



Photograph Susannah Corbett

To celebrate the life and work of

Robin Corbett

22nd December 1933 - 19th February 2012

Friday 2nd March 2012 at 10.00 am
St Mary's Church, High Street, Hemel Hempstead



ORDER OF SERVICE
THE SERVICE WILL BE CONDUCTED BY
THE REVEREND LESLIE GRIFFITHS AND
THE REVEREND JENNY HILL

ENTRY OF THE COFFIN

WELCOME

HYMN - I Vow To Thee My Country

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

PRAYERS

READING - Luke 4: 15 - 22

by Mary Corbett

Largo from Winter

by Vivaldi

TRIBUTES

by Bruce Grocott and Val Corbett





THINKING ABOUT ROBIN

The Lark Ascending by Vaughan Williams

ADDRESS

by The Reverend Leslie Griffiths

PRAYERS AND COMMENDATION

HYMN - Jerusalem

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.

THE BLESSING

EXIT
The Red Flag



Robin's family was deported from Australia when he was two and settled in West Bromwich. I came to London from Cape Town to seek my fortune as a journalist in Fleet Street and we met when working on the same magazine. I wore a new dress and was unsure about it. As I passed through a swing door to go to lunch, I asked my inductor: "Does this dress make me look dumpy?" A voice to my right said: "Yes it does." I looked up... and up... this was my first sight of my life's companion. (He called me Dumpy for ages afterwards.)

We had two years of marriage as civilians before he was selected as parliamentary candidate for Hemel Hempstead and gained the seat with the slimmest of majorities in 1974 - his sixth attempt to get into the House of Commons. When our daughter Polly was born, Robin told me: "Show her my photo from time to time and I will catch up with her when she's around 18." Similarly, his other children, Susannah and Adam and his grandchildren had to share him with 100,000 constituents. His mother, in St Albans, on hearing his news on the phone, said: "Good, now you can do something about the number 32 bus, it's always late."

Robin loved parliamentary life particularly the constituency side and while the obituaries concentrated on his many parliamentary achievements, most didn't mention his warmth, compassion and above all, the wonderful humour which he brought to all he did and all with whom he came into contact. Although his journey on earth has ended, his wonderful spirit and passion for human rights, democracy, freedom and penal reform live on.

After the service, you're invited to The Marchmont Arms – come out of the church and into the High Street. Turn left and about a quarter of a mile, after a roundabout, you will be there. It has plenty of parking but please, do offer people lifts. As Robin would say, "It's the right thing to do"! A glass of champagne and nibbles await and the family will join you after a brief committal service at the crematorium.

The family has requested no floral tributes but instead would welcome donations for the Iain Rennie charity. This can be arranged through the Co-op Funeralcare or placed in the basket at the rear of the church.

The Co-operative Funeralcare
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