



The Funeral Service
of
The Right Honourable
The Baroness Thatcher
of Kesteven LG, OM, FRS



CHERISH FREEDOM

Wednesday 17 April 2013
11am

What we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from.

We die with the dying:
See, they depart, and we go with them.
We are born with the dead:
See, they return, and bring us with them.
The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew-tree
Are of equal duration. A people without history
Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern
Of timeless moments. So, while the light fails
On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel
History is now and England.

With the drawing of this Love and the voice of this Calling

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

Little Gidding (1942) from *Four Quartets*
T. S. Eliot (1888-1965)

*The Choir of St Paul's Cathedral
is conducted by
Andrew Carwood,
Director of Music*

*The Organ is played before the service by
Richard Moore, Organ Scholar,
and Timothy Wakerell, Sub-Organist;
and during the service by
Simon Johnson,
Organist and Assistant Director of Music*

*The Coffin is borne by a tri-Service bearer party,
found by Arms and Services
represented in the Falklands*

*The West Steps of the Cathedral
are lined by
In Pensioners of the Royal Hospital Chelsea*

*Before the Service, a single half-muffled bell
will toll for the arrival of the Cortege
and, after the Service,
The St Paul's Cathedral Guild of Ringers
will ring 'Stedman Cinques'
with the Cathedral's bells half-muffled*

Music before the Service

Richard Moore, Organ Scholar, plays

Meditation on John Keble's Rogationtide Hymn John Ireland (1879-1962)

Psalm-Prelude (Set 2, No 1) Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Allegro maestoso and Andante espressivo Edward Elgar (1857-1934)
from *Sonata in G major (Op. 28)*

Adagio in E major Frank Bridge (1879-1941)
from *Three Pieces for Organ*

Timothy Wakerell, Sub-Organist, plays

Fantasia and Toccata (Op. 57) Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

Master Tallis's Testament Herbert Howells (1892-1983)
from *Six Pieces for Organ*

Toccata and Fugue 'The Wanderer' C. Hubert H. Parry (1848-1918)

Rhosymedre from Three Preludes Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
founded on Welsh Hymn Tunes

Simon Johnson, Organist, plays

Elegy C. Hubert H. Parry (1848-1918)

The Arrival

At 10 am, remain seated as Heads of State, the Royal Representatives of Heads of State and the Diplomatic Corps are received by a member of Chapter at the South Door of the Cathedral and are then conducted to their seats in the South Transept.

At 10.10 am, remain seated as Visiting Representatives of World Faiths leave the Dean's Aisle and are then conducted to their seats in the Quire.

At 10.15 am, remain seated as the Lord Speaker, Mr Speaker and the Prime Minister are received at the North Door of the Cathedral by a member of Chapter and are then conducted to their seats under the Dome.

At 10.25 am, remain seated as the Chapter, the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury leave the Dean's Aisle and proceed to the Great West Door of the Cathedral.

At 10.35 am, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs arrive at the Cathedral and are received by the Chapter; the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Remain seated as the Sheriffs are conducted to their seats in the Quire.

At 10.40 am, members of the Family arrive at the Cathedral and are received by the Chapter; the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury and are then conducted to their seats under the Dome.

At 10.45 am, stand as the Foundation Procession leaves the Dean's Aisle.

A Virger

Acolyte Crucifer Acolyte

The Choir

A Virger

Acolyte Crucifer Acolyte

The College of Minor Canons

A Virger

Visiting Ecumenical Representatives

A Virger

Visiting Clergy

The Archbishop of York

A Virger

The College of Canons

At 10.45 am, The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh arrive at the Cathedral and are received at the foot of the West Steps by the Lord Mayor, who accompanies them to the Great West Door, where Her Majesty and His Royal Highness are received by the Chapter, the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Her Majesty is preceded by the Lord Mayor bearing the Mourning Sword.

Remain standing as The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh process to their seats under the Dome.

A Virger

The Archbishop's Chaplain
bearing the Cross of Canterbury

The Archbishop of Canterbury

The Dean's Virger

The Chapter

A Virger

The Chancellor of the Diocese of London

The Bishop of London

The Bishop's Chaplain

The Lord Mayor
bearing the Mourning Sword

The Duke of Edinburgh THE QUEEN

Sit

Stand as the Cathedral clock strikes the hour, and the Coffin is carried into the Cathedral and placed upon the Bier under the Dome.

A Virger

Acolyte Crucifer Acolyte

The Choir

A Virger

The Ceremoniarus

The Canon in Residence

The Bearers of the Insignia

The Pall Bearers

The Coffin

borne by the Bearer Party

Michael Thatcher and Amanda Thatcher, grandchildren of Baroness Thatcher, carry cushions bearing the Insignia of the Order of the Garter and the Order of Merit, which are laid on the Dome Altar.

ORDER OF SERVICE

*The congregation is asked to join in the texts printed in **bold**.*

As the Procession of the Coffin moves through the Nave, 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.

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 and Job 1. 21

Music: William Croft (1678-1727)

The Bidding

given by

The Very Reverend David Ison,
Dean of St Paul's

We come to this Cathedral today to remember before God Margaret Hilda Thatcher, to give thanks for her life and work, and to commend her into God's hands. We recall with great gratitude her leadership of this nation, her courage, her steadfastness, and her resolve to accomplish what she believed to be right for the common good. We remember the values by which she lived, the ideals she embraced, her dignity, her diligence, her courtesy, and her personal concern for the well-being of individuals.

And as we remember, so we rejoice in the lifelong companionship she enjoyed with Denis, and we pray for her family and friends and for all who mourn her passing.

We continue to pray for this nation, giving thanks for its traditions of freedom, for the rule of law and for parliamentary democracy; remembering the part we have played in peace and conflict over many centuries and in all parts of the world; praying for all today who suffer and sorrow in sickness, poverty, oppression or despair, that in harmony and truth we may seek to be channels of Christ's faith, hope and compassion to all the world; joining our prayers together as we say:

**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.**

Hymn

**He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.**

**Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound -
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.**

**Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.**

Words: John Bunyan (1628-88)
and Percy Dearmer (1867-1936)

Tune: *Monks Gate*
adapted from an English folksong by
Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Sit

First Reading

read by

Amanda Thatcher,
Granddaughter

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

Ephesians 6. 10-18

Anthem

Hear my prayer, O Lord,
And let my crying come unto thee.

Words: Psalm 102. 1

Music: Henry Purcell (1658/9-95)

Second Reading

read by

The Right Honourable David Cameron, MP,
Prime Minister

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

John 14. 1-6

Anthem

How lovely is thy dwelling place, O Lord of Hosts!
For my soul, it longeth, yea fainteth, for the courts of the Lord;
My soul and body crieth out, yea for the living God.
Blest are they that dwell within thy house, they praise thy name evermore.

Words: Psalm 84. 1, 2, 4

Music: from *Ein Deutsches Requiem* (Op. 45)
Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

The Address

given by

The Right Reverend and Right Honourable Richard Chartres, KCVO,
Bishop of London

Stand

Hymn

**Love Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.**

**Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.**

**Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!**

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-88)

Tune: *Blaenwern*
William Rowlands (1860-1937)
descant by John Scott (b.1956)
Organist of St Paul's (1990-2004)

The Prayers

led by

The Reverend Sarah Eynstone,
Minor Canon and Chaplain

The Reverend Prebendary Rose Hudson-Wilkin,
Speaker's Chaplain

The Most Reverend Patrick Kelly,
Roman Catholic Archbishop Emeritus of Liverpool

The Reverend William Hall,
The American Church

The Reverend Ruth Gee,
President Designate of the Methodist Conference

Let us pray.

Sit or kneel

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased?

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.

Like as a father pitieth his own children: even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him. For he knoweth whereof we are made: he remembereth that we are but dust. The days of man are but as grass: for he flourisheth as a flower of the field. For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever and ever upon them that fear him: and his righteousness upon children's children.

O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also hath taught us, by his holy Apostle Saint Paul, not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in him: We meekly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him, as our hope is this our sister doth; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight; and receive that blessing, which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Grant this we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. **Amen.**

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

O heavenly Father, who in thy Son Jesus Christ, has given us a true faith, and a sure hope: help us, we pray thee, to live as those who believe and trust in the Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, and the resurrection to life everlasting, and strengthen this faith and hope in us all the days of our life: through the love of thy Son, Jesus Christ our Saviour. **Amen.**

Anthem

In paradisum deducant te Angeli;
in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres,
et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Ierusalem.
Chorus angelorum te suscipiat,
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere
aeternam habeas requiem.

May angels lead you into paradise;
upon your arrival, may the martyrs receive you
and lead you to the holy city of Jerusalem.
May the ranks of angels receive you,
and with Lazarus, the poor man,
may you have eternal rest.

Words: from the Requiem Mass

Music: from *Messe de Requiem* (Op. 48)
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. **Amen.**

Stand

Hymn

**I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.**

**And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.**

Words: Cecil Spring-Rice (1859-1918)

Tune: *Thaxted*
adapted from *Jupiter (The Planets)*
by Gustav Holst (1874-1934)

The Commendation

led by

The Bishop of London

Go forth upon thy journey from this world O Christian soul,
in the name of the Father who created thee,
in the name of the Son who died to redeem thee,
in the name of the Holy Spirit who has called thee out of darkness
into his glorious light,
aided by angels and archangels and all the armies of the heavenly host;
may thy portion this day be in peace,
and thy dwelling place in the heavenly Jerusalem.

The Blessing

given by

The Most Reverend and Right Honourable Justin Welby,
Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England and Metropolitan

Support us, O Lord, all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then, Lord, in your mercy grant us a safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last; through Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and for ever. And the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit be with you and remain with you this day and always. **Amen.**

The Recessional

during which the Coffin, accompanied by the Family, is carried out of the Cathedral.

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.

Music: *Nunc dimittis* from *Evening Service in G*
Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

Remain standing as the Chapter and the Bishop of London, preceded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, conduct The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh through the Great West Door to the Portico. Her Majesty is preceded by the Lord Mayor bearing the Mourning Sword.

The Cathedral bells ring half-muffled as the hearse leaves from the bottom of the West Steps of the Cathedral for The Royal Hospital Chelsea.

The Organist plays

Nimrod from Enigma Variations

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)
arr. William H. Harris (1883-1973)

The Mayoral Party is conducted to the South West Door of the Cathedral.

*The Choir, the College of Minor Canons, Visiting Ecumenical Representatives,
Visiting Clergy and the College of Canons return to the Dean's Aisle.*

Visiting Representatives of World Faiths return to the Dean's Aisle.

Sit

*The Heads of State, the Royal Representatives of Heads of State and the
Diplomatic Corps leave the Cathedral through the South Door.*

*Members of the congregation are asked to remain in their places until invited
to leave by a Wandsman or an Usher.*

Music after the Service

Prelude and Fugue in C minor (BWV 546)

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore; -
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death.

Ode: Intimations of Immortality
from *Recollections of Early Childhood* (1802)
William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

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