

# Gazette supplement



UNIVERSITY OF  
OXFORD

## Encaenia 2024

### 1 Conferment of Honorary Degrees

The Public Orator made the following speeches in presenting the recipients of honorary degrees at the Encaenia on Wednesday, 19 June:

#### Degree of Doctor of Letters

##### DR NGOZI OKONJO-IWEALA

In Latinitatem, Domine Cancellarie, confugio; quam produco me Anglica venuste superat, lingua Igbo scilicet mihi longe excellit. Sed hoc scio, praenomen eius 'beneficium' significare. Quod unice apud eam videmus, quae opum publicarum auctus cum explicat tum re ipsa augendos curat. Quae ideo et patriae suae et orbi prodest. Discipula praestans Enuguensis Ibadanensisque, ad ARVA, AD limMITes Massachusetae est progressa, quamquam ob discrimina dira belli civilis Nigeriani aetate tenera studia dure interrupta erant. Ubi tamen praecipue apud parentes certior facta est ex educatione gratiam raram simulque officia nobis adduci. Hoc attento animo audimus. In cursu vitae constanti audacia metui ac minis repugnare coacta ingenio acuto et certo constituit, velut ponte faciendo, progressus scientiarum eosque fines minus laudandos – vias rationesque reipublicae dico – coniungere. His enim longe distantibus vitia gravia consequi cognovimus; reputemus quam inaequaliter medicamina sint impertita, quam inique genus nostrum contra res et mutationes adversas protegatur. Num hoc permittamus, ut alii pereant, vel paupertatem patiantur, quantaevs scientiae sollertiaeque gratia facultates praestent vitae melioris faciendae? Hoc commentata processit, se ad consulta praeclare promovit. Et in Africa et per orbem consiliis interfuit, vel saepe praesedit, insignibus, quibus sanitas artesque nationum proficerent, condiciones atque spes meliorum excoli, aedes construi, libertas, operum effectus, sui ipsius denique confidentia provehi possent. Et ante omnia fidem affert nos in rebus aerariis communia respicere, una et communiter spectare oportere; ita enim nos universos superfore. Quod vere in usu habet, quae cognovit vim unitam fortiolem apparere; quod tamen ita canorius exprimendum, Gidi gidi bu ugwu eze!

Praesento igitur eam quae redarguit praefectos aerarii semper invisos, raro mansuros videri, quae etiam ipsam mercaturam mundanam illu-strare valet, Ngozi Okonjo-Iweala, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris.

#### Admission by the Chancellor

Propugnatrix ducens eorum quae decenter pro nostris et pro omnibus appetimus, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

#### Paraphrase

My Lord Chancellor, I take refuge in Latin; here is one whose melodious English eclipses my own, and whose Igbo is without doubt incomparably better. But I know that her given name means 'blessing'. What greater blessing can there be than a development economist who inspires economic development, who brings benefit to her native country and to the world? Luminary pupil of Enugu and Ibadan, student of Harvard and MIT, her earlier years of schooling were severely disrupted by the dreadful conflict of the Nigerian Civil War; but from those years, and directly from her parents, she learned that 'education is a privilege, and with that privilege comes responsibility.' This we hear with urgent attention. Her career has required steadfastness, courage in the face of threats and intimidation, and a clear-headed determination to bridge the distance between the advances of science and the less illustrious realms of politics and public policy. In that distance we see the causes of significant failures such as the uneven distribution of vaccines and the inequalities of protection against natural disasters and climate change. 'How', she asks, 'can we allow people to die or to remain poor when the science and innovation to change their lives exist?' The question has guided her career and led to her achievements as policy-maker. Both in Nigeria and in the international arena she has participated in, nay often presided over, remarkable public health and technological projects that improved the lives and prospects, the home-building and independence, the productivity and self-respect, of millions. Above all she champions the notion that economic cooperation and collaborative aspiration are key to our common future. A true collaborator in her own work, she knows that 'unity is strength' or, to put it more melodiously, *Gidi gidi bu ugwu eze*.

I present one who defies the observation that finance ministers are unloved and short-lived, and one who may add lustre even to 'World Trade' itself, Ngozi Okonjo-Iweala, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Leader and defender of the best aspirations of national and global development, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

## SIR MICHAEL PALIN

ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, μοῦσα, πολύτροπον ...

Virum mihi, Camena, insece, minus tamen versutum Ithacensi illo antiquo. Ecce cui die caliginoso placet, rebus vectigalibus in posterum dilatis, librum suum locorum doctrina PINGUEM temere aperire, ut somnia excitata tranquille exercent. Quae admodum variata in rem transtulit. Ex carcere, ut ita dicam, scenico Oxoniensi ET Ceteris erupit, per loca valde mira iter facit ubi vitalia comice explicavit, et modo in notiora modo remotiora peregrinatus polos oceanosque longe distantes appetitos visit. Ideo comicus factus est quod ingenio risus movere valebat; sed etiam sidus cinematographicum produco, poetam scaenicum, rerum gestarum scriptorem, qui locutus simpliciter docet, copiose erudit, abest tamen ut nimium se ipsum more permultorum ostendet qui ita prospere prodeunt. Suavis videtur auditur, saepe propter urbanitatem laudatur, quod ipse ego laudabo etsi ei molestum sit – modo hoc sibi commodum esse, audimus, quod, si forte se homicidio incumbere constituerit, nemo erit quin se absolvere velit. Oxonia progressus est, ut dicit, gradu inusitato magis artis comoediae decoratus quam studii rerum gestarum; at insuper intellexit sibi victu actoris vel auctoris, vel etiam utriusque, uso superesse dari. Utrumque multoque plus in eo nunc honoramus. Attamen versutus ille Ithacensis omnia nostra in se exhibet, quia nil inter eum et nos differt. Nonne tamen potius optaremus huic honorando accedere?

αὔθις ἐκπέμψω ΠΑΛΙΝ / τοῦτον τὸν αὐτὸν ἄνδρα<sup>1</sup>

Praesento virum facetum, sapientem, apud quem intellegimus itinera peregrina opiniones animi angusti falsas, praeiudicatas, obstinatas omnino abolere, Michaellem Eduardum Palin, duorum ordinum Amplissimorum Equitem Commendatorem, socium Aulae Regiae et Collegii Aenei Nasi honoris causa adscriptum, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris.

*Paraphrase*

‘Sing, O Muse, of a much travelled man,’ but one of less tricksome character than that Ithacan of old. Here is one who on a dull day, when he should be talking to someone about tax returns, likes to ‘open his Penguin Encyclopedia of Places at random and set off a few quiet fantasies’. Those fantasies have been translated into colourful reality. From the Oxford starting blocks of OUDS and the Experimental Theatre Club, through the marvellous realms that plumbed the comic meanings of life, his paths have taken him to places both familiar and far-flung, from pole to pole and ocean to ocean. He became a comic in fulfilment of his inborn ability to make people laugh. But behold also the film star, dramatist and chronicler, who talks and instructs naturally and fluently, yet without the excessive sense of ego that characterises so many successful performers. His ease of engagement and appealing personality are much praised, indeed to his discomfort, but I praise it again, even if for him ‘the best thing about it is that no jury will convict him if he decides to take up serial killing.’ Oxford, he tells us, sent him out into the world with an ‘odd sort of degree in comedy-writing’ more than in modern history, but also with a sense that he could earn his living as an actor or writer, or both. We honour him as those, and much more. That tricky travel-weary Greek hero, it has been said, has ‘everything to do with us because he is who we are’. Given the choice, would we not prefer to be more like our honorand? Now again I give you that same man, Palin.

I present a man of wit and wisdom who confirms the truth that ‘Travel is fatal to prejudice, bigotry, and narrow-mindedness,’ Michael Edward Palin, KCMG, CBE, Honorary Fellow of Brasenose College, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

*Admission by the Chancellor*

Homo viator, oblectator, doctor denique vere, qui nos identidem monuisti *ut ad meliora vitae spectemus*, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

Entertainer and teacher, who have consistently taught us to ‘look on the bright side of life’, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

<sup>1</sup>cf. Sophocles, *Philoctetes* 127f.

**Degree of Doctor of Science****WARREN EAST**

Ex memoria scimus, ut in fabulis, sic in scientiis gradalia sancta prospecta esse; olim motum perpetuum, olim transmutationes metallorum petebamus. Sed eheu, quam fugacia haec fuerunt, ut scilicet equestres gradalis diutius quam ipsa gradalia mente teneamus. Nunc tamen provisum habemus re vera gradale quoddam novum renidere, ex quo post tritium deuteriumque nucleos confusos vires fere immensae oboriri possint, nobisque detur ita ‘paria facere’ ut plus carpamus quam collocaverimus. Ecce equestrem quendam Wadhamensem huius gradalis progredi conspiciate, qui ARMa computatoria corroboravit, machinator et negotiator eminent, quondam caput, immo decorum velut vindemiatorum apud Rolls Royce se praebuit, iamque inter lumina TOKOMAKica nostra gubernantia consedit. His enim ducentibus optandum est ut, nucleis per modos subtiles coactis, vires reperiantur quibus tenebrae repentinae apud nos in reliquum evitari possint. Ex Oriente lux! Hoc constituit, nos citius ad illud ‘nihilum libratum’ progredi intueri, si forte minutis carboniis mundus noster vero mundior fieri possit. Artibus negotiorum ingenio praeditus incubuit, ingenium deinde ita adhibere decrevit ut ea excogitata fierent quibus calamitate aversa nos servemur. Audio, id quod valde miratus refero, modum magneticum, qui ad vires supra dictas pariendas iam paratur, solis stellarumque potentiae causas fortasse aemulaturum esse. Quae caelestia, quae numina insita et occulta venerati hybris caveamus, simulque exemplum tale acceptum referamus, gratiasque agamus. Hunc et musicum socium saluto; confido eum organi peritum et manibus et pedibus divinitati illi solis et lyrae probe servire.

Praesento virum operum machinalium (et citharae) scientem, negotiorum procuratorem, qui virtute animi ingenium et auctoritatem coniunxit ut nos universi in dies proficiamus, David Warren Arthur East, Excellentissimi Ordinis Imperii Britannici Commendatorem, Societatis Regiae socium, Collegii Wadhamensis socium honoris causa adscriptum, ud admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia.

*Paraphase*

History has shown us that Science, as much as Romance, has had its holy grails. Once we sought perpetual motion, and once the transmutation of metals. But grails come and go, and often we remember their knights more lastingly than the grails themselves. Now, however, we have in view the more realistic prospect of a new and gleaming grail, a source of almost unlimited energy through the fusion of nuclei of ‘tritium’ and ‘deuterium’, and what is known to some as a ‘break-even’ in which we take out more than we put in. My friends, here stands one of the knights of this grail, a Wadham man, a strength of ARM, an engineer and entrepreneur, a veteran, nay a vintage Rolls–Royce former chief executive, now one of those luminaries guiding our own local TOKOMAK project. Such leadership can now assist scientists towards the development of fusion energy through software that may help prevent blackouts in Britain in years to come. Ex Oriente lux! His determination is to see the quickening of our progress to ‘net zero’ through carbon reduction and a cleaner cosmos. A businessman by talent and inclination, our honorand has chosen to apply his gifts to the pursuit of ideas and practices that may save us from catastrophe. I understand, and it awes me to say, that the magnet technology process under development for fusion energy may rival that which powers the sun and the stars. While we pay homage to those celestial bodies and their inherent mysterious powers, and while we remain aware of the dangers of hybris, let us thank them for the model they provide. Saluting a fellow musician, I am confident that this organist’s hands and feet serve well that divinity both of the sun and of the lyre.

I present an engineer and business executive (and musician) whose energy fuses talent and leadership for the potential betterment of all of us, David Warren Arthur East, CBE, FRS, Honorary Fellow of Wadham College, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

*Admission by the Chancellor*

Auctor insignissime scientiae et artificii art-ium processus, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia honoris causa.

Distinguished promoter of science and technological progress, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

## Degree of Doctor of Science

### SIR DEMIS HASSABIS

ὧ δὲ σὺ πρεσβύτατον νείμης γέρας  
νίκας ἐπ' ἀνθρώποισιν εὐδοξος κέκλη-  
ται καὶ πολυζήλωτος.

Et procedit victor. Adhuc puerulus in consilio perfectus, paulo post cum sodalibus Cantabrigiensibus scaccis splendide ludens nos ter iampridem debellavit. (Quod tantum abest ut adhuc aegre feramus, qui nuper consolati compensaverimus.) Apud hunc homo faber cum ludenti – quod insolitum apparet – concorditer se consociavit, qui ingenii inventionem ex ludis elaboravit ut non modo delectamenta effluerent, nec lucrum solum, sed etiam rationes mentis nostrae certe cerneremus quomodo cum machinis ab homine inventis conlaborare, vel potius concludere, possent. Intelligentiae, ut vocantur – alteram divinitus praebitam dico, alteram ab homine confectam – aemulatur videntur. Nonne attoniti timemus ne aliquando haec illam superet? Animum tamen idcirco capimus, quod honorandus noster cum 'mente profunda' sua ipsius societatem salutarem conceperit. Iampridem cerebri illius propaGO ex ludo mirifico victoriam peperit; deinde oculos ad quaestionem vertit prius vix facilem explicatu, qua ratione mira moleculae προτείνουσαι se gignantur. Ecce artificium summae munditiae, subtilitatis extremae, quod medicis ad investigandum, ad vires et corporis et mentis perspiciendas maxime prosit. Quae mihimet nunc quoque – O sancta simplicitas! – maxima ex parte humanae videntur esse. Metuentior autem vidi inter alia quondam spiritum hostilem exercitum esse, quem ad dominationem universam impetrandam adhiberent lusores. Qui tamen abhinc viginti amplius annos prodiit; adhuc nos humani spiramus speramusque. Et hoc super omnia sperandum, ut EAE vires in manibus humanis maneant, quin etiam eorum qui nobis bene velint.

Qualem igitur praesento, virum ingenii sublimis, virtutis beneficae, equestrem Barnetensem, Demis Hassabis, Equitem Auratum, Excellentissimi Ordinis Imperii Britannici Commendatorem, Societatis Regiae socium, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia.

### Paraphrase

'The one to whom you give the most distinguished honour of victory is called glorious and much envied among men.'<sup>1</sup>

And here behold a victor. Already a master of strategy when barely out of short trousers, a little later with his Cambridge chess colleagues he thrice thrashed us in the nineties. Of course we bear no grudge, having since made up for it and licked our wounds. This man has shown himself a rare harmonious blend of homo faber and homo ludens, and his inventiveness has made the workings of computer games a source not only of pleasure and profit, but of lasting enlightenment as to how our minds work and how they may best cooperate, or should I say collude, with tools we invent. Awed as we are by the impending rivalry of 'natural' and 'artificial' intelligence – and by the presentiment that the latter may in some operations supplant the former – we take heart from that alliance of the two that our honorand, and the intelligence of his own deep mind, have stewarded. Already that invented brain was a champion at the formidable game of Go before their attention was turned to a formerly intractable problem in biology, notably the mysterious processes of protein development. Here is technology of the highest design and sophistication at the service of medical research and the understanding of mind and body, of memory and imagination, functions I still, perhaps naively, believe are predominantly human. With more alarm I note the former invention of such exercises as *Evil Genius*, whose players strive for world domination. But twenty years have passed since its birth, and still we 'breathe and hope'. Perhaps our fondest hope should be that AI remain in human hands, more precisely the hands of those who wish us well.

I present a man of lofty intellect and beneficent energy, a Barnet Knight, Sir Demis Hassabis, CBE, FRS, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

### Admission by the Chancellor

Incitator et tutor virium magnarum mirabiliumque ego auctoritate mea et totius universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia honoris causa.

Conjurer of great and mysterious potential forces, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

<sup>1</sup> Bacchylides Ode 7.

**Degree of Doctor of Science**

PROFESSOR SALIM YUSUF

*Quoniam cor ut partem principalem et nobilem cernimus, hoc necesse est medici ratione diligenter cogitata, firma voluntate, curent.*

Olim bina modo stipendia Rhodesiana toti subcontinenti Indicae quotannis assignabantur. Quorum egregiorum anni vetusti unum ad vos induco, qui corda nobis vere tangat. Acerrima enim animi et ingenii virtute monstravit quemadmodum ubique per terras infirmitates cordis ac venarum reprimi possint si modo discamus, efficacius statuamus, ea in usum ponere quae iam dudum aperte prodesse scimus. Cognita sunt? Eadem ita trifariam in rem adhibenda: apud civitatem communem, per leges et instituta, civibus denique singulis agentibus. At hoc docente hoc quoque coepimus perspicere, ea quae certe cognita sint et quae putaverimus multum distare. Per probationes epidemiologicas testimonia nonnullorum in dubio posuit qui nimis confidenter monuerant quomodo deceat nos ipsos et alios procurare, qua ratione regionum populorumque maxime differentium status et conditiones quam utilissime intellegere. ‘Propter me vivent,’ ut collegium eius Bengalurense praeceptum Anglice Sanscriticeque tenet. Verba haec sacra agnoscenda, respicienda, sed quis numerum aestimabit eorum qui nil minus propter talium scholarum discipulos in vita manent? Et huius generis semper pluribus detur facultas opiniones audacter probandi, indicia acriter scrutandi, quam plenissime, quam acutissime morbos et remedia investigandi. Ut ipse dicit, ‘Primum ea interrogato quae hominibus momenti erunt, deinde iter faciendum erit perlongum ad haec enodanda.’ Ut qui iter tale et tantum fecerit, medicinae scientiam et usum egregie scrutatus, ex Kerala in Karnatakam, trans Oxoniam, in Ontarionem, et usque in ipsum cor cardiologiae, hunc honorandum salutamus.

Praesento medicum, investigatorem animosum, collegam lepidum, qui exemplo suo posteros ad prosequendum, ad aemulandum, incitabit, Salim Yusuf, apud Universitatem Macmastrensem Professorem, Collegii Sancti Johannis Baptistae socium honoris causa adscriptum, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Scientia.

*Paraphase*

‘Because the heart is the chief and noble organ, it is necessary that the physician should treat it after careful consideration and with a firm will.’<sup>1</sup>

There was a time when only two Rhodes Scholarships were annually allocated for the whole of India. I now bring you one of that distinguished pair of 1976, one whom today we earnestly take to our hearts. For he has shown with rigorous scientific method how across the world we may reduce cardiovascular vulnerabilities if only we learn, and determine, more effectively to implement what we have come to know is truly beneficial. Translate what we already know into practice, he tells us, at the three levels of society, of health systems and of individuals. But what he has helped us to see is that what we know is often far from what we thought, for here is one whose epidemiological studies have challenged august authority on how we should look after ourselves and others, and how we may understand to best advantage the conditions and experiences of widely differing regions and societies. ‘He shall live because of me,’ states our honorand’s Bangalore medical college motto in English and Sanskrit. The divine message is not lost, yet so many owe their lives just as immediately to the human graduates of such schools. May ever more of these be enabled, like our honorand, fearlessly to question received opinion, critically examine data and conduct the most widely searching clinical trials. In his own words, ‘Ask the important questions that make a difference to people, and then take the long journey to answer them.’ We salute the veteran of a long and glorious journey in medical research and practice, from Kerala to Karnataka, to Oxford, Ontario and the very heart of world cardiology.

I present a bold yet collaborative researcher and clinician, an inspiring model for young scientists to follow and emulate, Salim Yusuf, Professor at McMaster University, Honorary Fellow of St John’s College, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

*Admission by the Chancellor*

Propugnator Apollinis artiumque medendi, qui nullius addictus in verba parum probanda periclitatus es, ego auctoritate me et totius Universitatis admitto te in gradum Doctoris in Scientia honoris causa.

Champion of Apollo and the healing arts, independent challenger of inadequately tested theory, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

<sup>1</sup> Transl. from Avicenna, *Kitab al-adwīya al-qalbīya*.



**Degree of Doctor of Music**

ANOUSHKA SHANKAR

सङ्गीतं परमानन्दं शान्तरसप्रवर्तकं।

Neve inter munera Apollinea ipsius ‘cordis vitae’ obliti simus, artis dico ubique omni memoria colendae, quae beatitudinem summam pacisque et tranquillitatis fontem profert, vel potius proferre potest debetque. Quae nunc adstat simul Indiae simul orbis diversos modos refert; arte enim melica ex variis originibus multa tractata impertit quae bona ac salutaria praestant. A puellula in eo studio inter omnia Asiae Meridianae cum arduo tum sublimissimo erudita, ipsa lucida in coetum astrorum pervenit inter sitaristas, etiamque per gentes vocem suam et sententias ita communicavit ut mutuo inter se musicae modos dissimiles generum variorum comprehenderent, praetereaque musica cum aliis artibus consociata vires pareret. A doctoribus quibusdam moniti cognovimus magistros vetustos olim canendo diem citare vel comprimere potuisse, ignem elicere, quin etiam tempora anni in melius peiusve mutare; adeo enim rāgis in apertum productis illi efficere valebant. Nonne quid veri hic videtur? Sitarā canendo modisque componendis haec honoranda concordiam et modorum et hominum produxit, discordias multas mitigavit, in mentem revocavit nos communiter ad venusta pronos esse. Rāgas Indicos, sicut ipsas ideas, ante alicubi esse scimus quam prompti facti, et in novam vitam restituti, nova significant quoties apte a musicis canantur. Nobis cordi est huius rāga Pilū, per quem patrem suum reducit et alterum illum musicum ingenio divinitus praeditum Yehudi Menuhin, qui una distantiam nationum per musicam superassent. Haec ipsa cum aliis canendo, rebusque communibus agendis, populos et cives singulos modo meliore conduxit. Domine Cancellarie, collegae, hospites, his solemnibus feliciter perfectis huius Bhairavīm audite, precor, quo citius noctis quies vobis ingressa labatur, et lux regressa novam diem placidius inducat.

Praesento hanc musicae valde peritam, per quam clare trans multas nationes in lucem prodeant vires illius artis mirificae, Anoushkam Hemanginim Shankar, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Musica.

*Paraphase*

Among the healing arts let us not forget that music, the ‘heart of life’,<sup>1</sup> has a wide and time-honoured place, for in the words of the old Indian source it is – or let us rather say that it can and should be – the ‘ultimate bliss, the creator of peace and tranquility.’ Here beside me is a true Indian and at the same time a true internationalist, whose music distils what is good and wholesome in many traditions. Trained from an early age in that demanding and yet most sublime of South Asian arts, she has become not only a bright star in the present galaxy of fine sitarists but an intercontinental voice for mutual understanding of classical and other musics, and also for the combined creativity of music and other arts. Traditionalists will remind us that great Indian masters of the past could hasten or retard the time of day, create fire, even change the climate for better or worse, through the evocative force of their rāga presentations. Is there not some truth in this transformative power of music? As performer and composer our honorand has brought us melody and harmony, explored and resolved many a dissonance, reminded us of our common susceptibility to beauty. The Indian rāga is like an icon, a pre-discursive idea that is brought into new actuality and into new life and meaning in every good performance. This sitarist’s Pilū touchingly recalls the early transcultural partnership between her admired father and that other former prodigy, Yehudi Menuhin, and her own collaborative playing and her activism has brought both nations and individuals closer together. But, my Lord Chancellor, friends and colleagues, after these happy festivities, allow her Bhairavī solo above all to quicken the advent of a peaceful end to this day and night and a calm beginning to another morning.<sup>2</sup>

I present an artist, worthy representative of the mysterious potency of music through many lands, Anoushka Hemangini Shankar, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Music.

*Admission by the Chancellor*

Altera hodierna proles Apollinea, quae canendo vero sanat, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Music honoris causa.

Today’s second scion of Apollo, both healer and musician, I on my own authority and that of the whole University admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Music.

<sup>1</sup> Franz Liszt<sup>2</sup> [www.youtube.com/watch?v=SbdddgHP3nkw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SbdddgHP3nkw)

## 2 Encaenia

The Public Orator delivered the following introduction to the Creweian Oration:

**Orator:** *Insignissime Domine Cancellarie, licetne anglice loqui?*

**Chancellor:** *Licet.*

**Orator:** *Bene est. Sic igitur exordior.*

But don't get me wrong – nothing against Latin! We have no need to ask, 'What have the Romans ever done for us?' In fact a remarkable idea is about to resurface. Next year the rainbow world will celebrate the birth bicentenary of one of its earliest luminaries, Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, German lawyer, loyal Hanoverian opponent of annexation by Prussia, and courageous pioneer of what we now call gay rights. For the moment I merely bid you look him up and wait for the republication and complete translation of the Latin newspaper which he founded and edited for the last six years of his life in Italy. It is a beautiful source of literary, social and political observations, all in the Latin language, which he argued could effectively link not only the different states of the Austro-Hungarian Empire but many other peoples too. And he proves in his writings that Latin can be used to write and speak on pretty well any modern subject. More of this next year. But I must add that you can hear discourse in the language in Oxford, particularly when hosted by Jesus – the college, that is – where it is now almost a medium of instruction.

Our Latin in this ceremony is more traditional, our style more classical, yet we also try to bring it into the service and appreciation of the most contemporary and, as we see among our honorands, vital interests that a University may wish to celebrate, be they in science or humanities, or in other areas of remarkable achievement.

But now, turning to modern English, we follow the instruction of Nathaniel Crewe, one-time Rector and all-time friend of Lincoln College, to welcome and thank others among our distinguished guests here present who have supported us over the last year, and in some cases for much longer than that. Let us try to be worthy of that support.

In the generally grim pandemic episode there were significant and widely recognized achievements on the part of our scientific and medical researchers. Several have been further recognized among the New Year and Birthday Honours, Knights and Dames and others who, even in these decolonizing days, preserve something positive in the initials BE, as in CBE, OBE and so on. Work in these bio-medical fields has attracted the great generosity of good friends.

The Kidani Memorial Trust has made a major grant towards our work in immunotherapy and immunoncology, that is to say in how our immune system reacts to cancer and pre-cancer and what we can do to improve tumour immunity. We now happily have Kidani Professors and graduate scholarship schemes in these subjects. And the Kennedy Trust for Rheumatology Research has this year made a major donation to ensure that we can retain leading scientists whose work promises better treatments for rheumatic, musculoskeletal and related inflammatory diseases for people worldwide – research, as they say to my great satisfaction, 'translated' into therapeutics.

Should we declare these just and noble scientific pursuits a 'war' on viruses and other natural biological enemies, as I have heard them described? A search for natural allies in the biosphere? My predecessor, the learned and redoubtable Sir Isaac Wake, Public Orator in the very early 1600s, gave his office something of a warmongering reputation, though he was, by the way, the one who had a deputy called Anthony Sleepe; King James quipped that Wake the orator sent him to sleep, while Sleepe the deputy orator kept him awake. I do not happen to share Wake's taste for war, but war unavoidably puts one in mind of encampments, and encampments of war, as I believe is intended.

Some colleagues have expected from me some poignant reference to ancient encampments, say the Greeks outside Troy, or perhaps the Israelites in conflict with the Midianites. But no, I am an Englishman (of a sort), and it is Shakespeare's Henry V who springs to mind as he wanders in an English encampment and says reflectively to his brother:

*God almighty,  
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distill it out.*

How, and when, will we so 'distill' a decent future for our world and that of others? Today we observe, acknowledge, commemorate some good already distilled. Anniversaries abound. You can find plenty of them on the internet, a list I was interested to see was headed by the arrival of some early immigrants. Were these legal or illegal immigrants, I wonder? It's hard to say. 1575 years ago, according to the Venerable Bede, 'the English came to Britain at the invitation of the Britons.' He was referring, it seems, to the Germanic tribes often termed the 'Anglo-Saxons'. Fancy that, and after all this time we have to start defending their place in our syllabuses against the 'early Middle Ages'. Here in Oxford I like to think we look after our threatened minorities.

Speaking of foreign arrivals, I am sometimes asked who was Oxford's first foreign student. Easily available sources tell us that it was not Cicero, as I had once suggested, or

Plato or Aristotle. The earliest name we know is one Emo of Friesland, who came here around the year 1190. He was an expert in virtues and vices, and among his writings, though now lost, was a treatise (in Latin, of course) on the differences between political and theological virtues. The distinction still interests us, but I do sometimes feel we confuse the two when considering some of our vital concerns in health, defense, even education.

Our interest in the vice of criminality is alive and well, and thanks to a Cambridge research mapping of murder rates in medieval Oxford we may comfort ourselves that Oxford was, at least in that reckoning, many times – indeed some 50 times – more dangerous than is the average for cities in this peaceful nation of ours today. I suppose in those days we were more inclined to let nurture take its course. Occasionally we should take some satisfaction in looking back, though it is not always helpful to do so. In this year’s somewhat condescending language of the Bank of England, ‘we do not do hindsight.’ Or maybe we don’t do it enough.

We have been assiduously remembering the coming into being of NATO 75 years ago, and in the same year that of the novel ‘Nineteen Eighty-Four’, two births uncelebrated by President Putin, but in this case not for want of an invitation. And valuable scholarly and critical work has been published from our university on Franz Kafka, another of this year’s *commemorandi*. Please go, if you can, to see the rich Bodleian exhibition *Kafka: the Making of an Icon*. For Orwell, thanks to the BBC (designated a news service by the UK and some other governments, and quite good in other areas of broadcasting), we have been able to join Winston Smith at his desk in the Ministry of Truth as he reflectively observes a colleague rewriting or ‘rectifying’ ideologically offensive literature, and another simplifying the English language for use in the enlightened new world. But coming back to our senses in our departments here we are given the salutary advice that when we measure our performance in diversity we should not omit one of the most important elements under this heading – diversity of opinions, and the ability to listen to ideas we have not ourselves thought to espouse. Yes, it is our brief to be often offended without taking offense. We have had occasion over the months to heed this instruction.

I could go on. Actually I will, just for a fleeting moment. Celebrate with all of us the first four-minute mile seventy years ago by Roger Bannister, a little later to distinguish himself in medical research and later again as Master of Pembroke College. I had looked forward to having Sir Mo Farah share this running theme with us, but I have the Latin ready for him when he joins us next year, and I’ll soon be working on the English translation. And rejoice, yes, with all of us but especially with University College, the first 775 years of productive and distinguished life of that august institution.

Remembering, in my view but maybe not in everybody’s, entails preserving. Especially artefacts. Of course what we say about them is subject to change, but I think it’s convenient, nay advisable, to have them in place so that we have something tangible to talk about. I’ve always wondered what Zeus looked really looked like in his temple at Olympia before he was melted down, emasculated, recycled into Christ Pantokrator, or whatever. There’s an interesting Wikipedia article called ‘List of Destroyed Heritage’, arranged by country and called a ‘dynamic list’, which presumably means, or implies, a growing list. We are invited to add ‘missing items’ to it. My parochial instinct focused quickly on the UK section, which is, or at least was last Saturday when I looked, longer than that for Ukraine, twice as long in fact; research in progress will probably change this proportion. But we have with us a most welcome representative of the William Delafield Charitable Trust, which for many years has been a loyal and generous donor to the our Bodleian Libraries and Ashmolean and Pitt Rivers Museums. A very significant gift from them, matched by the Endowment Challenge Fund, has transformed our capacity to look after what we have in our extraordinary collections, and to preserve these collections, given the determination of our curators, far into the future.

I have mentioned the medical research in which we take justifiable pride while recognising the collaborative nature of much of such progress. Among this year’s nine new elected members of the Royal Society, Sir Andrew Pollard puts it rather nicely, that he and his colleagues stand ‘on the shoulders of those past Fellows who changed our world over the three and a half centuries’. ‘I am more than aware’, he adds, ‘that this is not about me, but recognition of the large team of brilliant researchers... and our global collaborators who have made extraordinary contributions to improving lives through immunisation.’ Well said, Sir Andrew – but it is also partly about you and your colleagues individually, and we rejoice to say so. And I can hardly be expected to leave the humanities and social sciences unmentioned. In the British Academy we are now even more strongly represented than before, by 12 new Fellows in subjects ancient, medieval and modern, and in one or two cases all three at once.

On more preliminary rungs of that ladder that leads *ad astra*, to the stars, our outreach and access programmes are growing apace and attracting students from previously under-represented groups. As the politicians say, there is still more to be done, but the direction is, I believe, a good one. Some of the *Foundation Year*, *Astrophoria* and other students may aspire to be sitting with us here in this theatre on some such occasion as this in the future.

For here in prominent and elegant array are some of the year’s prizewinners. All of you – I mean the prizewinners – please rise to your feet and receive, with all due modesty – that is to say leaving just a little room for being pleased with yourselves, our approval and applause. I have, of



course, been a teacher for too long to have favourites, though if I did have any I would perhaps go for the Classics Mods Olympian and Latinist who sits down there. But please strike that from the record. I am full of admiration for all subjects, so long as they are studied with such love and dedication. May we not agree that you should be measured not by *what* you study but by *how* you do so? Now, my young friends, I normally enjoy asking you at Encaenia to look steadfastly heavenward, at the ceiling of this austere beautiful, distinguished, comfortable – all right, Katz, steady on, please! – building, and through the gloriously populated sky you see there, through to the eternal world above. But today there is another focal point on an only slightly lower tier, namely your, and my, Vice-Chancellor, who not so very long ago was herself one of you, the top performer in Biochemistry in her year. We are still welcoming her in this second year of her new role. See where your paths may just possibly lead, but if you ever get there, don't expect the duties of a Vice-Chancellor to be any easier than the gaining of academic distinction.

In odd spare moments we turn our attention to elections. Sometimes the democratic process commends itself. I'd say India, a place rather good at elections while managing an electorate of gigantic width and depth, has recently shown that democracy can work against the odds. Not that I'm biased, of course. 'But What Can I Do?' asks Alastair Campbell, a Cambridge graduate, in his book title. Balliol graduate Rory Stewart is more diagnostic: 'Politics on the Edge'. And using a different, but equally precipitous, image, one of our own vividly shows us a 'Downward Spiral'. On a personal note – well, almost personal – I like to remember my father's experiences. He left Nazi Germany in 1935 and was fortunate enough to be received in what he regarded as a political paradise, though he held some well-tutored suspicions about the ways democracy could be manipulated. (He used to say that, being rescued and received by his mentor A V Hill in London, he had felt like David Copperfield being given a good bath by Aunt Betsey Trotwood.) After an election much later in this country – discretion demands that I don't say which one – I asked him, not exactly *how* he had cast his vote, but *whether* he had done so. (It's a question I put to my students, by the way. Is that exceeding my proper duty?) An accomplished master of his adopted English language, Dad nevertheless spoke with such a strong regional German accent that merely two words of his *English* were enough to identify him, for any native German speaker, as a Saxon specifically from Leipzig. His answer to me: 'Well, Jon, I went to the polling booth, I reminded myself of the names, and I crossed them all out.'

Maybe a brief period of discontinuity would help us in the immediate future. Could we perhaps do without a government for a little while? After all, one or two other countries have survived such a vacation. Or perhaps we've tried that already and failed. Well, perhaps so. I am much less certain, however, that we can do without a Chancellor of this University. Today's ceremony would fall rather flat

without being presided over by him who has taught us much about education, history, politics and sheer common sense, one on whose departure the heavens, as an ancient Chinese saying puts it, weep with us. I do not suppose that we shall have to cross out every name in the list of those who aspire to replace him, but nor do I expect that *every* name on the list will be able to replace him in any true measure. May I hope for one who, like you, *Insignissime*, has Latin in his, or her, DNA? May I now invite your loud applause for both our Chancellor and our Vice-Chancellor at this end of one chapter and the happy early part of another?

Effective decision-making as a result of serious tactical thinking is, I understand, to be expected from those well trained in management. We are grateful as always to the founder of our Business School, Mr Wafic Saïd, for further generous funding of scholarships for outstanding MBA candidates, a scheme which attracts additional grants from other donors and will make Oxford an ever stronger competitor among business schools in this country and elsewhere.

I wonder if AI will make things easier or more complicated in such matters – I mean budgeting, recruitment, strategic priorities and so on. Easier or harder? I can see advantages and disadvantages in both possible outcomes, and perhaps they will come simultaneously. A student told me recently that she was finding Philosophy a bit too theoretical and not sufficiently related to life and its complexities and bewilderments. My first reaction was to say that, unlike critics of the subject as 'armchair theorizing', as some London students and faculty put it, I had always believed that that was exactly what philosophers were supposed to be doing. But then again I had some sympathy with the complaint from my student. I wonder if our new Uehiro Institute will come up with something really interesting here. The Uehiro Foundation on Ethics and Education, a longstanding friend of the University, has given considerable support to our Philosophy Faculty and its staff and students. Now a donation, even by their standards extraordinarily generous, but, may I say, very percipiently directed, ensures long life for our study *and application* – this is important – of practical ethics. Had I time to do so, I would read you the fascinating 'mission statement' I have seen for the new institute's project. To be brief, I may say that serious ethical argument and philosophical analysis will work together with artificial intelligence and be used to facilitate decision-making on the part of those who are not themselves professional philosophers. Not that they will be simply be told what to think and do. There is enough, and more than enough, of that even in the academy these days. No, my colleague who is to head the institute explains that *questions* will be derived from philosophical reasoning allied with artificial intelligence, and critical thought will be needed to answer these questions and to evaluate both them and their possible solutions.

I believe the Emperor and the Empress of Japan, whom we are to honour on another occasion, will happily celebrate with us this exciting new Anglo-Japanese venture. We may also expect that some of this work will attract research and intellectual partnership with academic staff and graduate students of our still young, but already flourishing, Reuben College, formally opened, in style and justifiably upbeat optimism, just a few days ago, an institution characterized by an exciting range of academic aims, and born of generous and visionary philanthropy. I urge you to look up and study the mission of Reuben College and its President, Lord Tarassenko, and his academic and administrative colleagues. But I also commend to you a separate article explaining the college's at once innovative and traditional coat of arms. (Homework for this evening, before the nightfall Indian *rāga*. And please revise your binomial numerals.)

Help from AI, perhaps, in our political decision making? I know I must not 'politick' here – enough of *Polischmerz*, as some say in almost untranslatable Yiddish. Returning to German, a language we wish were more widely studied in this country, though perhaps not in the Leipzig dialect, I am delighted to say that the Dieter Schwarz Stiftung, which has already endowed two graduate scholarships here, is now funding a lecturership over the next six years, and the lecturer will concentrate particularly on introducing new students to the language in intensive courses and, I trust, also to the immense riches that can be found written and spoken in it over the centuries. To the representative of the Stiftung here with us: *Wir freuen uns auf eine lange und glückliche kulturelle Zusammenarbeit!*

I wonder if our current linguistic research in German might hope to approach the level reached by a sophisticated recent German study of English words for 'drunkenness'. 'Drunkonyms' is the rebarbatively hybrid term used for this rich treasury of words. But you can use that word as an entry to the research findings online – 546 words, to be precise. It's a curious catalogue; there you will find, for instance, 'Brahms'. On reflection you will realise that this is an example of rhyming slang, the full expression being 'Brahms and Liszt'.

It was at Oxford, says a recent article in the *London Review of Books*, that the folklorist Andrew Lang 'had his first encounter with the living dead'. I would like to think we could appease some of our critics and say that we are at present engaged in a fossil-free ceremony. But some of us these days feel a little long in the tooth, or in such teeth as remain. We look to you, prize-winning boys and girls down there, for our future, as no doubt you will one day look to others for the same reason. Fossilisation is itself part of nature, and may even be seen as a mode of survival. By the way Reuben College is to make a regular event of 'dinner with the dinosaurs', but we must not misunderstand; these will be the formidable creatures in the museum next door, observing papers and discussions as well as sharing the evening meal with the students.

Nature and the environment are of great concern to the Login5 Foundation, which has strongly supported our Department of Biology and its HESTIA project, a large-scale archive of data on the environmental impact of farming and food production, aiming through funded research and through informed policy to assist an effective and more coherently managed transition to sustainable agriculture. I can enlarge on the 'large-scale', for I am told that the data on the archive now covers 50,000 farms worldwide.

Certainly the death of those we admire and respect, however painful the loss, need not be the end in every sense. Let us think rather of immortality than of the living dead, as we remember colleagues who have passed away over the last 12 months and leave precious memories with us. I may call to mind those who have been brought to my attention by their colleges, or who were known to me personally:

James McConica, Fellow of All Souls; Peter Lund, Richard Wayne, Emeritus Student, and John Maitland Wright, Research Fellow of Christ Church; Andrew Cullen of Corpus Christi College; Valerie Beral, James Lovelock of Green Templeton and Uwe Kitzinger, founding President of that college; Sir Larry Siedentop and Victoria de Breynne of Keble; Kate Tiller, a founding Fellow of Kellogg College; Ian Macdonald and Sandy Apgar of Magdalen College; of Mansfield College Nigel Hall, Robert Adams, former Principals Jan Womer and David Marquand, and former chaplain Charles Brock; David Finlay and Gioietta Petrovic of Merton; Ray Fitzpatrick, Nuffield College; Richard Tur and Glenn Black of Oriel; Christopher Phelps, John Knight and Stuart Ferguson of St Edmund Hall; Malcolm Deas of St Antony's; Wendy James and Dennis Britton, St Cross; Barbara Levick of St Hilda's; Adrienne Took of Somerville; Oliver Watson and Sir Anthony Epstein of Wolfson College.

The beautiful customary words are, naturally, in Latin. 'May light perpetual shine upon them.' *Lux perpetua luceat eis*. But here on earth we ourselves play our part in keeping their light shining on us. *Lux eorum perpetua luceat nobis*.

'How can I keep from singing', the superb Magdalen choir will sing shortly. We missed a 175th anniversary two years ago, that of the composer Felix Mendelssohn. He came many times to Britain and was received and honoured rather more by the Royal Family than by Oxford, who missed all those opportunities to give him an honorary doctorate. He famously wrote that music was a more direct and precise communicator than words. Indeed his most expressive compositions were what he called 'Songs Without Words'. But there have been other views. Remember Cicero, the Oxford man, when on vacation from his oratorical duties: *Emendatrix vitae poetica*, he said. 'O how glorious is that corrector of life we find in poetry!' And on his side we have some evidence, in our new Professor of Poetry. Ladies, Gentlemen and all, I give you Professor Alicia Stallings.

**Creweian Oration 2024**

The Professor of Poetry delivered the Creweian Oration ‘in commemoration of the Benefactors of the University according to the intention of the Right Honourable Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham’.

Hail Benefactors, honorands, and such—  
And all who honor Techne—thanks so much—  
But prose expands. So that I might be terse...  
I shall continue my remarks in verse:

“For poetry makes nothing happen”: so  
Does Auden send off Yeats: and yet few quote  
What follows: it survives—and it will flow  
From the valley of its making—and I note  
Where meddling executives won’t go—  
Though paved with asphalt, tied in creosote—  
There is a ceaseless freshness can’t be tamed,  
That springs in words, as long as things are named.

Take wilderness itself, that is not quite  
The same as “wildness,” no, however near,  
Containing a dun syllable so slight  
That we no longer hear the “der” as “deer,”  
Nimble, shy, and hiding in plain sight,  
And though we log the forest, cutting clear,  
The word survives—to curse us or to bless.  
There will always be deer in wilderness.

Or take our word book—although books might be  
Online or in the cloud now—still our word’s  
The trace of letters carved in beech—the tree,  
That is, its leaves the leaves, abode of birds.  
And Latin’s *librum* too—so “library”—  
Is scraped from inner bark. This is the nerd’s  
Native element—etymology—  
The etymon a kind of truth, you see.

The pun is not the lowest form of wit,  
Only its smallest unit, and immense  
In all it can contain—an atom split—  
(Itself a paradox), the evidence  
Shakespearean, and the prerequisite  
For many a line that shakes me out of sense:  
As this one, from the poet of Mending Wall,  
“What but design of darkness to appall?”

Poetry makes nothing happen much.  
It is a way of waking to the world,  
And sending forth an utterance, whose touch  
Returns with shapes and surfaces. Wings furred,  
The tribe of upside down, that sway and clutch,  
The poet’s thoughts that are her voices hurled,  
Wait for the blue crepuscular of dusk  
To pour forth from the cave’s mouth in sub fusc.

What happens? Well, stuff happens. That we know—  
Things go from bad to worse, it flows downhill,  
The forest burns, and in the undertow  
Of oceans, plastic’s milled to nurdles, still  
Men hurry it, men cheer it on, as though  
Crypto is worth more than the daffodil.  
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers,  
And also the rivers, glaciers, fields and flowers.

“Nothing happens” is perhaps no story:  
The hero coming back right after war.  
No seawitches, no monsters, and no glory.  
The dog is waiting, wagging at the door,  
The wife is busy taking inventory  
Of all the stored up vintage mellowed for  
A homecoming more likely than it’s not,  
Instead of some complex remarriage plot.

Or rather “nothing happens” means the ships  
Did not set out for Troy at all, the daughter  
Was not lured altar-ward with lying lips  
Only to be sacrificed, the slaughter  
Of thousands cancelled, mending all the rips  
In lives, and rinsing blood-dark Time with water.  
Let epic epic. I praise panegyric,  
And pastoral, didactic, and pure lyric.

“Nothing happens” is when the evening star  
Gathers back what the alarm clock scattered,  
Home drives the grey commuter in his car,  
The toddler’s home from daycare with nerves tattered,  
The scholar files her research under R,  
The frozen fish is thawed again and battered,  
All things need rest (or else a *caiprinha*).  
“Refreshment” is a meaning of “*encaenia*”

Poets before have made the case for peace,  
Sometimes by accurate accounts of wars,  
Its cycle of violence that does not cease.  
Others have prayed for Love herself to force  
Mars to divest his weapons, and to ease  
His armor off. And then there is, of course  
The Peace of Aristophanes, a play  
One seldom sees productions of today,

Admittedly, the play’s bizarre—a man  
A farmer, sick of war, decides to fly  
Up to the gods and bring back Peace. His plan:  
To ride a giant beetle to the sky,  
A huge dung beetle. Since mankind began  
War has made some men rich, while orphans cry;  
And Peace herself quite rare upon the earth,  
And always young, because she needs rebirth.

It's true, it is the beetle I am most  
 Intrigued with—how they got it off the ground,  
 Through ropes and pulleys, maybe, such a host  
 Of stagecraft to go wrong if it's unsound.  
 The farmer marries Harvest, they are crowned  
 As bride and groom, with Peace to give the toast—  
 Or something like that, at the wedding dinner,  
 Where warmongers complain of growing thinner.

What's peace but nothing happening again,  
 The everyday, the way a flower blooms,  
 Or children go to school, the practiced strain  
 Of music, with its holds and rests, the rooms  
 Where still lifes ripen, laughter, mild as rain,  
 And rose-pink dawn when dailiness resumes,  
 Nothing happening that one could mention,  
 But boredom, the true mother of invention.

As Auden tells us, poetry survives,  
 A way of happening, a mouth. It makes  
 Nothing happen, but it changes lives  
 By giving in abundance, as it slakes.  
 It doesn't end so much as it arrives,  
 Making meaning out of its mistakes.  
 If it makes nothing happen anyhow,  
 Let nothing happen. Let it happen now.

A.E. Stallings

The following poem and the English version were  
 recited and sung by the Public Orator in honour of the  
 Chancellor of the University at the Encaenia lunch on  
 Wednesday 19 June.

**Orator Publicus Domino Cancellario admodum  
 insigni, vere spectatissimo.**

**Oxonienes nos socium diu  
 te iam tenemus, qui modico gradu  
 processeris prudensque praestes,  
 optime, Balliolense lumen.**

[We Oxonians for long now have held you our ally, best of  
 Chancellors, you who have proceeded with due moderation,  
 who show yourself a true credit to your Alma Mater.]

**morum patronum te modo liberum,  
 grandi modo actum consilio vocent?  
 utrimque tu prodesse visus**

**Sulis Aquis bene liberatus;**

[Shall they call you now 'Old-fashioned Liberal', now 'Tory  
 Grandee'? Either way, manifest are the benefits that you  
 brought, once happily freed from Bath;]

**Hong Kong valenti deinde et Hiberniae  
 te servientem iustitiae manu  
 fines et Europae colentem**

**vidimus imperii capacem.**

[in your service to Hong Kong, then Ireland, and in the  
 care you bestowed on Europe, all with judicious hand, we  
 clearly saw the future leader.]

**annos decem iam natus es octiens;  
 viginti eorum carpere et amplius  
 nobis dabatur; nunc honeste  
 protinus emeritus valebis.**

[Now of your four score years, to us were granted twenty  
 and more to share; henceforth 'Emeritus' you'll flourish in  
 high renown.]

**nam te regente hic libera vox fuit  
 laetata tutum percipiens locum;  
 hac educemus, quae superstes  
 virginibus puerisque prosit.**

[For under your aegis Speech here was free, rejoicing to  
 assume Her own 'safe space'; with Her let us 'educate,  
 not indoctrinate', that ever present She may benefit our  
 young.]

**dolemus omnes cedere te, sed hic  
 acris patenter mens tua nos monet,  
 ut dixerint, cedente magno  
 continuo et lacrimare caelum!**

[We one and all lament your leaving, but for us your keen  
 wit, Chris, has confirmed that, as that Chinese proverb has  
 it, 'when a great man leaves, even the heavens cannot but  
 weep'!]

Englished by Tom Holt (with reference to the Lord  
 Chancellor's song in *Iolanthe* by WS Gilbert and Arthur  
 Sullivan):

Behold a man who represents  
 The heart and soul of excellence,  
 In virtues great and virtues small  
 A worthy son of Balliol.  
 MP for Bath – the list is long-  
 In Brussels, Ireland and Hong Kong,  
 When all around were raising hell  
 He did the job and did it well.  
 A ticklish set of duties for  
 Our thoroughly capable Chancellor.  
 Although to some he seems to be  
 The archetypal Tory grandee,  
 To others he is what you'd call  
 A fine old-fashioned Liberal.  
 In Oxford now he represents  
 Integrity and common sense.  
 For twenty of his eighty years  
 He's shared our hopes and calmed our fears.  
 A worthy occupation for  
 Our highly intelligent Chancellor  
 And now the long day's work is done,  
 We rise to thank him, every one.  
 For gifts of heart and gifts of brain  
 We shall not see his like again.  
 I leave you with the proverb deep  
 "When great men leave, the heavens weep."  
 That's not a proverb. Well, I vow,  
 If not before, it is one now.  
 A fitting valediction for  
 A perfectly excellent Chancellor.