



### 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

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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

#### Song

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,  
All that was good, all that was fair,  
All that was me is gone.

Words – *Robert Louis Stevenson*

