



- *"To the limit and beyond"* -

A Service of Celebration for the life of
Reginald Arthur Ralph



8th May 1930 – 17th April 2013
Eastbourne Crematorium • Monday 13th May 2013 (2.30 pm)

Music On Entry

The Prayer

by Katherine Jenkins

Reg's Arrival

Heart of Oak

Band of H.M Royal Marines

Welcome & Prayers

Jonathan Graves

Reg's Life & Times

By son Robert Ralph



Jerusalem Hymn

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Crossing the Bar

Read by Rachael Ralph

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.



Music For Reflection

Smile

Nat King Cole
(1961) Version

The Royal Navy Field Gun Poem

By Staff Sgt Roy Allen

Read by Maurice Ralph

We are those of the Gun, my friend
Those who are trusted and true,
We tackle the wall and the bottomless gorge,
To get the twelve-pounder through.

It's pins and it's shackles and pulleys,
It's lashings, it's ropes and it's spars,
And it's burns from the rope, and
It's bones that are broke, and it's ropes
And it's tears and it's scars.

But the real prize we gain,
It's not silver or gold,
Or a trophy to put in the mess,
No, that which we won the steel of the gun,
And in knowing we gave it our best.

Continued overleaf...

Continued...

Runnin' the Gun, it's like running with life,
With the damage and loss that we take,
And the walls that we storm,
And the chasms we cross,
When the rope takes the mind of a snake.

You may bleed and be torn,
Your back to the load,
You may stumble and rise yet again,
And the silver and gold may just pass you by,
And your prizes may only be pain.

But a Gunner you are, and a Gunner you'll stay,
In this life, foe ever you'll run,
Storm the walls, span the gorge,
With the will that you have,
And the gear and limber and Gun.



Closing Music
A Life On the Ocean Wave
Band of H.M Royal Marines

**We would like to thank everyone for attending the celebration
for Reg today and for all the vast number of kind messages
of support and sympathy**

Everyone is warmly invited to:

The Eastbourne Fisherman's Club
Royal Parade
Eastbourne
BN22 7AA

...for refreshments, Field Gun photos, and DVDs.



Donations in memory of Reg for
The British Heart Foundation
or
Diabetes UK

c/o Rosedale Funeral Services Ltd
62 Grove Road
Eastbourne, East Sussex
BN21 4UH
01323 721100



‘Forever and ever we’ll follow the blue
for we are the lads of the Pompey Gun Crew,
we will win all the three cups and the Copenhagen Cup too,
for we are the boys of the Pompey Gun Crew’

Ring a Ding Ding!



They Will Not be Forgotten