

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 23rd 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 Témpest* 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 bewep 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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When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

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).