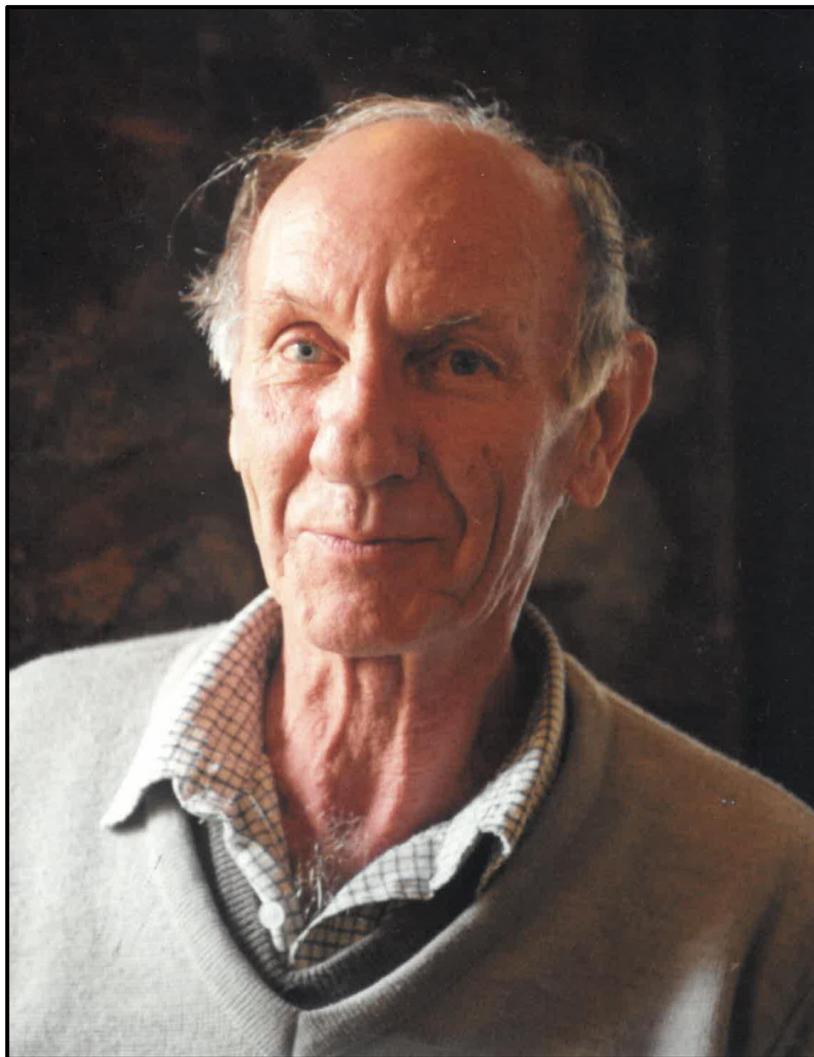


Funeral Service of
David Reginald Trelawney
WICKHAM

9th August 1928 – 10th November 2017



All Saint's Parish Church, Chipstable
Monday 20th November 2017

The Tyger.

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies,
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?



ORDER OF SERVICE

Officiated by
Reverend David Widdows

Organ played by
Mr Tom Morrell



WELCOME

HYMN

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
 In purer lives thy service find,
 In deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love!

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
O still small voice of calm.

MUSIC

Handel's Art Thou Troubled
Sarah and Hilary

READING

Psalm 121

Read by Rex Wickham

POEM

The Tyger by William Blake

Read by Freddy Wickham

HYMN

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

EULOGY

James Wickham and Peter Parsons

PRAYERS

HYMN

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won!*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of Life;
Life is naught without thee: aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors through thy deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

QUANTOCK POEM

*The English poet Henry Newbolt had a house at
Aisholt in the Quantocks, to which he referred as
'that beloved valley'. He lived there from 1927 – so would
have been a close neighbour in David's childhood.
He wrote the following little-known short elegy entitled*

Mors Janua

Pilgrim, no shrine is here, no prison, no inn:
Thy fear and thy belief alike are fond:
Death is a gate, and holds no room within:
Pass - to the road beyond.

BLESSING

Purcell – Come Ye Sons Of Art

David's family would like to thank you for joining them here today and for your kind messages of sympathy and support shown during this time.



You are all invited to share refreshments and further happy memories at Waterrow Village Hall following this church service.

There will be a retiring collection to support
SOMERSET ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND
NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY (SANHS)
OR THE ALZHEIMER'S SOCIETY
Alternatively donations may be sent
c/o Taunton Funeral Service, 55 Bridge Street,
Taunton, TA1 1TP. Tel: 01823 321077