

A Service of Celebration for the Life of

John Froude

21st April 1944 - 24th February 2025



Friday 14th March 2025 at 2.30 p.m.
Cissbury Barns, Npcote



Opening Music
Rinaldo, Armida dispietata
Performed by Renée Fleming

Welcome & Introduction
Jon Graham ~ Celebrant

Eulogy
Read by Jon

Poem
One at Rest
Read by Jon

Irish Ballad

The Flower of Sweet Strabane

Performed by Janet Behan and Tom Walker

If I were King of Ireland
And all things at my will
I'd roam through all creations
New comforts to find still
And the comfort I would seek the most
As you might understand
Is to win the heart of Martha
The flower of sweet Strabane.

Her cheeks they are a rosy red
Her hair a lovely brown
And o'er her milk white shoulders
It carelessly hangs down
She's one of the fairest creatures
In the whole of Ireland
And my heart is captivated by
The flower of sweet Strabane.

If I had you lovely Martha
Away in Innisowen
Or in some lonesome valley
In the wild woods of Tyrone
I would use my whole endeavour
To try to work my plan
For to gain the prize and feast my eyes
On the flower of sweet Strabane.

But I'll go o'er the Lagan
Down by the steam ships tall
I'm sailing for Amerikay
Whatever may be fall
My boat is bound for Liverpool
Right by the Isle of Man
So I'll say farewell, God bless you
My flower of sweet Strabane.

Tribute

David Remfry
MBE RA RWS

Reading

Fear No More The Heat O' The Sun, from Shakespeare's Cymbeline

Read by Janet Pressley

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

Tribute & Performance

From Jack Froude

Tribute

Abigail King

Poem

The Measure of A Man

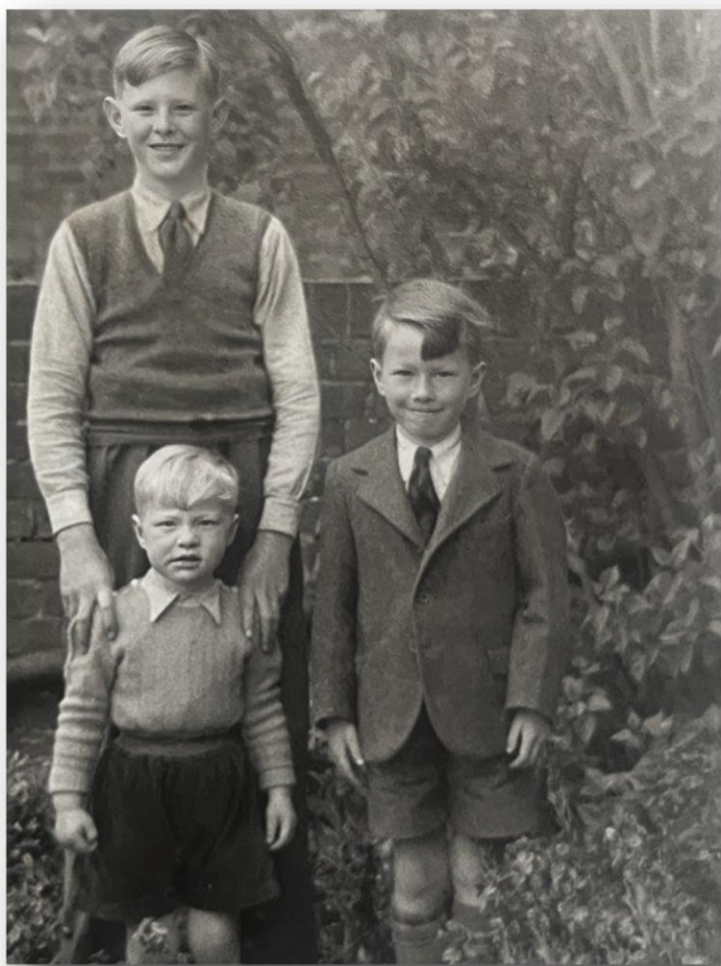
Read by Jon

The Committal

Leaving Music

Blowin' In The Wind

Bob Dylan





Donations in memory of John can be made via

johnfroude.muchloved.com

or by sending a cheque, payable to

Médecins Sans Frontières

c/o Ian Hart Funeral Service Ltd.

92-94 Broadwater Street West, Worthing,
West Sussex, BN14 9DE. Tel: 01903 206299.

