

C A R O L E E



CAROLE YVONNE CAULTON
SEPTEMBER 26TH 1944 TO APRIL 2ND 2021



Entrance Music

Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves

Fly, thought, on wings of gold,
go settle upon the slopes and the hills
where the sweet airs of our
native soil smell soft and mild!
Greet the banks of the river Jordan
and Zion's tumbled towers.
Oh, my country, so lovely and lost!
Oh remembrance so dear yet unhappy!

Golden harp of the prophetic wise men,
why hang so silently from the willows?
Rekindle the memories in our hearts,
tell us about the times gone by!
Remembering the fate of Jerusalem
play us a sad lament
or else be inspired by the Lord
to fortify us to endure our suffering!

From Nabucco by Giuseppe Verdi



Welcome & Introduction

Hannah McKerchar

Early Memories of Carole

*Sister, Pakistan, Sandhurst, Family &
Seaside days out*

Reflection

Music

Bridge Over Troubled Water

When you're weary, feeling small,
When tears are in your eyes
I will dry them all
I'm on your side
Oh when times get rough
And friends just can't be found
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down

When you're down and out
When you're on the street
When evening falls so hard
I will comfort you
I'll take your part
Oh when darkness comes
And pain is all around
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down

Sail on, silver girl
Sail on by
Your time has come to shine
All your dreams are on their way
See how they shine
Oh if you need a friend
I'm sailing right behind

Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind

By Simon and Garfunkel



Further Memories

*Love at first sight, Crofton Farm
Exploring & Ever growing family fun*

A poem

How do I love thee?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

By Elizabeth Barratt Browning



Exit Music

America by Neil Diamond

To Carole, and to all who love her,

The peace of the running water to you,
The peace of the flowing air to you,
The peace of the quiet earth to you,
The peace of the shining stars to you,
And the love and care of us all, to you.

