

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

RICHIE LEES

11 JANUARY 1963 ~ 24 NOVEMBER 2024



Order of Service

Entrance

Rhinestone Cowboy

Introduction

Eulogy

Sarah Lees

Children's Tributes

Laura, Sally and Wyatt Lees

Reflection Music

I'm a Believer

Poems

Do Not Stand at my Grave and Weep
Read by Maree McCrum

The Man of Old Trafford
Written and read by Patrick Lees

Reflection

Words of Thanks

Concluding Music
Everything I Own

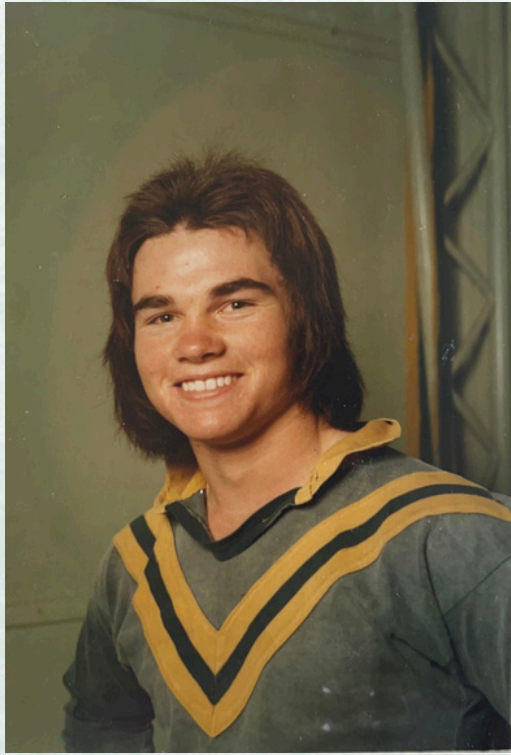
Bagpipes

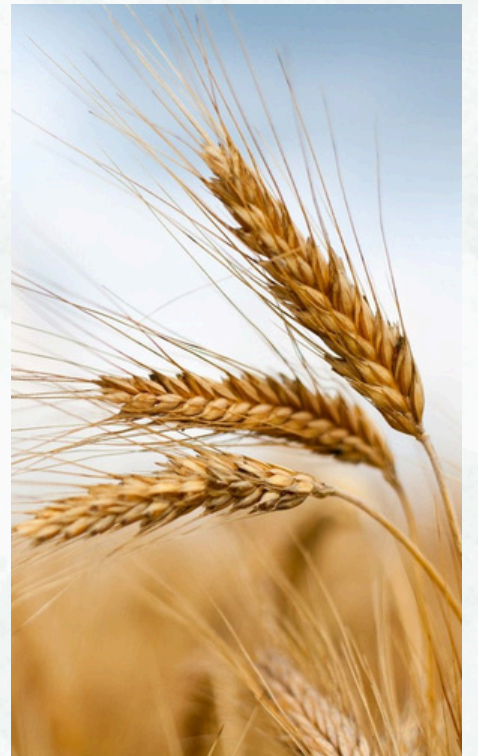
Auld Lang Syne























Funeral Blues.

**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 crepe 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.**



Griffith Regional Funeral Services

(02) 6964 4473