



Professor Donald Russell

FBA, 1920–2020

ORDER OF SERVICE

University Church of St Mary the Virgin | 14 April 2023, 2:00pm

HYMN

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation:
 all ye who hear,
 now to his temple draw near,
joining in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
shieldeth thee under his wings, or when fainting sustaineth:
 hast thou not seen
 how thy heart's wishes have been
granted in what he ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
surely his goodness and mercy shall daily attend thee:
 ponder anew
 what the Almighty can do,
if to the end he befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before him!
 Let the Amen
 sound from his people again,
gladly for aye we adore him! *Joachim Neander tr. Catherine Winkworth*

WELCOME and LORD'S PRAYER

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.

READING by Prof. Maggie Snowling CBE FBA (President, 2012–2022)

Does not wisdom call,
 and does not understanding raise her voice?
On the heights, beside the way,
 at the crossroads she takes her stand;
beside the gates in front of the town,
 at the entrance of the portals she cries out:
‘To you, O people, I call,
 and my cry is to all that live.
O simple ones, learn prudence;
 acquire intelligence, you who lack it.
Happy is the one who listens to me,
 watching daily at my gates,
 waiting beside my doors.’

Wisdom has built her house,
 she has hewn her seven pillars.
She has mixed her wine,
 she has also set her table.

(*Proverbs* 8.1-5, 34; 9.1-2)

CHOIR *View me, Lord* Richard Lloyd (b.1933)

View mee, Lord, a worke of thine :
Shall I then lye drown'd in night?
Might thy grace in mee but shine,
I should seeme made all of light.

In thy word, Lord, is my trust,
To thy mercies fast I flye ;
Though I am but clay and dust,
Yet thy grace can lift me high. *Thomas Campion*

EULOGY by Prof. Chris Pelling FBA (Regius Professor of Greek Emeritus, University of Oxford)

READING by Prof. Jane Lightfoot FBA (Charlton Fellow and Tutor in Classics, New College; LitHum 1988 and Honorary Fellow)

In ordinary life, nothing is truly great which it is great to despise; wealth, honour, reputation, absolute power – anything in short which has a lot of external trappings – can never seem supremely good to the wise man because it is no small good to despise them. People who could have these advantages if they chose but disdain them out of magnanimity are admired much more than those who actually possess them. It is much the same with elevation in poetry and literature generally. We have to ask ourselves whether any particular example does not give a show of grandeur which, for all its accidental trappings, will, when dissected, prove vain and hollow, the kind of thing which it does a man more honour to despise than to admire. It is our nature to be elevated and exalted by true sublimity. Filled with joy and pride, we come to believe we have created what we have only heard. When a man of sense and literary experience hears something many times over, and it fails to dispose his mind to greatness or to leave him with more to reflect upon than was contained in mere words, but comes instead to seem valueless on repeated inspection, this is not true sublimity; it endures only for the moment of hearing. Real sublimity contains much food for reflection, is difficult or rather impossible to resist, and makes a strong and inefaceable impression on the memory.

(‘Longinus’, *On Sublimity* 7.1 transl. D.A. Russell)

EULOGY by Prof. Michael Reeve FBA (Kennedy Professor of Latin Emeritus, University of Cambridge; Woodhouse Junior Research Fellow in Classics, 1965–1966)

READING by Ross McKibbin FBA (Emeritus Fellow in History)

If one has to explain also why the young rather than the old took part in his discussions, my answer is not complicated: the same factor that produces more young pupils than old for teachers of music and writing and other subjects applies also in Socrates’ case. What is this? It is that those at the right age to learn devote themselves wholly to this, casting other concerns aside, whereas you, gentlemen, are overwhelmed by innumerable cares – wives, children, household, embassies, public speeches, in a word, concern for common good – all of which stands in the way of occupying oneself as the young do, however much one may wish to.

(Libanius, *Defence of Socrates* 119 transl. D.A. Russell)

EULOGY by Katharine Earnshaw (Senior Lecturer in Classics, University of Exeter; Supernumerary Teaching Fellow in Classics, 2010–2016)

READING by Nigel Wilson FBA (Emeritus Fellow in Classics, Lincoln College)

I remember, Caphisias, that I once heard a painter use rather an apt image to describe people who look at pictures. He said that a layman with no knowledge of the art was like a man addressing a whole crowd at once, whereas the sophisticated connoisseur was more like someone greeting every person he met individually. Laymen, you see, have an inexact and merely general view of works of art, while those who judge detail by detail let nothing, whether well or badly executed, pass unobserved or without comment. It is much the same, I fancy, with real events. For the lazy-minded, it satisfies curiosity to learn the basic facts and the outcome of the affair; but the devotee of honour and beauty, who views the achievement of the Great Art (as it were) of Virtue, takes pleasure rather in the detail.

(Plutarch, *On the Daimonion of Socrates* 1 [*Mor.* 575A-C] transl. D.A. Russell)

EULOGY by Prof. Patrick Finglass (Henry Overton Wills Professor of Greek, University of Bristol; LitHum 1997)

POEM 'Sleep' by D.A. Russell read by Emma Greensmith (Official Fellow in Classics)

Swiftly, o bird of Eve, bear me away
Far to the West:
Fly o'er the ocean at the close of day,
And, on thy breast,
Let me, thy drowsy traveller, rest.

And when I reach that garden where the rose
Is sweet all night;
And where the proudly-drooping poppy grows,
Heedless of light;
Then end thy steady-winged flight.

There may I pluck the falling flower of sleep,
From bending spray:
Till its sweet odours o'er my senses creep
And I may stay,
Dead to all care, until the day.

MUSIC The first movement of Beethoven's Spring Sonata played by Ben Cartlidge
(Lecturer in Greek Culture and Classical Receptions, University of Liverpool;
Lecturer in Classical Languages, 2014–2017)

CLOSING PRAYERS

Almighty Father, God of the spirits of all flesh, Thyself unchanging abiding: We bless Thy holy Name for all who have completed their earthly course, and are now at rest. We remember before Thee this day our brother DONALD, rendering thanks to Thee for the gift of his friendship. And we beseech Thee, in Thy loving wisdom and almighty power, work in him, as in us, all the good purpose of Thy holy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O Lord God, from whom all things take their beginning and in whom they find their end: we humbly beseech Thee, that the concerns in which Thou didst permit Thy servant to take part may be so furthered by those who come after him, that by our common endeavour Thy good purposes may be fulfilled and our work be made perfect, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O Almighty God, who hast joined together in this University our several callings for the showing forth of thy manifold glory and the good of our estate: Enable us, we pray thee, so to use the sacred heritage of the past, that as we have entered into others' labours, so others in turn may enter into ours. Grant this, O merciful Father, for thy dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Bring us, Lord God, at our last awakening into the house and gate of heaven to enter into that gate and dwell in that house, where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal light; no noise nor silence, but one equal music; no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession; no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity; in the habitations of Thy glory and dominion, world without end. *Amen.*

HYMN

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unceasing, and silent as light,
nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
thy justice, like mountains high soaring above
thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life thou givest, to both great and small;
in all life thou livest, the true life of all;
we blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
and wither and perish; but naught changeth thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
all laud we would render: O help us to see
'tis only the splendour of light hideth thee. *W. Chalmers Smith*

ORGAN VOLUNTARY J.S. Bach, *Fugue in G minor* (BWV 578)

After the service, refreshments will be served in the
Senior Common Room, St John's College