



SERVICE
OF
PREPARATION
FOR THE FUNERAL OF
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



at
GLASGOW CATHEDRAL (ST MUNGO'S)
or the
HIGH KIRK OF GLASGOW

***Floral Tribute* by Simon Armitage**

Evening will come, however determined the late afternoon,
Limes and oaks in their last green flush, pearled in September mist.
I have conjured a lily to light these hours, a token of thanks,
Zones and auras of soft glare framing the brilliant globes.
A promise made and kept for life — that was your gift —
Because of which, here is a gift in return, glovewort to some,
Each shining bonnet guarded by stern lance-like leaves.
The country loaded its whole self into your slender hands,
Hands that can rest, now, relieved of a century's weight.
Evening has come. Rain on the black lochs and dark Munros.
Lily of the Valley, a namesake almost, a favourite flower
Interlaced with your famous bouquets, the restrained
Zeal and forceful grace of its lanterns, each inflorescence
A silent bell disguising a singular voice. A blurred new day
Breaks uncrowned on remote peaks and public parks, and
Everything turns on these luminous petals and deep roots,
This lily that thrives between spire and tree, whose brightness
Holds and glows beyond the life and border of its bloom.

TAKING PART IN TONIGHT'S SERVICE

Leading Worship – Reverend Mark Johnstone

Assisting – Reverend Ian Black, Chaplain to Glasgow Cathedral

Assisting – Reverend Hilary McDougall Moderator, Presbytery of Glasgow

Assisting – Reverend Dr Grant Barclay Clerk, Presbytery of Glasgow and
member of the Chapel Royal

Director of Music – Andrew Forbes

Organist – Professor Malcolm Sim

Glasgow Cathedral Choir

The Cathedral is served by a hearing loop. Users should turn their
hearing aid to the setting marked T.

The congregation are kindly requested to ensure that mobile
telephones and other electronic devices are switched off.

Glasgow Cathedral (St Mungo's) or High Kirk of Glasgow

Note to all taking part: this is a mournful service, and silence is acceptable. The tone is to be of the 'evening'. There should be a gentleness and flow to the worship with little being announced. This should not feel like a grand state occasion, more the private devotions of the individuals who have gathered, with the support of the Church community aiding their expression of faith in worship. This service should be an aid to the private devotions of the individual, at this time of preparation for the funeral service of Her Late Majesty the Queen.

Voluntary: *Elegy* – Sir George Thalben-Ball (1896–1987)

The Bible is taken to the Chancel followed by the Minister.

Words of Welcome & Introduction

Call to worship (choir)

*The Lord is my light and my salvation:
whom shall I fear?*

*The Lord is the stronghold of my life:
of whom shall I be afraid?*

Psalm 27:1

Hymn *For all the saints*

1. For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
2. Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
3. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
4. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Prayer

Reflective readings:

From The Pilgrim's Progress

'I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too.'

Response

Extracts from Her Majesty's Christmas messages

'For me, the life of Jesus Christ, the prince of peace, whose birth we celebrate at Christmas, is an inspiration and an anchor in my life. A role model of reconciliation and forgiveness, he stretched out his hands in love, acceptance and healing. Christ's example has taught me to seek to respect and value all people, of whatever faith or none.' (2014)

Response

'Jesus Christ lived obscurely for most of his life, and never travelled far. He was maligned and rejected by many, though he had done no wrong. And yet, billions of people now follow his teaching and find in him the guiding light for their lives. I am one of them because Christ's example helps me see the value of doing small things with great love, whoever does them and whatever they themselves believe.' (2016)

Response

'The Christmas message shows us that this love is for everyone. There is no one beyond its reach.' (2013)

Response

'Forgiveness lies at the heart of the Christian faith. It can heal broken families, it can restore friendships and it can reconcile divided communities. It is in forgiveness that we feel the power of God's love.' (2011)

Response

'I, like so many of you, have drawn great comfort in difficult times from Christ's words and example.' (2000)

Response

Reflection: *Farewell to Stromness* – Sir Peter Maxwell Davies (1934–2016)

God's word to us:

1 Corinthians 15:35 – The Resurrection Body

But someone will ask, "How are the dead raised? With what kind of body do they come?" Fool! What you sow does not come to life unless it dies. And as for what you sow, you do not sow the body that is to be, but a bare seed, perhaps of wheat or of some other grain. But God gives it a body as he has chosen, and to each kind of seed its own body.

So it is with the resurrection of the dead. What is sown is perishable, what is raised is imperishable. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a physical body, it is raised a spiritual body.

What I am saying, brothers and sisters, is this: flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does the perishable inherit the imperishable. For this perishable body must put on imperishability, and this mortal body must put on immortality.

When this perishable body puts on imperishability, and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled:

"Death has been swallowed up in victory."

"Where, O death, is your victory?"

Where, O death, is your sting?"

1 Thessalonians 4:13 – The Coming of the Lord

But we do not want you to be uninformed, brothers and sisters, about those who have died, so that you may not grieve as others do who have no hope. For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have died. For this we declare to you by the word of the Lord, that we who are alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, will by no means precede those who have died. For the Lord himself, with a cry of command, with the archangel's call and with the sound of God's trumpet, will descend from heaven, and the dead in Christ will rise first. Then we who are alive, who are left, will be caught up in the clouds together with them to meet the Lord in the air; and so we will be with the Lord forever. Therefore encourage one another with these words.

Prayer

Let us pray.

*Almighty God, our Queen is dead, her long life is over
but You live forever!*

*Our Queen is dead, her long reign is over
but You reign forever!*

*Our Queen is dead, her loving service is over
but Your love lives forever!*

*We give You thanks
that in Your life, she shaped her life;
under Your sovereignty, she fashioned her reign;
in Your loving heart, she found wisdom and peace.*

*Forgive us when we didn't follow her example,
nor recognised the power of humble, Christ-like service.
Strengthen our resolve to find our home in Your heart
and to live with wisdom, humility and grace.*

*Lord, Your kingship surprises
for it is found in a manger and on a cross
and in this light all earthly monarchs
may find the wisdom to rule
as Your servant, Elizabeth, did so memorably.*

*Enable us to value her ministry
in the way we serve one another
that she who reigned over us may live gloriously with You for aye through
Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Lord – Amen*

Hymn *The Lord's my Shepherd*

1. 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.
2. My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own Name's sake.
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
4. My table thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
5. Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

God's word to us:

Matthew 11: 28-30

Come to me, all you that are weary and are carrying heavy burdens, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

Choral response to Scripture

Homily

Reflection (choir): *From the falter of breath* – John L Bell (b.1949)

Concluding prayer

The day is long spent, the shadows lengthen, and the pattern of our days will change. A voice no longer heard; company no longer enjoyed. Preparation made for a final journey. A journey that may bring hope and consolation to the mourning. May the bereaved be ever in our prayers. Our King and our country they are remembered.

Nunc dimittis (choir) – Robert Parsons (c.1535–1572)

*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.*

Luke 2:29-32

When Great Trees Fall

Maya Angelou

*When great trees fall,
rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down in tall grasses,
and even elephants lumber after safety.*

*When great trees fall in forests,
small things recoil into silence,
their senses eroded beyond fear.*

*When great souls die,
the air around us becomes
light, rare, sterile.*

*We breathe, briefly.
Our eyes, briefly, see with a hurtful clarity.
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,
examines,
gnaws on kind words unsaid,
promised walks never taken.*

*Great souls die and our reality,
bound to them, takes leave of us.
Our souls, dependent upon their
nurture, now shrink,
wizened.*

*Our minds,
Formed and informed by their
radiance, fall away.*

*We are not so much maddened
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance of
dark, cold caves.*

*And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly.*

*Spaces fill with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.*

*They existed. They existed.
We can be.
Be and be better.
For they existed.*

Hymn *Abide with me*

1. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3. I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, o Lord, abide with me.

Benediction & choral amen

One minute's silence

*At the end of the silence you will be signalled to leave.
Please leave the cathedral in silence.*

Lochnagar

*The alder boughs hang heavy,
Red weighs the rowan-trees
That line the well-loved path which climbs
To Lochnagar from Dee*

*And knows at last the open hill,
Those ancient wind-honed heights
Where deer stand shy and sky-lined,
Then vanish from living sight*

*Where grief is ice, and history
Is distant roiling skies,
Where weather chases weather
Across the lands she strived*

*To serve, and served supremely well,
Till the call came from afar:
Back to the country kept in her heart,
The Dee, and Lochnagar.*

Ms Kathleen Jamie (Makar)



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