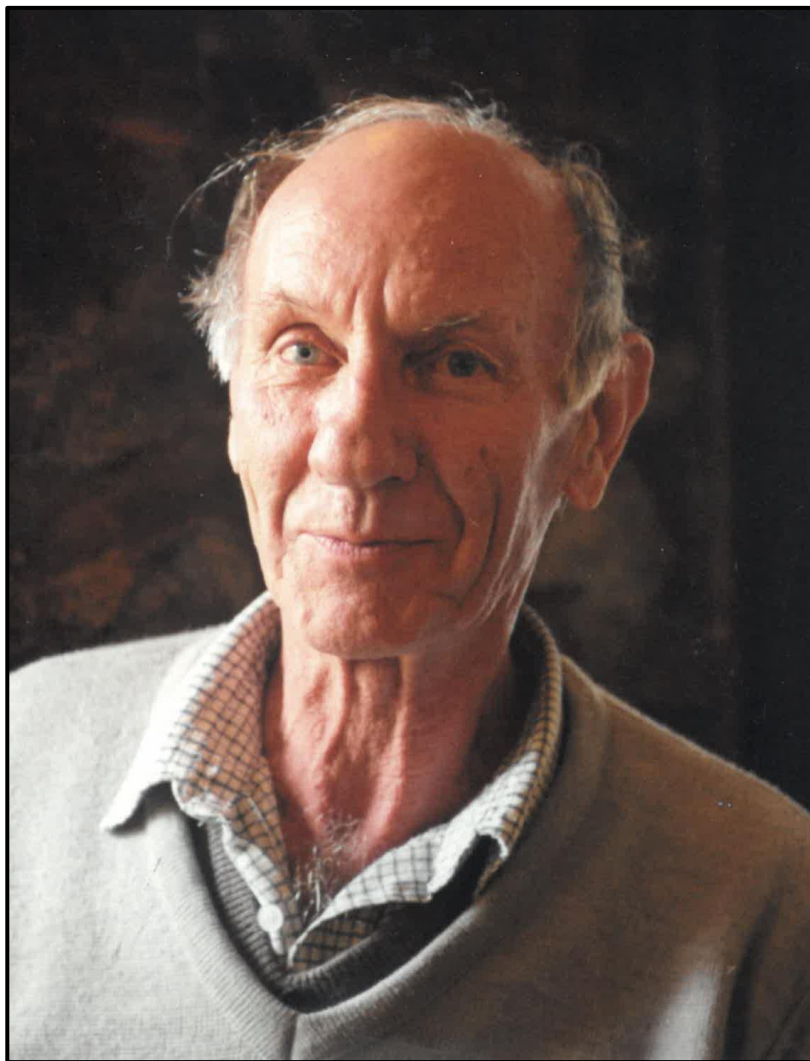




Funeral Service of  
David Reginald Trelawney  
WICKHAM

9<sup>th</sup> August 1928 – 10<sup>th</sup> November 2017



All Saint's Parish Church, Chipstable  
Monday 20<sup>th</sup> 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