Remember me (anon)

Remember me as I used to be, not as you saw me last.
Recall the days of happy times spent with me in the past.

Instead of tears for what might have been, smile for all we shared.
A life so full of happiness, made so because you cared.

And next time you see a rose bloom or hear a blackbird's song,
Remember me as I used to be, in days when I was strong.

I would not wish for you to grieve, for the person I had become;
Instead, relive those memories of days when I was young.

So remember me as I used to be, not as you saw me last.
And keep me close in memory, in your present and your past.

134. Live While You Can - Sue Hooper

Don't get tangled in the weeds,
notice what grows, and water those seeds.
Marvel at silence, at shadows, at skies,
and choose, every day, where your attention lies.

Find joy in your child as they go their own way,
not needing your map, but still choosing to stay.
The gift is to witness, not shape or judge,
to offer them space, at most, a loving nudge.

Call your loved ones, just check they're okay.
Say well done. Say sorry. Mean what you say.
Make peace with the moments you wish you'd outrun,
the path still unfolds, and your time isn't done.

Be safe, but not so much you never explore.
Wear your best dress. Open the door.
Let the rain on your shoulders remind you you're here.
So live while you can, and hold this life dear.

135. Dad's parting advice - Author Unknown

Don't waste good beer, he always said,
And never waste good wine,
Enjoy your days, laugh every night,
And make sure you dine just fine.

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Don't argue with the ones you love,
Unless you know you're right,
And even then, just let them win,
It saves you from a fight.
Live your life, have lots of fun,
And always make a toast,
To Dads like me—who might be gone,
But still can haunt you most!

136. Heartfelt by Joanne Boyle

She left her body
and flew to the sky,
as I whispered "see you later"
instead of goodbye.

I knew she'd return
and come see me again,
just in a different form
without any pain.

I watched her go
and as her wings soared
my heart was breaking
as grief roared.

But I knew once she arrived,
through the gap in the sky,
she'd come back again
cos this isn't goodbye.

137. A Biker's Blessing – the final ride by Marc Lemezma

May your final ride be easy,
And the road stretch far and wide.

May each bend feel like a gentle curve,
Till the horizon meets the sky.

May the rush of the wind whisper in your ear,
And the sun glint in your eye.

May you ride along this road with grace,
As the sun sets, and falls from the sky.

May each mile be a memory for us to
Share, and remain etched in our hearts.

May that last destination soon seem near,
As you journey through uncharted paths.

May your final ride be easy,
And your spirit not be deterred.

May your bike bring you safely home,
As its roar gently ebbs to a purr.

138. Some Time At Eve by *Elizabeth Clark Hardy*

Sometime at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away,
With no response to the friendly hail
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the night stoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call in the waters' flow-
Some time at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away.
Through the purpling shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the Unknown Sea,
I shall fare me away, with a dip of sail
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager, sailing away
To the Mystic Isles where at anchor lay
The crafts of those who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.
A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friendly barks that were anchored near,
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In mooring sheltered from storm and gale
And greet the friends who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unknown Shore.

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139. Sea Fever by John Masefield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the seagulls crying.
I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life.
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like whetted knife:
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

140. When The Last Hand Comes Aboard by Richard John Scarr

No more a watch to stand, Old Sailor.
For you are drifting on an ebbing tide.
Eight Bells has rung. Last dogwatch done.
Now a new berth awaits you on the other side.

Your ship is anchored in God's Harbour.
And your ship mates, now of equal rank.
Are mustered on the deck to greet.
And Pipe as you ascend the Plank.

Her Boilers with full head of steam.
Cargo stowed and alley stored.
Just waiting to get underway.
When the last Hand comes aboard.

Look sharp! That Hand is you, Old Sailor.
And you'll be sailing out on Heavenly Seas.
May the wind be ever at your back.
Fair weather, and God Speed!

141. Sailor's Rest by D.R. Block

When my sailing days are over,
And I sail the seas no more,
I shall build myself a refuge
By the ocean's murmuring shore.

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As I watch the foaming breakers
When the tide comes rushing in,
I will contemplate my lifetime
With its virtues and its sins.
Where the azure of the heavens
Meets the undulating blue,
Where the sweeping, soaring seagull
Flies its endless quest for food.
It is there that I would rest,
When my work on earth is done,
At the endless blue horizon
'Neath the crimson, setting sun.

141. Remember me (anon)

Remember me as I used to be, not as you saw me last.
Recall the days of happy times spent with me in the past.

Instead of tears for what might have been, smile for all we shared.
A life so full of happiness, made so because you cared.

And next time you see a rose bloom or hear a blackbird's song,
Remember me as I used to be, in days when I was strong.

I would not wish for you to grieve, for the person I had become;
Instead, relive those memories of days when I was young.

So remember me as I used to be, not as you saw me last.
And keep me close in memory, in your present and your past.

142. Live While You Can - Sue Hooper

Don't get tangled in the weeds,
notice what grows, and water those seeds.
Marvel at silence, at shadows, at skies,
and choose, every day, where your attention lies.

Find joy in your child as they go their own way,
not needing your map, but still choosing to stay.
The gift is to witness, not shape or judge,
to offer them space, at most, a loving nudge.

Call your loved ones, just check they're okay.
Say well done. Say sorry. Mean what you say.

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Make peace with the moments you wish you'd outrun,
the path still unfolds, and your time isn't done.

Be safe, but not so much you never explore.
Wear your best dress. Open the door.
Let the rain on your shoulders remind you you're here.
So live while you can, and hold this life dear.

143. The Gardener (can be He or She) *by Mark Gregory (adapted by Tracey Schoales)*

The gardener, with her spade and hoe,
Works in the sun and rain and snow;
She digs and plants and waters too,
And watches over what she grew.
She tends the flowers with loving care,
And prunes the branches here and there;
She weeds the beds and clips the hedges,
And neatens all around the edges.
She is a lover of the earth,
And all the wonders it gives birth;
She is a lover of the bloom,
And all the fragrant, sweet perfume.
The gardener is a patient lady
Planting in full sun and a spot that's shady
When the day is done and she's through,
She looks with pride at what she grew.
So let us all be gardeners fair,
And tend to life with love and care,
And watch the seeds we plant come through,
To bloom and flourish, strong and true.

144. The Meaning by Stefania Lucchetti

And then it ends,
and all that remains
is the love we leave in the hearts of those who knew us.
The meaning of life is life itself.

145. The Unfinished (Unknown)

We cannot judge a biography by its length,
Nor by the number of pages in it.
We must judge it by the richness of its contents,
Sometimes those unfinished are among the most poignant.
We cannot judge a song by its duration,

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Nor by the number of its notes.
We must judge it by the way it touches and lifts our souls,
Sometimes those unfinished are among the most beautiful.
And when something has enriched your life,
And when its melody lingers in your heart.
Is it unfinished?
Or is it endless?

146. Farewell My Friends by Rabindranath Tagore

Farewell My Friends
It was beautiful
As long as it lasted
The journey of my life.
I have no regrets
Whatsoever said
The pain I'll leave behind.
Those dear hearts
Who love and care...
And the strings pulling
At the heart and soul...
The strong arms
That held me up
When my own strength
Let me down.
At the turning of my life
I came across
Good friends,
Friends who stood by me
Even when time raced me by.
Farewell, farewell My friends
I smile and
Bid you goodbye.
No, shed no tears
For I need them not
All I need is your smile.
If you feel sad
Do think of me
For that's what I'll like
When you live in the hearts
Of those you love
Remember then
You never die.

