

***RECEPTION OF COFFIN***

***WORDS OF WELCOME***

***ORDER OF SERVICE***

Conducted by Jason Ankers

***EULOGY***

By Justin Nicklen

***HYMN***

***Eternal Father, Strong to Save***

By Huddersfield Choral Society

Eternal Father strong to save  
Whose arm has bound the restless wave  
Who bids the mighty ocean deep  
It's own appointed limits keep  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in Peril on the sea  
Oh Christ whose voice the waters heard  
And hushed their raging at Thy word  
Who walkest on the foamy deep  
And how amidst the storm did sleep  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in Peril on the sea  
Eternal Father strong to save  
Whose arm has bound the restless wave,  
Who bids the mighty ocean deep  
It's own appointed limits keep,  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in Peril on the sea.  
Oh Christ, the Lord of hill and plain,  
O'er which our traffic runs amain.  
By mountain pass or valley low,

Wherever, Lord our brethren go,  
Protect them by Thy guarding hand  
From every peril on the land  
O Spirit, whom the Father sent  
To spread abroad the firmament.  
Oh wind of heaven, by Thy might  
Save all who dare the eagle's flight.  
And keep them by thy watchful care  
From every peril in the air  
O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour.  
From rock and tempest, fire, and foe  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go.  
That evermore shall rise to Thee,  
Glad praise from air and land and sea.

***POEM***

***Leisure***

By W. H. Davies

Read by Christopher Nicklen

What is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs,  
And stare as long as sheep and cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

**WORDS OF FAREWELL**

**CLOSING WORDS**

By Jason Ankers

**END OF SERVICE**

***Cabaret***

By Liza Minnelli

What good is sitting alone In your room?  
Come hear the music play.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum  
Come to the Cabaret.

Put down the knitting  
The book and the broom.  
It's time for a holiday.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum  
Come to the Cabaret.

Come taste the wine  
Come hear the band.  
Come blow a horn  
Start celebrating  
Right this way  
Your table's waiting.

What good's permitting  
Some prophet of doom  
To wipe every smile away.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum  
Come to the Cabaret!

I used to have a girlfriend  
known as Elsie  
With whom I shared

four sordid rooms in Chelsea  
She wasn't what you'd call  
a blushing flower...  
As a matter of fact  
she rented by the hour.

The day she died the neighbors  
came to snicker:  
"Well, that's what comes  
from too much pills and liquor."  
But when I saw her laid out like a Queen  
She was the happiest... corpse...  
I'd ever seen.

I think of Elsie to this very day.  
I remember how she'd turn to me and say:  
"What good is sitting all alone in you room?  
Come hear the music play.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum  
Come to the Cabaret."

And as for me  
I made my mind up back in Chelsea  
When I go, I'm going like Elsie.  
Start by admitting  
From cradle to tomb  
It isn't that long a stay.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum  
Only a Cabaret, old chum  
And I love a Cabaret.