

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred.  
Down came the troopers, one, two, and three.  
"Whose is that jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

(Chorus)

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong.  
"You'll never catch me alive!" said he  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong:  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

(Chorus)

~

## ***Eulogy***

~

### ***The Book by Paul Meadows***

*read by Moir Leslie*

Go to that place we loved, our secret place.  
Close your eyes and you'll see my face.

Play that tune, the tune we love to hear.  
Close your eyes and you'll see me clear.

Walk on a beach or climb to the top of a hill.  
Close your eyes and you'll see me still.

Take a sip of wine, of dark red wine.  
Close your eyes and you'll see me fine.

At night go out and look at the brightest star.  
Close your eyes and you'll see me far.

On a day when the sky is blue and cold and clear,  
Close your eyes and you'll see me near.

Take down a book that would have been my choice.  
Open the book. Close your eyes. You'll hear my voice.



***La Fille aux cheveux de lin***

*by Claude Debussy, played by Annabelle & Richard*



***Poem for Bronnie's Birthday***

*Written and read by Charlie Cameron*

Cake maker  
Bread baker  
Posture correcting  
Joy injecting  
All the while  
Dripping in style  
Lighting up a room like the sun  
Making the most of everything she's done  
Full on living  
Heart giving

Practically perfect  
Totally worth it  
Sensational singer  
Inspirational winner of life  
That's how it's done  
There's only one  
Positivity to the sky and above  
The beautiful Bronnie whom we all love



**Tribute**  
*Annabelle*



**Reflection: What I Did For Love**  
*from A Chorus Line, recorded at Morden Shoals*



**Life Goes On by Joyce Grenfell**  
*read by Fiona Browne*

If I should die before the rest of you,  
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone  
Nor when I'm gone speak in a Sunday voice  
But be the usual sleeves that I have known.  
Weep if you must,  
Parting is hell,  
But life goes on,  
So sing as well.



# Hey Jude

Paul McCartney

Hey Jude, don't make it bad.  
Take a sad song and make it better.  
Remember to let her into your heart,  
Then you can start to make it better.

Hey Jude, don't be afraid.  
You were made to go out and get her.  
The minute you let her under your skin,  
Then you begin to make it better.

And anytime you feel the pain, hey Jude, refrain,  
Don't carry the world upon your shoulders.  
For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool  
By making his world a little colder.

Hey Jude, don't let me down.  
You have found her, now go and get her.  
Remember to let her into your heart,  
Then you can start to make it better.

So let it out and let it in, hey Jude, begin,  
You're waiting for someone to perform with.  
And don't you know that it's just you, hey Jude, you'll do,  
The movement you need is on your shoulder.

Hey Jude, don't make it bad.  
Take a sad song and make it better.  
Remember to let her under your skin,  
Then you'll begin to make it  
Better better better better better better, oh.

Na na na nananana, nannana, hey Jude... (x4)

