



The family would like to thank everyone for their kind words and support at this sad time.

Memorial donations for  
**Cancer Research UK**  
may be left in the box provided  
on leaving the service, sent care of  
A.W. Lymn  
The Family Funeral Service  
or left online at  
[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries).

The family welcome those who wish to join them to raise a glass and have a drink to Mary's life at  
The Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren,  
97 Derby Road,  
Stapleford  
NG9 7AA.

**A.W. LYMN**  
*The Family Funeral Service*

Parker House  
25 Church Street  
Stapleford  
Nottingham  
NG9 8GA  
[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305

*In Loving Memory of*  
**Beatrice Mary Woulds**



*10th April 1929 - 24th February 2018*



*Bramcote Crematorium,  
Serenity Chapel  
Thursday 29th March 2018  
at 11.00 am*

*Civil Celebrant: Mr Andy Bruce*



*Drawn by Great-granddaughter, Ellie Johnson*



# *Order of Service*

## *Entrance Music*

Sailing  
by Rod Stewart

## *Welcome*

## *Tribute*

## *Music for Reflection*

Close To You  
by the Carpenters

## *Closing Words*

## *Exit Music*

We'll Meet Again  
by Vera Lynn





## *Poem*

### Miss Me, But Let Me Go

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 for long,  
And not with your head bowed low.  
Remember the love that once we shared;  
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take  
And each must go alone.  
It's all part of the master plan,  
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart,  
Go to the friends we know.  
Laugh at all the things we used to do;  
Miss me, but let me go.

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me.  
Plant thou no roses at my head  
Nor shady cypress tree.

Be the green grass above me,  
With showers and dewdrops wet;  
And if thou wilt remember,  
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
I shall not fear the rain;  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Sing on as if in pain;

And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember,  
And haply may forget.

