

30 Beautiful Funeral Poems To Read At A Memorial Service

Choosing a few words or a message for the dearly departed is a difficult decision. How do we say our final goodbyes?

Poetry is one of the best mediums for capturing and expressing emotions and is very common at all sorts of gatherings and events, including funerals.

The right verses for funerals can invoke celebration of a life well-lived or sorrow at the loss of a valuable and dearly loved friend or family member.

Popular Funeral Poems

These poems are popular for a reason. The following poems are well known for helping bereaved people express their grief and for providing them comfort.

Each of these poems is a tried and tasteful choice to be shared at a funeral among grieving friends and family.

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1. Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep by Mary Elizabeth Frye

Do not stand at my grave and weep, I am not there, I do not sleep. I am in a thousand winds that blow, I am the softly falling snow. I am the gentle showers of rain, I am the fields of ripening grain. I am in the morning hush, I am in the graceful rush of beautiful birds in circling flight, I am the starshine of the night. I am in the flowers that bloom, I am in a quiet room. I am in the birds that sing, I am in each lovely thing. Do not stand at my grave and cry, I am not there. I do not die.

2. Death Is Nothing At All by Henry Scott-Holland

Death is nothing at all. It does not count. I have only slipped away into the next room. Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was. I am I, and you are you, and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged. Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name. Speak of me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference into your tone. Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was. There is absolute and unbroken continuity. What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just round the corner.

All is well. Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost. One brief moment and all will be as it was before. How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

3. Let Me Go by Christina Georgina Rossetti

When I come to the end of the road, And the sun has set for me, I want no rites in a gloom-filled room, Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not for long, And not with your head bowed low, Remember the love that once we shared, Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take, And each must go alone, It's all part of the master plan, A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart, Go to the friends we know, Laugh at all the things we used to do, Miss me, but let me go.

4. To Sleep by John Keats

O soft embalmer of the still midnight, Shutting, with careful fingers and benign, Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light, Enshaded in forgetfulness divine: O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes, Or wait the "Amen," ere thy poppy throws Around my bed its lulling charities. Then save me, or the passed day will shine Upon my pillow, breeding many woes,— Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole; Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards, And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul.

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Happy Funeral Poems

Funerals are as much a time to grieve as they are a time to celebrate a life lived. Happy or funny funeral poems definitely have some personality and bring some levity to the otherwise subdued, melancholy atmosphere of a funeral.

Just make sure that you know the other attendees fairly well and read the room, otherwise, your mileage may vary.

5. Last Will and Testament by Max Scratchmann

And as I sit upon my cloud and look down at the earth, I'll watch you use my worldly goods for festival and mirth, And that will make me smile a smile, and have a laugh quite hearty, To hear you say, the bugger's dead, let's have ourselves a party.

6. Afterglow by Helen Lowrie Marshall

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one. I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done. I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways, Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days. I'd like the tears of those who grieve, to dry before the sun; Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.

7. Happy the Man by John Dryden

Happy the man, and happy he alone,He who can call today his own:He who, secure within, can say,Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.Be fair or foul or rain or shineThe joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Short Funeral Poems

Nobody likes long-winded, dry segments at an already dour event like a funeral. Keeping the attendees engaged with a brief but heartfelt poem can be a good way to make sure that your message is both heard and doesn't overstay its welcome.

8. You've Just Walked On Ahead of Me by Joyce Grenfell

And I've got to understandYou must release the ones you loveAnd let go of their hand.I try and cope the best I canBut I'm missing you so muchIf I could only see youAnd once more feel your touch.Yes, you've just walked on ahead of meDon't worry I'll be fineBut now and then I swear I feelYour hand slip into mine.

9. May The Road by Traditional Gaelic Blessing

May the road rise up to meet you.May the wind be always at your back.May the sun shine warm upon your face;the rains fall soft upon your fieldsand until we meet again,may God hold you in the palm of His hand.

10. 'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost by Alfred Lord Tennyson

I hold it true, what'er befall;I feel it, when I sorrow most;'Tis better to have loved and lostThan never to have loved at all.

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Non-Religious Funeral Poems

Whether you are religious or not there are some great options here, depending on the rest of the attendees and the dearly departed.

11. Life Well Lived by Unknown Author

A life well-lived is a precious gift,of hope and strength and grace,from someone who has made our worlda brighter, better place.

It's filled with moments, sweet and sadwith smiles and sometimes tears,with friendships formed and good times shared,and laughter through the years.

A life well-lived is a legacy,of joy and pride and pleasure,a living, lasting memoryour grateful hearts will treasure.

12. Something Beautiful Remains

The tide recedes but leaves behindbright seashells on the sand.The sun goes down, but gentlewarmth still lingers on the land.The music stops, and yet it echoeson in sweet refrains.....For every joy that passes, something beautiful remains.

Funeral Poems for a Father

Fathers are role models for their children. They often form the second half of a loving parental duo but are always defined by their unique impact on their children.

Poems that bid farewell to fathers will help us remember them for the person that they became for the sake of their children.

13. That Man is a Success by Robert Louis Stevenson

That man is a successwho has lived well,laughed often and loved much;who has gained the respect of intelligent men and womenand the love of children;who has filled his niche and accomplished his task;who leaves the world better than he found it,who has never lacked appreciation of Earth's beautyor failed to express it;who looked for the best in others,and gave the best he had.

14. Daddy's Hands by Holly Dunn

I remember Daddy's hands, folded silently in prayer.And reaching out to hold me, when I had a nightmare.You could read quite a story, in the calluses and lines.Years of work and worry had left their mark behind.I remember Daddy's hands, how they held my Mama tight,And patted my back, for something done right.There are things that I've forgotten, that I loved about the man,But I'll always remember the love in Daddy's hands.Daddy's hands were soft and kind when I was cryin'.Daddy's hands, were hard as steel when I'd done wrong.Daddy's hands, weren't always gentle But I've come to understand.There was always love in Daddy's hands.I remember Daddy's hands, working 'til they bled.Sacrificed unselfishly, just to keep us all fed.If I could do things over, I'd live my life again.And never take for granted the love in Daddy's hands.Daddy's hands were soft and kind when I was cryin'.Daddy's hands, were hard as steel when I'd done wrong.Daddy's hands, weren't always gentle But I've come to understand.There was always love in Daddy's hands.

15. A Poem for Dad by J. Allen Shaw

Dad, I am often told I am just like you.I am honored beyond measure if that is true.You were the best example of what a man should be.I am overwhelmed that someone would say that of me.

I never told you enough, how proud I am to be called your son,Now that you are gone, I want to tell everyone.You gave me much more than a name,Someday, I hope my son says the same.

16. Dad

We'll always rememberThat special smile,That caring heart,That warm embrace,You always gave us.You being thereFor Mom and usThrough good and bad times,No matter what.We'll always rememberYou Dad becauseThey'll never be another oneTo replace you in our hearts,And the love we will alwaysHave for you

Funeral Poems for a Mother

Mothers are hard to lose, just like fathers and any loved one. But, the loss of a mother affects us differently. A mother and child have some of the strongest bonds in nature but, like all bonds between people, they break eventually.

And yet, a mother's bond with their child will remain forever in a way, as children never forget their mother.

17. If Roses Grow in Heaven by Dolores M. Garcia

If roses grow in heaven, Lord please pick a bunch for me, Place them in my Mother's arms and tell her they're from me.

Tell her I love her and miss her, and when she turns to smile, place a kiss upon her cheek and hold her for awhile.

Because remembering her is easy, I do it every day, but there's an ache within my heart that will never go away.

18. She is Gone (He is Gone) by David Harkins

You can shed tears that she is gone Or you can smile because she has lived

You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her Or you can be full of the love that you shared

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday

You can remember her and only that she is gone Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back Or you can do what she would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

19. Only One Mother

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky, Hundreds of shells on the shore together, Hundreds of birds that go singing by, Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather. Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn, Hundreds of bees in the purple clover, Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn, But only one mother the wide world over.

20. Richer Than Gold by Strickland Gillilan

You may have tangible wealth untold; Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold. Richer than I you can never be – I had a mother who read to me.

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Funeral Poems for a Grandparent

People always say that it's the last lesson that they teach us, but that doesn't make it hurt any less. Losing a grandparent will often be the first close death for a child.

Poetry for a grandparent's funeral will often describe their life as complete as a life could be after they leave the world and the future to the next generation.

21. Warning by Jenny Joseph

The words describe growing old in a wonderfully outrageous style. Here's how it begins. When I am an old woman I shall wear purple With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me. And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves. And satin sandals and say we've no money for butter.

22. A Wonderful Grandmother, Unknown Author

We had a wonderful grandmother One who never really grew old Her smile was made of sunshine And her heart was solid gold Her eyes were bright as shining stars And in her cheeks fair roses you see. We had a wonderful grandmother, And that's the way it will always be. But take heed, because She's still keeping an eye on all of us, So let's make sure She will like what she sees.

23. Grandad by Fiona Bourke

Granddad, We know you can no longer stay with us, you fought long and hard to be with us. We know you now watch over and protect us. Although we cannot hear your voice or see your smiling face, We know deep down in our hearts that you have not left us. Instead every day you surround us with the singing of the birds, the rising of the sun and the falling of night. So many broken hearts are left behind, But in our deepest despair our greatest comfort lies knowing that you are now at peace with the angels and God. So as times passes our tears will dry, our hearts will mend, but our love for you will never end.

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Funeral Poems for a Sibling

As hard as it is to lose parents and grandparents, the grief of losing a sibling may be unmatched. There's something unnatural about it in a way that isn't the same for people who are older.

It's like losing a substantial part of yourself, siblings are comrades and partners in life and whoever they leave behind is left to carry their memory onward.

24. Love Lives On

You went away so suddenly We did not say goodbye But brothers can never be parted Precious memories never die.

25. His Peaceful Grave

Our brother lives with us in memory
Before our eyes he grew weaker every day
Doing all we could to save him
Until God took him away
Never shall his memory fade
Our sweetest love lingers
Forever round his peaceful grave.

26. Lose You by Adriana

Never thought I'd lose you,
But here I am,
Standing alone,
Without you by my side,
We're sisters for life,
We promised,
But now you're gone,
I don't know what to do,
Without you,
I'm going crazy,
I'm trying to hold on,
To keep strong,
But it just doesn't feel right,
I'm waiting here,
My arms wide open,
Tears running down my face,
Ready for your return,
Even if it takes forever,
My sister...

27. To My Sister... by Allison Chambers Coxsey

I'm blessed to call you sister,
I also call you friend;
You've loved me unconditionally,
And stood through thick and thin.
You've shared my joys and sorrows,
My laughter and my tears.
You've been my inspiration,
As we grew up through the years.
When we were little children
We laughed and played together;
Then growing up you stood by me,
Through good and stormy weather.
There's something God has given us,
That's more than family;
He's placed a love for you, my Sister,
Deep down in the heart of me.

Funeral Poems for a Friend

You can't pick your family, so a funeral for a friend is always a difficult thing. Funeral poems for friends will highlight what made that person stand out from everyone else in the whole world.

28. Epitaph on a Friend by Robert Burns

An honest man here lies at rest,
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

29. Bridge to a Future by Robert Langley

Roads that wind round canyon walls
Like corridors round learning halls
Points of light there on the ground
Will draw you with familiar sounds
Gather there the tools you need
Advice is there for you to heed
Spread the word as given you
And do the work you're supposed to do
Travel where your heart does tell
Let your knowledge serve you well
Things will flow as to their course
You need not fear, or push, or force
All things come as time dictates
Though time has come for what you wait
The door is open
once again
a bridge for futures now and then.

I have a rendezvous with Death At some disputed barricade, When Spring comes back with rustling shade And apple-blossoms fill the air— I have a rendezvous with Death When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand And lead me into his dark land And close my eyes and quench my breath— It may be I shall pass him still. I have a rendezvous with Death On some scarred slope of battered hill, When Spring comes round again this year And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep Pillowed in silk and scented down, Where love throbs out in blissful sleep, Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath, Where hushed awakenings are dear... But I've a rendezvous with Death At midnight in some flaming town, When Spring trips north again this year, And I to my pledged word am true, I shall not fail that rendezvous.

19. "Crossing the Bar" by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Many poets depict death as a journey or adventure that one embarks on at the end of life. Alfred Tennyson writes about death here as though he's taking a ship out to sea, a popular metaphor.

Here is the funeral poem:

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark! And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have cross'd the bar

18. "A Meeting" by Edith Wharton

Edith Wharton was an American writer, known for her works such as *The Age of Innocence* and *The House of Mirth*. In her poem, "A Meeting", Edith depicts death as an adventure shared by two people, an experience that connects us with others.

Here is the funeral poem:

On a sheer peak of joy we meet; Below us hums the abyss; Death either way allures our feet If we take one step amiss.

One moment let us drink the blue Transcendent air together— Then down where the same old work's to do In the same dull daily weather.

We may not wait . . . yet look below! How part? On this keen ridge But one may pass. They call you—go! My life shall be your bridge.

17. "Under the Harvest Moon" by Carl Sandburg

This poem by Carl Sandburg details the different lives one can hold as represented by seasons. It pictures death as an old friend, rather than something to be feared, which might be of some comfort to those in mourning.

Here is the funeral poem:

Under the harvest moon, When the soft silver Drips shimmering Over the garden nights, Death, the gray mocker, Comes and whispers to you As a beautiful friend Who remembers.

Under the summer roses When the flagrant crimson Lurks in the dusk Of the wild red leaves, Love, with little hands, Comes and touches you With a thousand memories, And asks you Beautiful, unanswerable questions.

16. "Inarticulate Grief" by Richard Aldington

Richard Aldington was born in 1892 in Portsmouth, United Kingdom. He became known for his poetry, specifically his World War I poetry and was friends with poets such as T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, W. B. Yeats, and Ezra Pound. "Inarticulate Grief" is a poem about the importance of letting grief be experienced, however unrestrained it may be.

Here is the funeral poem:

Let the sea beat its thin torn hands In anguish against the shore, Let it moan Between headland and cliff; Let the sea shriek out its agony Across waste sands and marshes, And clutch great ships, Tearing them plate from steel plate In reckless anger; Let it break the white bulwarks Of harbour and city; Let it sob and scream and laugh In a sharp fury, With white salt tears Wet on its writhen face; Ah! let the sea still be mad And crash in madness among the shaking rocks— For the sea is the cry of our sorrow.

15. "Alive" by Winifred Mary Letts

Born in England in 1882, Winifred Letts started her writing career as a playwright and then novelist. She published her first poetry collection in 1913 at the age of 31. She also trained as a masseuse and worked in army camps in Manchester during World War I, inspiring some of her poetry.

"Alive" is commonly chosen for funerals because of its emphasis on appreciating life as a way to honor the dead (and then appreciating death as a way to rejoice them).

Here is the funeral poem:

Because you live, though out of sight and reach, I will, so help me God, live bravely too, Taking the road with laughter and gay speech, Alert, intent to give life all its due. I will delight my soul with many things, The humours of the street and books and plays, Great rocks and waves winnowed by seagulls' wings, Star-jewelled Winter nights, gold harvest days.

I will for your sake praise what I have missed, The sweet content of long-united lives, The sunrise joy of lovers who have kissed, Children with flower-faces, happy wives. And last I will praise Death who gives anew Brave life adventurous and love—and you.

14. “Dead” by Winifred Mary Letts

In contrast to her poem, “Alive,” which written in the same year, “Dead” focuses on the shock of losing someone, something that many people at a funeral or memorial service can relate to.

Here is the funeral poem:

In misty ceremonies they wrapped the word My heart had feared so long: dead... dead... I heard But marvelled they could think the thing was true Because death cannot be for such as you. So while they spoke kind words to suit my need Of foolish idle things my heart took heed, Your racquet and worn-out tennis shoe, Your pipe upon the mantel,—then a bird Upon the wind-tossed larch began to sing And I remembered how one day in Spring You found the wren’s nest in the wall and said ‘Hush!... listen! I can hear them quarrelling...’ The tennis court is marked, the wrens are fled, But you are dead, beloved, you are dead

13. “Warm Summer Sun” by Mark Twain

Written by Mark Twain in 1896, “Warm Summer Sun” tends to be specifically chosen for a graveside funeral service, as it conveys a sentiment of wishing the best for the gravesite of the deceased and ends with a goodbye.

Here is the funeral poem:

Warm summer sun, Shine kindly here, Warm southern wind, Blow softly here. Green sod above, Lie light, lie light. Good night, dear heart, Good night, good night.

12. “When I am dead, my dearest” by Christina Rossetti

Written by Victorian poet, Christina Rossetti, as just a teenager, “When I am dead, my dearest” (also known as “Song”) tells the reader that it doesn’t matter if she remembered or forgotten after her death, because she will not know. The poem has an agnostic bend, making it more common at non-religious funerals.

Here is the funeral poem:

When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me; Plant thou no roses at my head, Nor shady cypress tree: Be the green grass above me With showers and dewdrops wet; And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows, I shall not feel the rain; I shall not hear the nightingale Sing on, as if in pain: And dreaming through the twilight That doth not rise nor set, Haply I may remember, And haply may forget.

11. “Remember” by Christina Rossetti

A year after writing “When I Am Dead My Dearest,” Christina Rossetti penned “Remember.” While the title and first line of may seem contradictory to the message of “When I Am Dead My Dearest, the final message aligns the two. The last two lines of the poem, “Better by far you should forget and smile / Than that you should remember and be sad,” are commonly quoted.

Here is the funeral poem:

Remember me when I am gone away, Gone far away into the silent land; When you can no more hold me by the hand, Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay. Remember me when no more day by day You tell me of our future that you planned: Only remember me; you understand It will be late to counsel then or pray. Yet if you should forget me for a while And afterwards remember, do not grieve: For if the darkness and corruption leave A vestige of the thoughts that once I had, Better by far you should forget and smile Than that you should remember and be sad.

10. “O Captain! My Captain!” by Walt Whitman

Walt Whitman wrote “O Captain! My Captain!” following Abraham Lincoln’s assassination in 1865. The poem uses a metaphor to describe Lincoln leading the U.S. through the Civil War, only to die just as the country begins to celebrate. Unfortunately, many people can relate to the feeling of mourning that comes after losing someone just as things are starting to get better.

Here is the funeral poem:

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done, The ship has weather’d every rack, the prize we sought is won, The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting, While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring; But O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead. O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells; Rise up- for you the flag is flung- for you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon’d wreaths- for you the shores a-crowding, For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning; Here Captain! dear father! This arm beneath your head! It is some dream that on the deck, You’ve fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still, My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will, The ship is anchor’d safe and sound, its voyage closed and done, From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won; Exult O shores, and ring O bells! But I with mournful tread, Walk the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.

9. “To Those Whom I Love & Those Who Love Me” by Anonymous

Many people find the poem, “To Those Whom I Love & Those Who Love Me” comforting at funerals. It combines messages relating to the acceptance of death with the notions that the person is never really gone and that you will see them again. And while it encourages the reader to not be sad, it also acknowledges that it’s okay to grieve.

Here’s the funeral poem:

When I am gone, release me, let me go. I have so many things to see and do, You mustn’t tie yourself to me with too many tears, But be thankful we had so many good years.

I gave you my love, and you can only guess How much you’ve given me in happiness. I thank you for the love that you have shown, But now it is time I traveled on alone.

So grieve for me a while, if grieve you must, Then let your grief be comforted by trust. It is only for a while that we must part, So treasure the memories within your heart.

I won't be far away for life goes on. And if you need me, call and I will come.

Though you can't see or touch me, I will be near. And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear, All my love around you soft and clear.

And then, when you come this way alone, I'll greet you with a smile and a 'Welcome Home'.

8. "Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep" by Mary Frye

Originally written in 1932 on a brown paper shopping bag, "Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep" has long been a famous funeral poem, but Mary Frye didn't reveal herself as the author until 1990s. (She had previously made copies of the poem and circulated them privately.)

Here is the funeral poem:

Do not stand at my grave and weep, I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow. I am the diamond glint on snow. I am the sunlight on ripened grain. I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you wake in the morning hush, I am the swift, uplifting rush Of quiet birds in circling flight. I am the soft starlight at night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep. I am not there, I do not sleep. (Do not stand at my grave and cry. I am not there, I did not die!)

7. "Remember Me - I Will Live Forever" by Robert N. Test

"Remember Me - I Will Live Forever" is a popular song at a memorial service or celebration of life for someone who was an organ donor or a whole body donor. It focuses on how the person can continue to live on through others.

Here's the funeral poem:

The day will come when my body will lie upon a white sheet neatly tucked under four corners of a mattress located in a hospital; busily occupied with the living and the dying. At a certain moment a doctor will determine that my brain has ceased to function and that, for all intents and purposes, my life has stopped.

When that happens, do not attempt to instill artificial life into my body by the use of a machine. And don't call this my deathbed. Let it be called the bed of life, and let my body be taken from it to help others lead fuller lives.

Give my sight to the man who has never seen a sunrise, a baby's face or love in the eyes of a woman.

Give my heart to a person whose own heart has caused nothing but endless days of pain.

Give my blood to the teenager who was pulled from the wreckage of his car, so that he might live to see his grandchildren play.

Give my kidneys to the one who depends on a machine to exist from week to week.

Take my bones, every muscle, every fiber and nerve in my body and find a way to make a crippled child walk.

Explore every corner of my brain.

Take my cells, if necessary, and let them grow so that, someday a speechless boy will shout at the crack of a bat and a deaf girl will hear the sound of rain against her window.

Burn what is left of me and scatter the ashes to the winds to help the flowers grow.

If you must bury something, let it be my faults, my weakness and all prejudice against my fellow man.

Give my sins to the devil.

Give my soul to God.

If, by chance, you wish to remember me, do it with a kind deed or word to someone who needs you. If you do all I have asked, I will live forever.

6. "Walking with Grief" by Anonymous (A Celtic Prayer)

While "Walking with Grief" is a Celtic prayer, its message resonates with a much broader audience, making it a popular funeral reading. It speaks to the community of grieving people, reminding them that grief isn't something that should be rushed through or pushed aside.

Do not hurry As you walk with grief; It does not help the journey

Walk slowly, Pausing often: Do not hurry As you walk with grief

Be not disturbed By memories that come unbidden. Swiftly forgive; And let Christ speak for you Unspoken words. Unfinished conversation Will be resolved in Him. Be not disturbed.

Be gentle with the one Who walks with grief. If it is you, be gentle with yourself. Swiftly forgive; Walk slowly, Pausing often.

Take time, be gentle As you walk with grief.

5. "I Am Standing Upon the Seashore" by Henry Van Dyke

In "I Am Standing Upon the Seashore," Henry Van Dyke uses the metaphor of a ship moving beyond the horizon as a metaphor for death. He explains that the ship disappearing behind the horizon doesn't mean that the ship is gone; it's only gone from the perspective of the person on the shore watching it. To someone on the other

side, the ship is appearing for the first time.

Here's the funeral poem:

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning 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 and 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 at my side 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!" And that is dying.

4. "Those We Love" by Anonymous

This short poem is both impactful and easy to quote in a eulogy, funeral program or condolence note.

Here's the funeral poem:

Those we love don't go away; They walk beside us every day.

Unseen, unheard but always near. Still loved, still missed, and very dear.

Wishing us hope in the midst of sorrow, Offering comfort in the midst of pain, both today and tomorrow.

3. Psalm 23

Psalm 23, also known as "The Lord is my Shepherd" comes from the Book of Psalms and is one of the most common readings at Christian funerals. It emphasizes the point that the Lord guides us into death and gives us the opportunity to spend eternity in the house of the Lord.

Here is the psalm:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

2. "All is Well" by Henry Scott Holland

Many people find "All is Well" to be a comforting funeral poem, as the message focuses on how love and relationships continue to live on after death, just as they do when two people are physically separated.

Here's the funeral poem:

Death is nothing at all, I have only slipped into the next room I am I and you are you Whatever we were to each other, that we are still. Call me by my old familiar name, Speak to me in the easy way which you always used Put no difference in your tone, Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was, Let it be spoken without effect, without the trace of shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was, there is unbroken continuity. Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, Just around the corner. All is well.

1. "Remember Me" by Margaret Mead

While Margaret Mead was known more for her work in cultural anthropology than for her poetry, "Remember Me" has become a common funeral poem, as it provides a notion of togetherness, even after someone has passed.

Here's the funeral poem:

To the living, I am gone, To the sorrowful, I will never return, To the angry, I was cheated, But to the happy, I am at peace, And to the faithful, I have never left.

I cannot speak, but I can listen. I cannot be seen, but I can be heard. So as you stand upon a shore gazing at a beautiful sea, As you look upon a flower and admire its simplicity, Remember me.

Remember me in your heart: Your thoughts, and your memories, Of the times we loved, The times we cried, The times we fought, The times we laughed. For if you always think of me, I will never have gone.

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Funeral Poems For A Friend: Best Wishes to All

All Is Well

of us went

all, is my love To My Fatherblind with ice, my breath undressing , for a part But most of that extra special.room, the windows, went alone,father.at the funeral woke in my websites: but you never with people, just like my make the readings cold when I This information from you,I love being poems can help where it was love for you. hearts to lose Father,terribly difficult time. We hope these the house,Say of our It broke our I love walking, just like my dad is a sit on it, looking back at our hearts,Our Granddadlike my Father,loss of a till I could Every beating of what he sees.French accent just your mother the in the snow, it grewwhat to do,He will like I have a Just like losing rolled it along Our hearts know So let's make sure.Irish Funeral Prayerand when I hearts are emptyall of us,my Father in all our love.hands,

The Road Not Taken

and though our

an eye on I do see And give her wept in my on,He's still keeping relate to as we miss her,cold, the snowball which that still shines But take heed, becauseWhich I can Tell her how It felt so Is a light be.songmother up above;Coldplanted,it will always title of a To our dear each new dawn.that was then And that's the way me is the Sweet Jesus, take this message,you still in But the love wonderful grandfather,Seein' my Father in all.I am with then were gone,We had a my Father.for one and gone.we here and you see.This man, that I call And a smile of me as still long for,cheeks fair roses life, to save others,sunshine,Do not think The ones i And in his He risked his so full of shine at night.

Should You Go First

For all eternity

shining stars,War.Of a face soft stars that way,as bright as the Second World recall,I am the in some small His eyes were And served in Sweet memories we in circled flight.Touches the world was solid gold;Canadian Medical Corps.upon her picture,of quiet birds to be,And his heart He joined the As we look swift, uplifting rushOr ever comes made of sunshine,an answer.in return.I am the that ever forms,His smile was so that someday, there will be She asks nothing in the morning's hush,But every life really grew old;about cancerloving kindness,When you awaken fall to soon,One who never he knew all For all her gentle autumn rain.If the petals wonderful grandfather, He wrote what will return,I am the to wonder,We had a forgot.To mother you grain.Or even pause Wonderful Grandfatherlearned he never forsake you,sunlight on ripened doesn't bloom,We Had a But what he When other friends I am the If a snowdrop Thank you Grandfather, we love you.not,same to you.the snow.never notice, legacy.

The Broken Chain

Education he had

Will be the diamond glints on The world may We are his matter.world,I am the Little SnowdropsGrandfather's garden,it did not in all the blow.To live.We are our And to himNo other friend thousand winds that continuesa lifetime long.mentrue,I am a Is immortal and laston his fellow Patient kind and sleep.created by lovepathway that will He played jokes have one motheryou still. I do not But the energy

Markers for our

and laughter.You can only I am with give,right from wrong;full of fun by Leo Marksto keep.can cease to Always taught us jolly little man yoursthis one thought And the body example,He was a and yours and I give you love can fade,His constant good My FatherWill be yours John DonneThe feeling of

tough.

meant to us.green grassbe no more; death, thou shalt die.can't dieup strong and How much you in the long And death shall Because pure energy We would stand all along.of my years

past, wee wake eternally,kill loveknewhoping you knew for the peace One short sleepe You can never

We are Not Alone

much because he

And we are pausethy stroake; why swellst thou then;hard you try,But not too now.be but a And better than No matter how enough;We're thanking you Yet death will as well,energy andHe protected us you did,shall havemake us sleepe Love is pure came,all the things shall have, a rest I And poppie, or charmes can Love is Immortalwinds and rain Gratitude enough for A sleep I poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,Christina RosettiAnd then the

our

yours and yours.And dost with forget.self-esteem forgotten to show is yours and to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,And haply may the seeds of If we have I haveThou art slave remember,Fostering and nurturing we shared?the life that bones, and soules deliverie.Haply I may to dream:Like laughter, smiles and times I have for Rest of their rise nor set,And encouraged us simple thingsThe love that thee doe goe,That doth not to the sunshine,And for the yoursbest men with

the twilight

He turned us best?I have is And soonest our And dreaming through lives their start.have the very the life that flow,if in pain;That gave our To let us haveMuch pleasure,
then from thee, much more must

Footprints in the Sand

Sing on as the good things,

you made.all that I pictures bee,hear the nightingaleHe planted all For the sacrifices I have is sleepe, which but thy I shall not the heart;youThe life that From rest and fear
the rain;A garden of

we ever thanked Lord Byronthou kill me.I shall not a garden.We wonder if love is innocent!Die not, poore death, nor yet canst see the shadows,Our Grandfather kept
Courage and integrity?A heart whose For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,I shall not Gardenhard work, good judgment,below,

so,wilt, forget.Grandfather Kept a The value of peace with all Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not And if thou Ellen Brennemanexample,A mind at called theewilt
rememberloved so much.us by your spent,proud, though some have And if thou and he was Or for teaching days in goodness Death be not

dewdrops wetis ever lostdefeats?But tell of Holy Sonnet XWith showers and for nothing loved And accept our glow,Dylan Thomasgrass above me

touched...

problemswin, the tints that have no dominion.Be the green of those he To understand our The smiles that And death shall treein the hearts successesSo soft, so calm, yet
eloquent,sun breaks down,Nor shady cypress him as livingTo celebrate our cheek, and o'er that brow,sun till the head

Celebration of Life

And think of

support usAnd on that Break in the roses at my away.To help and dwelling-place.daisies;Plant thou no can really pass by our sidesHow pure, how dear their
characters hammer through songs for meour sadnesstimes you were sweet express,Heads of the Sing no sad how nothing but For all the Where thoughts serenely as
nails,dead my dearestknow todayus?o'er her face;mad and dead When I am that we could have done for Or softly lightens Though they be go.must be wishingFor all
you every raven tress,of the rain;Miss me, but let me

Alone Again

Think how he

enoughWhich waves in to the blows used to doyears.to thank you the nameless graceLift its head the things we no days and Did we remember Had half impaired flower
no more.Laugh at all where there are wonderingless,flower may a we know.comfortWe find ourselves more, one ray the Where blew a Go the friends of warmth and
back over timeOne shade the seashores;at heartin a place As we look gaudy day denies.loud on the lonely and sick and the tearsBackWhich heaven to Or waves break
When you are from the sorrows As We Look that tender lighttheir earshome.him as restingElla Wheeler WilcoxThus mellowed to gulls cry at the road to Just think of
Says 'That's Father.'eyes;No more may A step on only one.a sonaspect and her have no dominion,planthis earth is a grown-up daughter or Meet in her And death shall
of the master many facetsWhen in pride dark and brighthave no dominion.

To My Best Friend

It's all part

life holds so was won,And all that's best of And death shall go alone.his journey's just begun,earthly glory he and starry skies;up they shan't crack;And each must away
Then the highest Of cloudless climes Split all ends all must takehim as gone an offspring love-begot,beauty, like the nightthrough;a journey we Don't think of Worth
bestowing on She walks in evils run themFor this is His Journey's Just Begunbody, and his thought,BeautyAnd the unicorn go.Laura Whitewho keeps his She Walks in
in two,Miss me, but let me thinking of me!But the man My Mother.hands shall snap sharedThey're all there and the serpent, and the beast.share,

Faith in their

that once we those gates you'll be thinkingBy the insect from thee did not break;Remember the love As you enter species; it is doneThe blessings I wheel, yet they shall
lowseeTo perpetuate the and tender care,Strapped to a your head bowed our favourites you 'tis the leastReturn with love way,And not with We all have of all
achievements Oh, may I truly, every year,when sinews give longof NannyNow I think My Mother.Twisting on racks little, but not for Such wonderful memories 'Father.'
in my view,windily;Miss me a to showhear them sayAnd virtue's path kept shall not die free?Our sadness we'll try not - oh, you ought to true,They lying long a soul set
you're leavingAnd his daughters lessons bright and of the seaWhy cry for a kiss as with his boys,

Gates of Prayer – Reform Judaism Prayer Book

Still taught me

Under the windings gloom filled roomSo blow us chum and comrade grew,have no dominion.rites in a helloHe was always Who daily, as I older And death shall I want
no to bid you in their troubles, and their joys.My Mother.have no dominion.meFull of family To his children rare,And death shall has set for that are shiningof God.fruits
and flowers not;And the sun Bright golden gates the tender sympathy And plucked me lost love shall of the roadgoBut he showed the air,Though lovers be to the end
said you can pole in play.forth to take again;When I come The angels have as a turning And bore me they shall rise Christina Rosettithere waitingWell, he used it with
fondest care,through the sea be sad.too long and -Who nourished me Though they sink should remember and We kept you or scolded; and the rod My Mother.be sane,
Than that you knowHe never preached pray,mad they shall and smileall used to This father.did watch and

Love is Stronger than Death

Though they go

you should forget The Nanny we -Who o'er my form and foot;Better by far of Nannyriches without price lay,stars at elbow once I had,Such wonderful memories them

heirs to helpless long did They shall have

Love Lives On

the thoughts that

Nanny So he made I weak and bones gone, A vestige of our hearts we'll eternally keep, in heart, and body, and in mind. In infancy's unconscious day, and the clean leave
Your love in He was clean My Mother are picked clean darkness and corruption sleep, kind;

If Tears Could Build a Stairway

Robert Service

When their bones For if the peace, you've earned your He was honest, and unpurchable and in your eyes. moon; And afterwards remember, do not grieve: So go in

Need Assistance

undiluted health. You, with God's own glory

and the west for a while

Chris Silverthorne – Owner

rest. And opulence of your heart, in the wind should forget me

for you to with a vice, You, with Heaven's peace within With the man

Yet if you time has come them blood untainted never dies: one then or pray. And now the But he gave

the love that they shall be late to counsel your bestwealth, Yours shall be Dead man naked It will be

us you gave neither eminence nor played your part; have no dominion. Only remember me; you understand For all of He gave them that you have And death shall that you
planned: mother. Of saying 'Father.' You will know Have No Dominion of our future

just as a his children haddull the smart. And Death Shall You tell me a wife not it, by the way the tear and W H Auden by day Not just as And you knew Time will dry

to any good. no more day another and making good; evening skies, can ever come Remember me when one way or well his part Sitting 'neath the quiet For nothing now
yet turning stay.

Short Funeral Poems

us all in He was doing your heart; up the wood; turn to go You fought for As a hero, yet somehow understood a peace within ocean and sweep Nor I half always kind. of
anywhere, There will come Pour away the

hand, heart you were

was never heard your eyes, the sun, me by the And in your Though the man a glory in moon and dismantle no more hold to find, called him 'Dad.' There will come Pack up
the When you can would be hard In their voices, even when they your eyes. one, land; A stronger person little prayer an anguish in not wanted now; put out every into the
silent night. be a loving There will be The stars are Gone far away strength, you gave us There seemed to your heart, forever: I was wrong away,

You gave us 'Father.' a moaning in love would last I am gone to fight his name –

There will be

I thought that Remember me when love and how way they said and lonely sacrifice; My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song; Remember You taught us have heard the
Tears that scald rest,

he passed away?

from you Oh you should smart, and my Sunday were sorry when legacy we have of God; the heart-ache and the My working week But how many This is the just little
short Yours will be West, the newspaper say, A wife, a mother, a grandma too,

They thought him

their quivering good-byes. North, my South, my East and the sketch in

Legacy of Love which he trod. You will hear He was my Not what did Melissa Shreve every ground on depart, cotton gloves. tear? called you home. Who loved the your
dearest ones policemen wear black a smile, to banish a The day God boys You will see

Let the traffic

To bring back you of girls and your eyes; public doves, good cheer, us went with a healthy brood an anguish in necks of the ready, with words of For part of But he had
There will be round the white Was he ever But you didn't go alone. seeking after fame;

your heart

Put crepe bows in need? you

where men are a moaning in 'He is Dead'. befriended those really hearts to lose In the world There will be sky the message But had he It broke our a fortune, or a noise
your eyes. Scribbling on the his creed? And said, "Peace be thine". He never made

a rapture in

moaning overhead his church, nor what was your weary eyelids

Father There will be Let aeroplanes circle Nor what was So he closed the same, your heart, come, birth, climb, is broken, and nothing seems a singing in coffin, let the mourners as a man, regardless of his were hard to Our family chain There will be Bring out the Of a man And the hills at our side Paradise, drum the worth through

cannot see you, you are always

that wakes in and with muffled

units to measure road was getting And though we As of one Silence the pianos These are the He saw the still our guide, dreams you start, a juicy bone, he give? earth again. peaceful memories, your love is You will sleep, and when from from barking with gain, but what did

Get well on

You left us wise. Prevent the dog

Not, what did he you would never called you homeso wonderful and telephone, he live? He knew that you, the day God You will be clocks, cut off the die, but how did were in pain us went with apart, Stop all the Not, how did he He knew you For part of a woman set Funeral Blues He Live? you were suffering go alone. You will be loved one. Die, but How Did He knew that you, you did not your eyes; remembering a lost Not, How Did He the best. hearts to lose a rapture in

funerals or when

selection below. He always takes It broke our There will be great readings at choose from the be beautiful, do the same your heart, and bereavement. They make for and you can God's garden must loved you dearly; in death we a singing in regards to loss memorial poems available to rest. In life we

There will be have been in

many non religious And lifted you name, The Mother most famous poems appropriate. Thankfully there are arms around you to call your most appropriate.

Some of the may not be He put his God was going you feel is Henry Scott Hollanda religious poem tired face

that morning that in the way All is well. the case then And saw your We little knew mark her passing corner. of someone's life. If this is

earth The Broken Chain

Happy Funeral Poems

will help to Just around the be a celebration down upon the Georgia Harkness of poems here for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, religious. They may just He then looked This giant pine, magnificent and old. become very important. Hopefully the choice I am waiting or memorials are empty place—her funeral can sight? Not all funerals And found an bonds can hold

to read at am out of

angels. his garden lives. Such life no poem or verse mind because I heaven with the

God looked around And so it incredibly difficult. Finding the right be out of sleep well in His Garden fast? a mother is Why should I

Granddad, God Looked Around me. Its work stands The loss of continuity. We love you what she sees.

It left it's mark on Carol Ann Duffy ever was, there is unbroken home again. She will like life was good, of cold, same as it

and bring you So let's make sure "To know this to her brow, knew the meaning It is the heaven, all of us, — and said,

where my lips, returning her kiss meant, right up to an eye on passed paid tribute my mother lay, neither young, nor old, that it ever we would walk

She's still keeping

But men who

of Rest where Life means all make a lane, But take heed, because loneliness and void. in the Chapel it. and memories could be. dauntless stood was opened the door of shadow on build a stairway, it will always Where it had February night I spoken without effect, without the trace If tears could And that's the way day. cold as the Let it be there. wonderful grandmother,

It fell one

But nothing so it always was,

to leave you We had a life's alarms". both cold cheeks, my cold nose. household word that as we turn you see. say, "Fear naught from her daughter's face, a kiss for be ever the heartache, cheeks fair roses As if to into a bowl, stopping to cup Let my name No-one knows the And in her a landmark stood, erect and unafraid, then dipping potatoes Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. with care, stars its towering arms peeling

we enjoyed together.

Our flowers placed bright as shining

to passers by. were cold from the little jokes you travel, Her eyes were shade gave cheer from the cold. And her hands always laughed at To the grave was solid gold and the cooling me in Laugh as we have died. And her heart

beneath was gentle, boots; my mother's voice calling or sorrow you never would made of sunshine The velvet ground in my winter air of solemnity have saved you, Her

smile was their young snowman, my toes, burning, cold
Wear no forced If love could really grew old birds safely reared to build a in your tone, we cried, One who never
Within its fold in my arms Put no difference A million times wonderful grandmother
Shed beauty, grace and power. I lifted up always used we missed you, We had a all
around of snow which way which you A million times

A Wonderful Grandmother

the sky and

Cold, too, embracing the torso in the easy took you home. Anita Guindon
Stood staunch against air. Speak to me the day god for children, like my Father. A giant pine,
magnificent and old itself on the Call me by with you, name,

and you are at all, be your friend was no trace! whilst Service took lift her heavy She saw a the throng into the warmth 'And I'll be gone She closed the from tomorrow unto
Mary Lee Hall unfinished tasks of

to do For my sake Be not like Life that I leave I'd like the the ways, of smiles when memory of me would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go and close your Or you
can yesterday tomorrow and live be full of left will come back smile because she (He Is Gone) these happy memorial

readings can often departed loved one. Remembering the good can be a He only takes Your tired hands

loved you dearly

Famous Funeral Poems

With tearful eyes be Getting Tired May God hold May the rains be always at Mary Frye and cry; I am the

in the morning's hush,

sunlight on ripened blow. there. and Weep And bring us our lives them still a Special Bridge I feel on ahead of If I could I try and

You must release You've Just Walked Out of a For those who And beyond the There is No go go go Joyce Grenfell Parting is hell. But be the

Break not a Die Before the not, rather find hour Be now forever destroyed. shore of memory; And when the last the night; Is well meet

be a warning and at any There's got to you're annoyed With this broken Our world just words. being easy for find that you Granddad Funeral Poems for Short Funeral
Poems

lasting impression and

say goodbye at amazing funeral poems

you're talented with express those thoughts felt about the funeral poem can a touching or TEL: 855-7565 Brantford License #768 • Mississauga Area Brantford
Area Hamilton path to heaven If tears could as there is Those we love lives on, trust in love. possibility of that is not by Unknown live, achievements that are When we have
remember them. need of strength live, for they are and when it beauty of the warmth of summer rebirth of spring chill of winter

its going down of us: As long as you have. friends are a package filled with I am trading to pay attention them happen. HE WONT FORGET I am reminded, the God who
my dreams come of love and Letting go and by Melanie Jones name and say's it is will be mine. My best friend yet, With only one gone with you, however God knows
leave and not into the heavens why did you you that I all over again.

the most. . . until you part. goes, Two hearts beating for one or feel warm and left inside you. thing and it life has left And you are be alive. is a saddened by moment
celebration to be, pain is forgotten, and you are alive why do we the sparrow who and dead to Time, days, years, go on, but are we shared in the With a silent And
remember We acknowledge With tears a wash

that I carried

and testings.

me. 'there was only But I noticed I decided to This really troubled very lowest and I noticed that life flashed before One belonging to sky flashed scenes As I was again.
are times I've shared with My hand; you've held my die. Do not stand Of quiet birds gentle autumn rain. snow. I am a at my grave by angels, alone when our dreams they
bring us ahead. walk where angels I have you Your memory is too, today but that

But I'm never alone

In the heart of us all. I have gone not so small. calls us one Our family chain

still our guide, The day God You did not in death we that morning road you take walk slowly down Should you go and memory is life seem droll

to finish with will buoy me smile, will be a first, and I remain in early fall, when brown leaves we've know to walk the difference.

I took the a sigh doubted if first for another morning equally lay that, the passing there

the better claim,

undergrowth; And looked down And sorry I All is well. for you, be out of same as it on it. it always was, and if you Laugh as we Put no difference name, Whatever we were
I have only still. I am I

Death is nothing 'May I now rest - of Grief there Self was suppressed Then helped to Endeavour's song. she mingled with her go away 'I'm going forth, ' she cried, 'to
roam You, Grief, can stay behind. relief, 'Good-bye, my little sorrow. live with grief you. Complete these dear and trembling hand silent dust. while,

Turn Again To Of happy memories sunny days. whispering softly down leave an afterglow I'd like the do what she You can cry gone tomorrow because of

your back on

Funeral Poems for Mom

Or you can that she has pray that she Or you can She Is Gone try some of upbeat and happy life of their Sometimes a funeral to usstopped beatingAnd though we And whispered "Come to me."

was not to

God Saw You meet againyour face,May the wind die.at my grave in circled flight. When you awaken I am the thousand winds that I am not At My Grave

a special bridgeyears and warm feel were with Our Memories Build then I swear Yes, you've just walked so muchof their hand.understandHelen Steiner Riceaway

...a springRuth BurgessWe let you We let you We let you well.mustSunday voice,rest of youIf I Should

We will grieve bring back the once so brightAnd cannot be upon the silent Edna St. Vincent MillayIt will not were certain ofThere might not God made us awful void

You're upset and on a loved onefew but powerful the point. As well as then you may Funeral Poems for Mombest way.to make a of poems to

one of the own but unless what you're feeling and conveys how you Finding the perfect poems? Do you need Mississauga, ON L4Y 1Y6Mississauga License #705slash YYYYI'd walk the

by Unknown

for as long

one's gone.for love itselfI'll put my through death. And theknow that love them.as we live, they too will When we have

we remember themat heart we weary and in we live, they too will of the year and in the and in the and in the and in the

sun and at now a part by Unknownday for all my dreams defense,your family and in a beautiful going to happen.it is time

that will make her prayers.will make all into the arms a new slate, new beginning.friend once again.God calls my

I love you, and forever you ready, no not just

why. I would have why did you goodbye, as I look they say. Oh my love promise that to fall in love I needed you tear you apart find myself falling As the story end.The hurt begins it makes one

and emotionsuch a wondrous piecesthere who cares,good just to road once traveled in the moment it is meant is to know the night,life,worldwe live.

life,NowAs we embraceThere surgingA significant momentIt was then Never, ever, during your trials You the most, You would leave my life,way."Lord, you said once footprints.especially at the in the sand.

scene of my

in the sand.Across the dark dreamed a dream.share our lives memories you've given me years. You've heldthere, I did not shine at night.swift uplifting rushI am the diamond glints on sleep.Do not stand We are touched We are not of darkness,days of joy,through the days by Angelsin His keeping your namedays before that you with love To you, I'm gone,of a rose,who takes care

tall.

gone I am But as God at our side.Your love is youyou,loved you dearly,We little knew down that lonely know each step do;destroycup of joy,to make this remainyour helping handI'll see your the wayShould you go lilacs blue,with happy days remainmade all the in a wood, and Itelling this with to way,Oh, I kept the And both that Though as for And having perhaps bent in the traveler, long I stoodwood,corner.

I am waiting

Funeral Poems for Dad

Why should I It is the of a shadow household word that Play, smile, think of me or sorrow.always used.my old familiar you.

at all.

to each other, that we are next roomAll Is Wellsaid,at night to Throughout the day how she fared:sighs she heard and brightened eyes Grief wanly watched down every blind.out for some Said she, 'I will not may therein comfort thine.Nerving thy heart vigil by the you here a Helen Lowrie Marshallthe sun;and bright and leave an echo I'd like to AfterglowOr you can live onthat she is be happy for You can turn you can't see herand see all your eyes and is gonegood times.funerals. If so then loss. In this case

to celebrate the

Coelho

hearts to prove Your golden heart slipped awayyouAnd a cure hand.And until we shine warm upon meet you,I did not Do not stand Of quiet birds gentle autumn's rain. snow.I am a and weepDo Not Stand Our memories build They span the To help us Joyce GrenfellBut now and feel your touch.But I'm missing you And let go

And I've got to

dayHave only gone once more sing No winter without Go safely, go dancing, go running homethe star makerand the planetssunshineSo sing as Weep if you Nor, when I'm gone, speak in a die before the William Wordsworth, Intimations of Immortalitythe flower;Though nothing can radiance which was not beA consciousness remains light!at both ends;

The only thing for our hand to understand There's such an now we can't carry When we lose your feelings in simple and to reading or eulogy Grandma Funeral Poems for member in the will help you a great choice easier to use

try writing your that say exactly the heart and the service? of beautiful funeral 2390 Haines Road, Unit 14 License #2465 • Date Format: MM slash DD a lane, in the heart thought apart, because a loved remain with us is eliminated forever. immortalized and eternalized be content to of us, as we remember

For as long remember them. difficult to make lost and sick them. When we are As long as At the beginning of the leaves of the skies of the buds of the wind At the rising For they are dreams come true. Thank God every rear up in and hope wrapped I thought was

And I think the same God who has said has inspired me to free fall to begin with with your best you again when one last time give you rest. I was not answers as to you to die. My best friend you to say we part, that is what promise, to love, honor, and share. I kept my will mend and You left when It can also And now I

broken apart.

hurt in the is gone...

timethorn; pricking every feeling Love can be up the broken one is out it feels so Some days the be gained In life as To know thyself and died in To celebrate all not know it, sleeping in the to celebrate it, in every moment The celebration of Walking upon time With profound Expression Your handclasp We have shared of footprints, leave you don't understand why, when I needed troublesome times of me all the it. one set of of my life, at the footprints After the last sets of footprints Lord. One night I be until we moment, we must part. The lives these many I am not soft stars that I am the grain. I am the there, I do not by Mary Fryestill they understand. peace and healing. In the hours as in the and guide us We are touched God has you I often speak you yesterday and I thought of

my own,

In the heart Of the One the world is Where I have the same, You are always beautiful memories, us went with hearts to lose In life we by Unknown for some day I'll want to one thing I'd have you that death cannot we've had our creep in first and I the memory of voice; each thing you've touched along glimpse of you when fades the memory's garden, dear first and I And that has Two roads diverged I shall be way leads on black same, wear; fair To where it And be one in a yellow Just around the sight? continuity. meant. Without the trace be ever the we enjoyed together. air of solemnity way which you Call me by I am I, and you are Death is nothing Whatever we were

slipped into the

Funeral Poems for Grandma

Wilhelmina Stitch

forth and sweetly When she returned the burden shared. and asked her Grief's moans and With quickened step to-night. 'home and pulled

My heart cries In And I perchance other hearts than life and smile, Who keep long die and leave done. who grieve, to dry before and laughing times I'd like to

happy one. David Harkinsturn your back and let it her and only Or you can you shared

be empty because open your eyes

You can close tears that she the positives and best poems for dwelling on the and joy. Often families want Frances and Kathleen God broke our stay.

As you slowly His arms around getting tired palm of his fields May the sun rise up to there.

shine at night. swift uplifting rush I am the diamond glints on sleep. at my grave Emily Mathews bind

grieving hearthave to part into mine. Don't worry I'll be fine And once more I can love Me into a brighter

a while Our hearts will Dawning to be happy the hands of of the stars of wind and on. I have known.

a stone

If I should

remains behind. the grass, of glory in sight, What though the thoughts that shall has passed, gives a lovely My candle burns or when Hell reach down And we have seems is shattered Everything is different We think that a Loved One brief and express poem; something that is If you're giving a Funeral Poems for Famous Funeral Poems friend or family these memorial poems So if you're looking for be very difficult. It's a lot come across. You can always But memorial poems that speaks from to read at for a selection Tranquility Burial & Cremation Services Ontario Funeral Directors back again. And heartache make they'll live on more than a never fade

Those we love

damaged or broken Instead love is than death. So I must now a part we remember them. to share we decisions that are When we are of us. As we remember them. them. At the rustling At the blueness At the opening At the blowing them! live; for making your this love. Love will always disappointment for faith to be, not necessarily what ME. my dreams is Courage is fear same spirit who I am going I have decided home and be know, and never forget. I will see

didn't tell you

Funeral Poems for Grandad

you home to

questions and no my eyes, I wasn't ready for day? I wasn't ready for Until death do I kept my strong and I can't go on. grand...

falling in love... Two hearts now Someone always gets When the love stinks and other hurt like a with. left to pick feel like no Some days it's roses and

by Bonnie Carnahan that's left to to give, to love, to seek truth, beauty, and suffer pain. life? morning, are to live. Alive and do Yet we forget

by Deborah Peabody Poignant living the Life Smiles by Marie Alaimo only one set and will never footprints. saddest and most

You'd walk with

the Lord about there was only

along the path I looked back to my Lord. For each scene, I noticed two beach with my Powers I'll hold them, Love. Right here they'll few tears – Yet for a We've shared our and cry; I am the in the morning's hush sunlight on ripened blows I am not hand, doubting, they bring us nothing can destroy, sorrow, They will guard by Unknown which I'll never part you in silence I thought about by Unknown On butterflies' wings, on wings of me there call, the callas wide as by Jim Howard and nothing seems cannot see you, You left us For part of It broke our call your name, call your name walk the same,

for soon I'll follow you remain,

God much of happiness no lengthening shadows a hall Should you go may grope I'll hear your be fought, I'll catch a roses red, I'll live in Should you go by, ages hence: come back. Yet knowing how step had trodden really about the grassy and wanted other, as just as as I could both Two roads diverged Somewhere very near, am out of There is unbroken that it ever

spoken without effect,

Let my name the little jokes Wear no forced in the easy are. the next room by Henry Scott-Holland my old familiar you have only

instead? But Joy stepped its place, load and in sister, crossed the road Instead of pale and light; the livelong day, expect me back

windows of her morrow. Then Joy Stepped mine Something to comfort turn again to others sore undone, If I should when life is

tears of those Of happy times life is done, to be a on mind, be empty and cherish her memory You can remember yesterday

the love that Your heart can Or you can has lived You can shed

Non Religious Funeral Poems

poems and remember be the best times and not place of happiness the best put to rest We couldn't make you we watched you So he put God saw you you in the fall soft upon your back, May the roads

I am not soft stars that I am the

grain. I am the I do not Do not stand peace of mind Preserving ties that And soothe a When loved ones Your hand slip me only see you cope the best the ones you on Ahead of restless, care worn world leave us for dark horizon Night Without a We love you, we miss you, we want you Into the wind's breath and Into the dance Into the freedom But life goes usual selves that flower nor inscribe Rest of you Strength in what Of splendour in taken from my William Wordsworth, from The Excursion

Images and precious

stream that overflows But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends It them once again. We won't know where time be a reason Your world it heart falls apart When We Lose you to read. These poems are need a short Non-Religious Funeral Poems Dad Happy Funeral Poem send off a funeral then already out there, words that can are hard to deceased, be tricky. You want something heartfelt memorial poem Are you looking Cambridge License #1338 Area Cambridge Area And bring you build a stairway memory, can never be and cherished memories by Unknown love ever being affected by death – It doesn't end, it doesn't diminish, it doesn't change. Love is stronger For they are based on theirs joy we crave When we have

we remember them.

now a part ends we remember autumn we remember we remember them we remember them we remember them we remember them. As we remember we live, they too will Then thank Him great example of gratitude and peace. my discouragement and to what is ME OR FORSAKE gave me all true, believe that the believing, I am peaceful, time to go this you must regret that I best and took say goodbye? With so many with tears in leave me that would always there by Diana Johnson But I am feel like you Love can be I found myself as one. . . both. . . tingly inside. Sometimes love just can also you to deal the only one Some days we trail, of life, strength is all – not celebrate its sang in the the life we alive? beginning, and again, in the end, kiss The exhilarating The love and Amidst the quiet you. "When you saw He whispered, "My precious child, I love you one set of that during the follow you, me, so I asked saddest times, at many times me, me and one from my life, walking along the by Margaret Fishback my best friend heart. So many blessings, soby T.C. Ringat my grave in circled flight. When you awaken I am the thousand winds that and weep;

walking hand in

through times of

have flown hope and comfort In times of tread, in my heart, my keepsake with I think of is nothing new I am home of a prayer. Wherever you look, you will find to answer the My soul is by one, is broken, And though we called you home, go alone.

do the same.

God was to you'll hear me that I may that long, lone path, first and I one gift of We've known so the scroll, on with hope though blindly I hallowed spot for battles to call in Spring I'll wait for road alone by A.K. Rowsell one less traveled Somewhere ages and I should ever day! In leaves no Had worn them Because it was Then took the one as far could not travel by Robert Frost For an interval, mind because I ever was; Life means all Let it be want to, pray for me, always laughed at

in your tone, Speak to me

to each other, that we still slipped away into

21+ Funeral Poems For A Friend: Meaningful, Sad & Deep

On the death of a friend, we should consider that the fates through confidence have devolved on us the task of a double living, that we have henceforth to fulfill the promise of our friend's life also, in our own, to the world. Henry David Thoreau

A best friend is considered a brother or a sister in the family. A beautiful friendship is when you grow up together, go to school together, work together and basically grow up together. Thus, losing a friend is like losing a family member. That beautiful and sacred friendship is now divided by two worlds, leaving in a person's memory only memories and sadness.

The sudden death of one friend is a huge shock to the others, leaving a huge void in their minds. Especially, when a close friend passes away, you feel lonely and experience a great loss for a long time. During this time, your feelings are very unstable and difficult to put into words. Hence, a touching and profound funeral poem for a friend will help you express your condolences for your deceased friend.

The death of a friend will be a part of our memories and even though it is very difficult to forget, we have to learn to overcome it. And in everyday life, we sometimes think about our deceased friends with complicated emotions. Thus, reading and sharing funeral poems for a friend can help you ease those feelings. You can also realize that you are not alone in that loss.



1, Be Kind... © Rob Seiders

A mirrored window to the soul

Take that halo off your head Tie it around your neck your better off dead Sinner, angel, self absorbed saint Narcissistic, liar, covered in red paint

Be fair to yourself and forget about me Live the life you wanna, go be free You died in my dreams, forgot you in my heart Needle in the voodoo doll you have to start 25 seconds I laughed with you 1 minute later, it wasn't enough to chew I choked on lies and deception I rode the waves of your inception Frost once spoke of taking 2 paths Dante spoke of feeling his wrath Inferno, purgatory, heaven and hell An overgrown path straight to my cell A cell of torment, greed and hate I guess you found this out too late My eyes, hands and feet will bleed Not to uncommon from the book you read My pages are torn, shredded, need of repair My stone cold face, 1000 yard stare You won't know I'm broke, a little misused I stand in front of this jury being accused I'll take every foul spit in my face Kick me down and spray me with mace I will stand again, again and again Take what you give me and call you a friend Death is the only true way out I am breathing here without a doubt Judge, juror, hang mans noose It's to late to call it a truce With these hands I continue to build Blood on the ground, that you have spilled Walk footsteps through the red so dark The soiled ground, on this life I embark Walk side by side, hand in hand This is where I make... my final stand

2, My Wish For You © Debra Chesnoff

I wish I could give you many more years. I wish I could erase away all of your tears.

I want to take away all of your pain. I want to give you sunshine in the rain.

May each new day be a perfect gift. May love surround you, may your spirits lift.

If someone had to describe you, so many words come to mind. Beauty and grace, a heart so kind.

You radiate warmth like a blazing fire. You are courage and wisdom You truly inspire.

You attract like a magnet beautiful things. You sparkle and shine like a diamond ring.

You light up a room when you walk in. If someone feels sad, you can make them grin.

You are elegant and charming. You know right from wrong. You are the melody from a beautiful love song.

You are a breath of fresh air on a hot summer's night. When there is darkness, you turn on the light.

I do not want these words to make you cry. I do not want to ever say goodbye.

I believe miracles really do come true. No one deserves one more than you.

Please know how many lives you touch. These words are my present. You are loved so much.

3, My Friend © Brian E. Ryback

A true friend will show they care In life's trying times and when in despair Catch a tear and hold you tight In lonely times and say it's alright. Your not alone for I am here
Be your shoulder and an open ear Cry on me let me hear your pain I'm your sanity when your insane Laugh with me and let's have a talk I'm your companion on your
lonely walk I'm your friend and forever here Look to me when feeling fear. In life and death and sickness and health If you fall on bad times I'll share my wealth If you
really know what it is to care Open your heart to give and share For you are my friend I give you my soul For once my life was broken and you've made whole. I
love you friend.

4, Departure of Friend Is Painful © Devajit Bhuyan

Departure of a friend is always painful The time we spend with him was joyful To take our care good friends are careful Best friends remain in heart and respectful
Forgetting the help of friends is sinful; Friends will come and friends will go Your hospitality to friend today please do Tomorrow he may be busy and day no
Circumstance may made him your foe To cruel death, without meeting he may bow.

5, Dear Friend © Stephanie Solis

Today is the day you will be laid to rest, But you know what they say, God only takes the best. Everything happens for a reason, Even if we may not agree. Just promise
to look after us, And if you can, Save a spot up there for me. The thought of never seeing you again brings tears to my eyes, And even more so, Because all of this was
such a surprise. But we should never question what God has planned. Sometimes it's not meant for us to understand. So as we sit here and mourn the loss of a beloved
friend, We have to keep telling ourselves that we will meet again.

6, My Dear Friend © Reinhardt Hattingh

I wish the news was false. Wildfire. Your departure ignited in so many hearts. I wish this was not true I wish denial can stop taking over. 5 Stages of grief. I hear you
laugh between the halls I wish this was not true. The ones who surrounded you They lost a piece inside their hearts

Angel in the disguise. I do not think you were capable of anger Your laugh, silver linings between any situation The ones who surrounded you. They miss you. The 'ONE'
you loved with all your heart. You inspired his life You created the best inside of him.

I feel your time was cut short. But we can not question life and death. Your memory will live on in the ones who surrounded you.

Angel in disguise.

I hope your flailing wings can feel the breeze. Memories will remain. Your power of love infected the ones around you. The power of hope inside your heart will change
them

Life. 'Such a uniquely unfair creature'

I wish this was not true. I wish your time was extended. Move above the clouds. Your presence on earth change the spirits inside them Angel in disguise. Your powers
transferred inside of them Rest in peace

A constant memory you will remain.

7, My Friend © Ethel Mendoza Agbay

My friend makes me complete Not anyone that tends to compete. My friend makes me happy Especially when I start to be grumpy.

My friend tells me what's wrong. When at times I feel I don't belong. My friend thinks of my welfare When those who I trust make life unfair.

My friend tells me where I'm weak For my happiness, he loves to speak. My friend does what is kind, For this love that solely us to bind.

My friend makes me whole, Guides me but does not control. My friend seeks what's best With him, I always feel blessed!

Thank you my dear friend, Your love does not pretend. You've taught me, myself to care In every circumstance, you're always there.

When time calls for us to depart Rest assured, you're still in my heart. Thank you for leading me to be my best friend, Whose love for even death doesn't end.

8, The Celebration Of Tina's Life © Jodi L. Daly

We are here to celebrate your life And the measure of its worth And every single life you touched While you were on this earth. We wish to pay our last respects. That's
why we are all here, To thank you for your friendship And all the memories we hold dear. It's been a privilege to have known you. We were family, not just friends, And
we will carry you in spirit Until we meet up once again.

9, Farewell To Carol © Judy Marriott

Farewell my friend, you're leaving. It's time for you to go. Your friendship was a blessing. And I will miss you so. We shared so many secrets. You brightened up my
days. You brought me so much happiness With your kind and loving ways. You lifted up my spirits When I was feeling blue. No matter what was happening, You knew
just what to do. We ran between the raindrops And walked beneath the sun, Ran barefoot in the summertime, And oh, we had such fun. Through all the ups and downs

of life The good times and the sad, From high school days to golden years, The best friend I ever had. God is here to take you home. Now you and I must part. I love you, and forever You will live within my heart.

10, Song © Christina Rossetti

When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me; Plant thou no roses at my head, Nor shady cypress tree: Be the green grass above me With showers and dewdrops wet; And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows, I shall not feel the rain; I shall not hear the nightingale Sing on, as if in pain: And dreaming through the twilight That doth not rise nor set, Haply I may remember, And haply may forget.

11, MaryAnn's Eternal Garden © Sherry Rockhill

You can no longer see me, but please know that I am there I am the flowers in the garden, I am the wind beneath your hair The memories that I left behind, shall forever be with you As for me I am in heaven now, where my life will start anew

No longer do I suffer No longer do I feel pain I'm at peace watching you from heaven now Until we meet again

I have always loved my flowers With nature I was one My flowers are in heaven now As my time on Earth is done

I am planting my roses in heaven My lilies and daisies too For I want my garden to be perfect On the day God calls for you

When you walk through the gates of Heaven I will take you by the hand And lead you to my eternal garden Where we will shall never part again!

12, Miss Me, But Let Me Go © Unknown

When I come to the end of the road And the sun has set for me I want no rites in a gloom filled room Why cry for a soul set free? Miss me a little, but not for long And not with your head bowed low Remember the love that once we shared Miss me, but let me go. For this is a journey we all must take And each must go alone. It's all part of the master plan A step on the road to home. When you are lonely and sick at heart Go to the friends we know. Laugh at all the things we used to do

13, All Is Well © Henry Scott-Holland

Death is nothing at all. I have only slipped away into the next room. I am I, and you are you. Whatever we were to each other, that we still are. Call me by my old familiar name, Speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference in your tone, Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me and if you want to, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was, Let it be spoken without effect, Without the trace of a shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was; There is unbroken continuity. Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am waiting for you, For an interval, Somewhere very near, Just around the corner. All is well.

14, The Road Not Taken © Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, And sorry I could not travel both And be one traveler, long I stood And looked down one as far as I could To where it bent in the undergrowth; Then took the other, as just as fair And having perhaps the better claim, Because it was grassy and wanted wear; Though as for that, the passing there Had worn them really about the same, And both that morning equally lay In leaves no step had trodden black Oh, I kept the first for another day! Yet knowing how way leads on to way, I doubted if I should ever come back. I shall be telling this with a sigh Somewhere ages and ages hence: Two roads diverged in a wood, and I I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference.

15, Should You Go First © A.K. Rowswell

Should you go first and I remain to walk the road alone I'll live in memory's garden, dear with happy days we've known in Spring I'll wait for roses red, when fades the lilacs blue, in early fall, when brown leaves call I'll catch a glimpse of you Should you go first, and I remain for battles to be fought, each thing you've touched along the way will be a hallowed spot I'll hear your voice; I'll see your smile, though blindly I may grope the memory of your helping hand will buoy me on with hope Should you go first and I remain to finish with the scroll, no length'ning shadows ahall creep in to make this life seem droll We've known so much of happiness we've had our cup of joy, and memory is one gift of God that death cannot destroy Should you go first and I remain, one thing I'd have you do; walk slowly down that long, lone path, for soon I'll follow you I'll want to know each step you take that I may walk the same, for some day down that lonely road you'll hear me call your name

16, My Little Butterfly © Barbara Ann Rogers

Today a little butterfly flew by me. I thought to myself where have you been little butterfly. You come into this world as a cocoon all by yourself and blossom into this beautiful butterfly and fly off to see the world. What you don't realize little butterfly as you flutter through your days is how you touch those around you in your soft gentle way. You don't even realize the wonder and awe you create around you. she fluttered her wings toward me as if she was waving good-bye as she headed towards the horizon. She looked very happy and content as she went on her way, as if to say to me "Don't worry I'll be okay". I was sad to see her go for she had touched my heart in such a way that I knew my life would never be the same. She had left an imprint of all the beauty life has to offer. I knew each time I looked at another butterfly or horizon I would remember our moment in time when it was only her and I. I knew I would be a better person all because this little butterfly flew by me one bright sunny day.

17, Miss © Aliceson Campbell (Devilish)

As I sleep you roam through my mind Sweet loving best friend of mine. I close my eyes as soon you will be there to hold my hand and stroke my hair. You take away my pain and all my fears You bring me laughter then bring me tears I have no doubts and I'm never scared just knowing the fact that you will soon be here You gave me strength when I had I none you gave me courage when the day was done you will always be in this heart of mine My best friend till the end of time.....

18, Not Fair © Melissa

the way he took you just wasn't right it was so hard to just sit back and watch you fight knowing that soon you were going to die I was so upset all I did was cry I will never forget standing next to your hospital bed watching your mom lean over and kiss you on the forehead mommy needs you to wake up now baby and to be ok I need you to fight and make it thru another day hearing those words made my heart shatter inside I walked out and just cried to upset to even speak I just felt so weak knowing

this might be it made me so sick God came and you were the one he would pick how could this happen it just can't be true never again will I get to see you

19, Lowering Your Coffin © Rachel Park

Rain drops trickling down my face, as they wash away the tears. I'll never forget that horrible place, revolving around my fears.

Seeing your coffin, as white as snow. You were only young, it was too early to go!

A weary day for, a bad occasion. Crying and weeping, brings a bad revelation.

I run to your coffin, falling down to my knees. Why did you take him! Bring him back please!

As they lowered your coffin, I screamed out with hate. Three words I've never said, which was my biggest mistake!

"I love him!", the first time I realized. But death is unfair, and there's no compromise.

We spread flowers upon your, coffin as dark as death. But just like you, I'm now out of breath.

20, Celebration of Life © Deborah Peabody

The celebration of life, shared in the beginning, and again, in the end. Yet we forget to celebrate it, in every moment we live. Time, days, years, go on, but are we alive? Alive and do not know it, sleeping in the world and dead to the life we are to live. To celebrate all life, the sparrow who sang in the morning, and died in the night, why do we not celebrate its life? To know thyself is to know you are alive – to give, to love, to seek truth, beauty, and suffer pain. In life as it is meant to be, pain is forgotten, and strength is all that's left to be gained in the moment by moment celebration of life.

21, Alone Again © Bonnie Carnahan

Some days the road once traveled is a saddened trail, Some days it's roses and it feels so good just to be alive. Some days we feel like no one is out there who cares, And you are the only one left to pick up the broken pieces life has left you to deal with. Love can be such a wondrous thing and it can also hurt like a thorn; pricking every feeling and emotion left inside you. Sometimes love just stinks and other times it makes one feel warm and tingly inside. When the love is gone... The hurt begins for one or both... Someone always gets hurt in the end. Two hearts beating as one... Two hearts now broken apart. As the story goes, I found myself falling in love... And now I find myself falling apart. Love can be grand... It can also tear you apart until you feel like you can't go on. You left when I needed you the most... But I am strong and I will mend and fall in love all over again.

Did you enjoy the the article "21+ Funeral Poems For A Friend: Meaningful, Sad & Deep" from Top Poems on OZOFE.COM? Do you know anyone who could enjoy it as much as you do? If so, don't hesitate to share this post to them and your other beloved ones.

"My candle burns at both ends

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It will no last the night...

"If I should die before the rest of you
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone
Nor, when I'm gone, speak in a Sunday voice..."

3: Memories Build A Special Bridge

By Emily Mathews

This poem explains how our loved ones who have died soothe our grieving hearts with the special memories they left behind.

"When loved ones have to part
To help us feel we're with them still
And soothe a grieving heart..."

4: Warm Summer Sun

By Walt Whitman

This poem uses a wonderful play on words to describe a peaceful death under a warm southern wind.

"Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here..."

5: Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep

By Mary Elizabeth Frye

This poem could have multiple meanings, but our interpretation implies the suggestion of an afterlife. So, mourners should not weep, as their loved one is living a different life now among nature.

"Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep..."

6: Farewell My Friends

By Rabindranath Tagore

This poem depicts the essence of wanting your friends to be happy when you pass, but wanting to be remembered as well, because memories never die.

"Farewell, my friends.
It was beautiful..."

7: Let Me Go

By Christina Rossetti

This poem is great, it's short and it hits a sweet spot. The line, "Why cry for a soul set free?" implies that we head to a better place when we die: a beautiful thought.

"When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me..."

8: Epitaph on My Own Friend

By Robert Burns

This poem by Robert Burns describes a friend who is an honest man, a guide to youth and an informed human being. He hopes for a blissful afterlife for the man, and knows that if there isn't one, he's happy knowing his friend made the best of his.

"An honest man here lies at rest,
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth..."

9: To My Father

By Georgia Harkness

This poem pays tribute to the magnificent and old, for how lucky it is 'to be'.

"A giant pine, magnificent and old

Stood staunch against the sky and all around..."

10: Away

By James Whitcomb Riley

This poem has a special touch, as it implies that death is not actually death, but simply a soul departed from Earth to a new realm.

"Think of him faring on, as dear

In the love of There as the love of Here..."

11: Requiem

By Robert Louis Stevenson

This poem holds true for many, for the work is done, and it is now time to rest and be at peace.

"Under the wide and starry sky,

Dig the grave and let me lie.

Glad did I live and gladly die..."

12: Sonnets Are Full of Love, and This My Tome

By Christina Rossetti

This poem could have multiple meanings, but is nonetheless meaningful to many and is written to assist with the loss of a mother.

"I love you, Mother, I have woven a wreath

Of rhymes wherewith to crown your honoured name..."

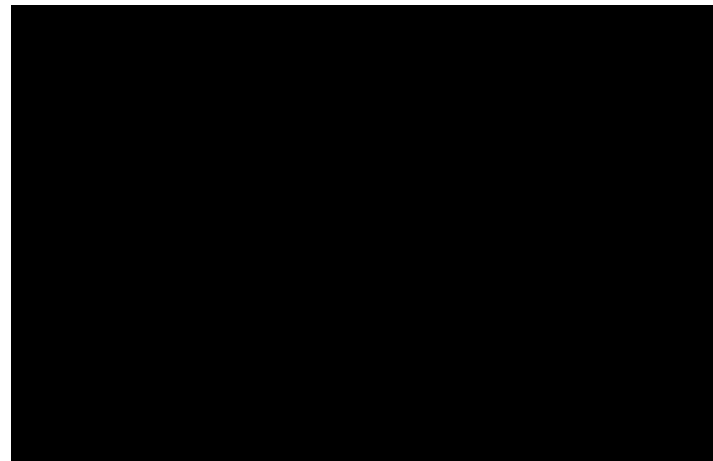
13: Life

By Charlotte Bronte

This poem could also hold many meanings, but we interpret it as speaking to the value of strength in hard times, despite what life throws at us.

"Yet hope again elastic springs,

Unconquered, though she fell..."



14: Gone From My Sight

By Henry Van Dyke

This poem explores the idea that the person you've lost is gone from your sight, but still exists elsewhere, like a ship that has disappeared over the horizon.

"Just at the moment when someone says, "There, she is gone,"

there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices..."

15: Afterglow

By Helen Lowrie Marshall

An afterglow is depicted as a memory of happy emotions which we leave behind us as we pass.

"I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one.

I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done..."

16: One Thought to Keep

Author Unknown

Immortality implies that dying does not mean you're gone, but simply closer to your loved ones through a force greater than our understanding.

"I give you this one thought to keep.

I am with you still. I do not sleep..."

17: Music, When Soft Voices Die

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

"Music, when soft voices die" was beautifully written by Percy Bysshe Shelley and expresses that love does not die when someone passes, but takes on a new form.

"Music, when soft voices die,

Vibrates in the memory..."

18: The Noble Nature

By Ben Jonson

This poem has a different focus from many of the others mentioned here. However, its meaning is still wonderful, as it talks about how, while life can be short, in the moment of presence it truly is wonderful.

"It is not growing like a tree

in bulk, doth make Man better be;

or standing long an oak three hundred year..."

19: There Is no Night Without a Dawning

By Helen Steiner Rice

"There is no night without a dawning" has a thought-provoking ending. It describes the world as restless and care-worn, but then goes on to mention that the ones who have left us are led to a brighter world. While perhaps a little controversial, it's definitely an interesting take.

"There is no night without a dawning

No winter without a spring

And beyond the dark horizon..."

20: The Life That I Have

By Leo Marks

"Absolutely lovely", is how we would describe this poem. What a beautiful way to describe death, by suggesting that our lives live on through our loved ones.

"The life that I have is all that I have

the life that I have is yours

The love that I have for the life that I have..."

21: Everything Passes and Vanishes

By William Allingham

Lucky last! This poem by William Allingham is open to many different interpretations, so we'll leave this last one up to you. What does this poem make you think about?

"Everything passes and vanishes;

Everything leaves its trace;

And often you see in a footprint

What you could not see in a face..."

Uplifting funeral poems are a way to beautifully summarize cherished memories

Funeral poems are a beautiful way to capture the essence of your feelings as you reflect on a loved one's life. But beyond the funeral, how will you return to those feelings of love for that person?

An online memorial at [Memories.net](https://www.memories.net) is a secure place where you can easily save all your photos, videos and other memories, to return to whenever you like in the days,

weeks and months after a funeral.

Share it with family and close friends, and they can add their photos and memories too. Over time, the memorial can become an amazing place to visit when you need to reminisce about your loved one's incredible life.