

George Law Cawkwell MA



25 October 1919 – 18 February 2019

30 March 2019

Welcome and Introduction

Tim Cawkwell (George's son)

The Chaplain

Hymn

Come down, O love divine,
Seek thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with thine own ardour glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
Within my heart appear,
And kindle it, Thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
And let thy glorious light
Shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

Let holy charity
Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing;
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;
For none can guess its grace,
Till he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes his dwelling.

Addresses

Sarah (George's daughter): Memory
Tim (George's son): the New Zealand connection
Lucy (George's granddaughter): Grandfather

Anthem

'The Call', from 'Five Mystical Songs'
Sung by David Sanders Rees-Jones (George's pupil)

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams
Text: George Herbert

Tributes

The Master, Sir Ivor Crewe
Michael Milner (George's pupil)

Psalm 15

Sung by members of the Chapel Choir

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle
Or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?
Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life
And doeth the thing which is right,
And speaketh the truth from his heart.
He that hath used no deceit in his tongue,
Nor done evil to his neighbour
And hath not slandered his neighbour.
He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes
And maketh much of them that fear the Lord.
He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not
Though it were to his own hindrance.
He that hath not given his money upon usury
Nor taken reward against the innocent.
Whoso doeth these things
Shall never fall.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

Readings

from 'Ulysses', lines 14 to end, by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Read by Katy (George's granddaughter)

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

(In reciting these lines, George used to speculate that in his own case, 'some work of noble note' might be his book, *The Greek Wars: The Failure of Persia*, published in his 86th year.)

1 Corinthians 13

Read by Lady Jill Crewe

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

Anthem

Nunc Dimittis

*from the Univ Cawkcwell setting for Choral Evensong, commissioned in celebration
of George's 95th birthday, sung by the Chapel Choir*

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace:

According to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation;

Which thou hast prepared:

Before the face of all people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles:

And to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son:

And to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be:

World without end. Amen.

Music: Matthew Martin

Text: Luke 2.29-32

Prayers

Chaplain: Lord, have mercy upon us.

All: Christ, have mercy upon us.

Chaplain: Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy Name,

Thy kingdom come,

Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread;

And forgive us our trespasses,

As we forgive them that trespass against us;

And lead us not into temptation,

But deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,

For ever and ever. Amen.

Hymn

He who would valiant be
 'Gainst all disaster,
 Let him in constancy
 Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
 His first avowed intent
 To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
 With dismal stories
Do but themselves confound
 His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might;
Though he with giants fight,
He will make good his right
 To be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, thou dost defend
 Us with thy Spirit,
 We know we at the end,
 Shall life inherit.
 Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
 To be a pilgrim.

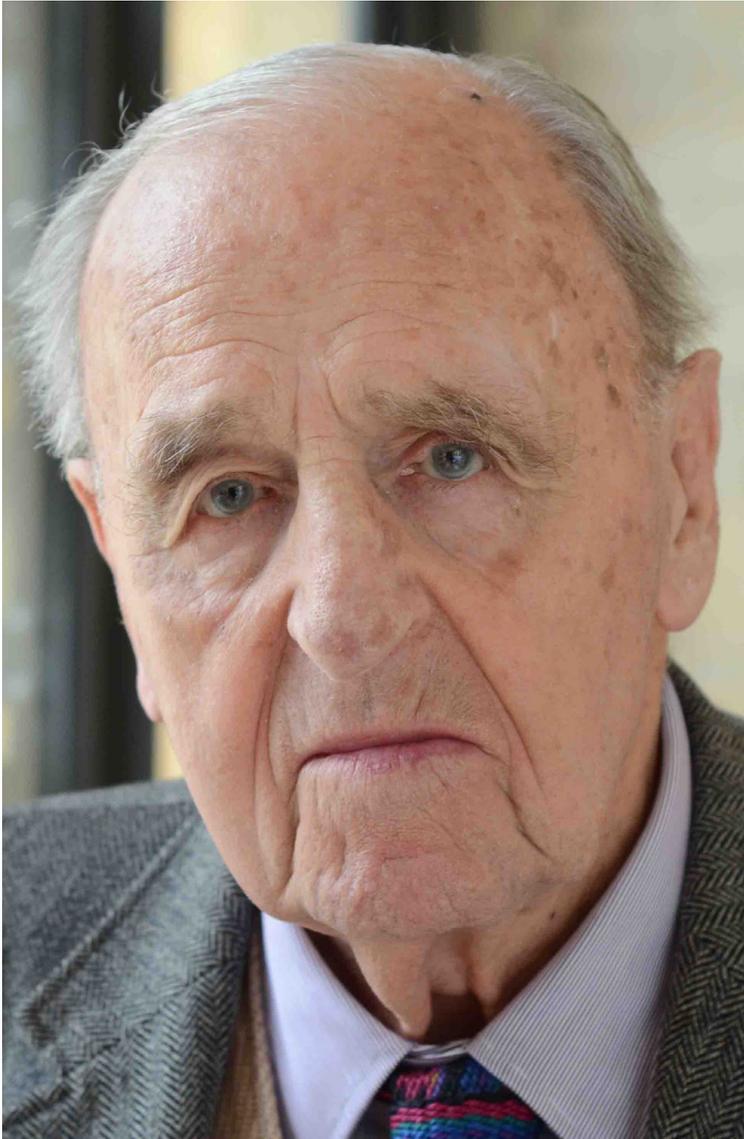
Blessing

Voluntary

J. S. Bach, Toccata and Fugue BWV 538, 'Dorian'

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The College is grateful to the many
students, colleagues, and friends of
the Cawkwell family who have kindly
offered contributions towards a
post in George's honour. We would
like to suggest that donations be
directed towards Univ's Teaching
Fund for Classics; those wishing to
contribute are invited to contact the
Development Office.



Fellow and Praelector of University College 1949-1987
Senior Tutor 1966-1967 & 1970-1974
Dean of Graduates 1967-1971
Dean of Degrees 1975-1981 & 1988-1999
Vice-Master 1980-1985