Bryan Edgar Magee
12 April 1930 – 26 July 2019

11.00 a.m.
Thursday 15 August 2019
St Andrew’s Church, Headington
Opening Prayer

Hymn
The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
The darkness falls at thy behest;  
To thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church, unsleeping  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping  
And rests not now by day nor night.

As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.
Reading from scripture

Peter McCarter

Proverbs 3:3–18

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

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Grandchildren

Josefin and Niklas Magee Mateluna

Edward Elgar, Serenade for Strings, Larghetto
Arranged for organ by Ingunn Ligaarden

Friends

Paul Wonke
Peter Pegnall
(read by Henry Hardy)

Richard Wagner, Prelude to Tristan and Isolde
Arranged for organ by A. W. Gottschalg

God-daughter

Camilla Cavendish
Prayers

concluding with all saying

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 mountain 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.
Commendation

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Recessional music
Christ’s Hospital Foundation Hymn,
sung at every Leavers’ Service

As you leave the church there will be a collection for the Society of Authors’ Contingency Fund for writers in financial difficulties

After the service there will be a brief committal at Oxford Crematorium (attendance optional)

Please join us from 12.30 p.m.
in the Buttery at Wolfson College for refreshments

Organist: Alex Little BA ARCO, Assistant Organist, Merton College, Oxford

Main photo: John Vickers
'If it could be revealed to me for certain that life is meaningless, and that my lot when I die will be timeless oblivion, and I were then asked: “Knowing these things, would you, if given the choice, still choose to have been born?”, my answer would be a shouted “Yes!” I have loved living. Even if the worst-case scenario is the true one, what I have had has been infinitely better than nothing. In spite of what has been wrong with my life, and in spite of what has been wrong with me, I am inexpressibly grateful to have lived. It is terrible and terrifying to have to die, but even the prospect of eternal annihilation is a price worth paying for being alive.’

The last paragraph of Bryan’s last book, *Making the Most of It*