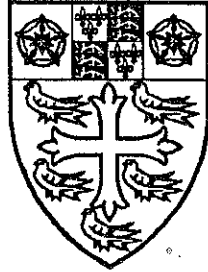


Westminster Abbey



5 p.m. Evensong

6.15 p.m. Dedication of a Memorial
to Anthony Trollope



Thursday 25 March 1993

Annunciation of Our Lord to the Blessed Virgin Mary

We welcome you to our afternoon service in this historic church founded by St Edward the Confessor in 1065. You will find yourself a member of a congregation which comes from all over the world. Though we may not know each other, we are fellow members of the universal Church.

As is common in churches with a great choral tradition, all the music is sung by the Choir alone, and the Congregation is invited to make its offering of praise by responding to the beauty of the Choir's music.

This Service, being followed by the dedication of a memorial to Anthony Trollope, includes texts and music which would have been familiar to Trollope and his contemporaries. On this particular occasion, therefore, the two lessons will be read from the Authorized Version.

ORDER OF SERVICE

INTROIT

O come, ye servants of the Lord,
and praise his holy name.
From early morn to setting sun
his might on earth proclaim.

His laws are just, and glad the heart:
he makes his mercies known.
Ye princes come, ye people too,
and bow before his throne.

Christopher Tye (c1505 - c1572)

All stand as the Procession enters the Quire.

INTRODUCTION

All kneel to say the GENERAL CONFESSION:

O God, our Father, we have sinned against thee in thought, word, and deed; we have not loved thee with all our heart; we have not loved our neighbours as ourselves. Have mercy upon us, we beseech thee; cleanse us from our sins; and help us to overcome our faults; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE ABSOLUTION

THE LORD'S PRAYER:

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: For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

VERSICLES AND RESPONSES

William Smith (1603-45)

O Lord, open thou our lips;
And our mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

O God, make speed to save us;
O Lord, make haste to help us.

All stand

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.
Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;
So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in : from this time forth for evermore.

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.

PSALM 122

I was glad when they said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord.
Our feet shall stand in thy gates: O Jerusalem.
Jerusalem is built as a city: that is at unity in itself.
For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord: to testify unto Israel, to give thanks unto the Name of the Lord.
For there is the seat of judgement: even the seat of the house of David.
O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls: and plenteousness within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sakes: I will wish thee prosperity.
Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God: I will seek to do thee good.
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.

PSALM 123

Unto thee lift I up mine eyes: O thou that dwellest in the heavens.
Behold, even as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress: even so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until he have mercy upon us.
Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us: for we are utterly despised.

Our soul is filled with the scornful reproof of the wealthy: and with the despitefulness of the proud.

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.

All sit for the FIRST LESSON: 1 SAMUEL 2: 1-10

All stand for the Choir to sing the MAGNIFICAT to the setting in D minor by Thomas Walmisley (1814-56):

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded: the lowliness of his hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is his Name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him: throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

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.

All sit for the SECOND LESSON: Hebrews 2: 5-end

All stand for the Choir to sing the NUNC DIMITTIS to the setting in D minor by Thomas Walmisley:

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation;

Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

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.

All say together the APOSTLES' CREED:

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; he descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead, he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

The Lord be with you;
And with thy spirit.

All kneel.

Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

VERSICLES AND RESPONSES

O Lord, shew thy mercy upon us;
And grant us thy salvation.

O Lord, save the Queen;
And mercifully hear us when we call upon thee.

Endue thy ministers with righteousness;
And make thy chosen people joyful.

O Lord, save thy people;
And bless thine inheritance.

Give peace in our time, O Lord;
Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only thou, O God.

O God, make clean our hearts within us;
And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

THE COLLECTS

PRAYERS FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY AND FOR MEMBERS OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH

All sit for the Choir to sing the ANTHEM:

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum: benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui. Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. Amen.

Robert Parsons (d 1570)

St Luke 1

All kneel or sit for the INTERCESSIONS.

At the end of the Intercessions, all say together:

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us all evermore. Amen.

All stand for the Procession to move from the Quire.

Members of the Congregation who do not wish to attend the Dedication may leave as directed by the Honorary Stewards.

Those who do wish to attend the Dedication are requested to move and be seated in the Nave, and to wait there until invited to move to Poets' Corner.

Between Evensong and the Dedication, Martin Neary, Organist and Master of the Choristers, plays:

Prelude and Fugue in B minor
Herr Jesu Christ dich zu uns wend'
Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele

J S Bach (1685-1750)
J S Bach
J S Bach

THE DEDICATION

All sit for the Dean to give the INTRODUCTION.

All remain seated for

THE ADDRESS
given by
The President of the Trollope Society

The Vice President unveils the Memorial and says:

May I ask you, Mr Dean, to receive into the safe custody of the Dean and Chapter this memorial in honour of Anthony Trollope.

The Dean says:

To the greater glory of God and in thankful memory of Anthony Trollope we dedicate this memorial: in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

All remain seated for Victoria Glendinning and Jack May to read:

On Christmas Eve in 1863, William Makepeace Thackeray was found dead in his bed. This was a great sorrow to his friend Anthony Trollope.

I feel his death as a very heavy blow. I have not the heart to wish anyone a merry Christmas.

The two had been close friends for little more than four years. But it was Anthony Trollope who took the lead in organising a lobby among their literary acquaintances to have Thackeray commemorated with a memorial, here in Poets' Corner.

What is needed by the Nation in such a case is simply a lasting memorial there, where such memorials are most often seen, and most highly honoured.

Trollope's campaign on Thackeray's behalf was crowned with success within just six months. Of his own position with regard to posterity he thought little.

I do not think it probable that my name will remain among those who, in the next century will be known as the writers of English prose fiction: but if it does, that permanence of success will probably rest on the characters of Plantagenet Palliser, Lady Glencora and the Revd Mr Crawley.

Anthony Trollope consistently and characteristically underrated himself and his achievement. His list of the characters who might be remembered is fine as far as it goes; but he omitted most of the memorable personalities from the Barchester novels — the redoubtable Mrs Proudie and her cowed husband the Bishop; Archdeacon Grantly, The Revd Mr Slope; and one of the best loved of all, the Warden of Hiram's Hospital, the Revd Septimus Harding. Here is a passage from The Warden in which Mr Harding, who has come up to London to take legal advice, fills in a long and anxious day by spending time in the ancient church in which we are now gathered.

He determined to take sanctuary in Westminster Abbey, so he again went thither in an omnibus, and, finding that the doors were not open for morning service, he paid his two pence, and went in as a sightseer. It occurred to him that he had no definite place of rest for the day, and that he should be absolutely worn about before his interview if he attempted to walk about from 10am to 10pm, so he sat himself down, and gazed up at the figure of William Pitt, who looks as though he had just entered the church for the first time in his life, and was anything but pleased at finding himself there.

Mr Harding is anxious to avoid an encounter with his overpowering son-in-law, Archdeacon Grantly. Reflecting comfortably that the Archdeacon would be most unlikely to attend morning service at Westminster Abbey, even if he were in London, Mr Harding tries to rest quietly until the service starts.

He longed to get up from his seat and examine the music books of the choristers, and the copy of the litany from which the service was chanted, to see how far the little details of Westminster corresponded with those at Barchester, and whether he thought his own voice would fill the church well from the Westminster Precentor's seat. There would, however, be impropriety in such meddling, and he sat perfectly still, looking up at the noble roof, and guarding against the coming fatigues of the day.

The service duly starts, before a sparse congregation.

Mr Harding was not much edified by the manner of the service. The minor canon in question hurried in, somewhat late, in a surplice not in the neatest order, and was followed by a dozen choristers, who were also not as trim as they might have been:

they all jostled into their places with a quick hurried step, and the service was soon commenced. Soon commenced and soon over — for there was no music, and time was not unnecessarily lost in the chanting. On the whole, Mr Harding was of the opinion that things were managed better at Barchester, though even there he knew there was room for improvement.

Although Westminster Abbey afforded him temporary sanctuary, there was to be no permanent refuge. Mr Harding, as all here will remember, became persuaded that the only honourable course he could take was to resign his wardenship. Yet he survived the crisis to enjoy many more years of peaceful life, before his creator gave him a dignified end. In his last weeks Mr Harding would sometimes open his cello case and pass his fingers over the strings, producing a single sad sound. In earlier, happier times he had played his beloved cello daily to anyone who would listen, and sometimes to no one at all.

Alice Neary plays:

Allemande from 4th Cello Suite in E flat major

J S Bach

They buried him in the cathedral which he had loved so well ... and all Barchester was there to see him laid in his grave within the cloisters. There was no procession of coaches, no hearse, nor was there any attempt at funeral pomp ... It was but a short journey from his bedroom to the grave. But the bell had been tolling sadly all the morning, and the nave and the aisles and the transepts ... were crowded with those who had known the name and the figure and the voice of Mr Harding as long as they had known anything ... He had never been forward enough in anything to become the acknowledged possessor of popularity. But, now that he was gone, men and women told each other how good he had been.

In Mr Harding, Trollope gave us what is a rarity in literature: the intimate portrait of a kindly, innocent, rather ineffectual, almost saintly man. But Trollope crowded his pages with men and women of every conceivable variety, from the weak and selfish to the evil and violent, from the ruthlessly ambitious to the decent and high principled, demonstrating how good and bad existed together in nearly every one of them. In his autobiography he tells how he found the inspiration for the very first of his novels. In rural Ireland, where he was working for the post office, he went for a walk with a friend. All through his unhappy boyhood, he had day-dreamed stories; he called this obsession castle-building, building castles in the air.

As we were taking a walk in that most uninteresting country, we turned through a deserted gateway, along a weedy grass grown avenue, until we came to the ruins of a country house. It was one of the most melancholy spots I have ever visited ... We wondered about the place, suggesting to each other causes for the misery we saw there, and while I was still among the ruined walls and decayed beams, I fabricated the plot of the MacDermots of Ballycloran. Up to this time, I had continued that practice of castle building of which I had spoken; but now the castle was built among the ruins of that old house.

This imaginative vision of people and places and the human dramas that took place there remained with him throughout his writing life. He expressed it again, in a different way, when he described the writing of Framley Parsonage:

As I wrote it, I became more closely than ever acquainted with the new shire which I had added to the English counties. I had it all in my mind: its roads and railroads, its towns and its parishes, its Members of Parliament, and the different hunts which rode over it. I knew all the great Lords and their castles, the squires and their parks, the rectors and their churches ... Throughout these stories there has been no name given to a fictitious site which does not represent to me a spot of which I know all the accessories, as though I had lived and wandered there. To me, Barset has been a real county; and its city a real city, and the spires and towers have been before my eyes, and the voices of the people are known to my ears, and the pavements of the city ways are familiar to my footsteps.

His great achievement was that this alternative reality still speaks to us, over the span of the forty-seven novels, a hundred and ten years after his death, and to a vast and still-growing circle of readers. The final words of his autobiography have found their justification, and seem to be addressed to each one of us:

Now I stretch out my hand, and from the further shore I bid adieu to all who have cared to read any among the many words that I have written.

All stand for the Revd Paul Ferguson, Precentor of Westminster Abbey to lead the PRAYERS:

O Eternal Lord God, who holdest all souls in life: We beseech thee to shed forth upon thy whole Church in Paradise and on earth the bright beams of thy light and heavenly comfort; and grant that we, following the good example of those who have served thee here and are at rest, may at the last enter with them into the fullness of thine unending joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

John Wordsworth

Almighty God, the giver of all good things, without whose help all labour is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly; grant, we beseech thee, that in all our undertakings, thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from us, but that we may promote thy glory, and the salvation both of ourselves and others; grant this O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

after Samuel Johnson (1709-84)

Bring us, O Lord God, 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 glory, world without end. Amen.

John Donne (1572-1631)

All remain standing to sing the HYMN:

Christ is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
chosen of the Lord, and precious,
binding all the Church in one,
holy Sion's help for ever,
and her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
dearly loved of God on high,
in exultant jubilation
pours perpetual melody,
God the One in Three adoring
in glad hymns eternally.

Laud and honour to the Father,
laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
ever Three, and ever One,
consubstantial, co-eternal,
while unending ages run.

*Westminster Abbey 332 AMNS
from an anthem by Henry Purcell (1659-95)
Organist of Westminster Abbey 1679-95*

*Latin 7th-8th century
translated by J M Neale (1818-66)*

All remain standing for the Dean to give the BLESSING.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY
Choral Song

Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-76)