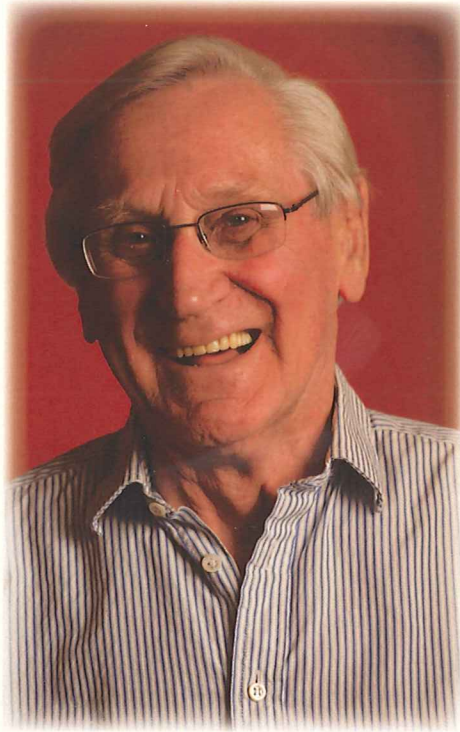


# Frederick Wright



3<sup>rd</sup> January 1928 – 19<sup>th</sup> May 2011

## Order of Service

### Entry Music

Fletcher Henderson – ‘The House of David Blues’

Louis Armstrong – ‘Cornet Shop Suey’

Marian McPartland – ‘Lullaby of Birdland’

Teddy Wilson – ‘Rosetta’

### Welcome

### Hymn

Morning has broken

(Please see hymn book)

### Poem

‘After Glow’ by Helen Lowrie Marshall

I’d like the memory of me  
to be a happy one.  
I’d like to leave an after glow  
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

## Tribute to Fred

### Music

Beethoven Piano Concerto no.1 in C  
Opus 15 Second movement: largo

A period of silence for remembrance

## The Committal

### Poem

'If I should go' by Joyce Grenfell

If I should go before the rest of you,  
Break not a flower, nor inscribe a stone,  
Nor, when I'm gone, speak in a Sunday voice,  
But be the usual selves that I have known.  
Weep if you must, parting is hell,  
But life goes on, so sing as well.

### Exit Music

Mark Knopfler and Chet Atkins – 'I'll See You in My Dreams',  
'Sweet Dreams', 'Just One Time' and 'So Soft Your Goodbye'

## A Sailor Reminisces – a poem by Fred

The old salt sat in the smoke filled room,  
His tot of rum by his side,  
He was gnarled and weathered by storm and wind,  
He had travelled far and wide,  
For all of his life he had heeded the call,  
Of the open sea and the tide.

O come my lads, O come with me,  
And if ye be bold and true,  
I'll show ye sights in distant parts,  
Even further north than Crewe.

He turned around slowly, and being so old,  
He quickly began to tire,  
As he poked the coals with his wooden leg,  
The flames grew higher and higher,  
And he told a tale of the seven seas,  
Until his parrot caught fire.

O come my lads, O come with me,  
Let's start our journeyings now,  
I'll show ye sights in distant parts,  
Even further west than Slough.

'I remember the time' he said with a smile,  
'When I first clapped my eyes on the craft,  
That I joined there and then for to sail round the world,  
Though 'twas little more than a raft'  
But the parrot, still smoking and terribly hot,  
Shouted 'Don't be so bloody daft'.

O come my lads, O come with me,  
Tis time we all stopped talking,  
I'll show ye sights in distant parts,  
Even further south than Dorking.

He tapped his pipe out over the crisps,  
And took a sip of his stout,  
'I remember' he said, 'how I shinned up the mast,  
Before I was taken with gout'  
But the Landlord could stand no more of his yarns,  
And threw him, (and his parrot) out.

O come my lads, O come with me,  
Your adventures aren't yet over . . . . ."  
But the last that I heard he was being slung out,  
From a pub to the east of Dover.