



A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING  
*for the life of*  
William Francis Macauley  
(1953-2019)

Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup> July 2019  
at 3:00pm





*The service is conducted by  
The Reverend Alan Gyle, Vicar.*

*The Choir of St Paul's Knightsbridge is directed  
by Stephen Farr, Director of Music.  
The Organ is played by  
Michael Papadopoulos, Assistant Director of Music.*

## **MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE**

*Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele, BWV 654 - J.S. Bach  
Andante sostenuto (from Symphonie Gothique) - C-M Widor  
Nimrod (from Enigma Variations) - Sir E Elgar  
O Mensch Bewein Dein Sunde Gross, BWV 622 - J.S Bach*

The hymns are reproduced with permission under CCLE Licence No. 666560.  
The service is compiled and printed at St Paul's Church, Knightsbridge.

For further information about the life of St Paul's, please contact:  
The Parish Office, 32A Wilton Place, London SW1X 8SH  
020 7201 9999

[www.spkb.org](http://www.spkb.org)

# ORDER OF SERVICE

## INTROIT

God be in my head  
*John Rutter (b.1953)*

## THE BIDDING

The Reverend Alan Gyle

## HYMN

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

*Words: H.F. Lyte (1793-1847)*

*Music: 'Praise, My Soul', John Goss (1800-1880)*

## READING

John 14: 1-7

*read by Rupert Macauley*

Jesus saith: Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

## READING

*from St John of the Cross (1542-1591)*

*read by Fr Edward Corbould OSB,*

*Ampleforth Abbey*

What will happen on the other side,  
when for me everything has whirled  
Into eternity... I do not know!  
I only believe.

I only believe that a great Love is waiting for me.  
Now that the moment is drawing near,  
and the cross is inviting me to pass through the wall,  
what I have come to believe  
is that I am travelling towards Love as I go on my way,  
that I am reaching out into his Love,  
that I am descending gently into life.

If I die, do not weep;  
it is Love who gently takes hold of me.

If I am afraid - and why not! -  
simply remind me that Love,  
that a great Love is waiting for me.

Yes, Father,  
here I am, I am coming towards you like a child,  
I am coming to cast myself into your Love,  
your Love which is waiting for me.

## PSALM 121

*Levavi oculos.*

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills  
from whence cometh my help.  
My help cometh even from the Lord who hath made  
heaven and earth.  
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved and he that  
keepeth thee will not sleep.  
Behold, he that keepeth Israel : shall neither slumber  
nor sleep.  
The Lord himself is thy keeper : the Lord is thy  
defence upon thy right hand;  
So that the sun shall not burn thee by day : neither  
the moon by night.  
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil : yea, it is  
even he that shall keep thy soul.  
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy  
coming in : from this time forth for evermore.

## READING

attributed to Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

*read by Nico Macauley*

To laugh often and much, to win the respect of  
intelligent people and the affection of children;

To earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure  
the betrayal of false friends;

To appreciate beauty:

To leave the world a better place whether by a  
healthy child or a garden patch;

To know even one life has breathed easier because  
you have lived.

This is to have succeeded.

## READING

'I am there' by Iris Hesselden  
*with fourth verse written by Mary*  
*read by Mary (Willie's twin)*

Look for me when the tide is high  
And the swallows are wheeling overhead  
When the autumn wind sweeps the cloudy sky  
And one by one the leaves are shed

Look for me when the trees are bare  
And the stars are bright in the frosty sky  
When the morning mist hangs on the air  
And shorter darker days pass by.

I am there, where the river flows  
And salmon leap to a silver moon  
Where the insects hum and the tall grass grows  
And sunlight warms the afternoon

I am there in the garden too  
When the roses bloom and scent the air  
I take your hand I am with you  
So raise a glass, and know I'm there

I am the love you cannot see  
And all I ask is - look for me



## HYMN

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!

*Words: John Whittier (1807-92)*

*Music: from 'Judith', C. Hubert H. Parry (1848-1918)*

## ADDRESS

Nick Cheyne

## ANTHEM

Cantique de Jean Racine  
*Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)*

Verbe égal au Très-Haut Notre unique espérance,  
Jour éternel de la terre et des cieux,  
De la paisible nuit nous rompons le silence,  
Divin Sauveur, jette sur nous les yeux!

Répands sur nous le feu de la grâce puissante,  
que tous l'enfer fuie au son de ta voix,  
Dissipe le sommeil d'une âme languissante,  
qui la conduit à l'oubli de tes lois!

O Christ sois favorable à ce peuple fidèle  
pour te benir maintenant rassemblé,  
Reçoit les chants qu'il offre, à ta gloire immortelle,  
et de tes dons qu'il retourne comblé!

*Word of God the most high, our sole hope,  
eternal day of the earth and heavens  
as we break the silence of the peaceful night  
divine saviour, look down upon us.*

*Imbue us with the fire of thy great mercy  
so that hell itself will flee at the sound of your voice  
disperse the sleep which leads our languishing souls  
to stray from the path of righteousness.*

*O Christ show your favour to your faithful people  
who have come together to worship you  
receive the praises that they offer up to your immortal glory  
and may they come back laden with the gift of your grace.*

## THE PRAYERS & 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

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

*Words: William Blake (1757-1827)*

*Music: C. Hubert H. Parry (1848-1918)*

## THE BLESSING

*The choir sings 'Amen'*

## ORGAN VOUNTARY

Con moto maestoso (from Sonata No.3)

*Felix Mendelssohn (1809-47)*

*The family would be delighted if you could join them at a reception in  
The Turf Club, 5 Carlton House Terrace, London SW1Y 5AQ, after the service.*

*As you leave there will be a collection in thanksgiving for Willie's life to be  
divided between St Paul's Knightsbridge (for its missional work)  
and Jack Berry House in Malton (for its work with injured jockeys).*

*Cards are available to record your presence.*



### **THE FISHERMAN'S PRAYER**

God grant that I may live to fish  
Until my dying day.  
And when it comes to my last cast  
I then most humbly pray,  
When in the Lord's safe landing net  
And peacefully asleep,  
That in His mercy I be judged  
As big enough to keep.