

A Service of Thanksgiving
for the life of

Tony Dawe

1945 – 2017



St Bride's Church, Fleet Street

**Thursday 14 September 2017
at 11.30am**



POEM

If I should go before the rest of you
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone.
Nor, when I'm gone, speak in a Sunday voice
But be the usual selves that I have known.
Weep if you must, parting is hell.
But life goes on. So sing as well.

Joyce Grenfell



PIANO BEFORE THE SERVICE

Nocturne opus 9 No 1 in B flat minor

Frédéric Chopin

INTROIT

In paradisum from Requiem

Gabriel Fauré

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

The Rector

The Revd Canon Dr Alison Joyce





HYMN

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?

Praise him, praise him,
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:

Praise him, praise him,
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:

Praise him, praise him,
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space:

Praise him, praise him,
Praise with us the God of grace.



From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Translated by Edward FitzGerald

Lo! Some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.



READING

1 Corinthians 13

Read by Sally Brown

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child; I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known.

And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

CHOIR

O quam gloriosum

Tomas Luis de Victoria

ADDRESS

Will Ellsworth-Jones

CHOIR

Bring us, O Lord God

William Henry Harris



READING

Days of Summer

by Neville Cardus – Read by James Dawe

Every summer I travel north, south, east and west to watch cricket. I have seen the game played far down in Kent, at Dover, near the cliffs trodden by King Lear. There, one late August afternoon, I said goodbye to a cricket season on a field which lay silent in the evening sunshine; the match, the last of the year, was over and the players gone. I stayed for a while in the falling light and saw birds run over the grass as the mists began to spread. That day we had watched Woolley in all his glory, batting his way through a hundred felicitous runs. While he batted, the crowd sat with white tents and banners all around – a blessed scene, wisps of cloud in the sky, green grass for our feet to tread upon, ‘laughter of friends under an English heaven.’ It was all over and gone now, as I stood on the little field alone in the glow of the declining day. “The passing of summer”, I thought. “There can be no summer in this land without cricket.”

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 three.

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!

READING

Tony Dawe reports from the Arctic

Bear eats huskies' rations

The Times, 1 June 1969

Read by Sue Ockwell



CHOIR

In my life

John Lennon and Paul McCartney

Arranged by Daniel Jordan & David Buckley

ADDRESS

Mark Barber





CHOIR

Matchstalk Men and Matchstalk Cats and Dogs

Brian & Michael, 1978

Arranged by Matthew Morley

He painted Salford's smoky tops
On cardboard boxes from the shops
And parts of Ancoats where I used to play
I'm sure he once walked down our street
Cause he painted kids who had nowt on their feet
The clothes we wore had all seen better days.

Now they said his works of art were dull
No room, all round the walls are full
But Lowry didn't care much anyway
They said he just paints cats and dogs
And matchstalk men in boots and clogs
And Lowry said that's just the way they'll stay.

And he painted matchstalk men and matchstalk cats and dogs
He painted kids on the corner of the street with sparking clogs
Now he takes his brush and he waits outside them factory gates
To paint his matchstalk men and matchstalk cats and dogs.

Now canvas and brushes were wearing thin
When London started calling him
To come on down and wear the old flat cap
They said tell us all about your ways
And all about them Salford days
Is it true you're just an ordinary chap?

Now Lowries hang upon the wall
Beside the greatest of them all
And even the Mona Lisa takes a bow.
This tired old man with hair like snow
Told northern folks it's time to go
The fever came and the good Lord mopped his brow.

And he left us matchstalk men and matchstalk cats and dogs
He left us kids on the corner of the street with sparking clogs
Now he takes his brush and he waits outside them pearly gates
To paint his matchstalk men and matchstalk cats and dogs.

PRAYERS
The Rector

HYMN
He who would valiant be

He who would valiant be
‘Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.
There’s no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound –
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I’ll fear not what men say,
I’ll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

BLESSING
The Rector

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

Rhapsody No 3
Herbert Howells

A retiring collection will be taken and shared between St Bride’s Church
and Coldharbour Cricket Club

The Times has generously contributed to the Thanksgiving Service
for Tony and to refreshments at The Humble Grape wine bar,
1 St Bride’s Passage, afterwards.





“A funny, wise and good man has left us behind.”

