

WESTMINSTER ABBEY



SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING

for the Life and Work of

SIR JOHN BETJEMAN

CBE

1906—1984

POET LAUREATE

St Peter's Day

Friday 29 June 1984

11.30 a.m.

The recital of music including many of Sir John's favourite pieces is performed by musicians associated with him and conducted by Jim Parker.

Susan Baker	<i>Violin</i>	David Swanson	<i>Trombone</i>
James Gregory	<i>Flute</i>	Richard Pywell	<i>Trombone</i>
John Pigneguy	<i>Horn</i>	Ashley Slater	<i>Trombone</i>
Philip Jones	<i>Trumpet</i>	Andrew Grappy	<i>Tuba</i>
Rod Franks	<i>Trumpet</i>	Billy Bell	<i>Banjo</i>
David Purcer	<i>Euphonium</i>		

And the London Saxophone Quartet

Peter Ripper
Paul Harvey

Chris Gradwell
David Lawrence

Music before the Service :

Chanson De Matin	-	-	-	-	<i>Ketelbey</i>
In a Monastery Garden	-	-	-	-	<i>Elgar</i>
Favourite School Songs					
Nimrod (Enigma Variations)	-	-	-	-	<i>Elgar</i>
Salut D'Amore	-	-	-	-	<i>Elgar</i>
A Selection of Hymn Tunes					

ORDER OF SERVICE

At 11.14 a.m. The Lord Mayor of Westminster is received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster and conducted to his seat in Quire.

At 11.15 a.m. the Representatives of Their Royal Highnesses The Duke and Duchess of Kent and the Representative of Her Majesty The Queen are received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

At 11.20 a.m. Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret, Countess of Snowdon, (also representing Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother) and His Royal Highness The Duke of Gloucester are received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

At 11.25 a.m. His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales is received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

Their Royal Highnesses and the Royal Representatives are conducted to their seats in Quire.

At 11.30 a.m. the Procession of the Collegiate Body moves from the West End of the Church as the Choir sings these Sentences:

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

St. John 11, 25-26

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

Job 19, 25-27

WE brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

1 Timothy 6, 7 Job 1, 21

William Croft (1678-1727)

Organist of Westminster Abbey (1708-27)

The Dean of Westminster says

THE BIDDING

WE meet to thank God for Sir John Betjeman, a national figure, whose death has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and whose kindly and eccentric personality, wit and humour, laughter and sense of fun, charmed his contemporaries and will be long remembered. We pay tribute to a poet, visionary and Churchman who communicated to millions not least on radio and television; who cast the aura of romance and nostalgia over ordinary and familiar things; whose pleasure in buildings and passion for churches great and small made him campaign to preserve all that is best in our English inheritance. Particularly we remember in this Church, where many poets are memorialised, his verse the excellence of which is its simplicity; its cutting edge a subtle irony at life's absurdities yet without bitterness; its charm a rare and felicitous use of language unique to himself. As is singularly fitting we recall here his deep devotion to the historic Church of England; his firm commitment to Christian Faith held within a reverent agnosticism; his final triumph over a life-long fear of death through the sure and certain hope given to us in Christ crucified, risen and gloriously ascended.

'May thy portion this day be in peace and thy dwelling in the Heavenly Jerusalem.'

All remain standing to sing

HYMN 372 A.M.R.

IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unceasing, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life thou givest, to both great and small;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish; but naught changeth thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render: O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

St Denio
Welsh Hymn Melody

W. Chalmers Smith
(1824-1908)

All sit for the First Lesson, read from the Lectern by
His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales

ECCLESIASTICUS 44, 1—15

LET us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies: leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions: such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing: rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations: all these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. And some there be, which have no memorial; who are perished, as though they had never been; and are become as though they had never been born; and their children after them. But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant. Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes. Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will shew forth their praise.

All stand for the Choir to sing

PSALM 150

O PRAISE God in his holiness: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him in his noble acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him in the sound of the trumpet: praise him upon the lute and harp.

Praise him in the cymbals and dances: praise him upon the strings and pipe.

Praise him upon the well-tuned cymbals: praise him upon the loud cymbals.

Let every thing that hath breath: praise the Lord.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

C. V. Stanford (1852-1924)

All sit for the Second Lesson, read from the Nave Pulpit by Mr John Murray.

ROMANS 8, 31-end

WHAT shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things? Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, for thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

*All remain seated for an Act of Corporate Recollection while
the Choir sing the Anthem:*

EVENING HYMN

THEE, Lord, before the close of day,
Maker of all things, thee we pray
For thy dear loving kindness' sake
To guard and guide us in thy way.

Banish the dreams that terrify,
And night's fantastic company:
Keep us from Satan's tyranny:
Defend us from unchastity.

Protect us, Father, God adored,
Thou too, co-equal Son and Lord,
Thou, Holy Ghost, our Advocate,
Whose reign can know nor bound nor date.

Balfour Gardiner (1877-1950)

c 8th century, Latin

All remain seated for

THE ADDRESS

given by

The Reverend H. A. Williams C.R.

All stand to sing

HYMN 107 E.H.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rockingham

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

adapted by E. Miller (1731-1807)

*All kneel for the Prayers led by the Reverend Alan Luff,
Precentor and Sacrist of Westminster Abbey:*

Let us pray

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
thy Kingdom come; thy will be done; in earth as it is in
heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our
trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And
lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

V. Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord.

R. For in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

V. Grant unto him eternal rest.

R. And let perpetual light shine upon him.

V. We believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord.

R. In the land of the living.

V. O Lord, hear our prayer.

R. And let our cry come unto thee.

The Reverend Phillip Roberts says

Let us keep silence for a space as we remember with thanks-
giving and affection John Betjeman.

O FATHER of all, we pray to thee for those whom we love, but see no longer. Grant them thy peace; let light perpetual shine upon them; and in thy loving wisdom and almighty power work in them the good purpose of thy perfect will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Reverend Gerard Irvine says

O HEAVENLY Father, who in thy Son, Jesus Christ, hast given us a true faith, and a sure hope: Help us, we pray thee, to live as those who believe and trust in the Communion of Saints, the Forgiveness of Sins, and the Resurrection to Life everlasting; and strengthen this faith and hope in us all the days of our life; through the love of thy Son, Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

The Precentor continues

Let us give thanks for the fulness of John Betjeman's earthly pilgrimage and for the way he enriched the life of us all,

for his skill and sincerity as a broadcaster,

for his opening of our eyes to see the beauty in things
condemned by fashion,

for his courage in leading the fight to preserve the things
he found valuable,

for his delight in trains and railways and the Under-
ground,

for his service to the nation as a member of the Royal
Fine Arts Commission and of the Royal Commission
on Historical Monuments.

For all these and much more we give thanks, saying

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

As we give thanks for his concern for this Abbey Church to which he gave lavishly of his time on its Architectural Advisory Panel so we pray for God's help in our stewardship of our inheritance here.

O EVERLASTING God, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, and in whose Name are treasured here the memorials of many generations of men: Grant to those who labour in this place such measures of thy grace and wisdom, that they may neglect no portion of their manifold inheritance, but so guard and use it to thy glory and the enlargement of thy Church, that the consecration of all human powers may set forward thy purpose of gathering up into one all things in Christ; through whom to thee be glory now and evermore. *Amen.*

J. Armitage Robinson (1858-1933)
Dean of Westminster (1902-11)

In the spirit of this prayer let us remember before God those who, more widely, seek to preserve and to enrich our environment; to guard it from that which is shoddy, trivial and commonplace, encouraging that which possesses character, manner and style.

O GOD, who hast made thy world to be a place of great majesty and subtle beauty, grant that we, whom thou hast made stewards of thy creation, may show forth thy praise by reverence for all things that are pure, and lovely and of good report. Give to our nation wisdom to restrain those who in thoughtlessness or lust for gain would mar or destroy that beauty; give power to those who seek to preserve our inheritance for generations yet unborn; and grant a true creative vision to those who design and build anew in our day: through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

On this, the Patronal Festival of Westminster Abbey, we pray for the whole Church of Christ in the words of the Collect for St Peter's Day.

O ALMIGHTY God, who by thy Son Jesus Christ didst give to thy Apostle Saint Peter many excellent gifts, and commandedst him earnestly to feed thy flock: Make, we beseech thee, all Bishops and Pastors diligently to preach thy holy Word, and the people obediently to follow the same, that they may receive the crown of everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

All sit for John Oaksey to read

TREBETHERICK

WE used to picnic where the thrift
Grew deep and tufted to the edge;
We saw the yellow foam-flakes drift
In trembling sponges on the ledge
Below us, till the wind would lift
Them up the cliff and o'er the hedge.
Sand in the sandwiches, wasps in the tea,
Sun on our bathing-dresses heavy with the wet,
Squelch of the bladder-wrack waiting for the sea,
Fleas round the tamarisk, an early cigarette.

From where the coastguard houses stood
One used to see, below the hill,
The lichened branches of a wood
In summer silver-cool and still;
And there the Shade of Evil could
Stretch out at us from Shilla Mill.
Thick with sloe and blackberry, uneven in the light,
Lonely ran the hedge, the heavy meadow was remote,
The oldest part of Cornwall was the wood as black as night,
And the pheasant and the rabbit lay torn open at the throat.

But when a storm was at its height,
And feathery slate was black in rain,
And tamarisks were hung with light
And golden sand was brown again,
Spring tide and blizzard would unite
And sea came flooding up the lane.
Waves full of treasure then were roaring up the beach,
Ropes round our mackintoshes, waders warm and dry,
We waited for the wreckage to come swirling into reach,
Ralph, Vasey, Alastair, Bidy, John and I.

Then roller into roller curled
And thundered down the rocky bay,
And we were in a water-world
Of rain and blizzard, sea and spray,
And one against the other hurled
We struggled round to Greenaway.

Blesséd be St Enodoc, blesséd be the wave,
Blesséd be the springy turf, we pray, pray to thee,
Ask for our children all the happy days you gave
To Ralph, Vasey, Alastair, Biddy, John and me.

Miss Prunella Scales reads

South London Sketch, 1844

LAVENDER Sweep is drowned in Wandsworth,
Drowned in jessamine up to the neck,
Beetles sway upon bending grass leagues
Shoulder-level to Tooting Bec.
Rich as Middlesex, rich in signboards,
Lie the lover-trod lanes between,
Red Man, Green Man, Horse and Waggoner,
Elms and sycamores round a green.
Burst, good June, with a rush this morning,
Bindweed weave me an emerald rope
Sun, shine bright on the blossoming trellises,
June and lavender, bring me hope.

All stand to sing

HYMN 185 A.M.R. (Tune 258 A.M.R.)

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
And essence all-divine.

O generous love! that he, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;
And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

Richmond
T. Haweis (1734-1820)

Cardinal J. H. Newman (1801-90)

All kneel for The Reverend Trevor Beeson, Canon of Westminster, to say

BRING us, O Lord, at our last awakening into the house and gate of heaven, to enter into that gate and dwell in that house, where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling but one equal light, no noise nor silence but one equal music, no fears nor hopes but one equal possession, no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity, in the habitations of thy majesty and thy glory, world without end. *Amen.*

The Most Reverend and Right Honourable Robert Runcie, Archbishop of Canterbury, gives

THE BLESSING

*The Congregation stands as the Procession of the Collegiate
Body returns to the West End of the Abbey.*

The Bells of the Abbey Church are now rung.

Music after the Service:

*Jonathan Dimmock, Organ Scholar of Westminster Abbey,
plays*

Concerto in A minor - - - - J. S. Bach
1st movement *Allegro*

The instrumental ensemble plays

Pieces from 'Banana Blush' - - - - Parker
Indoor Games near Newbury
In the Public Gardens
The Cockney Amorist
A Shropshire Lad

**Members of the Congregation are requested to remain in
their places until directed to move by the Stewards**