Gonville and Caius College Chapel

The Order for the Burial of the Dead

PETER JAMES BAYLEY
M.A., Ph.D.

20 November 1944 - 10 April 2018

Fellow of Emmanuel College 1969
Fellow of Gonville & Caius College 1971
University Lecturer 1974-85
Praelector Rhetoricus 1980-6
Head of the Department of French 1983-96
Drapers Professor of French 1985-2011, Emeritus Professor 2011
Officier dans l’Ordre des Palmes Académiques 1988, Commandeur 2006
Chairman of the School of Arts and Humanities 2001-3

2 pm, Friday 4th May 2018
A Prayer of Jeremy Taylor, Caian

O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered; Make us, we beseech thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; and let thy Holy Spirit lead us in holiness and righteousness all our days: that, when we shall have served thee in our generation, we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience; in the communion of the Catholic Church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope; in favour with thee our God, and in perfect charity with the world. All which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Music before the service:

Flûtes
Récit de Nazard
from Suite du Deuxième Ton Louis-Nicolas Clérambault (1676-1749)

O Gott, du Frommer Gott
Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele
O Welt, ich muss dich lassen
from Chorale Preludes (Op. 122) Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

SENTENCES I

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. St. John xi. 25, 26.

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another. Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

WE brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord. 1 Tim. vi. 7. Job I. 21.

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION
Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything
To do it as for thee!

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, ‘for thy sake’,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

Music: From W. Sandy’s Christmas Carols 1833
Text: George Herbert (1593-1633)

Sit

EULOGY

Angus Bowie
LORD, thou hast been our refuge: from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made: thou art God from everlasting, and world without end. Thou turnest man to destruction: again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday: seeing that is past as a watch in the night. As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even as a sleep: and fade away suddenly like the grass. In the morning it is green, and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered. For we consume away in thy displeasure: and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation. Thou hast set our misdeeds before thee: and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For when thou art angry all our days are gone: we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told. The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong, that they come to fourscore years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone. But who regardeth the power of thy wrath: for even thereafter as a man feareth, so is thy displeasure. So teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Turn thee again, O Lord, at the last: and be gracious unto thy servants. O satisfy us with thy mercy, and that soon: so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life. Comfort us again now after the time that thou hast plagued us: and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity. Shew thy servants thy work: and their children thy glory. And the glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us: prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper thou our handy-work.

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.

_Chaft: Barry Rose b. 1934_
NOW is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's, at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet... But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: But God giveth it a body, as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead: It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I shew you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, (for the trumpet shall sound,) and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So
when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality; then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

**CHOIR**  *In Paradisum*  Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

*In paradisum deductum te angeli, in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres, et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem. Chorus angelorum te suscipiat, et cum Lazaro quondam paupere aeternam habeas requiem.*

Let the angels lead you into paradise, let the martyrs receive you at your coming, and guide you into the holy city, Jerusalem. Let the chorus of angels receive you, that with Lazarus, a poor man once, you may have eternal rest.

**READING**  John O’Brien

From *Les Pensées*  Blaise Pascal (1623-1662)

*Disproportion de l’homme*

On se croit naturellement bien plus capable d’arriver au centre des choses que d’embrasser leur circonférence, et l’étendue visible du monde nous surpasse visiblement. Mais comme c’est nous qui surpassons les petites choses nous croyons plus capables de les posséder, et cependant il ne faut pas moins de capacité pour aller jusqu’au néant que jusqu’au tout. Il la faut infinie pour l’un et l’autre, et il me semble que qui aurait compris les derniers principes des choses pourrait aussi arriver jusqu’à connaître l’infini. L’un dépend de l’autre et l’un conduit à l’autre. Ces extrémités se touchent et se réunissent à force de s’être éloignées et se retrouvent en Dieu, et en Dieu seulement.

Connaissions donc notre portée. Nous sommes quelque chose et ne sommes pas tout. Ce que nous avons d’être nous dérobe la connaissance des premiers principes qui naissent du néant, et le peu que nous avons d’être nous cache la vue de l’infini. Notre intelligence tient dans l’ordre des choses intelligibles le même rang que notre corps dans l’étendue de la nature.
Bornés en tout genre, cet état qui tient le milieu entre deux extrêmes se trouve en toutes nos puissances. Nos sens n’aperçoivent rien d’extrême, trop de bruit nous assourdit, trop de lumière éblouit, trop de distance et trop de proximité empêche la vue. Trop de longueur et trop de brièveté de discours l’obscurcit, trop de vérité nous étonne. J’en sais qui ne peuvent comprendre que qui de zéro ôte 4 reste zéro. Les premiers principes ont trop d’évidence pour nous ; trop de plaisir incommodé, trop de consonances déplaisent dans la musique, et trop de bienfaits irritent. Nous voulons avoir de quoi surpayer la dette. Beneficia eo usque laeta sunt dum videntur exsolvi posse. Ubi multum antevenere pro gratia odium redditur. Nous ne sentons ni l’extrême chaud, ni l’extrême froid. Les qualités excessives nous sont ennemies et non pas sensibles, nous ne les sentons plus, nous les souffrons. Trop de jeunesse et trop de vieillesse empêche l’esprit ; trop et trop peu d’instruction. Enfin les choses extrêmes sont pour nous comme si elles n’étaient point et nous ne sommes point à leur égard ; elles nous échappent ou nous à elles. Voilà notre état véritable. C’est ce qui nous rend incapables de savoir certainement et d’ignorer absolument. Nous voguons sur un milieu vaste, toujours incertains et flottants, poussés d’un bout vers l’autre. Quelque terme où nous pensions nous attacher et nous affermir, il branle, et nous quitte, et si nous le suivons il échappe à nos prises, il nous glisse et fuit d’une fuite éternelle ; rien ne s’arrête pour nous. C’est l’état qui nous est naturel et toutefois le plus contraire à notre inclination. Nous brûlons du désir de trouver une assiette ferme, et une dernière base constante pour y édifier une tour qu’i s’élève à [l’]infini, mais tout notre fondement craque et la terre s’ouvre jusqu’aux abîmes. Ne cherchons donc point d’assurance et de fermeté ; notre raison est toujours déçue par l’inconstance des apparences : rien ne peut fixer le fini entre les deux infinis qui l’enferment et le fuient.

We naturally believe ourselves far more capable of reaching the centre of things than of embracing their circumference. The visible extent of the world visibly exceeds us; but as we exceed little things, we think ourselves more capable of knowing them. And yet we need no less capacity for attaining the Nothing than the All. Infinite capacity is required for both, and it seems to me that whoever shall have understood the ultimate principles of being might also attain to the knowledge of the Infinite. The one depends on the other, and one leads to the other. These extremes meet and reunite by force of distance and find each other in God, and in God alone. Let us, then, take our compass; we are something, and we are not everything. The nature of our existence hides from us the knowledge of first beginnings which are born of the Nothing; and the littleness of our being conceals from us the sight of the Infinite. Our intellect holds the same position in the world of thought as our body occupies in the expanse of nature.
Limited as we are in every way, this state which holds the mean between two extremes is present in all our impotence. Our senses perceive no extreme. Too much sound deafens us; too much light dazzles us; too great distance or proximity hinders our view. Too great length and too great brevity of discourse tend to obscurity; too much truth is paralysing (I know some who cannot understand that to take four from nothing leaves nothing). First principles are too self-evident for us; too much pleasure disagrees with us. Too many concords are annoying in music; too many benefits irritate us; we wish to have the wherewithal to overpay our debts. Beneficia eo usque laeta sunt dum videntur exsolvi posse; ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia odium redditur. We feel neither extreme heat nor extreme cold. Excessive qualities are prejudicial to us and not perceptible by the senses; we do not feel but suffer them. Extreme youth and extreme age hinder the mind, as also too much and too little education. In short, extremes are for us as though they were not, and we are not within their notice. They escape us, or we them. This is our true state; this is what makes us incapable of certain knowledge and of absolute ignorance. We sail within a vast sphere, ever drifting in uncertainty, driven from end to end. When we think to attach ourselves to any point and to fasten to it, it wavers and leaves us; and if we follow it, it eludes our grasp, slips past us, and vanishes for ever. Nothing stays for us. This is our natural condition and yet most contrary to our inclination; we burn with desire to find solid ground and an ultimate sure foundation whereon to build a tower reaching to the Infinite. But our whole groundwork cracks, and the earth opens to abysses. Let us, therefore, not look for certainty and stability. Our reason is always deceived by fickle shadows; nothing can fix the finite between the two Infinites, which both enclose and fly from it.

Translated by W. F. Trotter

SERMON  The Dean
HYMN  To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love (NEH 469 Epsom)

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is Man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

Music: Attributed to William Tans’ur (1706-83)
Text: William Blake (1757-1827)

SENTENCES II

MAN that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live,
and is full of misery.
He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower;
he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.
In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succour,
but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased?
Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.
Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears unto our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee. Amen.

Kneel

PRAYERS

I HEARD a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit: for they rest from their labours.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
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. Amen.

ALMIGHTY God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity: We give thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching thee, that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.
O MERCIFUL God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also hath taught us, by his holy Apostle Saint Paul, not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in him: We meekly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him, as our hope is this our brother doth; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight; and receive that blessing, which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world: Grant this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then, Lord, in thy mercy grant us safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.

Stand
COMMENDATION from the 1928 proposed Prayer Book

DEPART, O Christian soul, out of this world, In the Name of God the Father Almighty who created thee. In the Name of Jesus Christ who redeemed thee. In the Name of the Holy Ghost who sanctifieth thee. May thy rest be this day in peace, and thy dwelling-place in the Paradise of God.
INTO thy hands, O merciful Saviour, we commend the soul of thy servant, now departed from the body. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech thee, a sheep of thine own fold, a lamb of thine own flock, a sinner of thine own redeeming. Receive him into the arms of thy mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light. Amen.

At the departure from the Chapel

CHOIR Psalm 130 De profundis

OUT of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord:
Lord, hear my voice.
O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.
If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss:
O Lord, who may abide it?
For there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared.
I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for him:
in his word is my trust.
My soul fleeth unto the Lord:
before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.
O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy:
and with him is plenteous redemption.
And he shall redeem Israel: from all his sins.

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.

Plainsong Tone iv
At the Gate of Honour is sung

CHOIR

Nunc Dimittis

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace:
Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum
Quod parasti ante faciem omnium populorum:
Lumen ad revelationem gentium, et gloriam plebis tuae Israel.
Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:

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.

Plainsong Tone iv

The Funeral Service will be followed by refreshments in the SCR,
& all are welcome.

The Committal will take place on Saturday 5th May at 11.00am at
Piddington Cemetery, Northamptonshire

Donations in thanksgiving can be made to The Stroke Association.
Cheques should be made payable to The Stroke Association and sent
c/o H. J. Paintin Ltd., 43 High Street, Linton, Cambridge, CB21 4HS.
Bossuet waits for the postman porter