

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

RICHARD'S STORY

Read by John Wilkinson

POEM

Read by Richard's granddaughter, Eleanor

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Love soars like the hawk,
Friendship stands like the watchful heron.
Love is a song,
Friendship; quiet, strong, beautiful words.
Love flowers like summer fields,
Friendship grows tall and strong,
like green pine forests.
Love is a waterfall,
Friendship a river.
Love is the sea,
Friendship is the land,
Love is a woman,
Friendship a man.
Love is a floating moon,
Friendship the sun at noon.

Richard Llewellyn Ellis

TRIBUTE

Read by Richard's son, Christopher

SONG

Sung by Richard's granddaughter, Megan

SONGBIRD

For you, there'll be no crying
For you, the Sun will be shining
'Cause I feel that when I'm with you
It's alright, I know it's right

To you, I would give the world
To you, I'd never be cold
'Cause I feel that when I'm with you
It's alright, I know it's right

And the songbirds keep singing
Like they know the score
And I love you, I love you, I love you
Like never before

And the songbirds keep singing
Like they know the score
And I love you, I love you, I love you
Like never before
Like never before
Like never before

REFLECTION

A time to remember Richard and reflect on personal memories

Music

Myfanwy - Treorchy Male Voice Choir

Myfanwy boed yr holl o'th fywyd
Dan heulwen ddisglair canol dydd.
A boed i rosyn gwridog iechyd
I ddawnsio ganmlwydd ar dy rudd.
Anghofia'r oll o'th addewidion
A wneist i rywun, 'ngeneth ddel,
A dyro'th law, Myfanwy dirion
I ddim ond dweud y gair "Ffarwél".

Myfanwy, may your life entirely be
Beneath the midday sun's bright glow,
And may a blushing rose of health
Dance on your cheek a hundred years.
I forget all your words of promise
You made to someone, my pretty girl
So give me your hand, my sweet Myfanwy,
For no more but to say "farewell".

Music - Joseph Parry Lyrics - Richard Davies

Poem

Read by Richard's daughter, Jane

Sea Fever

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

John Masefield