



A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF

LIZ COOKE

31st July 1945 – 17th August 2023

History, 1964

Appeal Secretary 1987–1993

Secretary to the Somerville Association 1993–2023

Saturday 27th April 2024



Somerville College Choir is conducted by
Will Dawes, Director of Chapel Music

The piano is played by
Mar Umbert Kimura (Music, 2020, MSt, 2023)
& Albert Kelsey, Organ Scholar (Music, 2023)

The soprano soloist is Dame Emma Kirkby (Lit. Hum., 1966)

Music before the service:

Intermezzo no.1
Aria (from *Goldberg Variations BWV988*)

Manuel Ponce (1882-1948)
JS Bach (1685-1750)

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ORDER OF SERVICE

WELCOME

The Right Hon. the Baroness Royall of Blaisdon
Principal

All stand to sing:



O thou who camest from above
the fire celestial to impart,
kindle a flame of sacred love
on the mean altar of my heart!

There let it for thy glory burn
with inextinguishable blaze,
and trembling to its source return
in humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
to work, and speak, and think for thee;
still let me guard the holy fire,
and still stir up the gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat;
till death thy endless mercies seal,
and make the sacrifice complete.

HEREFORD
Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876)

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

All sit

TRIBUTE

John Greenwood
Liz's Brother

MUSIC

How should I not be glad to contemplate
the clouds clearing beyond the dormer window
and a high tide reflected on the ceiling?
There will be dying, there will be dying,
but there is no need to go into that.
The lines flow from the hand unbidden
and the far cities are beautiful and bright.
I lie here in a riot of sunlight
Watching the day break and the clouds flying.
Everything is going to be all right.

Christopher Churcher (b.2004)
Everything is going to be alright
(from *The Sun rises in spite of everything*),

Derek Mahon (1941-2020)

READINGS

Clara Freeman
History, 1971; Honorary Fellow, 1999

On Friendship

But friendship embraces innumerable ends; turn where you will it is ever at your side; no barrier shuts it out; it is never untimely and never in the way. Therefore, we do not use the proverbial 'fire and water' on more occasions than we use friendship. I am not now speaking of the ordinary and commonplace friendship — delightful and profitable as it is — but of that pure and faultless kind, such as was that of the few whose friendships are known to fame. For friendship adds a brighter radiance to prosperity and lessens the burden of adversity by dividing and sharing it. Seeing that friendship includes very many and very great advantages, it undoubtedly excels all other things in this respect, that it projects the bright ray of hope into the future, and does not suffer the spirit to grow faint or to fall. Again, she who looks upon a true friend, looks, as it were, upon a sort of image of herself. Wherefore friends, though absent, are at hand; though in need, yet abound; though weak, are strong; and — harder saying still — though dead, are yet alive; so great is the esteem on the part of their friends, the tender recollection and the deep longing that still attends them. But if you should take the bond of goodwill out of the universe no house or city could stand, nor would even the tillage of the fields abide.

Cicero (c.100-43BCE), *On Friendship*, 22-3

No Mourning By Request

Come not to mourn for me with solemn tread
Clad in dull weeds of sad and sable hue,
Nor weep because my tale of life's told through,
Casting light dust on my untroubled head.
Nor linger near me while the sexton fills
My grave with earth — but go gay-garlanded,
And in your halls a shining banquet spread
And gild your chambers o'er with daffodils.
Fill your tall goblets with white wine and red.
And sing brave songs of gallant love and true,
Wearing soft robes of emerald and blue,
And dance, as I your dances oft have led,
And laugh, as I have often laughed with you —
And be most merry — after I am dead.

Letter (1923), in *Letters to a Friend* (1937)

Winifred Holtby (1898-1935, *Modern History*, 1917)

TRIBUTES

Pauline Adams

History, 1962; *Librarian*, 1969-2009; *Fellow*, 1977

Sara Kalim

Lit.Hum, 1990; *Development Director & Fellow*, 2013

MUSIC

Bist du bei mir, geh ich mit Freuden
zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh.
Ach, wie vergnügt wär so mein Ende,
es drückten deine schönen Hände
mir die getreuen Augen zu.

*If you are with me, then I will go gladly
unto death and to my rest.
Ah, how pleasing were my end,
if your dear hands then
shut my faithful eyes!*

attributed JS Bach (1685-1750),
but more likely by Gottfried Stözel

Gottfried Stözel (1690-1749)

READING

Mark Walford

Friend of Liz

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us.

God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him, because he first loved us. And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

1 John 4.7-12, 16-19, 21

READING

Sebastian Ling

Liz's Godson

What we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from.

We die with the dying:
See, they depart, and we go with them.
We are born with the dead:
See, they return, and bring us with them.
The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew-tree
Are of equal duration. A people without history
Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern
Of timeless moments. So, while the light fails
On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel
History is now and England.

With the drawing of this Love and the voice of this Calling
We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.
Through the unknown, remembered gate
When the last of earth left to discover
Is that which was the beginning;
At the source of the longest river
The voice of the hidden waterfall
And the children in the apple-tree
Not known, because not looked for
But heard, half-heard, in the stillness
Between two waves of the sea.
Quick now, here, now, always –
A condition of complete simplicity
(Costing not less than everything)
And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flame are in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

MUSIC

Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen,
Herr Zebaoth!
Meine seele verlangt und sehnet sich
nach den Vorhöfen des Herrn;
mein Leib und Seele freuen sich
in dem lebendigen Gott.
Wohl denen, die in deinem Hause wohnen,
die loben dich immerdar.

*How amiable are thy tabernacles,
O Lord of hosts!
My soul longeth, yea fainteth
for the courts of the Lord:
my heart and my flesh crieth out
for the living God.
Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:
they will be still praising thee.*

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
From *Ein deutsches Requiem* op.45

Psalm 84: 1, 2, 4

READING

Zoe Sprigings
History, 2004

The Warden rapped upon the table. A welcome silence fell upon the Hall. A speaker was rising to propose the toast of the University.

She spoke gravely, unrolling the great scroll of history, pleading for the Humanities, proclaiming the Pax Academica to a world terrified with unrest. 'Oxford has been called the home of lost causes: if the love of learning for its own sake is a lost cause everywhere else in the world, let us see to it that here, at least, it finds its abiding home.' Magnificent, thought Harriet, but it is not a war. And then, her imagination weaving in and out of the spoken words, she saw it as a holy war, and that whole wildly heterogeneous, that even slightly absurd collection of chattering women fused into a corporate unity with one another and with every man and woman to whom integrity of mind meant more than material gain – defenders in the central keep of human-soul, their personal differences forgotten in the face of a common foe. To be true to one's calling, whatever follies one might commit in one's emotional life, that was the way to spiritual peace. How could one feel fettered, being the freeman of so great a city, or humiliated, where all enjoyed equal citizenship?

from *Gaudy Night* (1935)

Dorothy L. Sayers (1893-1957; *Medieval & Modern Languages*, 1912)

TRIBUTES

Caroline Barron

History, 1959; Honorary Fellow, 2011

Nicola Ralston

History, 1974; Honorary Fellow, 2004

MUSIC

Now that the sun hath veiled his light,
And bid the world goodnight,
To the soft bed my body I dispose;
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear God, even in thy arms;
And can there be any so sweet security?
Then to thy rest, O my soul,
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days.
Halleluia.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

An Evening Hymn, Bishop William Fuller (1608-1675)

READING

Harriet Rumball

Liz's Goddaughter

The Glory Of The Garden

Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by;
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow, along the thin red wall,
You'll find the tool- and potting-sheds which are the heart of all
The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dung-pits and the tanks,
The rollers, carts, and drain-pipes, with the barrows and the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and 'prentice boys
Told off to do as they are bid and do it without noise ;
For, except when seeds are planted and we shout to scare the birds,
The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a rose,
And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that grows ;
But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the sand and loam,
For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By singing, 'Oh, how beautiful,' and sitting in the shade
While better men than we go out and start their working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so thick,
There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick
But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done,
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,
If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders;
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner In the Glory of the Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away!
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!

A School History of England (1911)

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)

TRIBUTE

Oliver Cooke

Liz's Son

All stand to sing:



Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more.
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer
Be thou still my strength and shield.
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.
I will ever give to thee.

CWM RHONDDA
John Hughes (1873-1932)
Descant: Philip Moore (b.1943)

William Williams (1717-1791)
trans. Peter Williams and William Williams

Following the service, all are welcome to join the Principal for tea in the Marquee on the Quad. Please follow the direction of the stewards.

To honour Liz's lifelong commitment to academic excellence and love of history, the College has launched a special initiative to endow a History Fellowship in her name.

Your donations in memory of Liz will allow us to endow the Liz Cooke Fellowship in History, thereby securing the teaching of History at Somerville in perpetuity. To discuss making a donation, please speak to Sara Kalim, Development Director (sara.kalim@some.ox.ac.uk) or donate directly at <https://tinyurl.com/2s49z4cp>

