

The Parish Choir and Clergy arrive from the Parish Church and take their place. The Rector says:

We are met here to honour the memory of those who suffered and died in Two World Wars and conflicts since, to remember with thankfulness, before God, their courage and their comradeship, their readiness to give their lives in the defence of their country, and the liberties their fathers so hardly won.

It is also our purpose in gathering for this solemn act to renew our vows, to be loyal to their memory, not only with our lips but with our lives, to resolve so to live that justice, honour and concord be established in our midst, that at the last they be not found to have died in vain.

The Last Post sounds, followed by the Two Minutes' silence.

Reveille

We 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 furnished 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.

The Kohima Epitaph is read by the Rector:

When you go home, Tell them of us and say For your tomorrow, We gave our today

One of the clergy reads the Lesson, from Matthew 5:1-12:

Wreaths will be laid during which we hear Nimrod

The Exhortation, read by the Rector.

They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn, At the going down of the sun and in the morning.

We will remember them.

We will remember them

We sing

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home;

Under the shadow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlasting thou art God, To endless years the same. A thousand ages in thy sight Are like an evening gone, Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Be thou our guard while troubles last, And our eternal home.

Prayers, led by the Clergy, concluding with the Lord's Prayer and then the Rector pronounces the Blessing:

God grant to the living grace, to the departed rest, to the Church, the King, the Commonwealth and all people, unity, peace and concord, and to us and all God's servants, life everlasting;

★ and the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be among you and remain with you always.

Amen.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our gracious King, Long live our noble King, God save The King! Send him victorious, Happy and glorious, Long to reign over us, God save The King!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save The King!