



A Celebration of the Life

Of



The family would like to thank everyone who has attended the service and for the many cards and messages of sympathy received.

You are warmly invited to
The Pollyfield Centre, Bideford
for refreshments after the service.

Donations, if desired, may be given for
CREDO Unit, NDDH
(cheques payable to North Devon Healthcare Trust)
by retiring collection or c/o
Braddicks & Sherborne Funeral Directors,
1 Abbotsham Road, Bideford, EX39 3AF

William James Davidson 'Billy'

Who passed away on Tuesday 19th January 2016

Aged 64

Service at The North Devon Crematorium
On Monday 1st February at 3.00pm.

MUSIC

‘Strawberry Fields Forever’
The Beatles

HYMN

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky:

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

HYMN

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

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

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

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

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

They cut me down and I leapt up high;
I am the life that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me -
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

MUSIC

‘Jerusalem’
Harry Secombe