



St Hilda's College Founder's Day Service

5pm, Saturday 21 November 2020

Order of Service

Pre-service music

Debussy — *Arabesque* no. 2 (1888-91)

Performed by **David Palmer** (Graduate Musician in Residence)

Welcome

Suzan Meryem Rosita Kalayci, College Chaplain and Director of The Sanctuary,
St Hilda's College, Calouste Gulbenkian Fellow, Faculty of History, University of Oxford

Collect for St Hilda and Reading

Read by **Rachel Fairhurst** (English, 2018) and **Rosalind Fraser** (Classical Archaeology and Ancient History, 2018), who are members of a single household.

Collect for St Hilda

O God by whose grace the blessed Abbess Hilda, enkindled by the fire of your love, became a burning and shining light in thy Church: grant that we may be inflamed with the same spirit of discipline and love and ever walk before thee as children of light; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

From 'The Ecclesiastical History of the English People' – Venerable Bede

Hilda, the handmaid of Christ, being set over [the monastery called Heruteu], began immediately to order it in all things under a rule of life, according as she had been instructed by learned men; for Bishop Aidan, and others of the religious that knew her, frequently visited her and loved her heartily, and diligently instructed her, because of her innate wisdom and love of the service of God.

When she had for some years governed this monastery, wholly intent upon establishing a rule of life, it happened that she also undertook either to build or to set in order a monastery in the place called Streanaeshalch, and this work which was laid upon her she industriously performed; for she put this monastery under the same rule of monastic life as the former;

and taught there the strict observance of justice, piety, chastity, and other virtues, and particularly of peace and charity; so that, after the example of the primitive Church, no one there was rich, and none poor, for they had all things common, and none had any private property. Her prudence was so great, that not only meaner men in their need, but sometimes even kings and princes, sought and received her counsel.

Thus this handmaid of Christ, the Abbess Hilda, whom all that knew her called Mother, for her singular piety and grace, was not only an example of good life, to those that lived in her monastery, but afforded occasion of amendment and salvation to many who lived at a distance, to whom the blessed fame was brought of her industry and virtue.

Hymn

Who would true valour see

Music — trad., arr. Vaughan Williams, Text — John Bunyan

Singing led by **Eve Freeman** (Classics, 2020), **Elena Vermeer** (English, 2020) and **George Delfas** (Chemistry, 2018)

1. Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

2. Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

3. Hobgoblin, nor foul fiend,
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say,
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

Reading

The Principal, **Professor Sir Gordon Duff**

Excerpt from *Atalanta in Calydon* by Algernon Charles Swinburne

When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain...
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden's flight.

Where shall we find her? how shall we sing to her?
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that our hearts were as fire and could spring to her,

Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
 For the stars and the winds are unto her
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
 And the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
 And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
 And all the season of snows and sins;
 The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins;
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the Spring begins...

Cædmon's Hymn

Cædmon's Hymn is one of the earliest known poems in Old English. Written by Cædmon whilst a monk in St Hilda's Abbey in Whitby during the second half of the seventh century, the poem has been set to music for this year's Founders' Day Service by **Daniel Riley** (Music, 2018).

Nū scylun hergan hefaenrīcaes Uard,
 metudæs maecti end his mōdgidanc,
 uerc Uuldurfadur, suē hē uundra gihwaes,
 ēci dryctin or āstelidæ
 hē ærist scōp aelda barnum
 heben til hrōfe, hāleg scepen.
 Thā middungeard moncynnæs Uard,
 eci Dryctin, æfter tīadæ
 firum foldu, Frēa allmectig.

Now we must honour the guardian of heaven,
 the might of the architect, and his purpose,
 the work of the father of glory as he, the eternal lord,
 established the beginning of wonders.
 He first created for the children of men
 heaven as a roof, the holy Creator.
 The middle earth, the guardian of mankind,
 the eternal lord, afterwards appointed
 the lands for men, the Lord almighty.

Performed by:

Dr Jill Dye, Librarian, St Hilda's College
Ellen O'Brien (Music, 2018)
Clara Graham (Music, 2020)
Lydia Simms (Chemistry, 2017)
Ewan Millar (Music, 2019)
Luke Gribbin (Medical Sciences, 2019)
James Bayne (Biomedical Sciences, 2020)
Daniel Lay (Music, 2020)
Simon Walton (Music, 2019) – piano

Conducted by Dr Jonathan Williams, Director of College Music

Reading

Luke 1:26–38: The Annunciation

Read by **Claudia Driscoll** (Interdisciplinary Bioscience, 2020)

In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent by God to a town in Galilee called Nazareth, to a virgin engaged to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David. The virgin's name was Mary. And he came to her and said, "Greetings, favoured one! The Lord is with you". But she was much perplexed by his words and pondered what sort of greeting this might be. The angel said to her, "Do not be afraid, Mary, for you have found favour with God. And now, you will conceive in your womb and bear a son, and you will name him Jesus. He will be great, and will be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God will give to him the throne of his ancestor David. He will reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there will be no end". Mary said to the angel, "How can this be, since I am a virgin?" The angel said to her, "The Holy Spirit will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you; therefore the child to be born will be holy; he will be called Son of God. And now, your relative Elizabeth in her old age has also conceived a son; and this is the sixth month for her who was said to be barren. For nothing will be impossible with God". Then Mary said, "Here am I, the servant of the Lord; let it be with me according to your word". Then the angel departed from her.

Sermon

The Venerable Sam Rushton, (Biology, 1983) Archdeacon of York

Instrumental music

Schumann – 'Traumerei', performed by **Ewan Millar** (Music Scholar 2020-21) and **Simon Walton** (Music Scholar 2019-20)

Sanctuary and Refuge

Readings and Prayers by the College Community

Aboriginal Landscape by **Louise Gluck**

Read by **Dr Daniel Bulte** (Fellow and Tutor in Engineering)

You're stepping on your father, my mother said,
and indeed I was standing exactly in the center
of a bed of grass, mown so neatly it could have been
my father's grave, although there was no stone saying so.

You're stepping on your father, she repeated,
louder this time, which began to be strange to me,
since she was dead herself; even the doctor had admitted it.

I moved slightly to the side, to where
my father ended and my mother began.

The cemetery was silent. Wind blew through the trees;
I could hear, very faintly, sounds of weeping several rows away,
and beyond that, a dog wailing.

At length these sounds abated. It crossed my mind
I had no memory of being driven here,
to what now seemed a cemetery, though it could have been
a cemetery in my mind only; perhaps it was a park, or if not a park,
a garden or bower, perfumed, I now realized, with the scent of roses —
douceur de vivre filling the air, the sweetness of living,
as the saying goes. At some point,

it occurred to me I was alone.
Where had the others gone,
my cousins and sister, Caitlin and Abigail?

By now the light was fading. Where was the car
waiting to take us home?

I then began seeking for some alternative. I felt
an impatience growing in me, approaching, I would say, anxiety.
Finally, in the distance, I made out a small train,
stopped, it seemed, behind some foliage, the conductor
lingering against a doorframe, smoking a cigarette.

Do not forget me, I cried, running now
over many plots, many mothers and fathers —

Do not forget me, I cried, when at last I reached him.
Madam, he said, pointing to the tracks,
surely you realize this is the end, the tracks do not go further.
His words were harsh, and yet his eyes were kind;
this encouraged me to press my case harder.
But they go back, I said, and I remarked
their sturdiness, as though they had many such returns ahead of them.

You know, he said, our work is difficult: we confront
much sorrow and disappointment.
He gazed at me with increasing frankness.
I was like you once, he added, in love with turbulence.

Now I spoke as to an old friend:
What of you, I said, since he was free to leave,
have you no wish to go home,
to see the city again?

This is my home, he said.
The city — the city is where I disappear.

***Oxford Prayer* written by Churches in Oxford with Tyndale Community School**

Read by **Jonathan Hayward** (Music, 2019)

Father God, we lift to you our precious city of Oxford, which you have blessed so often in the past.

We thank you for our doctors and nurses, and all health and care workers. Please preserve them, keep them safe, and may your life and health flow through them to others.

We thank you for those working in frontline services, from refuse collectors to supermarket workers, media providers to delivery drivers. Please bless them as they persevere on our behalf.

We thank you for Oxford's nurseries, schools, universities, and ask for creativity for staff teaching online, courage for students, and new ways for every child and student to flourish.

We thank you for scientists seeking to combat this virus through vaccines. Please bless their efforts, lead us out of this time of trial, and deliver us from evil.

We thank you for all our leaders in Councils, and in government. As they make difficult decisions on our behalf, may your Spirit of wisdom lead them in taking resourceful and compassionate action.

We pray for those on the streets and living on the margins, for your provision: through kind, practical support, and may all in our city receive our daily bread.

We pray for any in danger at home. Please keep them safe, restore broken relationships, and breathe your peace upon every household in Oxford.

May all who are lonely, anxious, or whose minds are troubled, know your presence bringing light and hope.

Please comfort all who are suffering bereavement or loss of any kind today.

We pray for those facing insecurity or turbulence in their work lives, for your guidance, and sustaining grace to carry on.

We pray again that ancient prayer: Lord: 'We do not know what to do, but our eyes are upon you'. We lift our eyes and hearts to you.

Please lead us in your good ways, your ancient paths. As Oxford University bears the motto, 'The Lord is my light', may we know your light, and may we carry that light to others.

May the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, Love of God and Fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all. Now and Forever, Amen.

The Source of our Strength from Quaker faith & practice (20.03)

Read by **Damian Lewens** (History & Politics, 2018)

The poetry of John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892), a Massachusetts journalist and anti-slavery campaigner, continues to find a place in modern hymn-books, far beyond the boundaries of the Religious Society of Friends. In *The brewing of soma*, of which the following are the final stanzas, the Quaker poet asks forgiveness for the Christian tendency to fall back on artificial stimulants to spiritual experience, which he likens to the drug-induced ecstasies of primitive religion in ‘the childhood of the world’ and contrasts with the true inspiration which we may experience in silent waiting upon God.

Dear Lord and Father of mankind
 Forgive our foolish ways!
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
 In purer lives thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.
 In simple trust like theirs who heard
 Beside the Syrian sea
 The gracious calling of the Lord,
 Let us, like them, without a word,
 Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
 Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity
 Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of thy call,
 As noiseless let thy blessing fall
 As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and thy balm;
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still, small voice of calm!
 (1872)

The song is about the sad and hopeless life of the peasant, who seeks compassion from nature for his powerless situation.

Ծիրանի Ծառ

Ծիրանի՛ ծառ, բար մի՛ տա,
 Վա՛յ.
 Ճըղներըդ իրար մի՛ տա,
 Վա՛յ.
 Ամեն մեջըդ ման գալիս
 Ցավերըս իրար մի՛ տա:

*Հա՛, տըվե՛ք, ե՛տ տըվեք, սա՛րեր, — հովն ընկավ,
 Աըրտիս խընդում ծովն ընկավ.
 Գընա, էլ ետ չըգա էս տարվա տարին, —
 Սև դարդն իմ վըզովն ընկավ:
 Հո՛վ, հո՛վ, հովն ընկավ, —
 Աըրտիս խընդում ծովն ընկավ:*

Մեռա բաղում բանելեն,
 Վա՛յ.
 Մի կողմեն ջուր անելեն,
 Վա՛յ.
 Ծառերին թուփ չըմընաց,

Apricot Tree

Apricot tree, do not bear fruit, vay!
 Don't let your branches entwine, vay!
 Every time I walk in your shadow,
 My pain and suffering also entwine!

Give me, o give me back the joy of my heart,
 Which, like the wind, has drowned into the sea.
 May this terrible year end and never come back!
 The pain has plunged me into the black abyss!

How the wind howls,
 Drowning the laughter of my heart into the sea.

Blessings and Sending by the Chaplain

College Prayer (2020)

Recorded by the **College Chaplain** and **individual members of St Hilda's College**.

Filming took place November 14-17 2020 in Oxford, Soest and Paris and during national lockdowns in the UK, France and Germany. Filming was undertaken under the restrictions of the time and place.

Let us pray and have hope for everyone throughout the world. Let peace fill our hearts, our world, our universe.

We pray also for all places of academic and religious learning, especially our universities and here for our College and for the University of Oxford.

Today we pray for St Hilda's College: for the Visitor, the Principal, the Fellows, the Lecturers, the College Staff, the graduate students and undergraduates. 'May all the members of the College use their special talents and skills to fulfil their vocations.

We think with thankfulness of all the blessings of this life and especially those bestowed upon our College of St Hilda.

We commemorate with thanks all friends and benefactors of our College remembering especially our Founder Dorothea Beale; benefactors Miriam Sacher, Dame Catherine Fulford, Lorna Howell, Renate Schultz, Evelyn Neep, Gwyneth Langton Thompson, Esther Hodge, Rosalind Hill, Mollie Gerard Davis, The Reverend Brian Duke, Elizabeth Norman, Jeanne Marples, Mr T Green, Marion Taylor, Marguerite and Poppy Allen, Joan Carter, Audrey Taylor, Mary Davies, Rosina Harris, Mary Handover, Eileen Davies, Effie Gordon-Carrie, Annie Johnson, Elaine Matthews, Katie Jones, Rebecca Stetz, Ruth Wynne Davies, Lettice Curtis and Sylvia Mann, Anna Morpurgo Davies, Catherine Hughes, Jocelyn Morris, Joan Hill and Phyllis Dorothy James, Sheila Browne, Myrtle and Dennys Watson, Christine Hill, Pauline Whitehead, Kathleen Hall, and Susan Hall, Dr Margaret Rayner and Isobel Rhodes; former Visitors Henry Herbert Williams, Francis Raymond Evershed and Leslie George Scarman; and Principals Esther Elizabeth Burrows, Christine Mary Elizabeth Burrows, Winifred Horsburgh Moberley, Julia de lacy Mann, Kathleen Major, Mary Bennett, Mary Moore.

We pray that with grace we may build our future on the traditions they have established; Amen.

Hymn

For all the Saints

Music — Vaughan Williams, Text — W Walsham Howe

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest,
Alleluya, Alleluya.

O Lord of knowledge, light of human mind,
May we like Hilda our true callings find,
Like her in truth and love, to serve mankind.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest:
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluya, Alleluya.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Alleluya, Alleluya.