

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

— ✠ —
FUNERAL

OF THE LATE

ROBERT BROWNING,

ON

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31st, 1889,

AT 12 NOON.

ORDER OF SERVICE.



As the Body is brought into Church,

The Choral Music of CROFT and PURCELL will be used 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.

"MEDITATION," *composed for this Service by* DR. BRIDGE.
The Words by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WHAT would we give to our beloved ?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !
O delv'd gold, the wailers heap !
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slopes men sow and reap :
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

ANTHEM NO. 445 ... "All go to one place" Wesley.
Eccles. iii., 20.

All go to one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. And now, Lord, what is my hope? truly my hope is even in Thee. The dust shall return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God Who gave it. We have the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God; an house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

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 last Collect,

HYMN 72 St. Anne.

(All present are requested to join in this Hymn.)

○ GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen. *Isaac Watts*

The Benediction.

THE DEAD MARCH IN SAUL.