

**PRELUDIAL MUSIC & TEXTS OF THE ANTHEMS, HYMNS & SOLOS
PERFORMED DURING THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR
RONALD WILSON REAGAN
AT WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL**

9:00 THE ORGAN PRELUDE

- Prelude and Fugue in G Major, BWV 541 Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
- “Just as I am” from *Gospel Preludes* William Bolcom (b. 1938)
- Two Chorale Preludes:
O Welt, ich muß dich lassen, Op. 122, No. 3 Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Herzlich tut mich verlangen, Op. 122, No. 10
Aria Paul Manz (b. 1919)
Erik Wm. Suter, Cathedral Organist
- Choral No. 3 in A Minor César Franck (1822-1890)
- Psalm Prelude, Set II, No. 2 Herbert Howells (1892-1983)
“Yea, the darkness is no darkness with Thee,
but the night is as clear as the day;
the darkness and light to Thee are both alike.” *Psalm 139:11*
- Symphonie Gothique, Op. 70 Charles Marie Widor (1844-1937)
Andante Sostenuto
- “The Peace may be exchanged.” (from *Rubrics*) Dan Locklair (b. 1949)
- Sonata No. 2 in C, Op. 65 Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
Grave – Adagio
Allegro maestoso e vivace – Fuga, Allegro Moderato
Scott Hanoian, Assistant Organist and Choirmaster

10:00 THE CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL PRELUDE

The Armed Forces Chorus
Lieutenant Colonel John Clanton, Director
The United States Marine Orchestra
Colonel Timothy W. Foley, Director

- Air from Orchestral Suite No. 3, BWV 1068 Johann Sebastian Bach
- Adagio from Symphony No. 44 in E minor (Trauersinfonie) Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809)
- Chacony in G minor Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
arr. Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
- How lovely is thy dwelling place, from *Ein deutsches Requiem* Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
- Pilgrim’s Hymn Stephen Paulus (b. 1949)

Office of the Director of Music
June 10, 2004

Swing low, sweet chariot

arr. Alice Parker/Robert Shaw

Be still, my soul

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)
arr. Mack Wilberg (b. 1955)

Dance of the Blessed Spirits

Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787)

Larghetto from Serenade for String Orchestra, Op. 20

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Preghiera from Suite No. 4 in G, Op. 61 (Mozartiana)

Peter Illich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

ANTHEM – FAIRE IS THE HEAVEN

William H. Harris (1883-1973)

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have place
In full enjoyment of felicitie;
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine, Eternall Majestie;

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins
Which all with golden wings are overdight.
And those eternall burning Seraphins
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;

Yet fairer than they both and much more bright
Be the Angels and Archangels
Which attend on God's owne person without rest or end.
These then in faire each other farre excelling
As to the Highest they approach more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling

Fairer than all the rest which there appeare
Though all their beauties joynd together were;
How then can mortal tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

—Text by Edmund Spenser (1552-1599) in 1596

ANTHEM – BRING US, O LORD GOD

William H. Harris

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening
into the house and gate of heav'n.
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 habitation of thy glory and dominion.
World without end. Amen.

—Text after John Donne (1571-1631)

ANTHEM – AND I SAW A NEW HEAVEN

Edgar L. Bainton (1880-1956)

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth;
For the first heaven and first earth had passed away,
And there was no more sea.
And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem,
Coming down from God out of heaven,
Prepared as a bride adorned for her husband;
And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying,
“Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men,
and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people;
and God himself shall be with them and be their God;
and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,
and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying,
neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.”

—*Revelation 21:1-4*

SOLO – AVE MARIA (Op. 52, No. 6)

Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)

Ave Maria, gratias plena,
Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc,
et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace
The Lord is with thee:
Blessed art thou among women, and
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.
Holy Maria, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners, now
and in the hour of our departing. Amen.

Ronan Tynan, Irish Tenor

HYMN: O LOVE OF GOD, HOW STRONG AND TRUE

tune:

Jerusalem

by C. Hubert H. Parry (1848-1918) in 1916
arr. Michael McCarthy, 2004

*Sung by the Cathedral Choirs of Men, Boys, and Girls
Michael McCarthy, Director of Music*

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| (1) O love of God, how strong and true!
Eternal, and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.
O love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled, like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite. | (3) We read you best in Him Who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.
We read thy power to bless and save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light,
We read the fullness of thy might. |
| (2) O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!
O wide embracing, wondrous love!
We read you in the sky above,
We read you in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow. | (4) O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way!
Eternal love, in thee we rest
Forever safe, forever blest.
We will exalt you, God Almighty,
And we will ever praise your name;
We will extol you ev'ry day,
And ever more your praise proclaim. |

—Text by Horatius Bonar (1808-1889) in 1858

ANTHEM: BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Sung by The United States Armed Forces Chorus

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

*Refrain: Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 His truth is marching on.*

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

—Text by Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910) in 1862

[This text was first printed in *The Atlantic Monthly*;
February 1862;; *Volume 9, No. 52*; page 10.
*The Battle Hymn of the Republic is depicted graphically
in the bosses of the Cathedral's Lincoln Bay*]

ANTHEM – AMAZING GRACE

tune: New Britain

Ronan Tynan, Tenor

1. Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
was blind, but now I see.
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.
3. The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be,
as long as life endures.
4. Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.
5. When we've been there ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we first begun.

—Text by John Newton (1725-1807)

HYMN – SING WITH ALL THE SAINTS IN GLORY

tune: Ode to Joy
from Beethoven, Ninth Symphony

Sing with all the saints in glory, sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story, to the former days belong.
All around the clouds are breaking, soon the storms of time shall cease;
In God's likeness we, awaken, knowing the everlasting peace.

O what glory, far exceeding all that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading, never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it, there on high our welcome waits.
Every humble spirit shares it; Christ has passed th' eternal gates.

—Text by William Josiah Irons (1812-1883) in 1873

ANTHEM – THE MANSIONS OF THE LORD

Nick Glennie-Smith

The United States Armed Forces Chorus

To fallen soldiers, let us sing,
Where no rockets fly or bullets wing
Our broken brothers let us bring
To the Mansions of the Lord.

No more bleeding, no more fight
No prayers pleading through the night,
Just divine embrace, eternal light
In the Mansions of the Lord.

Where no mothers cry and no children weep
We will stand and guard though the angels sleep
All through the ages safely keep
The Mansions of the Lord.

—Text by Randall Wallace

[Originally sung by the West Point Glee Club to close the film "We Were Soldiers" (2002)]

Recessional begins on fourth verse (orchestra only)

NOTE:

After the service the Bourdon Bell is tolled 40 times, representing President Reagan's order among the Presidents of the United States. The Bourdon Bell of the carillon (E-flat) is 24,000 lbs and 8' 6" diameter.

As the Cortège and Processions leave the church, the Washington Ringing Society now rings a half-muffled full peal of Stedman Caters, comprising 5101 changes, on the Ten-Bell Ring of Washington National Cathedral.