

When an old cricketer leaves the crease

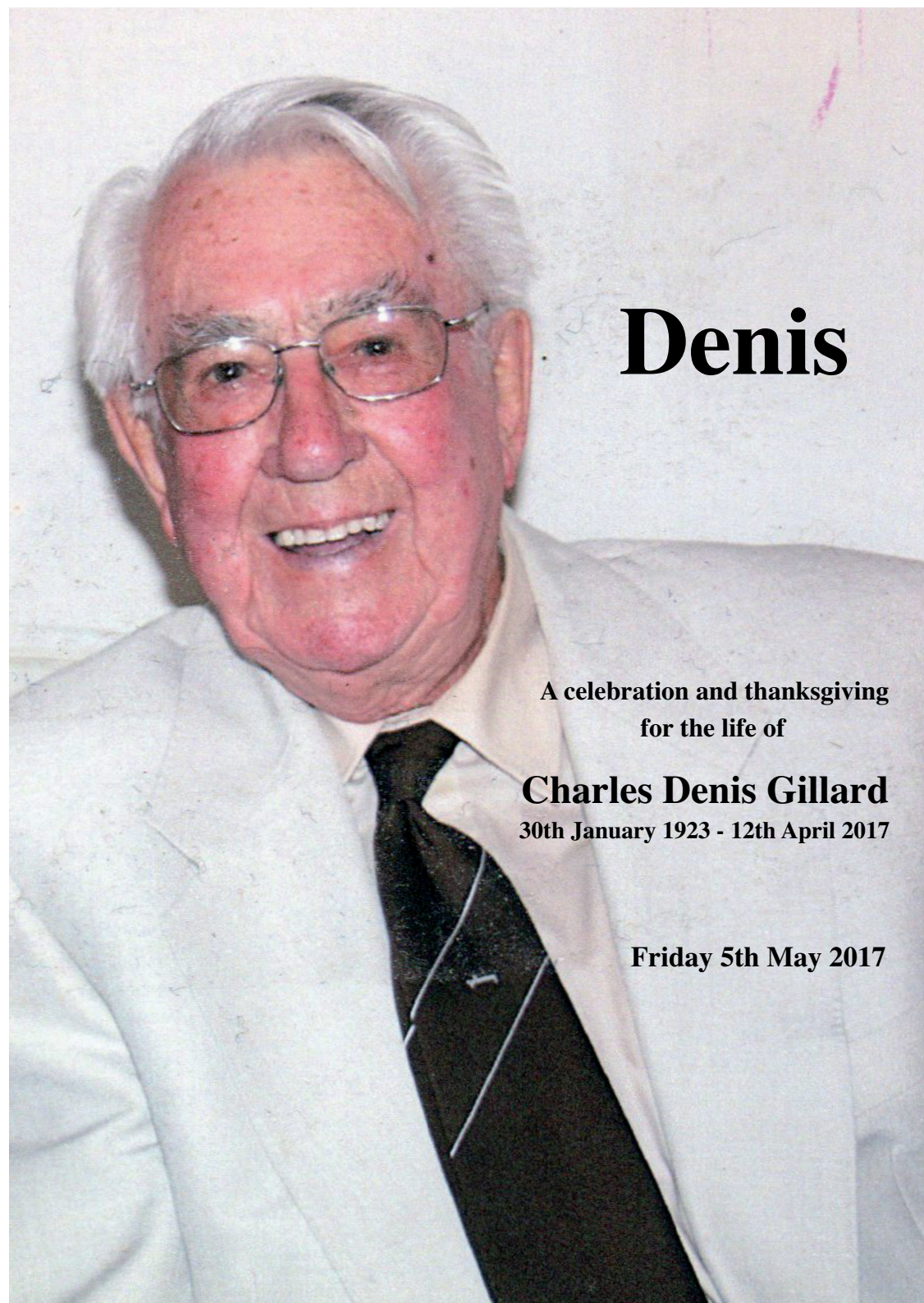
When the day is done and the ball has spun in the umpires pocket away
And all remains in the groundsman's pains for the rest of time and a day
There'll be one mad dog and his master, pushing for four with the spin
On a dusty pitch with two pounds six of willow wood in the sun.

When an old cricketer leaves the crease, you never know whether he's gone
If sometimes you're catching a fleeting glimpse of a twelfth man at silly Mid-on
And it could be Geoff and it could be John with a new ball sting in his tail
And it could be me and it could be thee and it could be the sting in the ale, sting in the ale.

When the moment comes and the gathering stands and the clock turns back to reflect
On the years of grace as those footsteps trace for the last time out of the act
Well this way of life's recollection, the hallowed strip in the haze
The fabled men and the noonday sun are much more than just yarns of their days.

When an old cricketer leaves the crease, well you never know whether he's gone
If sometimes you're catching a fleeting glimpse of a twelfth man at silly Mid-on
And it could be Geoff and it could be John with a new ball sting in his tail
And it could be me and it could be thee and it could be the sting in the ale.

Roy Harper



Denis

A celebration and thanksgiving
for the life of

Charles Denis Gillard
30th January 1923 - 12th April 2017

Friday 5th May 2017

Processional Music : In Paradisum - Gabriel Fauré

**The Sentences
Welcome and Opening Prayer**

Rev David Edinborough

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 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;
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!
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;
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;
O still, small voice of calm.

Tribute to Denis by Margaret Crooks

Commendation and committal

Blessing

Frank Sinatra : “My way”

Jane, Rob and Margaret would like to thank everyone for making the journey to this service today and for all the expressions of love, support and sympathy that they have received.

We warmly invite you to Chilwell Manor Golf Club, Meadow Lane, Beeston NG9 5EA for refreshments.

If you wish to make a donation, in memory of Denis, to his chosen charity ‘Help the Heroes’, these may be sent to A.W.Lymn, Parker House, 25 Church Street, Stapleford, Notts NG9 8GA or online at <http://www.lymn.co.uk/funerals/online-obituaries>

Hymn

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet thy tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
evermore his praises sing:
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise him still the same for ever,
slow to chide and swift to bless:
Alleluia, alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows;
in his hand he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
ye behold him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Reading: Psalm 23 read by Amy Dukoff-Gordon (Denis' granddaughter)

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 nor 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.

Reading: Bilbo's Last Song read by Ben Dukoff-Gordon (Denis' grandson)

Day is ended, dim my eyes,
but journey long before me lies.
Farewell, friends! I hear the call.
The ship's beside the stony wall.
Foam is white and waves are grey;
beyond the sunset leads my way.
Foam is salt, the wind is free;
I hear the rising of the Sea.

Farewell, friends! The sails are set,
the wind is east, the moorings fret.
Shadows long before me lie,
beneath the ever-bending sky,
but islands lie behind the Sun
that I shall raise ere all is done;
lands there are to west of West,
where night is quiet and sleep is rest.

Guided by the Lonely Star,
beyond the utmost harbour-bar,
I'll find the heavens fair and free,
and beaches of the Starlit Sea.
Ship, my ship! I seek the West,
and fields and mountains ever blest.
Farewell to Middle-earth at last.
I see the Star above my mast!

J.R.R. Tolkien

A tribute to Denis' cricketing years : Derek Hollingsworth

**Music for reflection
"When an old cricketer leaves the crease"**

Reading : A Poem read by Georgina Berry (Denis' stepdaughter)

Address - Rev David Edinborough

Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father
Who art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdom come
Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses
As we forgive those that trespass against us
And lead us not into temptation
And deliver us from evil
For thine is the kingdom
The power and the glory
For ever and ever. Amen