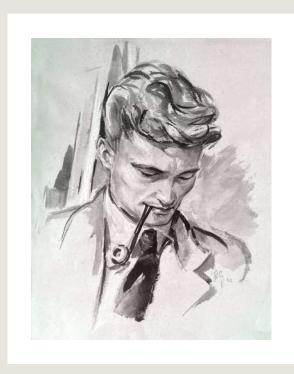


Abou Ben Adhem

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw, within the moonlight in his room, Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold:— Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the presence in the room he said, "What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head, And with a look made of all sweet accord, Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord." "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low, But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then, Write me as one that loves his fellow men." The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night It came again with a great wakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blest, And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt

IN MEMORY OF



Trevor Gebbie

27 August 1928 — 13 December 2023

Lychgate Funerals Chapel, 306 Willis Street, Wellington Wednesday 20 December 2023

Order of Service

Celebrant - Philip Costello

Gathering Music

Symphony on a French Mountain Air, Op. 25 - Vincent d'Indy

Introductory Music

Ashokan Farewell – J. *Ungar*; played by family members

Words of Welcome

Eulogy

Alan Gebbie

Tributes

Ewan Gebbie Katharine Gebbie

Reading

Ithaca - C. P. Cavafy; read by Janet Velvin

Sing me a Song of a Lad that is Gone words - Robert Louis Stevenson

Committal and Closing Words

Photo Tribute and Recessional Music

Suite No.1 in G major, Prelude – J.S. Bach played by Ken Ichinose

Sing me Song of a Lad that is Gone

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone, Say, could that lad be I? Merry of soul he sailed on a day Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Rum on the port, Eigg on the starboard bow; Glory of youth glowed in his soul: Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone, Say, could that lad be I? Merry of soul he sailed on a day Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there, Give me the sun that shone! Give me the eyes, give me the soul, Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone, Say, could that lad be I? Merry of soul he sailed on a day Over the sea to Skye.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas, Mountains of rain and sun,

