

*Memorial Service*  
**Katherine Duncan Jones**  
*1941-2022*



**Mary Ewart Residential Fellow 1963-1965**  
**Tutor and Fellow in English Literature 1966-2001**  
**Senior Research Fellow 2001-2011**  
**Honorary Fellow 2011-2022**

*Somerville College Chapel, Oxford*  
*Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> April 2023 at 2.30pm*

*Before the service, Somerville's Organ Scholar Luca Morgante (2020, Music) and Associate Organist James Fellows will perform Passacaglia on 'the Death of Falstaff' by William Walton.*

**Music**

*Begin the Beguine*

Cole Porter

Performed by Charbel Mattar (vocal) and Nick Barraclough (guitar)

**Welcome**

The Principal, Baroness Jan Royall of Blaisdon

**Speaker**

Professor Heather O' Donoghue

Professor of Old Norse and Vigfusson Rausing Reader in Ancient Icelandic Literature and Antiquities, University of Oxford

**Music**

*Be not afeard*

Cecilia McDowall

Text from *The Tèmpest* by William Shakespeare

Performed by the Choir of Somerville College

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again.

## Speaker

Professor Henry Woudhuysen  
Rector of Lincoln College

## Reading

*Elegy for Nashe*

Ben Jonson

Read by Helen Brock (1956, Classics)

No well-deserving muse but will impart  
Her flowers to crown his industry and art.  
When any wronged him living, they did feel  
His spirit quick as powder, sharp as steel;  
But to his friends his faculties were fair,  
Pleasant, and mild as the most temperate air.  
O pardon me, dear friend, if fear control  
The zealous purpose of my wounded soul,  
Fear to be censured glorious in thy praise  
(A maim soon taken in these humorous days,  
Where every dudgeon judgement stabs at wit);  
Yet, for thy love, this truth I'll not omit,  
Which most may make thy merits to appear  
And joy thy glad surviving friends to hear:  
Thou died'st a Christian, faithful, penitent,  
Inspired with happy thoughts and confident.  
This, though thy latest grace, was not the least,  
Which still shall live when all else are deceased.  
Farewell, great spirit; my pen, attired in black,  
Shall, whilst I am, still weep and mourn thy lack.

## Music

*Sonnet 29 and Sonnet 43*

Text by William Shakespeare

Settings by John Dowland

Performed by Mark Padmore (vocal) and Elizabeth Kenny (lute)

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

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How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

**Speaker**

Professor Helen Hackett

Professor of English Literature, University College London

**Reading**  
*Sonnet 60*  
William Shakespeare  
Read by Beatrice Groves

Like as the waves make towards the pebb'l'd shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

**Music**  
*Song for Athene*  
John Tavener  
Text by Mother Thekla  
Performed by the Choir of Somerville College

*Alleluia, Alleluia*  
May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest  
Remember me O Lord, when you come into your kingdom  
Give rest, O Lord, to your handmaid, who has fallen asleep  
The Choir of Saints have found the well-spring of life and door of  
paradise  
Life, a shadow and a dream  
Weeping at the grave creates the song  
Come, enjoy rewards and crowns I have prepared for you

## Speaker

Dr Jackie Watson (1986, English)

## Reading

*Astrophil and Stella 1*

Sir Phillip Sidney

Read by Pauline Adams

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,  
That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,—  
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,  
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,—  
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;  
Studying inventions fine her wits to entertain,  
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow  
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburn'd brain.  
But words came halting forth, wanting invention's stay;  
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;  
And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.  
Thus great with child to speak and helpless in my throes,  
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,  
“Fool,” said my Muse to me, “look in thy heart, and write.”

## Music

*Sonnet 143*

Text by William Shakespeare

Setting by Samuel Daniel

Performed by Mark Padmore (vocal) and Elizabeth Kenny (lute)

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
One of her feathered creatures broke away,  
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch  
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;  
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face,  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;  
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;  
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind;  
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,  
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

**Speaker**

Professor Emily Wilson  
Professor of Classical Studies, University of Pennsylvania

**Closing words**

The Principal, Baroness Jan Royall of Blaisdon

**Music**

*Night and Day*

Cole Porter

Performed by Charbel Mattar (vocal) and Nick Barraclough (guitar)

**Organ Voluntary**

Prelude in C minor BWV 546

*J.S. Bach*

*Everyone is warmly invited to join us for tea in the Flora Anderson  
Hall after the Service.*



*Katherine in 2011 at her 70th birthday celebration in Somerville*

*Upon her retirement, Katherine established a Theatre Fund to enable English students to attend performances of Shakespeare. If you would like to make a donation in her memory, please support this fund by contacting Niamh Walshe ([niamh.walshe@some.ox.ac.uk](mailto:niamh.walshe@some.ox.ac.uk)).*