

# Westminster Abbey



## A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIR JOHN TAVENER

28<sup>th</sup> January 1944–12<sup>th</sup> November 2013



Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup> June 2014  
Noon

## SIR JOHN TAVENER

John had endured many periods of illness during his life, and mortality was constantly in his thoughts and also at the heart of many of his most significant works. So often had John come through testing times that his sudden passing was a great shock last November.

It has been a privilege for us at Chester Music to know John through our work as his publisher over five decades. In the quiet times of the early 1980s, he was seeking to express through his music his newly found Orthodox faith. Once he had found the means to do just that, it seemed that there was no end to the interest that each new work would generate. The continual requests for interviews or for John's opinion on this or that were met with streams of densely written and strongly worded faxes in John's characterful hand that would often be piled up on the machine as we arrived each morning.

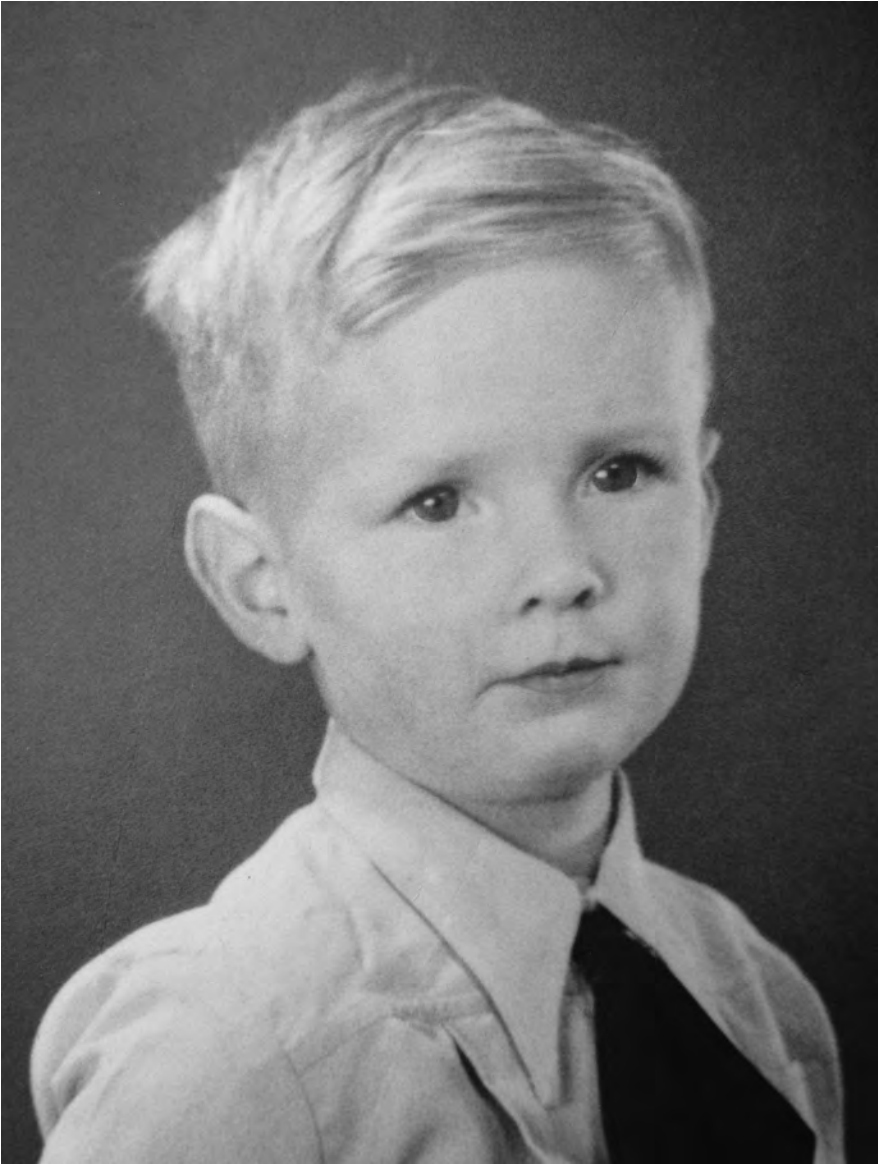
Yet nothing would disturb the flow of his unique output of musical thought. The journey from the youthful vigour and élan of *The Whale* in the 1960s to the masterpieces of the following fifty years, such as *Akhmatova: Requiem*, *The Protecting Veil*, *The Veil of the Temple*, *Towards Silence*, *The Death of Ivan Ilyich* and beyond, was not always direct or smooth. He absorbed conversations and read widely, always searching for material on which he could hang musical expression. That the voice he discovered attracted such a following and gave such comfort to so many was something of a miracle to him.

The apparent confidence of the public persona belied a man of huge personal warmth, loyalty and humour, always concerned with the health and well-being of others. What was not so obvious to many was the almost physical nature of his nervousness at a premiere, or the infectious giggle that punctuated get-togethers with friends and colleagues. As a family man, he valued hugely the years at home with his parents, with Maryanna, a pillar of strength and inspiration, and their three adored children, Theodora, Sofia and Orlando, of whom he was so rightly proud.

John's legacy is yet to be fully discovered, with several works being premiered this year and next, unheard by their composer. As we give thanks today for Sir John Tavener, we should be in no doubt that all of us are fortunate to have witnessed the life and work of a composer and artist whose strength of mind and remarkable talent has changed the way that many of us think about classical music. He has left a body of work that is to be discovered and enjoyed, and which, most importantly, speaks for itself.

James Rushton

*Managing Director, Chester Music Limited, Music Sales Group*



1949

*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 choral music is sung by the Choir of Westminster Abbey, conducted by James O'Donnell, Organist and Master of the Choristers.*

*The organ is played by Daniel Cook, Sub-Organist.*

*The cantors are Alexander Lingas, Vasilis Maroulas, Pavlos Melas, and James Heywood.*

*The orchestral music is played by Britten Sinfonia, conducted by Stephen Layton.*

*Notes on the music by John Tavener to be performed before and during the service may be found on page 19.*

*A retiring collection will be taken for the John Tavener Memorial Fund. The Fund supports causes close to John's heart, including the preservation of his unique manuscripts, the furtherance of religious education and tolerance through music, and the support of Marfan research. To donate electronically or by cheque, send funds marked JTMF to Lady Tavener either c/o 14/15 Berners St, London W1T 3LJ, or to account 61392146 at 60-04-11.*

*Music before the service:*

*Martin Ford, Assistant Organist, plays:*

Fantasia and Fugue in C minor BWV 537      *Johann Sebastian Bach*  
(1685–1750)

Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr BWV 663      *Johann Sebastian Bach*

Vor deinen Thron tret ich BWV 668      *Johann Sebastian Bach*

*Andrew Watts, counter-tenor, and Nicholas Daniel, oboe, with the Orchestra, perform*

#### THE HIDDEN FACE

**H**IDE not Thy face. Hide not Thy face  
for oppression is hard upon me. Hide not Thy Face.  
Answer me, quickly draw near to my soul and avenge it.  
Hide not Thy Face. May Thy help raise me up.  
See her all ye lowly and rejoice. Seek God and your soul shall live.  
Hide not Thy Face,... for oppression... Answer... quickly draw near...  
and avenge...  
May Thy Help... Hide not thy face.

*John Tavener (1996)*

*Patricia Rozario OBE, soprano, with the Orchestra, performs*

## ETERNITY'S SUNRISE

**T**O see a World in a Grain of Sand,  
*Alleluia*  
He who kisses the joy as it flies,

And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
*Alleluia*  
Lives in Eternity's sunrise.

Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand  
*Alleluia*  
He who kisses the joy as it flies,  
And Eternity in an hour,  
*Alleluia*  
Lives in Eternity's sunrise.

*John Tavener (1998)*

*William Blake (1757–1827)*

*Thomas Gould, violin, and the Orchestra play*

Adagio in E  $\kappa$  261

*Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–91)*

*An organ fanfare is sounded. All stand.*

*His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales is received at the West Gate, and is conducted to his place in Quire.*

## ORDER OF SERVICE

*All remain standing. The Choir sings*

### THEY ARE ALL GONE INTO THE WORLD OF LIGHT

**T**HEY are all gone into the world of light!  
And I alone sit ling'ring here;

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days:  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,  
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;

Could man outlook that mark!  
And into glory peep.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
My perspective still as they pass:  
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,  
Where I shall need no glass.

*John Tavener (2011)*

*Henry Vaughan (1621–95)*

*All remain standing to sing*

## THE HYMN

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



**C**HRISt is made the sure foundation,  
and the precious corner-stone,  
who, the two walls underlying,  
bound in each, binds both in one,  
holy Sion's help for ever,  
and her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,  
dearly loved by God on high,  
in exultant jubilation  
pours perpetual melody,  
God the One, in threefold glory,  
singing everlastingly.

To this temple, where we call thee,  
come, O Lord of hosts, today;  
with thy wonted loving-kindness,  
hear thy people as they pray;  
and thy fullest benediction  
shed within its walls for ay.

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. Amen.

*Westminster Abbey 205 NEH  
Henry Purcell (1659–95)  
Organist of Westminster Abbey 1679–95  
from O God, thou art my God*

*Latin, c 7<sup>th</sup>–8<sup>th</sup> century  
translated by John Mason Neale (1818–66)  
and compilers of AMR*



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

### THE BIDDING

**W**E have bidden the Lord of hosts come this day to Westminster Abbey, this earthly temple, that we may know the glory of Christ our sure foundation. But our eyes are misted by our earthly perspective; we see as through a glass darkly.

We come to worship God and to give thanks for the many gifts we have received through the life of John Tavener, for the beauty of his music, for the clarity of his vision of heaven, and for his share in the creative work of God the Creator and Father of all.

As we commend John's immortal soul to the care and keeping of almighty God, may we have faith that one day we shall see Him face to face and shall know Him who knows and loves us as we are known by Him. May we lead our lives in the light of God's glory.

*All remain standing. The Choir sings*

### KYRIE ELEISON

**K**YRIE eleison.  
Christe eleison.  
Kyrie eleison.

*Lord, have mercy.  
Christ, have mercy.  
Lord, have mercy.*

*Tomás Luis de Victoria (c 1548–1611)  
Officium defunctorum 1605*

*The Dean says:*

Let us pray.

**M**ERCIFUL Father, hear our prayers and comfort us; renew our trust in your Son, whom you raised from the dead; strengthen our faith that John and all who have died in the love of Christ will share in his resurrection; who lives and reigns with you, now and for ever. **Amen.**

*All sit. Steven Isserlis CBE, cello, plays*

### THRENOS

*John Tavener (1990)*

ISAIAH 35

THE wilderness and the dry land shall be glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom; like the crocus it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing. The glory of Lebanon shall be given to it, the majesty of Carmel and Sharon. They shall see the glory of the Lord, the majesty of our God. Strengthen the weak hands, and make firm the feeble knees. Say to those who are of a fearful heart, 'Be strong, do not fear! Here is your God. He will come with vengeance, with terrible recompense. He will come and save you.' Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; then the lame shall leap like a deer, and the tongue of the speechless sing for joy. For waters shall break forth in the wilderness, and streams in the desert; the burning sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water; the haunt of jackals shall become a swamp, the grass shall become reeds and rushes. A highway shall be there, and it shall be called the Holy Way; the unclean shall not travel on it, but it shall be for God's people; no traveller, not even fools, shall go astray. No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast come up on it; they shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with singing; everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

*All remain seated. The Choir sings*

THE LAMB

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Gave thee life, and bid thee feed By the stream and o'er the mead; Gave thee clothing of delight, Softest clothing, woolly, bright; Gave thee such a tender voice, Making all the vales rejoice? Little Lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?	Little Lamb, I'll tell thee, Little Lamb, I'll tell thee; He is called by thy name, For he calls himself a Lamb. He is meek, and he is mild, He became a little child. I, a child, and thou a lamb, We are called by his name. Little Lamb, God bless thee! Little Lamb, God bless thee!
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*John Tavener (1982)*

*William Blake*

*Sir Magdi Yacoub OM reads from the Nave Pulpit*

REVELATION 21: 22–26

**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. People will bring into it the glory and the honour of the nations.

*Patricia Rozario OBE, soprano, with Thomas Gould, violin, and the Orchestra, performs*

SONG OF THE ANGEL

Allelouia.

*John Tavener (1994)*

*All stand.*

*His Eminence Archbishop Gregorios of Thyateira and Great Britain proclaims*

THE GOSPEL

*Διάκονος· Σοφία· ὀρθοί.  
Ἀκούσωμεν τοῦ ἁγίου  
Εὐαγγελίου.*

*Deacon: Wisdom, stand upright!  
Let us listen to the Holy Gospel.*

*Ἀρχιεπίσκοπος· Εἰρήνη πάσι.*

*Archbishop: Peace to all.*

*Ψάλλται· Καὶ τῷ Πνεύματί σου.*

*Chanters: And to your spirit.*

*Ἀρχιεπίσκοπος· Ἐκ τοῦ κατὰ  
Ἰωάννην ἁγίου Εὐαγγελίου τὸ  
ἀνάγνωσμα.*

*Archbishop: The Reading is from  
the Holy Gospel according  
to John.*

*Ψάλλται· Δόξα σοι, Κύριε, δόξα  
σοι.*

*Chanters: Glory to you, Lord,  
glory to you!*

*Διάκονος· Πρόσχωμεν.*

*Deacon: Let us attend.*

Ἀρχιεπίσκοπος·

Εἶπεν ὁ Κύριος πρὸς τοὺς ἐληλυθότας πρὸς αὐτὸν Ἰουδαίους· Ἀμὴν, ἀμὴν λέγω ὑμῖν, ὅτι ὁ τὸν λόγον μου ἀκούων καὶ πιστεύων τῷ πέμψαντί με ἔχει ζωὴν αἰώνιον, καὶ εἰς κρίσιν οὐκ ἔρχεται, ἀλλὰ μεταβέβηκεν ἐκ τοῦ θανάτου εἰς τὴν ζωὴν. Ἀμὴν, ἀμὴν λέγω ὑμῖν, ὅτι ἔρχεται ὥρα, καὶ νῦν ἐστίν, ὅτε οἱ νεκροὶ ἀκούσονται τῆς φωνῆς τοῦ Υἱοῦ τοῦ Θεοῦ, καὶ οἱ ἀκούσαντες ζήσονται. Ὡσπερ γὰρ ὁ Πατὴρ ἔχει ζωὴν ἐν ἑαυτῷ, οὕτως ἔδωκε καὶ τῷ Υἱῷ ζωὴν ἔχειν ἐν ἑαυτῷ· καὶ ἐξουσίαν ἔδωκεν αὐτῷ κρίσιν ποιεῖν, ὅτι Υἱὸς ἀνθρώπου ἐστίν. Μὴ θαυμάζετε τοῦτο· ὅτι ἔρχεται ὥρα, ἐν ἧ ἅ πάντες οἱ ἐν τοῖς μνημείοις ἀκούσονται τῆς φωνῆς αὐτοῦ, καὶ ἐκπορεύσονται οἱ τὰ ἀγαθὰ ποιήσαντες εἰς ἀνάστασιν ζωῆς, οἱ δὲ τὰ φαῦλα πράξαντες εἰς ἀνάστασιν κρίσεως. Οὐ δύναμαι ἐγὼ ποιεῖν ἀπ' ἑμαυτοῦ οὐδέν· καθὼς ἀκούω κρίνω, καὶ ἡ κρίσις ἡ ἐμὴ δικαία ἐστίν· ὅτι οὐ ζητῶ τὸ θέλημα τὸ ἐμὸν, ἀλλὰ τὸ θέλημα τοῦ πέμψαντός με Πατρὸς.

Ψάλλται· Δόξα σοι, Κύριε,  
δόξα σοι.

Chanters: Glory to you, Lord,  
glory to you!

Archbishop:

*The Lord said to the Jews who had come to him, 'Very truly, I tell you, anyone who hears my word and believes him who sent me has eternal life, and does not come under judgement, but has passed from death to life. Very truly, I tell you, the hour is coming, and is now here, when the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God, and those who hear will live. For just as the Father has life in himself, so he has granted the Son also to have life in himself; and he has given him authority to execute judgement, because he is the Son of Man. Do not be astonished at this; for the hour is coming when all who are in their graves will hear his voice and will come out—those who have done good, to the resurrection of life, and those who have done evil, to the resurrection of condemnation. I can do nothing on my own. As I hear, I judge; and my judgement is just, because I seek to do not my own will but the will of the Father who sent me.*

John 5: 24–30

Ψάλλται· Δόξα σοι, Κύριε,  
δόξα σοι.

Chanters: Glory to you, Lord,  
glory to you!

Διάκονος· Ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς, ὁ  
Θεός, κατὰ τὸ μέγα ἔλεός σου,  
δεόμεθά σου, ἐπάκουσον, καὶ  
ἐλέησον.

Deacon: Have mercy on us,  
O God, according to your great  
mercy, we pray you, hear and  
have mercy.

*Ψάλλται·* Κύριε, ἐλέησον. Κύριε, ἐλέησον. Κύριε, ἐλέησον.

*Διάκονος·* Ἔτι δεόμεθα ὑπὲρ ἀναπαύσεως τῆς ψυχῆς τοῦ κεκοιμημένου δούλου τοῦ Θεοῦ, Ἰωάννου, καὶ ὑπὲρ τοῦ συγχωρηθῆναι αὐτῷ πᾶν πλημμέλημα ἐκούσιόν τε καὶ ἀκούσιον.

*Ψάλλται·* Κύριε, ἐλέησον. Κύριε, ἐλέησον. Κύριε, ἐλέησον.

*Διάκονος·* Ὅπως Κύριος ὁ Θεὸς τάξῃ τὴν ψυχὴν αὐτοῦ ἔνθα οἱ δίκαιοι ἀναπαύονται.

*Ψάλλται·* Κύριε, ἐλέησον. Κύριε, ἐλέησον. Κύριε, ἐλέησον.

*Διάκονος·* Τὰ ἐλέη τοῦ Θεοῦ, τὴν βασιλείαν τῶν οὐρανῶν καὶ ἄφεσιν τῶν αὐτοῦ ἀμαρτιῶν, παρὰ Χριστῷ τῷ ἀθανάτῳ Βασιλεῖ καὶ Θεῷ ἡμῶν αἰτησώμεθα.

*Ψάλλται·* Παράσχου, Κύριε.

*Διάκονος·* Τοῦ Κυρίου δεηθῶμεν.

*Ψάλλται·* Κύριε, ἐλέησον.

*Ἀρχιεπίσκοπος·* Ὁ Θεὸς τῶν πνευμάτων καὶ πάσης σαρκός, ὁ τὸν θάνατον καταπατήσας, τὸν δὲ διάβολον καταργήσας, καὶ ζωὴν τῷ κόσμῳ σου δωρησάμενος· αὐτός, Κύριε, ἀνάπαυσον τὴν ψυχὴν τοῦ κεκοιμημένου δούλου σου, Ἰωάννου, ἐν τόπῳ φωτεινῷ, ἐν τόπῳ χλοερῷ, ἐν τόπῳ ἀναψύξεως, ἐνθα ἀπέδρα ὀδύνη, λύπη καὶ στεναγμός. Πᾶν ἀμάρτημα τὸ παρ' αὐτοῦπραχθὲν ἐν λόγῳ ἢ ἔργῳ ἢ διανοίᾳ, ὡς ἀγαθὸς καὶ φιλόανθρωπος Θεός, συγχώρησον· ὅτι οὐκ ἔστιν ἄνθρωπος, ὅς ζήσεται καὶ οὐχ ἀμαρτήσῃ· σὺ γὰρ μόνος ἐκτὸς ἀμαρτίας ὑπάρχεις· ἡ δικαιοσύνη σου δικαιοσύνη εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα, καὶ ὁ λόγος σου ἀλήθεια.

*Chanters:* Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

*Deacon:* Also we pray for the repose of the soul of the servant of God, John, who has fallen asleep, and that he may be pardoned every offence, both voluntary and involuntary.

*Chanters:* Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

*Deacon:* That the Lord our God may establish his soul where the righteous rest.

*Chanters:* Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

*Deacon:* The mercies of God, the kingdom of heaven and the forgiveness of his sins, let us ask of Christ, our immortal King and God.

*Chanters:* Grant this, O Lord.

*Deacon:* Let us pray to the Lord.

*Chanters:* Lord, have mercy.

Διάκονος· Τοῦ Κυρίου δεηθῶμεν.

Ψάλται· Κύριε, ἐλέησον.

Ἵτι σὺ εἶ ἡ ἀνάστασις, ἡ ζωὴ καὶ ἡ ἀνάπαυσις τοῦ κεκοιμημένου δούλου σου Ἰωάννου, Χριστέ ὁ Θεὸς ἡμῶν, καὶ σοὶ τὴν δόξαν ἀναπέμπομεν, σὺν τῷ ἀνάρχῳ σου Πατρὶ καὶ τῷ παναγίῳ καὶ ἀγαθῷ καὶ ζωοποιῷ σου Πνεύματι, νῦν καὶ αἰεὶ καὶ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰῶνων.

Ψάλται· Ἀμήν.

*Archbishop:*

*O God of spirits and all flesh, who trampled down death and crushed the devil, giving life to your world; do you, Lord, give rest to the soul of your servant John, who has fallen asleep, in a place of light, a place of green pasture, a place of refreshment, whence pain, grief and sighing have fled away. Pardon, O God, as you are good and love mankind, every sin committed by him in word or deed or thought, because there is no one who will live and not sin, for you alone are without sin; your righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and your word is truth.*

*Deacon: Let us pray to the Lord.*

*Chanters: Lord, have mercy.*

*For you are the resurrection, the life and the repose of your servant John, who has fallen asleep, Christ our God, and to you we give glory, together with your Father who is without beginning and your all-holy, good and life-giving Spirit, now and for ever, and to the ages of ages.*

*Chanters: Amen.*

*All remain standing. The Chanters sing*

#### THE KONTAKION

Μετὰ τῶν Ἁγίων ἀνάπαυσον, Χριστέ, τὴν ψυχὴν τοῦ δούλου σου, ἔνθα οὐκ ἔστι πόνος, οὐ λύπη, οὐ στεναγμός, ἀλλὰ ζωὴ ἀτελεύτητος.

*With the Saints give rest, O Christ, to the soul of your servant, where there is no toil, nor grief, nor sighing, but life everlasting.*

*All sit. The Orchestra plays*

MOTHER OF GOD, HERE I STAND

*John Tavener (2006)*  
*from The Veil of the Temple*

THE ADDRESS

*by*

Sir Nicholas Kenyon CBE

*All remain seated. The Choir sings*

FUNERAL IKOS

**W**HY these bitter words of the dying, O brethren,  
which they utter as they go hence?

I am parted from my brethren.

All my friends do I abandon, and go hence.

But whither I go, that understand I not,  
neither what shall become of me yonder;  
only God who hath summoned me knoweth.

But make commemoration of me with the song:  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

But whither now go the souls?

How dwell they now together there?

This mystery have I desired to learn; but none can impart aright.

Do they call to mind their own people, as we do them?

Or have they forgotten all those who mourn them and make the song:  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

We go forth on the path eternal, and as condemned,  
with downcast faces, present ourselves before the only God eternal.

Where then is comeliness? Where then is wealth?

Where then is the glory of this world?

There shall none of these things aid us, but only to say oft the psalm:  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

If thou hast shown mercy unto man, O man,  
that same mercy shall be shown thee there;  
and if on an orphan thou hast shown compassion,  
the same shall there deliver thee from want.  
If in this life the naked thou hast clothed,  
the same shall give thee shelter there, and sing the psalm:  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Youth and the beauty of the body fade at the hour of death,  
and the tongue then burneth fiercely, and the parched throat is inflamed.  
The beauty of the eyes is quenched then, the comeliness of the face all  
altered,  
the shapeliness of the neck destroyed; and the other parts have become  
numb, nor often say:  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

With ecstasy are we inflamed if we but hear that there is light eternal  
yonder;  
that there is Paradise, wherein every soul of Righteous Ones rejoiceth.  
Let us all, also, enter into Christ, that we may cry aloud thus unto God:  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

*John Tavener (1981)*

*from the Orthodox service for the burial of priests  
translated by Isabel Hapgood (1851–1928)*

*Theodora Tavener reads*

NINETY-NINE WORDS FOR MY DARLING CHILDREN,  
THEODORA, SOFIA AND ORLANDO

**W**HAT we know is ringed with darkness; God, however, sees it as  
light. Find the courage to trust this Reality; remember God every  
day. Strive to embrace all creations. If we are with God when all is well,  
He will be with us when life wounds. Seek what exalts you, and live ‘à  
tout risque’. Life is a dream, but it is not our dream. All that happens to  
you is sent from God. Aspire to that state of bliss which inhabits all things,  
for ‘God is a beautiful being, and he loves beauty’. Your true self is God.

*All stand. The Reverend Christopher Stoltz, Minor Canon and Sacrist  
of Westminster, sings:*

**A**TTENDING to the wisdom of Christ’s commandments, we offer our  
prayers to the Father in union with the whole Church, on earth and  
in heaven.



*The Choir sings*

## THE LORD'S PRAYER

**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. Amen.

*John Tavener (1999)*

*All remain standing to sing*

## THE HYMN



**Y**E watchers and ye holy ones,  
bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,  
raise the glad strain, Alleluia!  
Cry out Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,  
Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs,  
Alleluia!

O higher than the Cherubim,  
more glorious than the Seraphim,  
lead their praises, Alleluia.  
Thou Bearer of the eternal Word,  
most gracious, magnify the Lord,  
Alleluia!

Respond, ye souls in endless rest,  
ye Patriarchs and Prophets blest,  
Alleluia, Alleluia.  
Ye holy Twelve, ye Martyrs strong,  
all Saints triumphant, raise the song  
Alleluia!

O friends, in gladness let us sing,  
supernal anthems echoing,  
Alleluia, Alleluia.  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
and God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Alleluia!

*Lasst uns erfreuen 478 NEH*  
*Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)*  
*adapted from Geistliche Kirchengesang Cologne, 1623*

*Athelstan Riley (1858–1945)*

*All remain standing. The Dean pronounces*

#### THE BLESSING

**U**NTO God's gracious mercy and protection we commit you. The Lord bless you 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:*

Transports de joie d'une âme devant la gloire du Christ qui est la sienne  
*from L'Ascension* *Olivier Messiaen (1908–92)*

*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.**

**A retiring collection is taken for the John Tavener Memorial Fund.**

*The bells of the Abbey Church are rung.*

## THE HIDDEN FACE

*The Hidden Face* is a prayer, for solo counter-tenor, oboe, and a distant group of muted violins and violas. It tries to hold within it a whole tradition with nothing personal or idiosyncratic, as in ikon painting, though this is a severe challenge for a composer working at the end of the twentieth century. There was once a music which was not 'interesting' in the way that nearly all Western music from the early Middle Ages is interesting. To be interesting, in the modern Western sense, it must be not only created, but made even more interesting by 'the obscene tyrant, the ego'.

Prayer, in the Orthodox East, is from the heart. The mind must have gone into the heart. We pray secretly, secret even from ourselves, since only the Divine Presence knows what is in our hearts, and this suggests a music of such humility, wrapped in a depth of inner silence and stillness of which we have no idea.

Paradise was made of peace, and so Adam could hear the Divine Voice. It is almost impossible now. We have to cast off all the received, intellectual, sophisticated garbage, and also the preconceived knowledge of God that modern man has so disastrously collected, and listen with a heart that has become so soft that the Face is no longer Hidden.

But we are still at the beginning, so the title remains *The Hidden Face*.

*John Tavener*

*First performed on 13<sup>th</sup> October 1996 at the Barbican Hall, London, by Michael Chance, countertenor, Nicholas Daniel, oboe, and the strings of the City of London Sinfonia, conducted by Richard Hickox*

## ETERNITY'S SUNRISE

*'I shared in the image of God, but did not keep it safe; the Lord shares in my flesh, so as to save the image, and to make the flesh immortal.'*

*St Gregory of Nazianzus*

My first ideas for *Eternity's Sunrise* came to me in January 1997, soon after my father's death. These ideas were taken up again in September the same year, in response to a commission from the Academy of Ancient Music.

The concept of solo soprano (representing earth) at ground level, handbells (representing the angels) at an intermediate position, and the main baroque ensemble at a high level (representing heaven) fitted exactly with the Blake text which I had decided to set. When seen as things truly are, the earth is a mirror of the Eternal World, and when seen correctly, it is possible in this world to live in Eternity's sunrise. God does not exist in the world. And yet at the same time He is reflected in it, giving it form and structure. The music should be played with quiet joy, as a day of sunshine and calm, full of gentleness and radiance.

*John Tavener*

*First performed on 1<sup>st</sup> July 1998 at the City of London Festival by Patricia Rozario OBE with the Academy of Ancient Music, conducted by Paul Goodwin*

## THEY ARE ALL GONE INTO THE WORLD OF LIGHT

The words of this piece are taken from the poem *They are all gone into the world of light* by Henry Vaughan. The music came to me after attending the beautiful and moving funeral of Marianne Yacoub, wife of the eminent heart surgeon Sir Magdi Yacoub who has been such a great support to me over many years.

*John Tavener*

*In memory of Marianne Yacoub*

*First performed at the funeral of Mother Thekla, August 2011, by the English Chamber Singers, conducted by Martin Neary*

## THRENOS

*Threnos* ('Lament') for solo cello was composed for Steven Isserlis late in 1990. The title, Tavener writes, 'has both liturgical and folk significance in Greece—the Threnos of the Mother of God sung at the Epitaphios on Good Friday, and the Threnos of Mourning which is chanted over the dead body on the house of a close friend.' Tavener wrote his *Threnos* to commemorate the death of a close friend, Dr Costas Marangopoulos.

## THE LAMB

I wrote *The Lamb* in 1982 while being driven by my mother from South Devon to London. It came to me fully grown, so to speak, so all I had to do was to write it down. It was inspired by Blake and by my three-year-old nephew, Simon. Blake's child-like vision perhaps explains the great popularity of *The Lamb* in a world that is starved of this precious and sacred dimension in almost every aspect of life.

*John Tavener*

*For Simon's 3<sup>rd</sup> birthday*

*First performed by the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, conducted by Stephen Cleobury, as part of A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols on 24<sup>th</sup> December 1982*

## SONG OF THE ANGEL

*Song of the Angel* sets one word in Greek—Allelouia.

The music should be sung and played with a restrained ecstasy. In other words, it should not bring pounding of the heart, nor should it lead to melancholy. 'Like all the music of the "East" it should reveal in tranquillity an eternal, angelic, ecstatic breath which liberates and humanises'. These are the words of Coomaraswamy.

*John Tavener*

*Dedicated to Yehudi Menuhin and Edna Michell*

*Composed for the fiftieth anniversary of the United Nations*

## FUNERAL IKOS

*Funeral Ikos* was written in 1981 when Tavener was 37. It is a serene setting of words which are probably unfamiliar to most of us and which are a simple statement of the reward in Paradise for the Righteous Ones. The music shows the influence of Stravinsky, who used a similar homophonic style for some of his religious settings, but Tavener's music is, in this piece, much simpler harmonically. Indeed, much of it is in unison, allowing the full impact of the words to shine through. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the sensitive musicality, in which the sounds are almost just an accompaniment to the words, can only have been achieved by an extraordinary, sensitive composer of deep religious conviction.

## MOTHER OF GOD, HERE I STAND

*Mother of God, here I stand* was originally an anthem for unaccompanied choir, taken from Tavener's all-night vigil, *The Veil of the Temple*. This anthem was sponsored by the Toulmin family. It is dedicated to the Choir of the Temple Church, its Director of Music, Stephen Layton, and the Master of the Temple, The Reverend Robin Griffith-Jones. This version for strings was arranged by Tavener in 2006.

The first performance of the anthem took place on 13<sup>th</sup> May 2004, by the Choir of the Temple Church with James Vivian, organ, conducted by Stephen Layton.

Mother of God, here I stand now praying,  
Before this ikon of your radiant brightness,  
Not praying to be saved from a battlefield:  
Not giving thanks, nor seeking forgiveness  
For the sins of my soul, nor for all the souls.  
Numb, joyless and desolate on earth,  
But for her alone, whom I wholly give you.

*Mikhail Lermontov (1814–1841)*

## THE LORD'S PRAYER

*The Lord's Prayer* should be sung very quietly, with an inner serenity and calm that is almost 'silent'. This is the Prayer of all Prayers, and nothing can violate its silent theophany.

*John Tavener*

*Commissioned by the Guildford Philharmonic for the Tallis Scholars, with assistance from South East Arts*



*Manchester Festival, 2013  
© Joanna Bergin*

Ah! What was there in that candle's light?  
Oh, you struck fire in my heart, and I have been consumed!  
Oh, friend, come quickly!  
From the face of the heart, the Divine has appeared.  
Nothing can help me but that beauty.  
(Once, at dawn, my heart was shattered by your sweet odour!)  
My soul heard something from your soul.  
When my heart drank water from your spring, it drowned in you,  
And was borne away in its current.

*Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Rūmī (1207–73)  
translated by E H Winfield*

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