

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



FUNERAL

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD TENNYSON,

POET LAUREATE,

ON

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12th, 1892,

*At 12.30 p.m.*

# ORDER OF SERVICE.



As the Body is brought into Church,

The Choral Music of CROFT and PURCELL will be Sung for the Processional parts of the Burial Service.

On reaching the Choir, the Body resting under the Lantern.

PSALM XC. to CHANT 49 ... .. Purcell.

THE LESSON.

FOR ANTHEMS.—

I. "CROSSING THE BAR," *Composed (at the request of the Family) for this Service by PROFESSOR BRIDGE, Mus.Doc.*

*The Words, by LORD TENNYSON, are printed by permission.*

SUNSET and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

2. "THE SILENT VOICES." *The latest Poem by LORD TENNYSON. Music by LADY TENNYSON. Arranged for Four Voices by DR. BRIDGE.*

*(Both are copyright, and printed by special permission.)*

WHEN the dumb Hour, clothed in black,  
Brings the Dreams about my bed,  
Call me not so often back,  
Silent Voices of the dead,  
Toward the lowland ways behind me,  
And the sunlight that is gone !  
Call me rather, silent voices,  
Forward to the starry track  
Glimmering up the heights beyond me  
On, and always on !

---

### At the Grave,

The Choral parts of remainder of Service ; the Committal to the Grave and the Prayer and Collect being said by the Dean.

---

### At the Conclusion of the last Collect,

HYMN ... .. *Nicæa.*

HOLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee ;  
Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;  
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !

Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy Glory may not see,  
Only Thou art Holy ; there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity !

Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea !  
Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty ;  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity ! Amen. *Bishop Heber.*

---

### The Benediction.

---

THE DEAD MARCH IN SAUL.

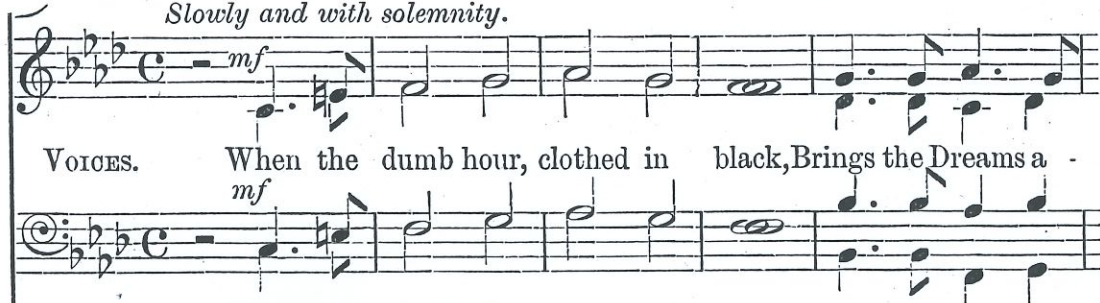
# The Silent Voices.

Words by Lord TENNYSON.\*

Music by Lady TENNYSON.\*

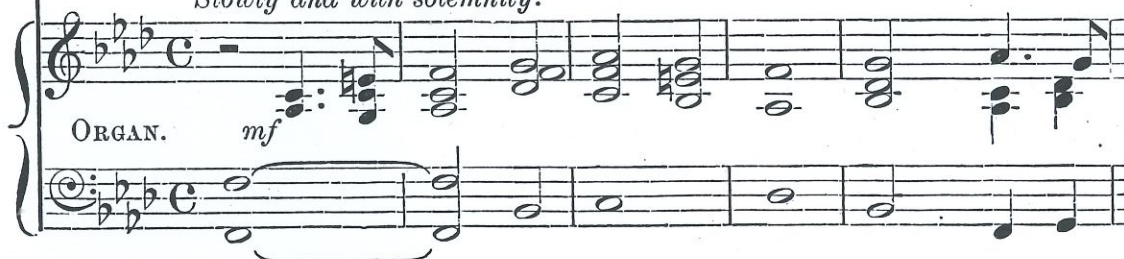
*Slowly and with solemnity.*

VOICES. *mf* When the dumb hour, clothed in black, Brings the Dreams a -



*Slowly and with solemnity.*

ORGAN. *mf*



- bout my bed, Call me not so of - ten back, Si - lent Voi - ces



*p* *pp*



*senza Ped.*

*Ped.*

*cres.*

of the dead, Toward the low-land ways be - hind me, And the sun-light



*cres.*



\* By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

that is gone! Call me rather, si - lent voi - ces,

*p*

*p*

*p*

Ist & 2nd SOPRANOS.

For - ward to the star - ry track Glim - mer - ing up the

*f*

*p*

*f*

*p*

*f*

*p*

heights be - yond me On and al - ways on!

*f*

*rall.*

*f*

*d.*

*rall.*

[Not to be taken away at Morning Service.]

# Westminster Abbey.

In Memoriam.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON,

Poet Laureate, &c.

HYMNS AND ANTHEM TO BE SUNG ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1892.

*(Selected from the Westminster Abbey Hymn Book.)*

Morning—10 o'clock.

AFTER THIRD COLLECT.

Hymn 268 ... ..

Comes at times a stillness as of even,  
Steeping the soul in memories of love ;  
As when the glow is sinking out of heaven,  
As when the twilight deepens in the grove ;  
Comes at length a sound of many voices,  
As when the waves break lightly on the shore ;  
As when at dawn the feather'd choir rejoices,  
Singing aloud, because the night is o'er.

Comes at times a voice of days departed,  
On the dying breath of evening borne :  
Sinks then the traveller, faint and weary-hearted,  
" Long is the way "—it whispers—" and forlorn !"  
Comes at last a voice of thrilling gladness,  
Borne on the breezes of the rising day,  
Saying—" The Lord shall make an end of sadness ;"  
Saying—" The Lord shall wipe all tears away." Amen.

*I. Gregory Smith.*

SERMON BY THE

REV. ROBINSON DUCKWORTH, D.D.,

*Canon in Residence.*

Alms at Offertory for the "Homes for Deaf and Dumb Children."

[TURN OVER.]