Memorial Service for
PROFESSOR WILLIAM NELSON GRAY
25th May 2019 at 2.30 p.m.
Chapel of the Ascension, Bishop Otter Campus, University of Chichester

Shall we lie down, weary; and sleep, until
Our souls be cleansed by long and dreamless rest;
Till of repose we drink our thirsting fill,
And wake all peaceful, smiling, pure, and blest?

(George MacDonald, ‘Death’.)
The Gathering

O, Flower of Scotland

Words and music by Roy Williamson (1936-90)
Sung by the UOC Consort conducted by Harry Heaven

Welcome and Introduction: Revd Dr Alison Green, University Chaplain

Collect

Hymn – Love Divine

Love divine, all loves excelling,  
joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
fix in us your humble dwelling,  
all your faithful mercies crown.  
Jesus, you are all compassion,  
pure, unbounded love impart;  
visit us with your salvation,  
enter every trembling heart.

We would always give you blessing,  
serve you as your hosts above,  
pray, and praise you without ceasing,  
glory in your perfect love.

Come, almighty to deliver,  
let us all your grace receive;  
suddenly return, and never,  
ever more your temples leave.

Finish then your new creation;  
pure and spotless let us be;  
let us see your great salvation,  
perfect in eternity:

Come, almighty to deliver,  
let us all your grace receive;  
suddenly return, and never,  
ever more your temples leave.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-88)
Music: Blaenwern, William Penfro Rowlands (1860-1937)

Tributes:

Clive Behagg, former Vice-Chancellor of the University of Chichester
Andrew Teverson, Acting Associate Dean (Curriculum and Quality), Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences, Kingston University
Ruth Mantin, former Senior Lecturer in Theology and Education at the University of Chichester
Miles Leeson, Lecturer in English and Director of the Iris Murdoch Centre, University of Chichester

Bible reading: 1 Corinthians 13

Address: University Chaplain

Words: Numbers 6:24-26
Music: John Rutter (b. 1945)

Poem: ‘High Woods’ by Hugh Bonneville, read by David Swann

As the Sun slopes down the Downs’ side into the west
its sentinels begin their chorus
Gathering a cloak of evening around the shoulders of the copse.
On the breeze, beech and birch confer, Leafing through the day gone by.

Beneath the canopy
Creatures seek and hide
In timeless jousts of survival.
A sudden shriek of death-
Nature halts and mourns for a single starless moment
And then breathes on
Within the high woods at night.

The Prayers: University Chaplain

The Lord’s Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who 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 – Great is thy Faithfulness

“Great is Thy faithfulness”, O God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not
As Thou hast been Thou forever wilt be.
“Great is Thy faithfulness!” “Great is Thy faithfulness!”
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided—
“Great is Thy faithfulness,” Lord, unto me!

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.
“Great is Thy faithfulness!” “Great is Thy faithfulness!”
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided—
“Great is Thy faithfulness,” Lord, unto me!

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!
“Great is Thy faithfulness!” “Great is Thy faithfulness!”
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided—
“Great is Thy faithfulness,” Lord, unto me!

Words: Thomas Chisolm (1866-1960)

Commendation

Blessing

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.

Words: William Blake (1757-1827)
Music: Jerusalem, Charles Parry (1848-1918)

Bill’s family is gathering a selection of memories, quotes and pictures about his life and work at:
http://www.williamgray.org/remembering-bill/
If you have something to add, please write to: remembering@williamgray.org.