

*A celebration of the life of*



**Brian Taylor**

*11 October 1944 - 19 December 2022*

Dale Hill Natural Burial Ground | Friday 6 January 2023

*Entrance Music*  
**Gold Don't Rust by Neil Diamond**

*Welcome and Eulogy*  
**Jackie Straw, Civil Celebrant**

*Memories of Brian*  
**Andy Taylor**

*Reflection Music*  
**The Breaking of the Fellowship**  
**from The Lord of the Rings soundtrack**

*The Gardener*  
**read by Daniel Jones**

*Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun*  
**read by Jacqui Taylor**

*Closing Words*  
**Jackie Straw, Civil Celebrant**

*Exit Music*  
**Medley played by Trevor, piper**

*Walk to graveside*

*The Skye Boat Song*  
**played by Trevor, piper**



## *The Gardener*

Trowel in hand he stood there proud  
Of tomatoes that he'd sown.  
Of strawberries, carrots, beans and herbs,  
All of which he'd grown.  
A lifetime spent with earthy hands  
From planting all the seed.  
Providing for friends and family  
A feast from which to feed.  
Plentiful fruit and veggies grew,  
Of every colour bright.  
He cared for them most tenderly.  
He cared all day and night.  
Patiently he tended  
To all his little fruits.  
Watering and nurturing  
Till he could see their shoots.  
Always proud but often strict,  
This gardener had a way  
Of helping little seedlings grow  
So none would ever stray.  
Brian loved his garden.  
Gardening was his life.  
It was also somewhere to escape  
When in trouble with the wife.  
Think of him next time you stand  
Where a produce garden grows.  
For there he'll be in sun and earth,  
And in the wind that blows.

Adapted from a poem by Kate Armon



## *Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun*

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 o' 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 scepter, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.  
Fear no more the lightning flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded 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 renownèd be thy grave!

from Cymbeline by William Shakespeare



Brian's family would like to thank everyone for all the kind messages of sympathy, friendship and support they have received.

You are warmly invited for light refreshments at:

Queen's Head  
Victoria Avenue  
Ockbrook DE72 3RN



Donations received in memory of Brian will be shared between **Alzheimer's Research UK** and **The Hardy Group**