



Colin Turpin

6 June 1928 ~ 18 July 2019

I Think Of You (Ich denke dein) by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
Translation by Richard Stokes

I think of you, when the shimmering sun
Gleams from the sea;
I think of you, when the glittering moon
Is mirrored in streams.

I see you, when on the distant path
Dust rises;
In deep night, when on the narrow bridge
The traveller trembles.

I hear you where, with muffled roar
The wave rears up.
In the silent wood I often hearken
When all is silent.

I am with you, however far away you be,
You are by my side!
The sun sets, soon the stars will shine for me.
Ah! were you but here!



A Celebration for Colin

Sibelius 7th Symphony

Welcome. Colin's story read by Josephine

A South African Childhood shared by Philip

A Dear and Loving Husband - poem by Anne Bradstreet that Monique left for Colin read by Joanna

Schumann 4 Duet, Op. 78: No. 3, Ich denke Dein

A Man of Commitment shared by Mark

The Lawyer and the Teacher shared by Elizabeth Freeman & David Howarth

Cav Ave, a Special Place shared by Steve

Our Grandfather ~ messages from the grandchildren read by Jon

Grand-père shared by Sam

Colin's Life in Oxford shared by Esther

Go Gently shared by Paul

Elevation by Charles Baudelaire read by Rebecca

Colin in Bordeaux shared by Francis

Wanderer's Nightsong II by Goethe. Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, read by Francis

Vaughan Williams' The Lark Ascending as we rise and walk together to the graveside

Our revels now are ended from *The Tempest* by William Shakespeare

Committal

Refreshments and reflections in the Lodge; a chance to share stories and enjoy some photographs accompanied by music that Colin enjoyed

Walking in English fields I hear entranced
The music of the lark.
Down the ravines of Table Mountain runs
The rainblood of my heart.

C.C.T.

