

Carol Bibby



25th October 1960 - 14th January 2019

Entrance Music

Dido and Aeneas Act I (Henry Purcell) - Janet Baker, Patricia Clark, Raimund Herincx, English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Anthony Lewis

Welcome and Opening Address

Dave Blyth: eulogy

Hushed was the evening hymn
(James Drummond Burns) - Scottish Festival Singers

Liz Willows reads That's what friends are for (Neil Bartlett, 1994)
In: A. Scholder and I. Silverman, eds. High Risk 2, Writings on Sex, Death
and Subversion, Serpent's Tail: London. p.87

All I ask of you (Andrew Lloyd Webber) - Steve Barton, Sarah Brightman

Jak: eulogy



Period of Reflection

Orfeo ed Euridice Act 2 Misero Giovane
(Christoph Willibald Gluck) - Sylvia McNair, Derek Lee Ragin, Monteverdi Choir,
English Baroque Soloists conducted by John Eliot Gardiner

CORO Misero giovane! Che vuoi, che mediti? Altro non abita
Che lutto e gemito In queste orribili Soglie funeste!

CHORUS Wretched youth, what seek you? What is your purpose?
Here dwell naught but grief and lamenting in these fearful, mournful regions!

ORFEO Mille pene, ombre moleste, Come voi sopporto anch'io;
Ho con me l'inferno mio, Me lo sento in mezzo al cor.

ORPHEUS A thousand pangs I too suffer, like you, o troubled shades;
my hell lies within me, in the depths of my heart.

CORO Ah, quale incognito Affetto flebile, Dolce
a sospendere Vien l'implacabile Nostro furor?

CHORUS Ah! What unknown feeling of pity sweetly comes
to soften our implacable rage?

ORFEO Men tiranne, ah! voi sareste Al mio pianto, al mio lamento,
Se provaste un sol momento Cosa sia languir d'amor.

ORPHEUS Ah! You would be less harsh to my weeping and lamenting
if for but a moment you could know what it is to languish for love.

CORO Ah quale incognito Affetto flebile, Dolce a sospendere
Vien l'implacabile Nostro furor? Le porte stridano Su i
neri cardini E il passo lascino Sicuro e libero
Al vincitor.

CHORUS Ah! What unknown feeling of pity sweetly comes to
soften our implacable rage? Let the gates creak on their black hinges,
and let the victor, safe and free, be allowed to pass.

Funeral Blues (Wystan Hugh Auden)

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 crépe 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.



Out in the Street (Bruce Springsteen)

Put on your best dress baby and, darling, fix your hair up right
'Cause there's a party, honey, way down beneath the neon lights
All day you've been working that hard line
Now tonight you're gonna have a good time

I work five days a week, girl, loading crates down on the dock
I take my hard earned money and meet my girl down on the block
And Monday when the foreman calls time
I've already got Friday on my mind

When that whistle blows, girl, I'm down the street
I'm home, I'm out of my work clothes
When I'm out in the street, oh oh oh oh oh, I walk the way I wanna walk
When I'm out in the street, oh oh oh oh oh, I talk the way I wanna talk
When I'm out in the street, when I'm out in the street

When I'm out in the street, girl, well I never feel alone
When I'm out in the street, girl, in the crowd I feel at home
The black and whites they cruise by
And they watch us from the corner of their eye

But there ain't no doubt, girl, down here
We ain't gonna take what they're handing out
When I'm out in the street, oh oh oh oh oh, I walk the way I wanna walk
When I'm out in the street, oh oh oh oh oh, I talk the way I wanna talk
Baby, out in the street I don't feel sad or blue
Baby, out in the street I'll be waiting for you

When the whistle blows, girl, I'm down the street
I'm home, I'm out of my work clothes
When I'm out in the street, oh oh oh oh oh, I walk the way I wanna walk
When I'm out in the street, oh oh oh oh oh, I talk the way I wanna talk

When I'm out in the street, oh oh oh oh oh, pretty girls, they're all passing by
When I'm out in the street, oh oh oh oh oh, from the corner we give them the eye

Baby, out in the street I just feel all right
Meet me out in the street, little girl, tonight
Go!
Meet me out in the street, meet me out in the street

Please stay with us for refreshments after the service.



Donations to Overgate Hospice will be gratefully received. You can do this directly or use the collection box at The Old School Chapel.

Thanks to all at Warburtons' Funeral Care and Ann Brown.

Jak, Dave and Paul