

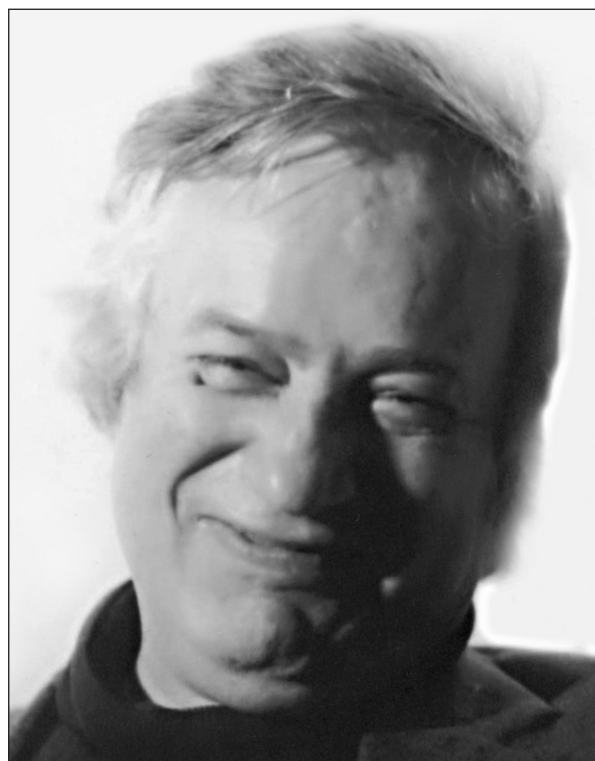


Richard McKane

31st October 1947 17th September 2016

Friday 7th October 2016
at 11am

St Bride's Church
Fleet Street
In the City of London



Organ Music

Prelude in C major (BWV 846) J S Bach
Prelude on Rhosymedre Vaughan Williams

Choir

The Sentences Croft

Welcome & Opening Prayer

The Rector

Hymn

Dear Lord and Father of mankind

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
 In purer lives thy service find,
 In deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love!

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

First Reading

Fable of Fables

Juliet McKane

Resting by the waterside
the plane tree and I.
Our reflections are thrown on the water
the plane tree's and mine.
The sparkle of the water hits us
the plane tree and me.

Resting by the waterside
the plane tree, I and the cat.
Our reflections are thrown on the water
the plane tree's, mine and the cat's.
The sparkle of the water hits us
the plane tree, me and the cat.

Resting by the waterside
the plane tree, I, the cat and the sun.
Our reflections are thrown on the water
the plane tree's, mine, the cat's and the sun's.
The sparkle of the water hits us
the plane tree, me, the cat and the sun.

Resting by the waterside
the plane tree, I, the cat, the sun and our life.
Our reflections are thrown on the water
the plane tree's, mine, the cat's, the sun's and our life's.
The sparkle of the water hits us
the plane tree, me, the cat, the sun and our life.

Resting by the waterside.
First the cat will go
its reflection will be lost on the water.
Then I will go
My reflection will be lost on the water.
Then the plane tree will go
its reflection will be lost on the water.
Then the water will go
the sun will remain
then it will go too.

Resting by the waterside
the plane tree, I, the cat, the sun and our life.
The water is cool
the plane tree is huge
I am writing a poem
the cat is dozing
the sun is warm
it's good to be alive.
The sparkle of the water hits us
the plane tree, me, the cat, the sun, our life.

Nazim Hikmet, translated from the Turkish by Richard McKane

Choir

Be still for the presence of the Lord – David Evans

Second Reading

Matthew 25. 31-40

Max Gammon

Hymn

Brother, Sister, let me serve you

Brother, sister, let me serve you,
Let me be as Christ to you;
Pray that I may have the grace to
Let you be my servant too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,
And companions on the road;
We are here to help each other
Walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you
In the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
Speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping;
When you laugh I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow
Till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven
We shall find such harmony,
Born of all we've known together
Of Christ's love and agony.

Brother, sister, let me serve you,
Let me be as Christ to you;
Pray that I may have the grace to
Let you be my servant too.

Third Reading

Our Memory Lies Within Me

Lucy Daniels

Our memory lies within me
like a white stone in the well's depth.
I can't and don't want to fight it:
it is happiness and it is suffering.

It seems to me that the person who looks closely
into my eyes will see it immediately.
He will become sadder and more pensive
than someone listening to a sorrowful tale.

I know that gods metamorphosed
into objects but did not kill their consciousness.
You are metamorphosed into my memory
so that the miracle of sadness may live forever.

Anna Akhmatova, translated from the Russian by Richard McKane

Sonnets in Expectation of Going to Sleep

Bob Moxon Browne

Quiet, quiet my soul
as day turns to night.
A candle burns and is snuffed out.
The sheet turns into a sail puffed out
and my soul like a bird in flight
pirouettes snowflake-light over the whole
snowdrifted bed. We shift
positions and I lift
out of the oblivion of dreams
and the ship camels trail across
the wall in an antique scheme.
No, not to turn back the clock,
but to be aware of these moments locked
in time which words always fail to get across.

No use in writing now, for I am too tired:
human nature demands sleep.
The poets' Pleiad
melts deep
into the night Pleiades.
The spirits of the Dryads
and the sobbing of the Naiads
float in the dark
as the Kandahar dogs bark.
I go to bed at cockcrow
and sink deep below
into the subconscious
and the dream process
spins red and brown threads on memory's loom,
of a zinnia, red hair and tea in the dig dining room.

No words now. We are together now
and the harmony of sleeping bodies
stretches across the continents
and I am cupped under the tent
of your hands
and this is my roof.
The dream spinners are spinning the warp and woof
as the dogs bark in the scarce-moon dark.
As this waking day dies
and footsteps make their way slow
to their night's rest,
I am left with the rest
of the night and peace on into my dreams
like a somnambulist unaware of waking thoughts' schemes.

Richard McKane, 1977 Kandahar

Choir

The Lord bless you and keep you – Rutter

Tribute

Christopher McKane

Choir

Sacred love – Sviridov

Prayers

Led by the Revd Chris Hill

ending with

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

Mine eyes have seen the glory

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet, that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgement seat.

O be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant my feet!

Our God is marching on.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us live to make men free,

While God is marching on.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

While God is marching on!

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave;
He is wisdom to the mighty, he is succour to the brave:
So the world shall be his foot-stool, and the soul of time his slave:

Our God is marching on!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

Our God is marching on!

Commendation

Collect & Blessing

The Rector

Choir

Amen – Richafort

Dismissal

Organ Voluntary

Toccata in F – Widor

*A retiring collection will be taken
for the work of St Bride's Church*

*A JustGiving page, in memory of Richard,
has been created in aid of St Mungo's
www.justgiving.com/RichardMcKane*

*There will be a reception immediately after the service
at The Humble Grape, 1 St Bride's Passage,
to which all are very welcome*

*There will be a cremation this afternoon at 3.40pm
at the South Essex Crematorium,
Ockendon Road, Upminster RM14 2UY
to which you are also warmly invited.*

*When my body's gone and I
am on the other side,
cry, if you want, cry
but don't let fears hide
behind tears.*

*Oh, if then I could fly to your side
When you are beside yourself
And guard your health
And yours too my darling.*

*Hear me then in the whistle of the starling
and, ambrosia filled, I'd have no ache
to share Mandelstam's nut birthday cake.*

Richard McKane, London 2002

Rector

Revd Canon Dr Alison Joyce

Director of Music

Robert Jones

Organist

Matthew Morley

Choir

The Choir of St Bride's

Head of Operations

James Irving



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