

A GATHERING OF FRIENDS

AT THE INTERMENT OF

WILLIAM P. DENSMORE

June 24, 1924 / January 18, 2013

-
- A. Welcome
 - B. Sing: "*We'll Build a Land*"
 - C. Readings:
 - Robert Louis Stevenson
 - Walt Whitman
 - D. The Interment
 - "*We Remember Them*"
 - E. Sing: "*Where Have All the Flowers Gone?*"
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WOODLAWN CEMETERY

Princeton, Massachusetts

August 4, 2013

"We'll Build a Land"¹

(A favorite hymn sung by Bill at First U/Worcester)

We'll build a land where we'll bind up the broken
We'll build a land where the captives go free
Where the oil of gladness dissolves all mourning.
Oh, we'll build a promised land that can be.

(Chorus)

*Come build a land where sisters and brothers,
Anointed by God, may then create peace:
Where justice shall roll down like waters,
And peace like an ever flowing stream.*

We'll build a land where we bring the good tidings
To all the afflicted and all those who mourn.
And we'll give them garlands instead of ashes.
Oh, we'll build a land where peace is born. *(Chorus)*

We'll be a land building up ancient cities,
Raising up devastations from old;
Restoring ruins of generations.
Oh we'll build a land of people so bold. *(Chorus)*

Come, build a land where the mantles of praises
Resound from spirits once faint and once weak;
Where like oaks of righteousness stand her people.
Oh, come build the land, my people we seek.
(Chorus)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g5C9fTzkXJM>

also: Rev. Christie Melby-Gibbons sings and plays piano on a song with words adapted by Carolyn McDade from Isaiah 61 & Amos 5:24. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WS-fDpejo70>

¹ Hymn #121 from "Singing the Living Tradition" Hymnal,
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<http://archive.uua.org/news/2002/worship-resources-time-unrest-0902.pdf>
Words adapted by Carolyn McDade from Isaiah 61 & Amos [5:24](#).

READINGS

From the wall in Bill Densmore's office . . .

That man is a success who has lived well,
laughed often and loved much;
who has gained the respect of intelligent
men and the love of children;
who has filled his niche and
accomplished his task;
who laves the world better than he
found it, whether by an improved poppy,
a perfect poem, or a rescued soul;
who never lacked appreciation of
earth's beauty or failed to express it;
who looked for the best in others
and gave the best he had

-- Robert Louis Stevenson
1850-1884

I think I could turn and live with animals
they're so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long,
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented
with the music of owning things,
Not one kneels to another,
nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

-- Walt Whitman
1819-1892

We Remember Them

(to be read during actual interment)

Reading #720, Ceremonial Occasions/Funerals and Memorials,
"Singing the Living Traditions," copyright, 1993, Unitarian Universalist Association

We Remember Them

In the rising of the sun and its going down,
We Remember Them.

In the bowing of the wind and in the chill of winter,
We Remember Them.

In the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring.
We Remember Them.

In the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer,
We Remember Them.

In the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn.
We Remember Them.

In the beginning of the year and when it ends,
We Remember Them.

When we are weary and in need of strength,
We Remember Them.

When we are lost and sick of heart,
We Remember Them.

When we have joys and special celebrations we yearn to share,
We Remember Them.

So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are part of us.
We Remember Them.

"Where Have All the Flowers Gone"

Words and music by Pete Seeger,
copyright, Sanga Music Inc., BMI

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone for husbands everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the husbands gone, long time passing?
Where have all the husbands gone, long time ago?
Where have all the husbands gone?
Gone for soldiers everyone
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards, everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago?
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them everyone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?