

# Westminster Abbey



A Service to dedicate a Memorial  
to Octavia Hill  
and to give thanks for  
the work of the National Trust



Monday 22<sup>nd</sup> October 2012  
Noon

## HISTORICAL NOTE

### OCTAVIA HILL AND THE NATIONAL TRUST

Octavia Hill (1838–1912) was a leading social reformer and co-founder of the National Trust. She was born in Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, into a radical, reform-minded family. A move to London, and her direct experience of life in very reduced circumstances, gave Octavia Hill a sense of purpose. She became intent on finding ways to improve the welfare of poor working families. It was the support of John Ruskin, who had spotted her driving sense of purpose at the age of fifteen, that enabled her to put her ideas into practice ten years later, since he provided funds for her first venture. Starting with Paradise (now Garbutt) Place, she began to build up a network of tenanted housing and volunteer rent collectors, in an initiative that eventually covered some seventeen sites. Octavia Hill is credited with starting the social housing movement as well as the profession of housing management.

One of Octavia Hill's most passionate beliefs was the importance of beauty and open space to people's welfare and equilibrium. The Kyrle Society was an initiative which took the arts to the poor. She particularly strove to give her tenants access to playgrounds, parks (both large and small) and, where possible, to the countryside beyond the city boundaries. This involved her in action to protect and secure those areas that were under threat from development. Eventually her campaigning led to the founding of the National Trust when she and her colleagues, Sir Robert Hunter and Canon Hardwicke Rawnsley, realised that a body was urgently needed to secure and care for beautiful and historic places in perpetuity.

Our three founders established the National Trust in 1895 and in 1907 an Act of Parliament gave the new organisation the right to own land inalienably, in perpetuity. Since then, the Trust has continually evolved – involved first with saving open spaces and vernacular buildings, then in town planning, the country house scheme, and, in the 1960s, Enterprise Neptune, its campaign to save Britain's coastline. Throughout the last century and more, it has always been guided by its core purpose which we now express as 'looking after special places for ever for everyone'. Today, we look after more than 350 houses and gardens, 630,000 acres of countryside, and 709 miles of coast – all of it for the benefit of the nation.

We open up our places and bring them to life so that everybody can enjoy the outdoors and learn more about history and our heritage. Last year, more than nineteen million visits were made to our historic houses, tens of millions more to our coast and countryside, and we passed the remarkable milestone of four million members. None of it would be possible without the support we get from our members, benefactors, and our 67,000 volunteers. To them all, we are grateful.

Dame Fiona Reynolds DBE  
*Director-General, National Trust*

*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 Westminster Abbey Special Service Choir, conducted by James O'Donnell, Organist and Master of the Choristers.*

*The organ is played by Robert Quinney, Sub-Organist.*

*Music before the service:*

*Peter Holder, Organ Scholar, plays:*

Prelude in E flat BWV 552i *Johann Sebastian Bach*  
(1685–1750)

Allegretto from Sonata in B flat Op 65 no 4 *Felix Mendelssohn*  
(1809–47)

Canzona and Scherzetto from Sonata in C minor *Percy Whitlock*  
(1903–46)

Sursum Corda Op 11 *Edward Elgar*  
(1857–1934)  
*arranged by Edwin Lemare*  
(1865–1934)

*The Lord Mayor of Westminster is received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster and escorted to her place in Quire. All stand, and then sit.*

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## ORDER OF SERVICE

*All stand. The Choir sings*

### THE INTROIT

**L**IFT thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh help. Thy help cometh from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be moved: thy keeper will never slumber.

*Felix Mendelssohn  
from Elijah Op 70*

*Julius Schubring (1806–89)  
after Psalm 121: 1–5*

*All remain standing to sing*

### THE HYMN

*during which the Collegiate Procession  
moves to places in the Quire and Sacrarium*



**O** WORSHIP the King  
all glorious above;  
O gratefully sing  
his power and his love;  
our shield and defender,  
the Ancient of days,  
pavilioned in splendour  
and girded with praise.

O tell of his might,  
O sing of his grace,  
whose robe is the light,  
whose canopy space;  
his chariots of wrath  
the deep thunder clouds form,  
and dark is his path  
on the wings of the storm.

This earth, with its store  
of wonders untold,  
almighty, thy power  
hath founded of old;  
hath stablished it fast  
by a changeless decree,  
and round it hath cast,  
like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care  
what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air,  
it shines in the light;  
it streams from the hills,  
it descends to the plain,  
and sweetly distils  
in the dew and the rain.

O measureless Might,  
ineffable Love,  
while angels delight  
to hymn thee above,  
thy humbler creation,  
though feeble their lays,  
with true adoration  
shall sing to thy praise.

*Hanover 433 NEH*  
*William Croft (1678–1727)*  
*Organist of Westminster Abbey 1708–27*

*Robert Grant (1779–1838)*

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

#### THE BIDDING

WE come to honour Octavia Hill and to give thanks to God for her life, for her energy, for her care: to recall her role in founding the National Trust and to celebrate the vigorous growth of the sapling she helped to plant; to unveil and dedicate a permanent memorial in stone to her life and work.

Her name is included today amongst the pantheon of great women and men who have made a difference in our land and world. Amongst the women buried or memorialised here she joins queens and princesses, writers, actors, musicians, philanthropists, pioneers, and the founders of institutes of learning.

Octavia Hill's name incised in stone in this holy place will be for ever for everyone a reminder of what one woman working with others can achieve. May this memorial encourage other women and men to follow the passionate and determined example she gives us.

*All sit. Simon Jenkins, Chairman, National Trust, reads*

*from SPACE FOR THE PEOPLE*

THERE are a few fields just north of this parish of Marylebone which have been our constant resort for years: they are within an easy walk for most of us and a twopenny train takes the less vigorous within a few yards of the little white gate by which they are entered. There on a summer Sunday or Saturday evening, you might see hundreds of working people spread over the green open space like a stream that has just escaped from between rocks. They sit on the grass; the baby grabs at the daisies, the tiny children toddle about, the mother's arms are rested, and there she sits till it is time to return.

These fields may be bought now, or they may be built over: which is it to be? The owner has given those who would like to keep the fields open time to see if they can raise the money to purchase them for the people for ever. He offers liberal terms, but they will still cost a great deal. The question is, are they worth buying? To my mind they will be more and more valuable every year—valuable in the deepest sense of the word; health-giving, joy-inspiring, peace-bringing.

What I wish to urge is the immense value to the education and reformation of our poorest people of some space near their homes. Without space we cannot reach that sense of quiet in which whispers of better things come to us gently. Our lives in London are over-crowded, over-excited, over-strained. We all want beauty for the re-freshment of our souls. Sometimes we think of it as a luxury, but when God made the world, he made it very beautiful, and meant that we should live amongst its beauties, and that they should speak peace to us in our daily lives.

*Octavia Hill (1838–1912)*

THE TESTIMONIES

*by*

Wyn Davies

*Warden, Dinefwr, National Trust*

*and*

Julia Bradbury

*Broadcaster, walker, and winner of the People's Champion  
Octavia Hill Award 2012*

*The Procession moves to the Octavia Hill memorial as the Choir sings:*

**N**EVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,  
never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,  
than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:  
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high paradise,  
cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims our eyes:  
glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see:  
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee.

*Hubert Parry (1848–1918)*

*Thomas Campion (1567–1620)*

*All remain seated. Robert Macfarlane, writer, reads*

*from* LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

**F**OR I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half-create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

*William Wordsworth (1770–1850)*

*All stand. Simon Jenkins unveils the Memorial Stone, and says:*

**I** ASK you, Mr Dean, to receive into the safe custody of the Dean and Chapter this memorial in honour and memory of Octavia Hill.

*The Dean replies:*

**T**O the greater glory of God and in thankful memory of Octavia Hill, and of all that she achieved and contributed to our society and culture, I dedicate this memorial: in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. **Amen.**

*All sing*

THE HYMN



TEACH me, my God and King,  
in all things thee to see;  
and what I do in anything  
to do it as for thee!

A man that looks on glass,  
on it may stay his eye;  
or if he pleaseth, through it pass,  
and then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake;  
nothing can be so mean,  
which with this tincture, 'for thy sake',  
will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause  
makes drudgery divine;  
who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,  
makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone  
that turneth all to gold;  
for that which God doth touch and own  
cannot for less be told.

*Sandys 456 NEH*  
*from William Sandy's Christmas Carols 1833*

*George Herbert (1593–1633)*

*All sit. Jessie Binns, Visitor Experience Officer, Borrowdale, National Trust, reads*

ISAIAH 61: 4–11

THEY shall build up the ancient ruins, they shall raise up the former devastations; they shall repair the ruined cities, the devastations of many generations. Strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, foreigners shall till your land and dress your vines; but you shall be called priests of the Lord, you shall be named ministers of our God; you shall enjoy the wealth of the nations, and in their riches you shall glory. Because their shame was double, and dishonour was proclaimed as their lot, therefore they shall possess a double portion; everlasting joy shall be theirs. For I the Lord love justice, I hate robbery and wrongdoing, I will faithfully give them their recompense, and I will make an everlasting covenant with them. Their descendants shall be known among the nations, and their offspring among the peoples; all who see them shall acknowledge that they are a people whom the Lord has blessed. I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my whole being shall exult in my God; for he has clothed me with the garments of salvation, he has covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bride adorns herself with her jewels. For as the earth brings forth its shoots, and as a garden causes what is sown in it to spring up, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring up before all the nations.

*All remain seated. The Choir sings*

PSALM 65: 1–2, 5–14

THOU, O God, art praised in Sion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Thou that hearest the prayer: unto thee shall all flesh come.

Thou shalt shew us wonderful things in thy righteousness, O God of our salvation: thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea.

Who in his strength setteth fast the mountains: and is girded about with power.

Who stilleth the raging of the sea: and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth shall be afraid at thy tokens: thou that makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to praise thee.

Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it: thou makest it very plenteous.  
The river of God is full of water: thou preparest their corn, for so thou  
providest for the earth.  
Thou waterest her furrows, thou sendest rain into the little valleys thereof:  
thou makest it soft with the drops of rain, and blessest the increase of it.  
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness: and thy clouds drop fatness.  
They shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness: and the little hills  
shall rejoice on every side.  
The folds shall be full of sheep: the valleys also shall stand so thick with  
corn, that they shall laugh and sing.  
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.

*Philip J Taylor*

*James Grasby, Curator, National Trust, reads*

REVELATION 21: 9–14, 22–25; 22: 1–2

**T**HEN one of the seven angels who had the seven bowls full of the seven last plagues came and said to me, ‘Come, I will show you the bride, the wife of the Lamb.’ And in the spirit he carried me away to a great, high mountain and showed me the holy city Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God. It has the glory of God and a radiance like a very rare jewel, like jasper, clear as crystal. It has a great, high wall with twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and on the gates are inscribed the names of the twelve tribes of the Israelites; on the east three gates, on the north three gates, on the south three gates, and on the west three gates. And the wall of the city has twelve foundations, and on them are the twelve names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. I saw no temple in the city, for its temple is the Lord God the Almighty and the Lamb. And the city has no need of sun or moon to shine on it, for the glory of God is its light, and its lamp is the Lamb. The nations will walk by its light, and the kings of the earth will bring their glory into it. Its gates will never be shut by day—and there will be no night there.

Then the angel showed me the river of the water of life, bright as crystal, flowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb through the middle of the street of the city. On either side of the river is the tree of life with its twelve kinds of fruit, producing its fruit each month; and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.

## THE ADDRESS

*by*

Dame Fiona Reynolds DBE  
*Director-General, National Trust*

*All remain seated. The Choir sings*

## THE ANTHEM

**T**HE Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor: he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord; to give unto them that mourn a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified. For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations as the earth bringeth forth her bud.

*Edward Elgar*  
*from The Apostles Op 49*

*from Isaiah 61*

*All kneel or remain seated. The Reverend Dr James Hawkey, Minor Canon and Sacrist, introduces*

## THE PRAYERS

In peace, let us pray to the Lord and giver of life.

*Sylvia Warman-James, tenant and Board Member of Octavia Housing, says:*

**W**E praise God for Octavia Hill, and for her wide-ranging contribution to our society and common life. We give thanks for her championing of the poor, and transforming slums into harmonious communities; for her insistence on responsibility and mutual interdependence, and commitment to public health and social reform.

Let us bless the Lord.

**Thanks be to God.**

*Gillian Darley, biographer of Octavia Hill and National Trust Council Member, says:*

**W**E praise God for the refreshing delight she found in the natural world, and her commitment to securing green, open space for all Londoners. We give thanks for her pioneering work, enabling the poor of the city to gain access to places and objects of beauty and to benefit from new aesthetic and cultural opportunities.

Let us bless the Lord.

**Thanks be to God.**

*Peter Nixon, Director of Conservation, National Trust, says:*

**W**E praise God for his wisdom and creativity shown in creation, imagination, and craft. We give thanks for the National Trust, continuing Octavia Hill's work in caring for the environment, its beauty and heritage.

Let us bless the Lord.

**Thanks be to God.**

*Sarah Staniforth, Museums and Collections Director, National Trust, says:*

**W**E pray for all who share her vision of a healthy society, especially for those responsible in central or local government for ensuring the common good. We ask the Lord to bless those who prompt the social conscience of society, and who care for the weakest and most vulnerable.

Lord, hear us.

**Lord, graciously hear us.**

*Valerie Humphrey, National Trust Council Member and Royal Oak Foundation Board Director, says:*

**W**E pray for those who preserve and care for the legacy held by the National Trust, and for its networks of partnership and support throughout the world. May this interdependence strengthen society and encourage passion in future generations.

Lord, hear us.

**Lord, graciously hear us.**

*Paul Manners, Chair, Learning and Engagement Panel, National Trust, says:*

**W**E pray for those who through education and inspiration foster a spirit of stewardship amongst young people, and for those who find meaning and healing in their lives through opportunities enabled by the National Trust. May the Lord bring to fruition the good work he has begun in us.

Lord, hear us.

**Lord, graciously hear us.**

*The Reverend Andrew Tremlett, Canon in Residence, says:*

**L**ORD and Giver of life, from whose treasure-house of wisdom proceeds the beauty of nature, craftsman's art and music's measure: open our eyes to behold your gracious hand in all your works; that rejoicing in the abundance of creation, we may learn to live in love and peace, and to serve you with gladness of heart; for the sake of him by whom all things were made, your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

*The Sacrist concludes:*

**A**LL these our prayers and praises let us now present before our heavenly Father, in the prayer our Saviour Christ has taught us:

**O**UR 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 stand to sing*

#### THE HYMN



**L**ET all the world in every corner sing,  
My God and King!  
The heavens are not too high,  
his praise may thither fly;  
the earth is not too low,  
his praises there may grow.  
Let all the world in every corner sing,  
My God and King!

Let all the world in every corner sing,  
My God and King!  
The Church with psalms must shout,  
no door can keep them out;  
but above all, the heart  
must bear the longest part.  
Let all the world in every corner sing,  
My God and King!

*Luckington 394 NEH*  
*Basil Harwood (1859–1949)*

*George Herbert*

*Sir Laurie Magnus Bt, Deputy Chairman, National Trust, reads*

A BAY IN ANGLESEY

THE sleepy sound of a tea-time tide  
Slaps at the rocks the sun has dried,  
Too lazy, almost, to sink and lift  
Round low peninsulas pink with thrift.  
The water, enlarging shells and sand,  
Grows greener emerald out from land  
And brown over shadowy shelves below  
The waving forests of seaweed show.  
Here at my feet in the short cliff grass  
Are shells, dried bladderwrack, broken glass,  
Pale blue squills and yellow rock roses.  
The next low ridge that we climb discloses  
One more field for the sheep to graze  
While, scarcely seen on this hottest of days,  
Far to the eastward, over there,  
Snowdon rises in pearl-grey air.  
Multiple lark-song, whispering bents,  
The thymy, turfy and salty scents  
And filling in, brimming in, sparkling and free  
The sweet susurrations of incoming sea.

*Sir John Betjeman CBE (1906–84)*  
*from John Betjeman: Collected Poems*

*All remain standing. The Dean pronounces*

### THE BLESSING

**U**NTO God's gracious mercy and protection we commit you. The Lord bless and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace; and the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit be among you and remain with you always. **Amen.**

*Music after the service:*

Paeon

*Herbert Howells (1892–1983)*

*All remain standing as the Procession moves to the west end of the Abbey.*

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

*The bells of the Abbey are rung.*



The National Trust would like to express thanks to Richard Broyd OBE, whose support has made the Octavia Hill memorial possible; to Rory Young for his exquisite craftsmanship; and to Mike Calnan and his team for ensuring the involvement of so many of the Trust's properties in decorating the Abbey today.

*A Bay in Anglesey from John Betjeman: Collected Poems  
is reproduced by kind permission of John Murray (Publishers).*

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1955, 1958, 1960, 1962, 1964, 1966, 1970, 1979, 1981, 1982, 2001, 2006

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Printed by  
Barnard & Westwood Ltd  
23 Pakenham Street, London WC1X 0LB  
By Appointment to HM The Queen, Printers and Bookbinders  
& HRH The Prince of Wales, Printers  
Printers to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster

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