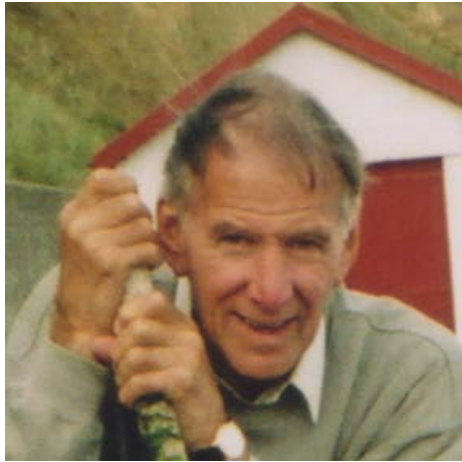


*A Celebration  
of the Life of  
Wilfred Dennis Johnson*



*1924-2013*

# Programme

## **Entrance Music**

Barber, *Adagio*

## **Introduction by the Funeral Director**

### **Readings**

*Sea-Fever*, John Masefield

*I could not Sleep for Thinking of the Sky*, John Masefield

*Epitaph*, Robert Burns

*Funeral Blues*, W.H. Auden

### **Music**

Massenet, *Meditation* from *Thaïs*

### **Tribute**

### **Silence for Reflection**

### **Committal**

Mascangi, *Intermezzo* from *Cavalleria Rusticana*

### **Closing Music**

Nat King Cole, *Red Sails in the Sunset*

# Readings

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

I could not sleep for thinking of the sky,  
The unending sky, with all its million suns  
Which turn their planets everlastingly  
In nothing, where the fire-haired comet runs.

If I could sail that nothing, I should cross  
Silence and emptiness with dark stars passing,  
Then, in the darkness, see a point of gloss  
Burn to a glow, and glare, and keep amassing,

And rage into a sun with wandering planets  
And drop behind, and then, as I proceed,  
See his last light upon his last moon's granites  
Die to dark that would be night indeed.

Night where my soul might sail a million years  
In nothing, not even death, not even tears.

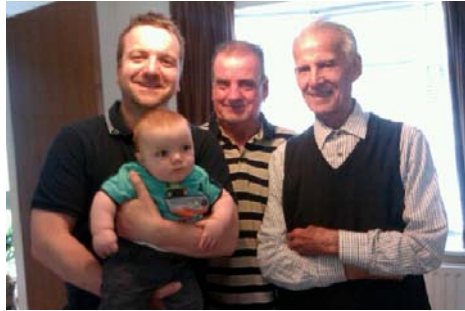
Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,  
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone.  
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum  
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead  
Scribbling on the sky the message He is Dead,  
Put crêpe bows round the white necks of the public doves,  
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,  
My working week and my Sunday rest,  
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song,  
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now, put out every one;  
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;  
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.  
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

An honest man here lies at rest,  
The friend of man, the friend of truth,  
The friend of age, and guide of youth:  
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,  
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd;  
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;  
If there is none, he made the best of this.



Many Thanks to

- Baguley Bros. Funeral Directors
- Queen's Medical Centre

After the Service

Please join us for tea at the Bestwood Lodge Hotel following the service (NG5 8NE)