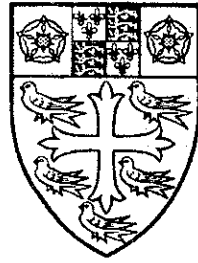


WESTMINSTER ABBEY



SIR NOËL COWARD

A CELEBRATION

and

UNVEILING OF A MEMORIAL STONE

Wednesday 28 March 1984

11.30 a.m.

Music before the Service played by the Alwyn Concert Orchestra, conducted by Kenneth Alwyn:

A selection of melodies from the Songs of Noël Coward

Tokay

Dearest Love

I'll Remember Her

Nina

Kiss Me

The Call of Life

Why Does Love Get in the Way?

Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs Worthington

Ladies of the Town

Dear Little Cafe

Matelot

The Stately Homes of England

Mad Dogs and Englishmen

Lover of My Dreams

Dance Little Lady

A Room with a View

Beatnik Love Affair

Mad About the Boy

Zigeuner

Poor Little Rich Girl

The Party's Over Now

*The Songs of Noël Coward are sung during the Celebration by
The Ambrosian Singers, director John McCarthy.*

Orchestrations by Robert Docker and John McCarthy.

NOËL COWARD
Playwright·Actor
Composer

16 December 1899

26 March 1973

Buried in Jamaica

'A TALENT TO AMUSE'

The memorial stone is of Belgian Black Marble, with letters inlaid in a white marble mastic. The letter cutter is Ralph Beyer.

ORDER OF SERVICE

At 11.20 a.m. The Lord Mayor of Westminster is received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster and conducted to her seat in Quire.

At 11.25 a.m. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother is received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

Presentations are made.

Sir John Tilney
Graham Payn *Trustee of The Noël Coward Estate*

At 11.30 a.m. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother and the Procession of the Collegiate Body move from the West End of the Church to their places, as the following hymn is sung:

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 372 A.M.R.

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

Unresting, unhasting, 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 remain standing for the Dean to give

THE WELCOME

All sit for

THE ADDRESS

given by

Sir Richard Attenborough, C.B.E.

THE UNVEILING

All stand for the Choir of Westminster Abbey to sing the Anthem, during which the Procession of the Collegiate Body with Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother and those taking part in the Unveiling Ceremony moves to the South Quire Aisle.

HALLELUJAH: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.

King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah. Hallelujah.
*G. F. Handel (1685-1759) Revelation 19, 6; 11, 15; 19, 16
from 'Messiah'*

When all are in position the Dean addresses Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother.

Your Majesty, I invite you to unveil this Memorial to Noël Coward, Playwright, Composer and Actor.

The Memorial is unveiled.

Mr. Graham Payn says

May I ask you, Mr. Dean, to take into your safe-keeping, on behalf of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, this Memorial stone which has now been unveiled?

The Dean says

To the greater glory of God and in honoured memory of Noël Coward I dedicate this Memorial in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. *Amen.*

Silence is kept while flowers are laid:

at the foot of the stone by

The Lord Olivier, O.M.

at the four corners of the stone by

Miss Joyce Carey, O.B.E.

Miss Evelyn Laye, C.B.E.

Sir John Mills, C.B.E.

Dame Anna Neagle, D.B.E.

The Dean then says

In thy presence, O God, is the fulness of joy: and at thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore.

The Procession returns as the hymn is sung

HYMN 533 E.H.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Nun danket
J. Crüger (1598-1662)

M. Rinkart (1586-1649)
Tr. C. Winkworth (1827-78)

All kneel for the Dean to give the Blessing

All sit for

THE CELEBRATION

in the words and music of Noël Coward

London Pride

LONDON Pride has been handed down to us.
London Pride is a flower that's free.
London Pride means our own dear town to us,
And our pride it for ever will be.

If love were all

I BELIEVE that since my life began
The most I've had is just
A talent to amuse.
Heigho, if love were all!

I'll see you again

THIS sweet memory,
Across the years will come to me;
Though my world may go awry,
In my heart will ever lie
Just the echo of a sigh,
Goodbye.

When I have fears *read by Sir John Gielgud, C.H.*

WHEN I have fears, as Keats had fears,
Of the moment I'll cease to be
I console myself with vanished years
Remembered laughter, remembered tears,
And the peace of the changing sea.
When I feel sad, as Keats felt sad,
That my life is so nearly done
It gives me comfort to dwell upon
Remembered friends who are dead and gone
And the jokes we had and the fun.
How happy they are I cannot know
But happy am I who loved them so.

Sail away

WHEN the storm clouds are riding through a winter sky
Sail away — sail away.
When the love-light is fading in your sweetheart's eye
Sail away — sail away.
When you feel your song is orchestrated wrong
Why should you prolong
Your stay?
When the wind and the weather blow your dreams sky high
Sail away — sail away — sail away!

I'll follow my secret heart

Someday I'll find you

SOME day I'll find you,
Moonlight behind you,
True to the dream I am dreaming
As I draw near you
You'll smile a little smile;
For a little while
We shall stand
Hand in hand.
I'll leave you never,
Love you for ever,
All our past sorrow redeeming,
Try to make it true,
Say you love me too.
Someday I'll find you again.

Play, orchestra, play

Has anybody seen our ship?

The War Years *read by Derek Jacobi*

(with music from 'In which we serve')

Noël kept a diary of his months in the Middle East during the War and what follows are some extracts from it:

I GAVE a show for the troops and in the evening, after dinner, when I had finally played my last chord and sung my last note, the Commander got up and said: "I had prepared a very flowery and 'ormolu' speech of thanks to Noël Coward but I won't embarrass either him or you by saying it because I suddenly remembered that in the Navy he is one of us and he will be the first to understand that we never thank our own people". I shall become a bore if I go on about the perfect manners of the Navy but I must put on record that that was the most graceful and courteous compliment I have ever had in my life.

On shore we arrived at the General Hospital and after a forty-five minute concert I talked to hundreds of men and then had lunch and a short rest. Afterwards I went to another hospital, but I can't be sure which it was as I went to so many. Here I repeated the whole process. I am deeply and forever impressed with the behaviour and courage of our men. Their inherent, deep-rooted good manners make it impossible to pity them. One can privately, very privately, allow oneself a little personal compassion for their broken bodies, but their spirit is clear and high above pity. They contrive, these ordinary, extraordinary men from all over the British Isles, to transcend their sufferings and their surroundings and all the violence and horror that they have endured, with indescribable dignity and grace. For me, a stranger coming in from the outside, it was a humbling experience and one that I never intend to forget until the end of my days.

When I got back on board the Captain was in the middle of apologising for the uneventfulness and dullness of the trip when the buzzer rang. I said gaily, "Enemy submarine". He lifted up the receiver and said, "Torpedo!" and rushed up on to the Bridge. I went out on to the fo'c'sle and saw, only a little way off, one large old ship sinking. It was all over in three minutes and one of the saddest sights I have ever seen. She seemed to be kneeling apologetically in the calm sea, she lingered for a few moments and then, with desolate resignation, disappeared utterly.

Some days later I gave a concert in a large hangar to several thousand men. This made everything worthwhile: they were tremendously enthusiastic and I suddenly felt stricken and stood there, unable to move, with the sting of tears in my

eyes, profoundly grateful to them for having been so easily pleased. This is not false modesty or affectation. I had given nothing more than an adequate performance to an audience that deserved the best in the world. I wonder if they knew.

These young airmen who have stood between us and annihilation are certainly a strange breed. It is difficult not to regard them sentimentally, for we know, or should know, how deeply in their debt we are and shall always be, but of course any hint of this in their presence is unforgivable. It is a unique club that they belong to, I suppose the most distinguished in the history of the world.

I took off at ten-thirty in a Dakota. The shades were taken off the windows at about six o'clock and so I woke up and looked out. A lovely, misty autumn morning. We flew low over the Bristol Channel and the green hills of Somerset: the sun began to dispel the mist and mark the long shadows of trees across the fields. I looked back in my mind over the last crowded three months: the seas and mountains and deserts I had crossed: the strange, moving sights I had seen. I thought of all the thousands of men I had talked to and realised how much it would mean to any of them to be looking at what I was looking at now, the familiar gentle English countryside.

I remembered and will always remember my own personal gratitude to all those men for giving me, quite unwittingly, renewed pride in the traditions and ideals of my country and renewed hope for the human race, for as long as such courage as theirs can emerge out of chaos, and for as long as such endurance as theirs can so supremely transcend suffering and adversity, whatever strains and stresses the future may hold for us, we shall still have a chance.

Sigh no more

JOY is your
 Troubadour,
Sweet and beguiling ladies, sigh no more,
Sigh no more,
Sweet and beguiling ladies, sigh no more.

Come the wild, wild weather

WE may find while we're travelling through the years
Moments of joy and love and happiness,
Reason for grief, reason for tears.
Come the wild, wild weather,
If we've lost or we've won,
We'll remember these words we say
Till our story is done.
We'll remember these words we say
Till our story is over and done.
Till our story is over and done.

The Toast from 'Cavalcade' *read by Penelope Keith*

LET's couple the Future of England with the past of England.
The glories and victories and triumphs that are over, and
the sorrows that are over, too. Let's drink to our sons who
made part of the pattern and to our hearts that died with
them. Let's drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage that
made a strange Heaven out of unbelievable Hell, and let's
drink to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we
love so much, will find dignity and greatness and peace again.

London Pride

LONDON Pride has been handed down to us.
London Pride is a flower that's free.
London Pride means our own dear town to us,
And our pride it for ever will be.
Grey city
Stubbornly implanted,
Taken so for granted
For a thousand years.
Stay, city,
Smokily enchanted,
Cradle of our memories and hopes and fears.
Every Blitz
Your resistance
Toughening,
From the Ritz
To the Anchor and Crown,
Nothing ever could override
The pride of London Town.

After a moment of silence Simon Preston, Organist and Master of the Choristers of Westminster Abbey, plays:

Carillon de Westminster *Louis Vierne*

The Procession of the Collegiate Body together with Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother returns to the West End of the Church.

The Abbey Bells are rung.

Members of the Congregation are requested to remain in their seats until directed to move by the Stewards. Those wishing to see the Memorial are invited to move along the South Quire Aisle under the direction of the Stewards.