

FUNERAL SERVICE
TO CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF



WILLIAM McILVANNEY

25th November 1936 - 5th December 2015

Glasgow University Chapel
Wednesday 16th December, 12.30pm





Music: Lament

Aly Bain

Welcome and Introduction

Stuart McQuarrie

Tribute

Frank Donnelly

Reading

Barry Lynch

Music: Jubilee

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Tribute

Robbie Gillespie





Tribute

Hugh McIlvanney

Music: Alexandra Leaving

Leonard Cohen

Reading & Tribute

Siobhán McIlvanney

Because I Could Not Stop For Death

by Emily Dickinson

*Because I could not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –
And Immortality.*

*We slowly drove – He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility –*





*We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess – in the Ring –
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –
We passed the Setting Sun –*

*Or rather – He passed Us –
The Dews drew quivering and Chill –
For only Gossamer, my Gown –
My Tippet – only Tulle –*

*We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground –
The Roof was scarcely visible –
The Cornice – in the Ground –*

*Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity.*

Music: Anthem
Leonard Cohen

Tribute
Liam McIlvanney





Music:

Auld Lang Syne

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
For auld lang syne?*

*For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne*

*And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp
And surely I'll be mine
And we'll tak a cup o kindness yet
For auld lang syne*

*For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne*

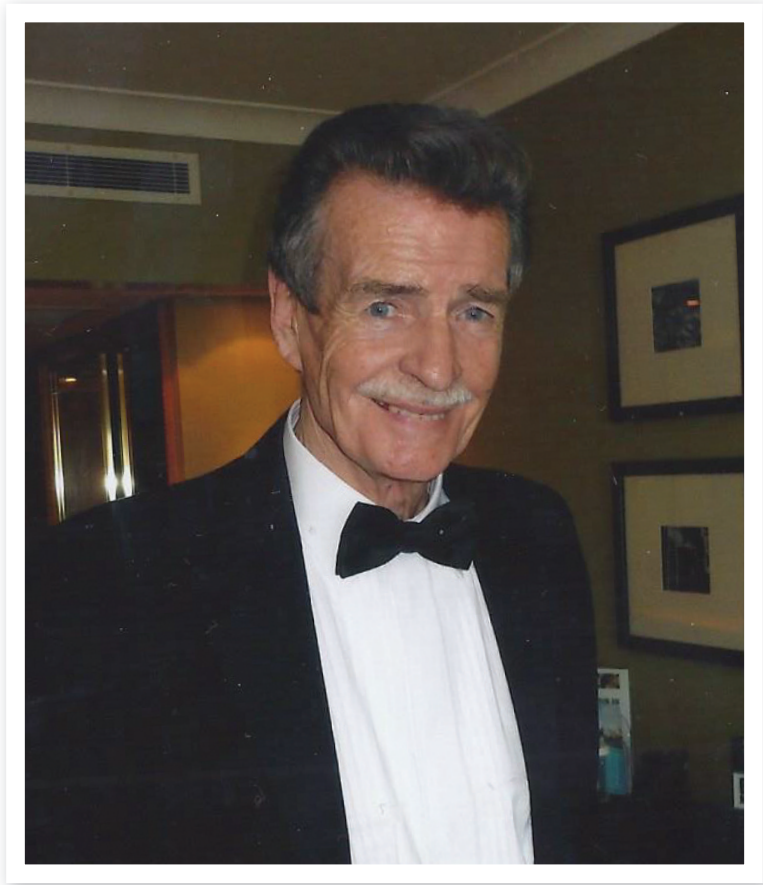
*We twa hae run aboot the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine
And we've wandered many a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne*

*For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne*

*We twa hae paidled i' the burn
From mornin' sun till dine
But the seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne*

*For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne*







*And so adrift in unknown selves we lie
Abandoned to dark plucks of circumstance,
Not knowing what will come or what we'll do
Or where the tides of sleep will wash us and
Shy from the sculling shapes that feed on mind,
Feel every certainty drift out of reach
And sigh and hold each other, tryst with touch
To share what is not shareable, and know
The jerking terror of time's undertow
And madly try to dream ourselves a beach.*

William McIlvanney