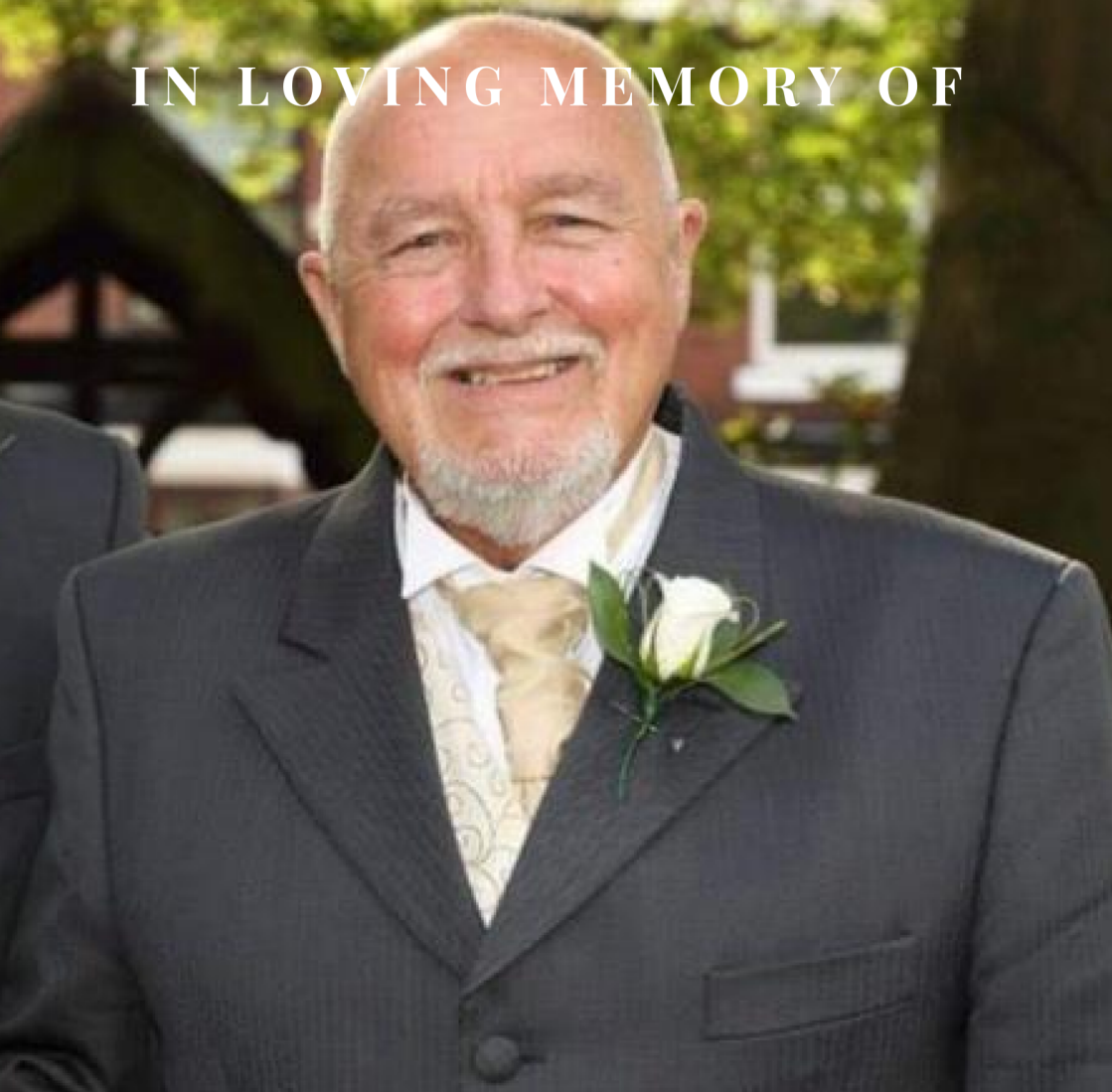


IN LOVING MEMORY OF



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**