



## THE FUNERAL OF IRIS CADMAN

1. ENTER to the Music of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata
2. THANKYOU for coming to say 'Goodbye' .... (a short address)

### 3. THE HOUSEWIFE'S EPITAPH

(A sad poem that always made me laugh)

Here lies a poor woman who was always tired  
for she lived in a place where help wasn't hired.  
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going  
where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing,  
and everything there is exact to my wishes  
for where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.  
In Heaven loud anthems forever are ringing  
but having no voice, I'll be done with the singing.  
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never  
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.

4. HYMN – The Day thou gavest, Lord, is ended.

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

We thank thee that thy Church, unsleeping  
while earth rolls onward into light,  
through all the world her watch is keeping  
and rests not now by day or night.

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

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

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

5. A READING

I stood upon the ocean's shore  
and viewed the silent deep,  
while 'neath the brightly beaming stars,  
all nature lay asleep.

As lone I paced that pebbly strand,  
and thought of those above,  
an angel seemed to whisper me;  
"There's nothing true but LOVE."

6. THE COMMITAL

(To the music of Doctor and the Medics)

GOING ON UP TO THE SPIRIT IN THE SKY

(you may clap me on my way if you wish)

7. BLESSING

May God grant always  
A sunbeam to warm you  
A moonbeam to charm you  
A sheltering angel  
So nothing can harm you.

8. Leave to the music of Sweet People

THE BIRDS ARE SWEETLY SINGING