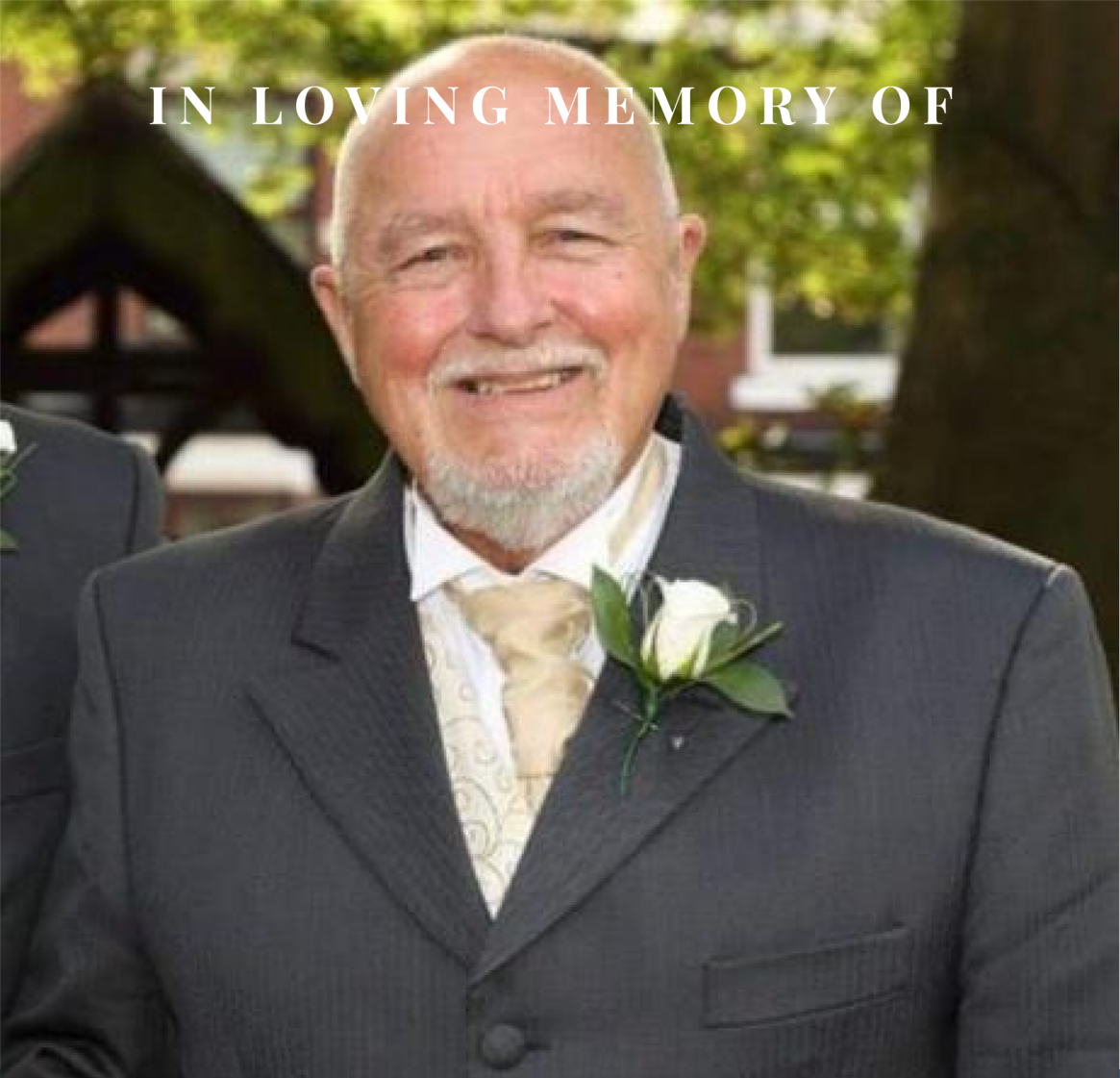


IN LOVING MEMORY OF



# *Leslie Horrocks*

12th December 1942 - 25th November 2023



*Service held at Overdale Crematorium West Chapel Bolton*

*Thursday 14th December 2023 10:00 am*

*Service conducted by Alison Regan*

*Entrance Music – The Wanderer by Dion and the Belmont's*

*Opening Words and Introduction – Alison Regan*

*Poem – A Mighty White*

Lift your head please no more tears and think of all those happy  
years.

Les is in a place that he's content; to his Wanderers heaven he's  
been sent.

He was with them at the Reebok and all the way from Burnden  
Park

Revelling in the big match buzz, the floodlights shining through  
the dark

Lighting up the players faces  
Lofty the Lion and Big Sam and all his aces.

When Bolton run out on the pitch, the next time that they play,

We all wish that Les could be there to share that day

I don't think we need to worry, as Les is seated up high

And though you can't see him, he watches from the sky.

So, when the Wanderers smash the ball into the net

Les's cheers will still be the loudest and that we won't forget

The past is always with us, those ties we cannot sever

The triumphs and the tragedies that bring football fans together

Now the final whistle has blown and cuts cleanly through the air

It's time to close our eyes and join together in a solemn prayer

Les bids farewell to the Trotters as the match comes to its end

And we bow our heads in love and respect and say farewell my  
friend

*The Lord's Prayer*

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name;  
thy kingdom come;  
thy will be done;  
on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation;  
but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom,  
the power, and the glory  
for ever and ever.  
Amen.

Tribute to Les

Photo Tribute – Wind Beneath My Wings, By Bette Midler

Poem – When I Am Gone

When I come to the end of my journey  
And I travel my last weary mile  
Just forget if you can, that I ever frowned  
And remember only the smile.

Forget unkind words I have spoken  
Remember some good I have done  
Forget that I ever had heartache  
And remember I've had loads of fun.

Forget that I've stumbled and blundered  
And sometimes fell by the way  
Remember I have fought some hard battles  
And won, ere the close of the day

Then forget to grieve for my going  
I would not have you sad for a day  
But in summer just gather some flowers  
And remember the place where I lay

And come in the shade of evening  
When the sun paints the sky in the west  
Stand for a few moments beside me  
And remember only my best.

Lyman Hancock



**Farewell to Les**

**Closing Words**

**Exit Music – These Are the Days of Our  
Lives by Queen**