

In loving memory of

**Andrew Christopher West**

31<sup>st</sup> March 1960 – 10<sup>th</sup> July 2025



**St Thomas-on-The Bourne**

Tuesday 19th August 2025 at 1pm

Service conducted by Revd Sandy Clarke

## **Processional Music**

J.S. Bach *Fugue in C major BWV 547*

*Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.*

Matthew 5: 4

## **Welcome and Opening Prayer**

Revd Sandy Clarke

God of all consolation,  
Look with compassion on your children in their loss;  
give to troubled hearts the light of hope  
and strengthen in us the gift of faith,  
in Jesus Christ our Lord.

*All* **Amen.**

## **Hymn**

*I cannot Tell*

I cannot tell why He, whom angels worship,  
Should set His love upon the sons of men,  
Or why, as Shepherd, He should seek the wanderers,  
To bring them back, they know not how or when.  
But this I know, that He was born of Mary  
When Beth'lem's manger was His only home,  
And that he lived at Nazareth and laboured,  
And so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.

I cannot tell how silently He suffered,  
As with his peace He graced this place of tears,  
Or how His heart upon the cross was broken,  
The crown of pain to three and thirty years.

But this I know, He heals the broken-hearted  
And stays our sin and calms our lurking fear  
And lifts the burden from the heavy laden;  
For still the Saviour, Saviour of the world is here.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,  
When, at His bidding, every storm is stilled,  
Or who can say how great the jubilation  
When every heart with love and joy is filled.  
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,  
And myriad, myriad human voices sing,  
And earth to Heaven, and Heaven to earth, will answer:  
‘At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!’

## **The Collect**

**Eulogy**  
April West

## **Musical Reflection**

William Byrd *Mass for 4 Voices* “Agnus Dei”  
Choir

*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata  
mundi, miserere nobis.  
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata  
mundi, miserere nobis.  
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata  
mundi, dona nobis pacem.*

Lamb of God, who takes away the  
sins of the world, have mercy on us.  
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins  
of the world, have mercy on us.  
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins  
of the world, grant us peace.

## **Academic Tribute**

Compiled by Michael Everson, read by Liang Hai

## Personal Tribute

Fiona West

### Motet

Thomas A. Dorsey *Take My Hand, Precious Lord*  
Daniela Leu

Precious Lord, take my hand,  
Lead me on, let me stand,  
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;  
Through the storm, through the night,  
Lead me on to the light:  
*Take my hand, precious Lord, Lead me on.*

When my way grows drear,  
Precious Lord, linger near,  
When my life is almost gone,  
Hear my cry, hear my call,  
Hold my hand lest I fall:  
*Take my hand, precious Lord, Lead me on.*

When the darkness appears  
And the night draws near,  
And the day is past and gone,  
At the river I stand,  
Guide my feet, hold my hand:  
*Take my hand, precious Lord, Lead me on.*

### Reading

*Beowulf* (anon., trans. by Francis B. Gummere), read by  
May Chan

*Lines 3137–3182: ‘The Funeral’. The hero Beowulf has slayed the dragon, but in the fight lost his own life. Beowulf’s tribe – the Geats –*

*build a pyre and bury treasures in a memorial tower to honour him.  
Beowulf's funeral marks the conclusion of the poem.*

Then fashioned for him the folk of Geats  
firm on the earth a funeral-pile,  
and hung it with helmets and harness of war  
and breastplates bright, as the boon he asked;  
and they laid amid it the mighty chieftain,  
heroes mourning their master dear.  
Then on the hill that hugest of balefires  
the warriors wakened. Wood-smoke rose  
black over blaze, and blent was the roar  
of flame with weeping (the wind was still),  
till the fire had broken the frame of bones,  
hot at the heart. In heavy mood  
their misery moaned they, their master's death.  
Wailing her woe, the widow old,  
her hair upbound, for Beowulf's death  
sung in her sorrow, and said full oft  
she dreaded the doleful days to come,  
deaths enow, and doom of battle,  
and shame. — The smoke by the sky was devoured.  
The folk of the Weders fashioned there  
on the headland a barrow broad and high,  
by ocean-farers far descried:  
in ten days' time their toil had raised it,  
the battle-brave's beacon. Round brands of the pyre  
a wall they built, the worthiest ever  
that wit could prompt in their wisest men.  
They placed in the barrow that precious booty,  
the rounds and the rings they had reft erewhile,  
hardy heroes, from hoard in cave, —  
trusting the ground with treasure of earls,  
gold in the earth, where ever it lies  
useless to men as of yore it was.  
Then about that barrow the battle-keen rode,

atheling-born, a band of twelve,  
 lament to make, to mourn their king,  
 chant their dirge, and their chieftain honour.  
 They praised his earlship, his acts of prowess  
 worthily witnessed: and well it is  
 that men their master-friend mightily laud,  
 heartily love, when hence he goes  
 from life in the body forlorn away.  
 Thus made their mourning the men of Geatland,  
 for their hero's passing his hearth-companions:  
 quoth that of all the kings of earth,  
 of men he was mildest and most beloved,  
 to his kin the kindest, keenest for praise.

## Musical Reflection

Richard Strauss *Vier letzte Lieder* "September"

April West

*Der Garten trauert,  
 Kühl sinkt in die Blumen der Regen.*

*Der Sommer schauert  
 Still seinem Ende entgegen.*

*Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt  
 Nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.  
 Sommer lächelt erstaunt und matt  
 In den sterbenden Gartentraum.*

*Lange noch bei den Rosen  
 Bleibt er stehen, sehnt sich nach Ruh.  
 Langsam tut er die großen  
 Müdgewordnen Augen zu.*

The garden mourns,  
 The cool rain sinks into the flower,  
 Summer shudders,  
 Quietly to its close.

Leaf after golden leaf  
 Falls from the tall acacia.  
 Summer smiles, astonished and drained,  
 Into the garden's dying dream.

For a long time it lingers  
 By the roses, yearning for rest.  
 Slowly it closes  
 Its now wearied eyes.

## Scripture Reading

Revelation 21: 1–7, read by Daniela Leu

Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying,

“See, the home of God is among mortals.

He will dwell with them;

they will be his peoples,

and God himself will be with them;

he will wipe every tear from their eyes.

Death will be no more;

mourning and crying and pain will be no more,

for the first things have passed away.”

And the one who was seated on the throne said, “See, I am making all things new.”

## Address

Revd Sandy Clarke

## Anthem

Gabriel Fauré *Requiem* “In Paradisum”

Choir

*In paradisum deducant te angeli,  
in tuo adventu  
suscipiant te martyres,*

May the angels lead you into paradise,  
May the martyrs receive you  
in your coming,

*et perducant te  
in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem.  
Chorus angelorum te suscipiat,  
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere  
aeternam habeas requiem.*

And may they guide you  
Into the holy city, Jerusalem.  
May the chorus of angels receive you  
And with Lazarus once poor  
May you have eternal rest.

## **Prayers**

### **Lord's Prayer**

*Let us pray with confidence as our Saviour has taught 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.**

## **Commendation**



## **Choral Blessing**

Charles Villiers Stanford *The Blue Bird*

Choir (soloist: Chloe Todd)

The lake lay blue below the hill.	The sky above was blue at last,
O'er it, as I looked, there flew	The sky beneath me blue in blue.
Across the waters, cold and still,	A moment, ere the bird had passed,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.	It caught his image as he flew.

## **Nunc Dimittis**

### **Recessional Music**

Messiaen *Apparition de l'église éternelle*

*Please follow the family outside during  
the recessional*

## **Committal**

### **Blessing**

The Lord bless you and keep you  
And make his face to shine upon you  
And be gracious to you, and grant you peace,  
and the blessing of God All-loving,  
Creator, Redeemer, and Giver of Life,  
be among you and remain with you always.

*All* **Amen.**

**The family will make a charitable donation to  
*Unicode* in Andy's name.**

**If you wish to similarly contribute, please consider  
donating or adopting a character!**

*With thanks to*

**Director of Music:** Jordan Theis

**The Choir of St Thomas-on-The Bourne**

**Musical Friends:** Chloe Todd, Anna Gregg, May Chan, James Bluff  
and Ricky Taing

**Organ and Piano:** Andrew Harrap

散停滌級， 茫級融級

*“The great sea is vast and deep, all the waters are gathered there”*

Tangut proverb



