

Westminster Abbey



A SOLEMN COMMEMORATION
ON THE CENTENARY
OF THE OUTBREAK
OF THE
FIRST WORLD WAR

Monday 4th August 2014
10.00 pm

FOREWORD

For everything there is a season,
and a time for every matter under heaven:
a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
a time for war, and a time for peace.

Ecclesiastes 3: 1, 4, 8

Each year, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster welcomes to Westminster Abbey Heads of State during their state visits to Her Majesty The Queen, and Heads of Government in the course of a government visit. We stand at the Grave of the Unknown Warrior; a wreath is laid; and we pray for our countries and their governments, for their armed forces and for the peace of the world.

The Grave has been a powerful focus for prayer for peace, and for solemn remembrance since the State Funeral of an Unknown Warrior, whose body had been moved from a battlefield cemetery in northern France on Armistice Day, 11th November 1920, the day on which the Cenotaph was unveiled and dedicated in Whitehall.

Remembrance is both powerful and important. On 11th November 2009, following the death of the last of the men from the British Isles who had fought in the Great War, Her Majesty The Queen laid a wreath at the Grave as we marked the passing of the First World War generation.

There will be time for remembrance as the four years of commemoration of the centenary of the Great War unfold. That time is not now.

In the Solemn Vigil of Commemoration this evening, we focus our attention on the last moment of peace before the United Kingdom declared war on Germany. The bloody conflagration lay ahead; tonight we catch glimpses of people's anticipation of what was to come.

But we also have an opportunity to reflect on the attitudes of those preparing for war: some frankly relished the prospect; others dreaded it. Most were stumbling into the darkness, increasingly bound by the chains of their own and others' making, their hope of avoiding war ever fading. We shall hear some of the earliest reflections on the reality of those first months of the war as the Abbey descends into darkness.

The Service this evening falls into four parts, at the end of each of which candles are extinguished, both a symbolic candle and those held by people in various parts of the Abbey. At the end of the Service darkness will have fallen, as Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, predicted in his famous remark a hundred years ago that the lamps were going out all over Europe.

Finally, the Paschal Candle alone will remain alight, in the Lady Chapel, representing the Light that for ever shines in the darkness, offering us hope. May Christ our Light enlighten us in our Solemn Commemoration.

*The Very Reverend Dr John Hall
Dean of Westminster*

Members of the congregation are kindly requested to refrain from using private cameras, video, or sound recording equipment. Please ensure that mobile phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are switched off.

The church is served by a hearing loop. Users should turn their hearing aid to the setting marked T.

The service is conducted by The Very Reverend Dr John Hall, Dean of Westminster.

The service is sung by the Choir of Westminster Abbey, conducted by James O'Donnell, Organist and Master of the Choristers.

The organ is played by Daniel Cook, Sub-Organist.

Music before the service:

Martin Ford, Assistant Organist, plays:

*Solemn Prelude—In memoriam
from For the Fallen Op 80 no 3*

*Edward Elgar (1857–1934)
arranged by Harvey Grace (1874–1944)*

*Trauerode Op 145 no 1
dedicated to the memory of those fallen
in the war 1914–15*

Max Reger (1873–1916)

*Sospiri Op 70
first performed on 15th August 1914
in Queen's Hall, London*

*Edward Elgar
arranged by Martin Ford (b 1986)*

Pièce heroïque from Trois Pièces

César Franck (1822–90)

The Sub-Organist plays:

*Verdun (Allegro moderato)
from Sonata II Op 151 'Eroica'*

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852–1924)

The Secretary of State for Defence, the Leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, the Senior Minister of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs, the Representatives of the First Minister of Scotland and the First Minister of Wales, the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, and the Chief of the Air Staff are received by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster at the Great West Door, and are conducted to their seats. All remain seated.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord Speaker, the Lord-Lieutenant of Greater London, the Lord Mayor of London, and the Mayor of London are received by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster at the Great West Door, and are conducted to their seats. All remain seated.

The Deputy Prime Minister is received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and is conducted to his seat. All remain seated.

At 9.45 pm, the candles of the congregation are lit, and the Precentor briefs the congregation.

The Sub-Organist plays:

Chorale Prelude on 'Eventide'

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848–1918)

The Lord Mayor of Westminster is received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and is conducted to her seat. All stand, and then sit.

Prior to the service, silence is kept.

All stand.

Her Royal Highness The Duchess of Cornwall GCMG, representing Her Majesty The Queen, is received by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster at the West Gate. Presentations are made.

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ORDER OF SERVICE

All remain standing to sing

THE HYMN

*during which the Collegiate Procession, together with Her Royal Highness
The Duchess of Cornwall, moves to places in Quire and the Sacarium*



JESU, lover of my soul,
let me to thy bosom fly,
while the nearer waters roll,
while the tempest still is high:
hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
till the storm of life is past;
safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
hangs my helpless soul on thee;
leave, ah, leave me not alone,
still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
all my help from thee I bring;
cover my defenceless head
with the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
grace to cover all my sin;
let the healing streams abound;
make and keep me pure within:
thou of life the fountain art;
freely let me take of thee;
spring thou up within my heart,
rise to all eternity.

*Aberystwyth 383ii NEH
Joseph Parry (1841–1903)*

Charles Wesley (1707–88)

All remain standing. The Very Reverend Dr John Hall, Dean of Westminster, gives

THE BIDDING

WELCOME to Westminster Abbey, this House of God, the place of burial, amongst the graves and memorials of Kings and Queens of this Kingdom and many of its greatest men and women, of an Unknown Warrior from the Great War.

The Grave reminds us of the meaning of war but our focus is not tonight on remembrance.

In solemnly commemorating the centenary of the outbreak of the First World War, as we reflect on the failure of the human spirit that led to an inexorable slide into war, let us spend a moment in silent repentance.

All remain standing. The Choir sings

KYRIE ELEISON

KYRIE eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

*Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.*

*Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
Mass in G minor*

The Dean says:

Longing for the renewal of creation, and seeking the peace of God's kingdom, we are bold to pray:

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.

All sit for

AN HISTORICAL REFLECTION

by

Sir Hew Strachan
Chichele Professor of the History of War, University of Oxford

David Morrissey, actor, reads from Poets' Corner

1914

WAR broke: and now the Winter of the world
With perishing great darkness closes in.
The foul tornado, centred at Berlin,
Is over all the width of Europe whirled,
Rending the sails of progress. Rent or furled
Are all Art's ensigns. Verse wails. Now begin
Famines of thought and feeling. Love's wine's thin.
The grain of human Autumn rots, down-hurled.

For after Spring had bloomed in early Greece,
And Summer blazed her glory out with Rome,
An Autumn softly fell, a harvest home,
A slow grand age, and rich with all increase.
But now, for us, wild Winter, and the need
Of sowings for new Spring, and blood for seed.

Wilfred Owen (1893–1918)

The Right Honourable Michael Fallon MP, Secretary of State for Defence, reads from the Great Lectern

JOEL 2: 1–3, 12–13

BLOW the trumpet in Zion; sound the alarm on my holy mountain! Let all the inhabitants of the land tremble, for the day of the Lord is coming, it is near—a day of darkness and gloom, a day of clouds and thick darkness! Like blackness spread upon the mountains a great and powerful army comes; their like has never been from of old, nor will be again after them in ages to come. Fire devours in front of them, and behind them a flame burns. Before them the land is like the garden of Eden, but after them a desolate wilderness, and nothing escapes them. Yet even now, says the Lord, return to me with all your heart, with fasting, with weeping, and with mourning; rend your hearts and not your clothing. Return to the Lord, your God, for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and abounding in steadfast love, and relents from punishing.

All remain seated. The Choir sings

SALVATOR MUNDI, SALVA NOS

SALVATOR mundi, salva nos, qui per crucem et sanguinem redemisti nos: auxiliare nobis, te deprecamur, Deus noster.

O Saviour of the world, save us, who by your cross and blood have redeemed us: help us, we beseech you, our God.

Thomas Tallis (c 1505–85)

Antiphon at Good Friday Liturgy

Captain Edward Harris, Coldstream Guards, reads from the Nave Pulpit

from A LETTER TO JOY

I MUST write you one more line dearest to say Goodbye before we go, as God knows when I shall see you again. I am so awfully glad we are going—it is what we have been waiting for for so long and it has come so much sooner than we expected or hoped. I think there is not much doubt that we are really going: we were served out with our rifles this afternoon and we believe that we shall be at Southampton tomorrow night.

So now dear it is goodbye and may we meet again if God wills. You know that if I am allowed to come back I shall feel exactly the same to you as I do now and shall be ready for you whenever you can come to me, and you know that I shall come straight to you and ask for you directly I come back.

It's a funny game this war! We are all fairly shouting with joy at going and I daresay we shall soon be cursing the day and then when we get back we shall say we had the time of our lives! Goodbye darling, may God bless and keep you.

*Captain Alfred Dougan 'Mickey' Chater
2nd Battalion The Gordon Highlanders (7th Division) 1914–15
25th October 1914*

All stand. The Right Reverend Nigel McCulloch KCVO, National Chaplain to the Royal British Legion, says:

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY Father, whose will is to restore all things in your beloved Son, the King of all: govern the hearts and minds of those in authority, and bring the families of the nations, divided and torn apart by the ravages of sin, to be subject to his just and gentle rule; who is alive and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

Able Seaman Kam Clarke extinguishes the first candle. Those seated in the North Transept extinguish their candles.

All sit. Rachael Stirling, actor, reads from Poets' Corner

ON RECEIVING NEWS OF THE WAR

S NOW is a strange white word.
S No ice or frost
Have asked of bud or bird
For Winter's cost.

Yet ice and frost and snow
From earth to sky
This Summer land doth know,
No man knows why.

In all men's hearts it is.
Some spirit old
Hath turned with malign kiss
Our lives to mould.

Red fangs have torn His face.
God's blood is shed.
He mourns from His lone place
His children dead.

O! ancient crimson curse!
Corrode, consume.
Give back this universe
Its pristine bloom.

Isaac Rosenberg (1890–1918)

General The Lord Dannatt GCB CBE MC DL reads from the Great Lectern

ISAIAH 2: 2–4

IN days to come the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established as the highest of the mountains, and shall be raised above the hills; all the nations shall stream to it. Many peoples shall come and say, 'Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; that he may teach us his ways and that we may walk in his paths.' For out of Zion shall go forth instruction, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. He shall judge between the nations, and shall arbitrate for many peoples; they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

All remain seated. The Choir sings

REMEMBER NOT, LORD, OUR OFFENCES

REMEMBER not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take thou vengeance of our sins: but spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever. Spare us, good Lord.

*Henry Purcell (1659–95)
Organist of Westminster Abbey 1679–95*

*from The Litany,
Book of Common Prayer*

The Reverend Jonathan Woodhouse CB QHC, Chaplain-General to Her Majesty's Land Forces, reads from the Great Pulpit

from A LETTER HOME

THE exciting part of the day was now to begin. I walked into the fine church and to my delight, Vespers was being sung to Gregorians—quite well. The atmosphere was so moving and restful that I took out my own Office book and said evensong; then went on to another half hour of prayer, not forgetting the war, but forgetting how close it was.

And then in the distance over the flat country, a continuous rumble like mid-distance thunder. I remembered and looked at my watch—5.30—the time for the Attack.

The contrast between Church and this! Little puffs of smoke hung about the poplars on the horizon. I knew that soon at a given moment, in broad sunny daylight as it was, the thin line of some battalion as nice as my own, would spring over the parapet and rush on to death. Six-horsed ammunition wagons dashed past me—it was a wonder to see such a team take the corners. And as if to encourage all folk within sound of the battle, a bagpipe band of some Cameron regiment pranced up and down the road never a bit drowned by the guns, but shrieking out a sort of Mephistophelean triumph over them. P— and B— were sitting at the window looking towards the sounds. I joined them, and we sat there for an hour and a half saying little, only picturing the state of those dread acres now, wondering how the attack had fared, noting subtle transitions now and then, the imposing rattle of rifle fire all along the line now battling down even the big guns; great salvoes of the latter now making the world tremble.

To-morrow I shall see some of the result, as I bend over the dying and bloodstained men who will have by then been brought in.

*from the letters of The Very Reverend Eric Milner-White CBE DSO
Army Chaplain during the First World War
15th June 1915*

All stand. His Eminence Cardinal Vincent Nichols, Archbishop of Westminster, says:

Let us pray.

ETERNAL God, from whom all thoughts of truth and peace proceed: kindle, we pray, in the hearts of all, the true love of peace, and guide with your pure and peaceable wisdom those who take counsel for the nations of the earth, that in tranquillity your kingdom may go forward, till the earth is filled with the knowledge of your love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The Right Honourable The Baroness Warsi, Senior Minister of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs, extinguishes the second candle. Those seated in the South Transept extinguish their candles.

All sit. Dame Penelope Keith DBE DL, actor, reads from Poets' Corner

MANY SISTERS TO MANY BROTHERS

WHEN we fought campaigns (in the long Christmas rains)
With soldiers spread in troops on the floor,
I shot as straight as you, my losses were as few,
My victories as many, or more.
And when in naval battle, amid cannon's rattle,
Fleet met fleet in the bath,
My cruisers were as trim, my battleships as grim,
My submarines cut as swift a path.

Or, when it rained too long, and the strength of the strong
Surged up and broke a way with blows,
I was as fit and keen, my fists hit as clean,
Your black eye matched my bleeding nose.
Was there a scrap or ploy in which you, the boy,
Could better me? You could not climb higher,
Ride straighter, run as quick (and to smoke made you sick)
...But I sit here, and you're under fire.

Oh, it's you that have the luck, out there in blood and muck:
You were born beneath a kindly star;
All we dreamt, I and you, you can really go and do,
And I can't, the way things are.
In a trench you are sitting, while I am knitting
A hopeless sock that never gets done.
Well, here's luck, my dear;—and you've got it, no fear;
But for me...a war is poor fun.

Rose Macaulay (1881–1958)

Major Debra Ritsperis, Nurse Education Adviser, Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, reads from the Florence Nightingale Chapel

LAMENTATIONS 1: 1–3, 6a, 7

HOW lonely sits the city that once was full of people! How like a widow she has become, she that was great among the nations! She that was a princess among the provinces has become a vassal. She weeps bitterly in the night, with tears on her cheeks; among all her lovers she has no one to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they have become her enemies. Judah has gone into exile with suffering and hard servitude; she lives now among the nations, and finds no resting place; her pursuers have all overtaken her in the midst of her distress. From daughter Zion has departed all her majesty. Jerusalem remembers, in the days of her affliction and wandering, all the precious things that were hers in days of old. When her people fell into the hand of the foe, and there was no one to help her, the foe looked on mocking over her downfall.

All remain seated. The Choir sings

A LITANY

DROP, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beauteous feet,
which brought from heaven the news and Prince of peace.
Cease not, wet eyes, his mercies to entreat;
to cry for vengeance sin doth never cease.
In your deep flood drown all my faults and fears;
nor let his eye see sin, but through my tears.

William Walton (1902–83)

Phineas Fletcher (1582–1650)

Pippa Bennett-Warner, actor, reads from the Nave Pulpit

*from THE GREAT WAR DIARIES
OF GEORGINA LEE*

Thursday July 30th

YOU are nine months old, my little son, when I begin this Diary. We are parted at present, at what cost to the joy of the house, only your father and I know. You are too young to understand... But there is one solemn reason that makes me start my diary tonight. Grave rumours of a possible terrible conflict of Nations are on everybody's lips, and have been gathering for some days past. If indeed the dread that is in all our hearts is justified by future events, my little boy will have some idea of what War means to our Country. Therefore, my baby, whose dimpled hands, however eager, cannot yet grasp a weapon for the honour of your country, we must wait and see what the next fateful days bring forth.

Wednesday August 5th

All was quiet at Paddington... But after the departure of the train... numbers of weeping women began to file down towards the exits, accompanied some by a small son or an old man trying to console them. For the first time I realise what these scenes mean that are going on round London in every station and all day. All the reservists are being called up.

Friday August 7th

Every hour makes the situation more thrilling. I grudge every moment spent indoors, out of sight of the fresh crop of news posters that seem to spring up continually. London seems to be all turned into streets, which are seething with human beings.

Sunday August 16th

My baby, if ever you read your Mother's diary in years to come you will probably be bored by the details I give of the military aspect from day to day. A few years hence it will not matter a jot where the armies happened to be on August 16th 1914. All that will matter to you some day is the result of the terrible suspense we grown-ups are now going through.

*Georgina Lee (1869–1965)
Georgina Lee began her diary when her baby son
was sent away from London, to Wales,
to keep him away from the War.*

All stand. The Right Reverend and Right Honourable Richard Chartres KCVO, Bishop of London, says:

Let us pray.

LORD God, you hold both heaven and earth in a single peace. Let the design of your great love shine on the waste of our wraths and sorrow, and give peace to your Church, peace among nations, peace in our homes, and peace in our hearts; in Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The Very Reverend Eric Milner-White CBE DSO

Major General Edward Smyth-Osbourne CBE, General Officer Commanding London District, and Major General Commanding the Household Division, extinguishes the third candle. Those seated in Quire and the Sacrarium extinguish their candles.

All sit. Mark Gatiss, actor, reads from Poets' Corner

THE MESSAGES

I CANNOT quite remember...There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me...'

Back from the trenches, more dead than alive,
Stone-deaf and dazed, and with a broken knee,
He hobbled slowly, muttering vacantly:

'I cannot quite remember...There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench, and three
Whispered their dying messages to me...'

'Their friends are waiting, wondering how they thrive—
Waiting a word in silence patiently...
But what they said, or who their friends may be

'I cannot quite remember...There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me...'

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1878–1962)

Sir Nicholas Young, Chief Executive, British Red Cross, reads from the Great Lectern

2 CORINTHIANS 4: 6–11

IT is the God who said, ‘Let light shine out of darkness’, who has shone in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But we have this treasure in clay jars, so that it may be made clear that this extraordinary power belongs to God and does not come from us. We are afflicted in every way, but not crushed; perplexed, but not driven to despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; struck down, but not destroyed; always carrying in the body the death of Jesus, so that the life of Jesus may also be made visible in our bodies. For while we live, we are always being given up to death for Jesus’ sake, so that the life of Jesus may be made visible in our mortal flesh.

All remain seated. The Choir sings

THE PASSION CHORALE

O HAUPT voll Blut und Wunden, voll Schmerz und voller Hohn,	<i>O Head full of blood and wounds, full of pain and full of derision,</i>
O Haupt, zum Spott gebunden mit einer Dornenkron;	<i>O Head, in mockery bound with a crown of thorns,</i>
O Haupt, sonst schön gezieret mit höchster Ehr’ und Zier, jetzt aber höchst schimpfieret: gegrüßet sei’st du mir!	<i>O Head, once beautifully adorned with the highest honour and adornment, but now most dishonoured: let me greet you!</i>

My days are few, O fail not,
with thine immortal power,
to hold me that I quail not
in death’s most fearful hour:
that I may fight befriended,
and see in my last strife
to me thine arms extended
upon the cross of life.

*17th century German melody
harmonised by Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)*

*Paul Gerhardt (1607–76)
verse 2 translated by Robert Bridges (1844–1930)*

Sebastian Faulks CBE reads from the Great Pulpit

from BIRDSONG

I DON'T know how the days pass. The anger and the blood have gone. We sit and read. There is always someone sleeping, someone strolling. There are others unaccounted for or absent.

Men come out from England like emissaries from an unknown land. I cannot picture what it means to be at peace. I do not know how people there can lead a life.

The only things that sometimes jolt us back from this trance are memories of men. In the set of the eyes of some conscripted boy I see a look of Douglas or Weir. I find myself rigid with imagining. I can see that man's skull open up as he bent down to his friend that summer morning.

We are not contemptuous of gunfire, but we have lost the power to be afraid. Shells will fall on the reserve lines and we will not stop talking. A boy lay without legs where the men took their tea from the cooker. They stepped over him.

I have tried to resist the slide into this unreal world, but I lack the strength. I am tired. Now I am tired in my soul.

Many times I have lain down and I have longed for death. I feel unworthy. Death will not come and I am cast adrift in a perpetual present.

I do not know what I have done to live in this existence. I do not know what any of us did to tilt the world into this unnatural orbit. We came here only for a few months.

No child or future generation will ever know what this was like. They will never understand.

When it is over we will go quietly among the living and we will not tell them.

We will talk and sleep and go about our business like human beings.

We will seal what we have seen in the silence of our hearts and no words will reach us.

Sebastian Faulks (b 1953)
from Part 5: Stephen Wrayford's Diary, January 1918

All stand. Bishop Petra Bosse-Huber, Evangelische Kirche in Deutschland, says:

Lasst uns beten.

HERR, unser Gott, täglich erleben wir bis heute Hass und Krieg in unserer Welt. Wir bitten um Frieden und Versöhnung der Völker, um den Willen zur Verständigung, wo Konflikte Menschen verbittern, und um Aussöhnung, wo Feindschaft das Leben bedroht. Dies bitten wir durch Jesus Christus, unseren Herrn. **Amen.**

Let us pray.

Lord our God, daily we experience hate and war in our world. We pray for peace and healing among nations, for a spirit of co-operation where conflicts embitter people, and for reconciliation where enmity threatens life. This we pray through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The Right Honourable Nicholas Clegg MP, Deputy Prime Minister, extinguishes the fourth candle. Those seated in the Nave extinguish their candles.

All sit.

As the Collegiate Procession, together with Her Royal Highness The Duchess of Cornwall, moves to the Grave of the Unknown Warrior, Guardsmen, representing the four nations of the United Kingdom, move to stand at the corners of the Grave.

Jennifer Pike, violin, and Daniel Cook, organ, play:

from The Lark Ascending 1914

Ralph Vaughan Williams

The Reverend Dr James Hawkey, Minor Canon and Precentor of Westminster, reads from the Grave of the Unknown Warrior

ST JOHN 12: 27–33, 35

JESUS said, ‘Now my soul is troubled. And what should I say—“Father, save me from this hour”? No, it is for this reason that I have come to this hour. Father, glorify your name.’ Then a voice came from heaven, ‘I have glorified it, and I will glorify it again.’ The crowd standing there heard it and said that it was thunder. Others said, ‘An angel has spoken to him.’ Jesus answered, ‘This voice has come for your sake, not for mine. Now is the judgement of this world; now the ruler of this world will be driven out. And I, when I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all people to myself.’ He said this to indicate the kind of death he was to die. Jesus said to them, ‘The light is with you for a little longer. Walk while you have the light, so that the darkness may not overtake you.’

All remain seated. The Choir sings

TO WHAT GOD SHALL WE CHANT OUR SONGS OF BATTLE?

TO what God
Shall we chant
Our songs of Battle?

Oh, to whom shall a song of battle be chanted?

Not to our lord of the hosts on his ancient throne,
Drowning the ages out in Heaven alone.
The celestial choirs are mute, the angels have fled:
Word is gone forth abroad that our lord is dead.

Is it nothing to you, all you that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

To what God
Shall we chant
Our songs of Battle?

Oh, to whom shall a song of battle be chanted?

If you had only recognised on this day the things that make for peace! But now they are hidden from your eyes.

Oh, to whom shall a song of battle be chanted?

*David Matthews (b 1943)
commissioned for this service
by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster,
and the Department for Culture, Media and Sport
First performance*

*Harold Monro (1879–1932)
from The Poets are Waiting
Lamentations 1: 12
St Luke 19: 42*

All stand. The Dean says:

Let us pray.

ETERNAL Father, the darkness is no darkness to you, and the night is as clear as the day. Accompany and protect us as we enter the night; give us eyes that watch for the dawn and hearts to learn again the lessons of love, that reconciled to one another and to you we may walk through this world's perils and sorrows as children of light; through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

Her Royal Highness The Duchess of Cornwall extinguishes the remaining flame at the Grave of the Unknown Warrior.

Silence is kept.

Rachael Stirling reads from the Lady Chapel

from LITTLE GIDDING V

WHAT we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from.

*Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888–1965)
from Four Quartets IV 1942*

By the light of the Paschal Candle, The Venerable Andrew Tremlett, Canon in Residence, reads from the Lady Chapel

ST JOHN 1: 1–5

IN the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being. What has come into being in him was life, and the life was the light of all people. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it.

Silence is kept.

Music after the service:

Prelude and Fugue in C minor BWV 546

Johann Sebastian Bach

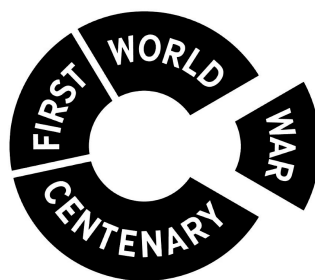
Members of the congregation are kindly requested to remain in their seats until invited to move by the Stewards.

In the Abbey, the single flame of the Paschal Candle, representing the light of the risen Christ shining at the heart of the darkness, remains burning.

Outside the Abbey, the light installation *spectra* by Ryoji Ikeda shines into the night sky from Victoria Tower Gardens.

Members of the congregation are kindly requested to depart quietly, and to take their candles with them to remember this Vigil.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster wishes to thank all those who have participated in this service, as well as all those who have made tonight's Solemn Commemoration possible.



Westminster Abbey.

SERVICE OF INTERCESSION,

August, 1914, at 12, in the Choir.

V. The Lord our God be with us : R. As He was with our fathers.

Let us pray. Our Father.

HYMN FOR ABSENT FRIENDS.

HOLY FATHER, in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones, now far
absent,
'Neath Thy care.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide ;
Keep, oh, keep them, in their
weakness,
At Thy side.

When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay ;
May they love and may they praise
Thee
Day by day.

HOLY SPIRIT, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life ; [conquer
Send Thy grace, that they may
In the strife.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
GOD the ONE in THREE,
Bless them, guide them, save them,
keep them
Near to Thee. Amen.

O ALMIGHTY LORD, who art a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in Thee, to whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, do bow and obey : Be now and evermore our defence : prosper the forces of our King and country : decide the issues of war according to righteousness : have mercy on all the wounded, our own and of the enemy : succour the dying : comfort the bereaved : cheer the anxious : uphold the faith of Thy servants, and give peace and lasting concord. Hear us, O Lord, from Heaven Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, forgive, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The front page of a service paper for a service of intercession held shortly after war was declared. This service of intercession was the first of many to be held at Westminster Abbey during the Great War.

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