



Some poems and words of comfort. You may like to have one of these read out at the service.

These writings are not original, but are collected from different sources, re-printed here for your use. We have many more available at our office.

The Sailing Ship

What is dying?
I am standing on the seashore.
A ship sails to the morning breeze and starts
for the ocean.
She is an object and I stand watching her
Till at last she fades from the horizon,
And someone at my side says, "She is
gone!" Gone where?
Gone from my sight, that is all;
She is just as large in the masts, hull and
spars as she was when I saw her,
And just as able to bear her load of living
freight to its destination.
The diminished size and total loss of sight is
in me, not in her;
And just at the moment when someone at
my side says, "She is gone",
There are others who are watching her
coming,
And other voices take up a glad shout,
"There she comes" – and that is dying.

Bishop Charles Henry Brent

Time

Time is too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice,
But for those who love,
Time is eternity.

Anon

When I have fears, as Keats had fears,
Of the moment I'll cease to be
I console myself with vanished years
Remembered laughter, remembered tears,
And the peace of the changing sea.
When I feel sad, as Keats felt sad
That my life is so nearly done
It gives me comfort to dwell upon
Remembered friends who are dead and
gone
And the jokes we had and the fun
How happy they are I cannot know,
But happy I am who loved them so.

Noel Coward

Goodbye my family, my life is past.
I loved you all to the very last,
Weep not for me, but courage take,
Love each other for my sake,
For those you love don't go away,
They walk beside you every day.

Frances Day

Death Stands Above Me

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

Walter Savage Landor

I Don't Believe in Death

I don't believe in death
Who comes in silent stealth
He robs us only of a breath
Not of a lifetime's wealth
I don't believe in the tomb
Imprisons us in earth
It's but another loving womb
Preparing our new birth
I do believe in life
Empowered from above
Till freed from stress and worldly strife
We soar through realms above
I do believe that then
In joy that never ends
We'll meet all those we've loved, again
And celebrate our friends.

Pauline Webb

I Have Seen Death Too Often

I have seen death too often to believe in death.
It is not an ending, but a withdrawal.
As one who finishes a long journey
Stills the motor, turns off the lights,
Steps from his car,
And walks up the path to the home that awaits him.

Anon

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.

Rabindranath Tagore

If I Should Go Before The Rest of You

If I should go before the rest of you,
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone.
Nor when I'm gone speak in 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.

Joyce Grenfell

The Dead Are Not Under The Earth

The dead are not under the earth
They are in the tree that rustles
They are in the woods that groan
They are in the water that runs
They are in the water that sleeps
They are in the hut, they are in the crowd
The dead are not dead.
Those who are dead are never gone
They are in the breast of a woman
They are in the child that is wailing and in the fire
that flames.
The dead are not under the earth
They are in the fire that is dying
They are in the grass that is weeping
They are in the whimpering rocks
They are in the forest, they are in the house
They are not dead.
When my ancestors talk about the Creator they say:
He is with us.....
We sleep with him. We hunt with him. We dance
with him.

Francis Nnaggenda

Living Bouquets

When I quit this mortal shore
And mosey 'round this earth no more,
Do not weep and do not sob;
I may have found a better job.
Don't go and buy a large bouquet
For which you'll find it hard to pay,
Don't mope around and feel all blue;
I may be better off than you.
Don't tell the folks I was a Saint
Or any old thing that I ain't.
If you have jam like that to spread,
Please hand it out before I'm dead.
If you have roses bless your soul,
Just pin one in my buttonhole
While I'm alive and well today;
Don't wait until I'm gone away.

Mabeel Easle

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into a silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day be day
You tell me of your future that you'd plann'd-
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far that you should forget and smile
Than you should remember and be sad.

Christina Rossetti

Death Be Not Proud

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not soe;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poore Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure – then from thee, much more must
flow;
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones and soules' deliverie.
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings and desperate
men,
And dost with poyson, war and sickness dwell;
And poppie or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy strake. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shall be no more. Death, thou shalt die.

John Donne

If I should die and leave you here awhile,
Be not like others, sore undone, who keep,
Long vigils by the silent dust, and weep.
For my sake – turn again to life and smile,
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do
Something to comfort other hearts than thine.
Complete those dear unfinished tasks of mine
And I, perchance, may therein comfort you.

A. Price Hughes

Indian Prayer

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.

Traditional

Think of Me

I am not gone,
I never left,
Though through your tears,
You were bereft,
For I am waiting,
In the room next door,
Where one day we'll be together
Forever more.
Think of me in a flower,
Think of me in the rain,
Think of me when you hear,
The larks' sweet refrain,
Enjoy the warm sunlight,
I'll chase away the cold,
Cherish what we shared,
And your heart will never grow old.
For this is my love,
That I bestow on you,
To be always there,
In what ever you do,
Walking in the breeze,
Or watching the clouds sail by
Just remember me,
I never did die.

Andrew Grubersk

He is Gone

You can shed tears that he is gone-
Or you can smile because he has lived.
You can close your eyes and pray that he will come
back-
Or you can open your eyes and see what he has left.
Your heart can be empty because you can't see him-
Or you can be full of the love you shared.
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live for
the past-
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of
yesterday.
You can remember him only that he is gone-
Or you can cherish 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 would want;
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night

Do not go gentle into that good night
Old age should burn and rave at the close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked not lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
And you my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless me now with fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of