

Westminster Abbey



**Service of Thanksgiving
for the
Life and Work
of
Sir Kenneth MacMillan
(1929-1992)**

**Wednesday 17 February 1993
Noon**

*The Service is sung by the Choir of Westminster Abbey,
directed by Martin Neary, Organist and Master of the Choristers.*

*Music before the Service is played by The Royal Ballet Sinfonia
(the Orchestra of The Birmingham Royal Ballet):*

*Leader: Yuri Torchinsky
Conductor: Barry Wordsworth*

Waltz from Carousel Richard Rogers (1902-79)

First Sea Interlude – Dawn Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

*Piano Concerto in G major (Adagio assai) Maurice Ravel
Solo piano: Philip Gammon (1875-1937)*

*Balcony pas de deux Sergey Prokofiev
from Romeo and Juliet (1891-1953)*

Note on the music chosen for this Service

*Sir Kenneth's last choreography was for The Royal National
Theatre's production of Carousel in 1992.*

The Dawn Interlude was a favourite piece of music.

*Sir Kenneth used the Ravel concerto for La fin du jour created
for The Royal Ballet in 1979.*

*Romeo and Juliet was his first full-length ballet created for The
Royal Ballet in 1965.*

*Song of the Earth was created for The Stuttgart Ballet in 1965
and first performed by The Royal Ballet in 1966.*

*Requiem was created for The Stuttgart Ballet in 1977, in
memory of Sir Kenneth's friend and colleague John Cranko, and
first performed by The Royal Ballet in 1983.*

ORDER OF SERVICE

*The Lord Mayor of Westminster is received at the Great West
Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster and is conducted
to his place in the Quire.*

*The Representative of Her Royal Highness The Princess
Margaret, Countess of Snowdon, is received at the Great West
Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.*

*All stand as the Representative of Her Royal Highness is
conducted by the Dean to her place in the Quire.*

All sit

*At 12 noon, all stand for the Procession of the Collegiate Body to
move from the West End of the Church as the Choir sings the
Sentences:*

*I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that
believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and
whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.*

St John 11: 25, 26

*I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at
the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin
worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God:
whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and
not another.*

Job 19: 25-27

*We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can
carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken
away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*

1 Timothy 6: 7; Job 1: 21

*William Croft (1678-1727)
Organist of Westminster Abbey 1708-27*

All remain standing for the Dean to say

THE BIDDING

WE come to worship God and to thank him for all he gives us. In particular today we thank him for the gifts with which he blessed Kenneth MacMillan, as we commend him to God's merciful love and forgiveness.

We celebrate the life of a choreographer who understood the universal power of dance to move us to wonder and to pity, and whose memory will be honoured wherever his ballets are performed.

Many are grateful for his instinctive ability to spot and encourage young talent; for his insatiable and invigorating curiosity about everything; for the courage with which he battled against ill-health; and for the strength of his devotion to Deborah and Charlotte, as well as the warmth and encouragement of his friendship.

'O sing unto the Lord a new song: let the congregation of saints praise him.
Let them praise his name in the dance.'

All remain standing to sing the Hymn, during which students of The Royal Ballet Upper and Lower School bring flowers to the Sacrament:

LET 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 202 AMNS
Basil Harwood (1859-1949)
Descant by Martin Neary*

George Herbert (1593-1633)

All sit for Jeremy Isaacs, Director General of The Royal Opera House, to read:

1 CORINTHIANS 13

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

All stand to sing:

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Crimond *Psalm 23*
Melody by Jessie S Irvine (1836-87) in Scottish Psalter (1650)

All sit for Lynn Seymour, CBE, to read verses from

PEGASUS

by C Day Lewis

All remain seated for Anthony Dowell, CBE, Director of The Royal Ballet, to read from the Nave Pulpit a Tribute written by Dame Ninette de Valois, OM, CH, DBE, Founder of The Royal Ballet.

All remain seated for Richard Greager, accompanied by the Orchestra, to sing

THE SONG OF THE EARTH

Third song – About Youth

by Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Mitten in dem kleinen Teiche
Steht ein Pavillon aus grünem
Und aus weissem Porzellan.

*In the middle of the little pond
Stands a pavilion of green
And white porcelain.*

Wie der Rücken eines Tigers
Wölbt die Brücke sich aus Jade
Zu dem Pavillon hinüber.

*Like the back of a tiger
The bridge of jade arches
Across to the pavilion.*

In dem Häuschen sitzen Freunde,
Schön gekleidet, trinken,
plaudern,
Manche schreiben Verse nieder.

*In the little house friends are sitting,
Beautifully dressed, drinking,
chattering;
Some are writing down verses.*

Ihre seidnen Ärmel gleiten
Rückwärts, ihre seidnen Mützen
Hocken lustig tief im Nacken.

*Their silken sleeves glide
Back, their silken caps
Perch cheerfully on the backs of
their heads.*

Auf des kleinen Teiches stiller
Wasserfläche zeigt sich alles
Wunderlich im Spiegelbilde.

Alles auf dem Kopfe stehend
In dem Pavillon aus grünem
Und aus weissem Porzellan;

Wie ein Halbmond scheint die
Brücke,
Umgekehrt der Bogen. Freunde,
Schön gekleidet, trinken,
plaudern.

*On the little pond's still
Surface everything is seen
Curiously mirrored.*

*They are all standing on their heads
In the pavilion of green
And white porcelain;*

*The bridge shines like a
half-moon,
Its arch upside-down. Friends,
Beautifully dressed, are drinking,
chattering.*

All remain seated for

THE ADDRESSES

to be given by

*Nicholas Hytner
Associate Director, The Royal National Theatre*

and

*Peter Wright, CBE
Director, The Birmingham Royal Ballet*

All remain seated for the Choir to sing the Anthem:

REJOICE in God, O ye Tongues; give the glory to the
Lord and the Lamb.

Nations, and languages, and every Creature, in which is the
breath of Life.

Let man and beast appear before him, and magnify his name
together.

Let Nimrod, the mighty hunter, bind a Leopard to the altar,
and consecrate his spear to the Lord.

Let Ishmael dedicate a Tyger, and give praise for the liberty
in which the Lord has let him at large.
Let Balaam appear with an Ass, and bless the Lord his
people and his creatures for a reward eternal.
Let Daniel come forth with a Lion, and praise God with all
his might through faith in Christ Jesus.
Let Ithamar minister with a Chamois, and bless the name of
Him, that cloatheth the naked.
Let Jakem with the Satyr bless God in the dance.
Let David bless with the Bear – the beginning of victory to
the Lord – to the Lord the perfection of excellence –
Hallelujah from the heart of God and from the hand of the
artist inimitable, and from the echo of the heavenly harp in
sweetness magnificent and mighty.

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

*from Jubilate Agno
Christopher Smart (1722-71)*

All kneel or sit for the Prayers.

*The Reverend Paul Ferguson, Precentor of Westminster Abbey,
says:*

Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

OUR 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.

Before God, let us remember Kenneth MacMillan;
giving thanks for all the ways in which he served the world of
ballet;
for the enrichment of our lives that came about through his
art;
for his encouragement of others;
and that through his collaboration with musicians, designers
and dancers the gifts and potential of all were more fully
realised.

A prayer for all who are involved in the performing arts:

O GOD, who by thy Spirit in our hearts dost lead us to
desire thy perfection, to seek for truth, and to rejoice
in beauty: illuminate and inspire, we beseech thee, all who
serve the cause of art; that in whatsoever is true and pure and
beautiful, thy name may be hallowed and thy kingdom come
on earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The Reverend Roger Thacker continues:

ALMIGHTY God, whose love is over all thy works: into
thy hands we commit the soul of thy son Kenneth,
beseeching thee to grant to him the unutterable joys of thine
eternal kingdom. Keep alive in us the memory of those dear
to us whom thou hast called to thyself, and grant that every
remembrance which turns our hearts from things seen to
things unseen may lead us always upwards to thee, till we too
come to the eternal rest which thou hast prepared for thy
people; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

O almighty God, Father of all mercies and giver of all
comfort: deal graciously, we pray, with those who mourn,
that casting all their care on thee, they may know the con-
solation of thy love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

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 to sing the Hymn:

O PRAISE ye the Lord! praise him in the height;
Rejoice in his word, ye angels of light;
Ye heavens adore him by whom ye were made,
And worship before him, in brightness arrayed.

O praise ye the Lord! praise him upon earth,
In tuneful accord, ye sons of new birth;
Praise him who hath brought you his grace from above,
Praise him who hath taught you to sing of his love.

O praise ye the Lord, all things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord re-echo around;
Loud organs, his glory forth tell in deep tone,
And, sweet harp, the story of what he hath done.

O praise ye the Lord! thanksgiving and song
To him be outpoured all ages along;
For love in creation, for heaven restored,
For grace of salvation, O praise ye the Lord! Amen.

*Laudate Dominum 203 AMNS
Hubert Parry (1848-1918)*

*H W Baker (1821-77)
Psalm 150*

All kneel or sit for the Reverend Colin Semper, Canon in Residence, to say:

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 glory and dominion, world without end. **Amen.**

John Donne (1573-1631)

The Dean gives

THE BLESSING

All sit for Simon de Baat, accompanied by the Orchestra, to sing:

*Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis Holy Lord Jesus, give them
requiem sempiternam. eternal rest.*

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) from the Requiem

All stand.

The Procession moves to the West End of the Church.

*Music after the Service, played by
Martin Baker, Sub-Organist of Westminster Abbey:*

Final (Symphonie No. 6) Louis Vierne (1870-1937)

The Bells of the Abbey Church are rung.

Members of the Congregation are asked to remain in their places until invited by the Stewards to move.

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