

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**