



**Thanksgiving Service  
for the life of  
Professor Nigel Dennis**

**St Salvator's Chapel  
Saturday 28 September 2013 at 2pm**

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The service is conducted by the University Chaplain Revd Dr Donald MacEwan.  
Music is led by the University Organist Mr Tom Wilkinson.

People are welcome to make a donation for Marie Curie Nurses and Diabetes Research.

A Reception will follow this service in Lower College Hall, across the Quadrangle, to which all are welcome.

# Order of Service

**Welcome**

**Introduction**

**Reading** Henry Scott Holland, *Death is nothing at all*  
read by the Proctor, Professor Lorna Milne

**Tribute** Chris and Mike Dennis

**Reading** José Bergamín, "¿Cuándo vendrá nuestra Primavera?"  
read by Dr Aileen Logan

**Anthem** Victoria, *Doctor Bonus*  
sung by Choristi Sanctiandree

*Doctor bonus, amicus Dei  
Andreas ducitur ad crucem.  
Aspiciens a longe,  
vidit crucem et dixit:  
"Salve crux,  
suscipe discipulum eius  
qui pependit in te  
magister meus Christus.*

Translation:  
A virtuous teacher and friend of God,  
Andrew was led to the cross.  
Looking from afar,  
he saw the cross and said:  
"Hail, cross,  
receive a disciple of Him  
who hung on you,  
Christ, my master.

**Tribute** Professor Gustavo San Román

**Reading** *2:1 Student Blues*  
read by Professor Will Fowler

**Tribute** Professor Trevor Dadson

**Music** Isaac Albéniz, *Mallorca*  
Matthew McAllister

**Prayer**

**Presentation**

by his European colleagues GEXEL-Grupo de Estudios del Exilio Literario  
Dr Teresa Santa María, *Universidad Internacional de la Rioja*  
Dr Roselyn Chenu, *Université Paris-Ouest – Nanterre-La Défense*  
Dr Iván López Caballo, *Université Paris-Ouest – Nanterre-La Défense*

**Address**

**Hymn** *Who would true valour see*

1. Who would true valour see,  
let him come hither;  
one here will constant be,  
come wind, come weather;  
there's no discouragement  
shall make him once relent  
his first avowed intent  
to be a pilgrim.
2. Whoso beset him round  
with dismal stories,  
do but themselves confound;  
his strength the more is.  
No lion can him fright;  
he'll with a giant fight,  
but he will have a right  
to be a pilgrim.
3. Hobgoblin nor foul fiend  
can daunt his spirit;  
he knows he at the end  
shall life inherit.  
Then fancies fly away;  
he'll fear not what men say;  
he'll labour night and day  
to be a pilgrim.

**Benediction**

**Music** Joni Mitchell, *Big Yellow Taxi*