
A service of Thanksgiving for the Life of

Brian Leonard King

BSc. Engineering; CEng MIMechE

9th May 1933 - 31st May 2026



Markeaton Crematorium, Main Chapel

Tuesday 30th June 2026 at 11.00 am



Order of Service

Conducted by Reverend David Horsfall

Music on Entrance

Stranger On The Shore

Acker Bilk

Welcome and Introduction

Hymn

Morning has broken,
Like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken
Like the first bird;
Praise for the singing,
Praise for the morning,
Praise for them springing
Fresh from the Word.

Sweet the rain's new fall,
Sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall
On the first grass;
Praise for the sweetness,
Of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness
Where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight,
Mine is the morning,
Born of the one light
Eden saw play;
Praise with elation,
Praise every morning,
God's re-creation
Of the new day.

Eleanor Farjeon

Reading

Psalm 23

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

Eulogy

Mr Doug Dickens

Music for Reflection

The Skye Boat Song.

Lyrics written by Sir Harold Edwin Boulton,
music written by Annie MacLeod.

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing.
Onward, the sailors cry!
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howls, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air.
Baffled our foes stand on the shore.
Follow they will not dare.

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing.
Onward, the sailors cry!
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore did wield,
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing.
Onward, the sailors cry!
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing.
Onward, the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Poem

Gone From My Sight by Reverend. Luther F. Beecher
Chosen by Sophie Lazenby

I am standing upon the seashore.
A ship, at my side, spreads her white sails to the moving breeze and starts for
the blue ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength.
I stand and watch her until, at length, she hangs like a speck of white cloud
just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.
Then, someone at my side says, 'There, she is gone.'
Gone where?
Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast, hull and spar as
she was when she left my side. And, she is just as able to bear her load of living
freight to her destined port.
Her diminished size is in me — not in her.

And, just at the moment when someone says, 'There, she is gone,' there are
other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad
shout, 'Here she comes!'

Poem

Sea-Fever

by John Masefield

read by Stuart Griffin

I must go 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 go 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 go 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.

Prayers ending with The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

Commendation and Committal

Blessing

Music On Exit

The Adagio of Spartacus and Phrygia,
Aram Khachaturian





The family would like to thank you all for attending today and for your kind messages of support and loss at this sad time.

You are warmly invited to join them for light refreshments at Morley Hayes, Pavilion Suite, Main Road, Morley, DE7 6QA.

All donations in memory of Brian will be going to the
Linby Cardiac Investigations Unit,
at the City Hospital in Nottingham,
in recognition of their 11 years of excellent care
and support shown to Brian.

Donations may be sealed in the donation envelope and
placed in the box on leaving the service, or care of

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service®

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