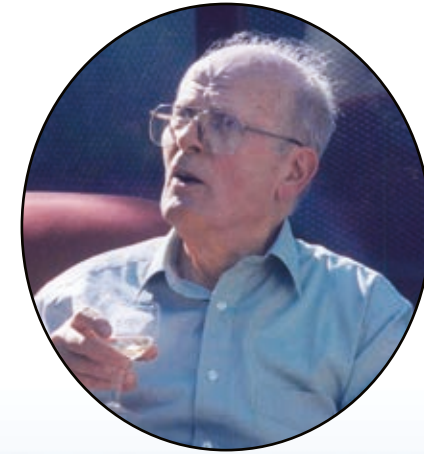


To Celebrate the Life of



Bill Williams

18th May 1921 - 13th February 2018



*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.*

John Dryden

Wednesday 7th March 2018 at 1.40 pm
Wilford Hill Crematorium, West Chapel

Lynn, Margaret and Robert would like to thank everyone
for their kind words and support at this sad time.

Memorial donations for the
British Heart Foundation
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

After the service, the family will be gathering at
Signatures Steakhouse
on Melton Road in West Bridgford.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

www.lymn.co.uk

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305

EULOGY, PART TWO

REFLECTION MUSIC

O Mio Babbino Caro from *Gianni Schicchi* - Puccini

COMMITTAL

POEM

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, - and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue,
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark or even eagle flew -
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

CLOSING MUSIC

Madam Butterfly from *Madama Butterfly* - Puccini



Order of Service

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

Nimrod from the *Enigma Variations*

INTRODUCTION

Rebecca White, Civil Funeral Celebrant

AN EPITAPH

read by Lynn Williams

And now the race is nearly run.
There's been some tears,
There's been some fun.
Now's the time I have to go,
Leave the laughs and leave the woe.
Look back, look back on smiles and tears,
The pattern of the passing years,
The dappled marking of this life,
Some shades of laughter, some shades of strife.
The paths we walk as we move,
Some are rough and some are smooth...

EULOGY, PART ONE

prepared and delivered by Rebecca White

POEM

from *Cymbeline* by William Shakespeare

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown of the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dread thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!