

# JOHN NAYLOR

12th June 1932 – 28th January 2018



West Norwood Cemetery  
and Crematorium

Saturday 17th February  
at 10.30am

*Celebrant:* Trevor Moore, Humanists UK  
*Piano:* Philippa Naylor  
*Readings:* Emily Naylor

*If you would like to make a donation  
in memory of John, please choose one of:*

ABF The Soldier's Charity  
(formerly the Army Benevolent Fund)  
The Royal National Institute of Blind People  
WaterAid

## **ORDER OF SERVICE**

### **MUSIC**

Mozart, Serenade in E flat major, K375  
Scottish Chamber Orchestra Wind Soloists

### **ENTRY MUSIC**

JS Bach, *The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book I*,  
Prelude in E flat minor

### **WELCOME**

Trevor Moore

### **READING**

William Shakespeare, *Sonnet XXX*

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:  
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight;  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

**TRIBUTE**  
Gill Davies

**READING**

From Anthony Powell, *A Question of Upbringing*  
(Vol.1 of *A Dance to the Music of Time*)



**TRIBUTE**  
Frances Morris

## **MUSIC**

JS Bach, *The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book I*,  
Prelude in F minor

## **TRIBUTE**

Funke Odelola

## **READING**

Percy Bysshe Shelley  
*Music, when soft voices die*

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory,  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed,  
And so thy thoughts, when thou are gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

## **TRIBUTE**

James Naylor

## **REFLECTION**

Brahms, Intermezzo No.1 in E flat, op.117

## FAREWELL

From William Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, Act 4, scene ii

*Please join in where marked in **bold***

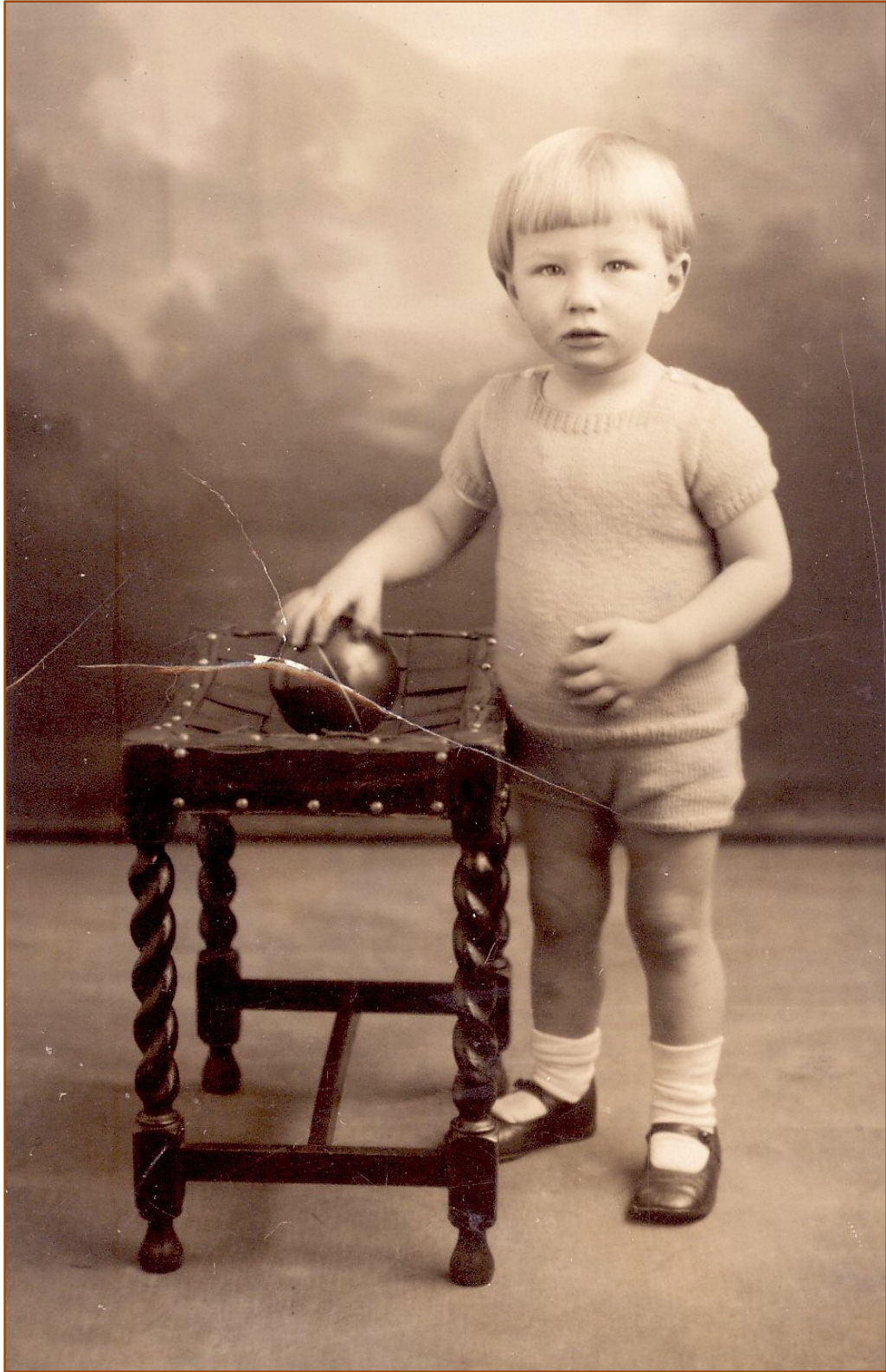
Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.  
Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.  
Fear no more the lightning flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, 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 renowned be thy grave!**

## CLOSING WORDS

### MUSIC

CPE Bach, Allegro in A major



*Everyone is warmly invited to  
join the family afterwards at*

Belair House  
Gallery Road  
Dulwich  
London SE21 7AB

*12.00pm – 3.00pm*

