

TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE



SIR JOHN RICHARD  
GRENFELL BRADFIELD

Kt, CBE, PhD

Fellow of Trinity College 1947–2014

Junior Bursar 1951–56

Senior Bursar 1956–92

Chairman Addenbrooke's NHS Trust 1993–97

Born 20 May 1925

Died 13 October 2014

2.30 pm

Saturday 7 March 2015

*Organ music before the service*

Fugue in b, BWV 579

O Lamm Gottes unschuldig, BWV 618

Christus, der uns selig macht, BWV 620

Christe, du Lamm Gottes, BWV 619

Da Jesus an dem Kreuze stund', BWV 621

Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir, BWV 686

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

*Owain Park, Organ Scholar*

# ORDER OF SERVICE

*All stand when the Choir and Clergy enter the Chapel*

## SENTENCE AND BIDDING

Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the most High:  
shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.  
I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope,  
and my stronghold: my God, in him will I trust.

*Psalm 91: 1-2*

We meet today in gratitude  
for the life of JOHN BRADFIELD,  
for 67 years a Fellow of this College.  
We remember his commitment and contribution  
to the College and to the University,  
and we give thanks.

## 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: from 'The Brewing of Soma', John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–92)*

*Music: REPTON, C. Hubert H. Parry (1848–1918)*

## READING

Romans 12: 6–18

*read by Tom Bradfield*

We have different gifts, according to the grace given to each of us. If your gift is prophesying, then prophesy in accordance with your faith; if it is serving, then serve; if it is teaching, then teach; if it is to encourage, then give encouragement; if it is giving, then give generously; if it is to lead, do it diligently; if it is to show mercy, do it cheerfully.

Love must be sincere. Hate what is evil; cling to what is good. Be devoted to one another in love. Honour one another above yourselves. Never be lacking in zeal, but keep your spiritual fervour, serving the Lord. Be joyful in hope, patient in affliction, faithful in prayer. Share with the Lord's people who are in need. Practice hospitality.

Bless those who persecute you; bless and do not curse. Rejoice with those who rejoice; mourn with those who mourn. Live in harmony with one another. Do not be proud, but be willing to associate with people of low position. Do not be conceited.

Do not repay anyone evil for evil. Be careful to do what is right in the eyes of everyone. If it is possible, as far as it depends on you, live at peace with everyone.

## ANTHEM

Lighten our darkness  
Charles Villiers Stanford (1852–1924)  
*sung by the Choir*

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord;  
and by thy great mercy defend us  
from all perils and dangers of this night;  
for the love of thy only Son,  
our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

## ADDRESS

*Dr Chris Morley*  
*Trinity College Cambridge*

## ANTHEM

One Equal Music

Geoffrey Cottrell (b. 1951)

adapted from a prayer by John Donne

*sung by the Choir*

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening,  
into the house and gate of heaven,  
to enter through that gate to dwell in that house:  
no cloud, nor sun, no darkness, nor dazzling, but one equal light;  
no noise, no silence, but one equal music;  
no fears, no hopes, but one equal possession;  
no friends, nor foes, but one equal communion,  
no ends, or beginnings, but one equal eternity,  
in the habitations of thy glory and dominion,  
world without end. Amen.

## ADDRESS

*Dr George Reid*

*St John's College Cambridge*

## READING

Daffodils (*abridged*)

William Wordsworth (1770–1850)

*read by James Bradfield*

I wandered lonely as a Cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and Hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden Daffodils;  
Beside the Lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—  
A Poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

## ADDRESS

*Robert Bradfield*

*Son*

# NUNC DIMITTIS

in a setting by Herbert Howells (1892–1983)

*sung by the Choir*

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared  
before the face of all people; to be a light to lighten the Gentiles,  
and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was  
in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

## READING

Death, be not proud

John Donne (1572–1631)

*read by Katie Bradfield*

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,  
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.  
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,  
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well  
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally  
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

## PRAYERS

Lord, have mercy upon us.

**Christ, have mercy upon us.**

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father

**which art in heaven,**

**hallowed be thy name;**

**thy kingdom come;**

**thy will be done,**

**in earth as it is in heaven.**

**Give us this day our daily bread;**

**and forgive us our trespasses,**

**as we forgive them that 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.**

## FOR OUR BENEFACTORS

O Lord, who art the resurrection and the life of the faithful, who always art to be praised for the many blessings we have received from thy servants now departed; we give thee thanks for King Henry the Eighth our Founder, Queen Mary, King Edward the Third, Hervey of Stanton, and others our Benefactors, by whose beneficence we are here maintained for the further attaining of godliness and learning; beseeching thee to grant that we, well using to thy glory these thy gifts, may rise again to eternal life, with those that are departed in the faith of Christ; through Christ our Lord.  
**Amen.**

## FOR OURSELVES

O God, the protector of all that trust in thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy: Increase and multiply upon us thy mercy; that, thou being our ruler and guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal: Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord.  
**Amen.**

## FOR THOSE WHO MOURN

O eternal God, look with compassion on the bereaved and those who mourn; support them in their trouble and sustain them in hope and faith, in your fatherly care.  
**Amen.**

## 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 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.

*Words: Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847)*

*Music: John Goss (1800–80)*

# THE BLESSING

*All remain standing as the Choir and Clergy leave the Chapel  
followed by:*

*Professor Sir Leszek Borysiewicz, Vice-Chancellor  
representing HRH The Duke of Edinburgh*

*Lord Rees of Ludlow  
representing HRH The Prince of Wales*

*The Family*

*The Master, Vice-Master and Fellows*

*Organ music after the service*

*Prelude and Fugue in G, BWV 541  
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)*

*Owain Park, Organ Scholar*

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*All those attending the service  
are invited to tea in Nevile's Court*

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Wild Orchids, April 1923  
Joseph Pullman Porter (1893–1980)

Under the pines, near the murmuring brook,  
I know the wild orchids grow,  
Fair and pure in their shady nook,  
A page in God's own wonderful book  
With a message for me to know.

Come in the Spring to that beautiful bower  
And pause by the moss and the fern  
To study. And know from the little flower  
God's promise of hope is ready to shower  
On those who will trust and learn.

Over the land, with colours so bright,  
Leaves whirl in the chill, fitful breeze.  
The gurgling brook, ice-coated and white;  
Ferns, mosses and orchids have vanished from sight,  
Dead and lost in the Winter's first freeze.

In weakening faith and hopeless despair,  
Black winters of woe hold my soul.  
For death is the end; and each mortal must share  
The fate of the orchids that once blossomed there.  
Oblivion marketh the goal.

Hold thy hope, faithless soul, for again in the Spring  
Neath the pines, the wild orchids will bloom.  
Struggle upward toward God, thy Creator and King.  
The Saviour is risen and Nature doth sing,  
Christ overcomes death and the tomb.