

IN
Celebration
OF A LIFE



Following the service,
please join us for good
food and drinks from 2pm
at 30 Orchard Road,
Highgate, N6 5TR

*Donations to Greenpeace
& Amnesty International -
the charities closest to
Bridge's heart - are being
gratefully received.*

BRIDGET KITLEY
14TH OCTOBER 1931 - 14TH SEPTEMBER 2018

WEDNESDAY, 26TH SEPTEMBER, 2018, 11AM
GREEN ACRES, EPPING FOREST



IN MEMORY OF BRIDGE

Magic Flute,
Opening to Act 2, Mozart

Service: Kate Hobson

Creation, Adam and
Eve Duet, Haydn

Readings:

Act Two, Scene 2, Macbeth

William Shakespeare

Act Three, Scene 1,
Measure for Measure

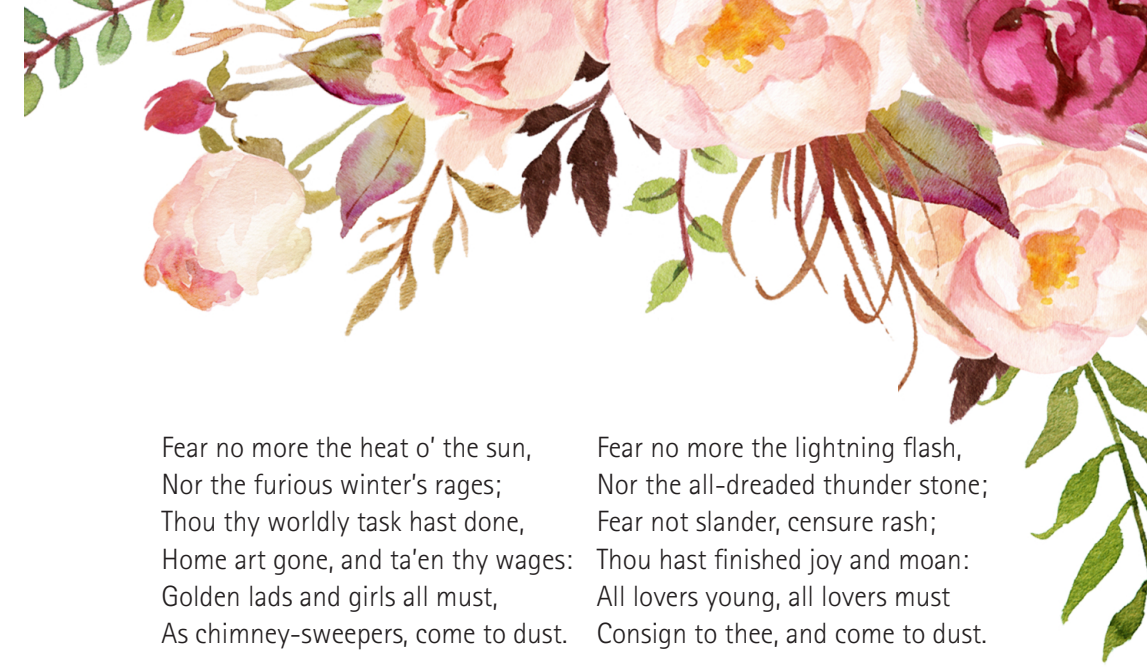
William Shakespeare

Salve Regina in F Minor,
Pergolesi

I was, I am not ; smiled,
that since did weep ;
Labour'd, that rest ;
I waked, that now must sleep
I play'd, I play not ;
sung, that now am still ;
Saw, that am blind ;
I would, that have no will ;
I fed that which feeds worms ;
I stood, I fell ;
I bade God save you,
that now bid farewell ;
I felt, I feel not ;
followed, was pursued ;
I warr'd, have peace ;
I conquer'd, am sub dued ;
I moved, want motion ;
I was stiff, that bow
Below the earth ; then
something, nothing now
I catch'd, am caught ;
I travell'd, here I lie ;
Lived in the world,
that to the world now die.

Anon

Peter Grimes,
Sea Interlude - Dawn,
Benjamin Britten



Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

from Cymbeline, William Shakespeare

