

Promoted by the Local Branch of National Federation
of Discharged Sailors & Soldiers.

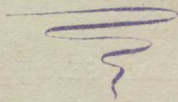
1914.

1919.




TO THE MEMORY OF

Our Glorious Dead.

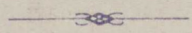


*" Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his friends."*

Price 3d.




Order of Procedure.




- 10 a.m. On Saturday, Sept. 27th, the Cenotaph will be complete and ready to receive Floral Tributes.
- 12.45 p.m. Bugles will sound Quarter Dress.
- 1 p.m. Bugles sound fall in, Guard mounted and Sentries posted.
- 7.30 p.m. Retreat by Bugles.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th.

- 9.45 a.m. Bugles Sound Quarter Dress.
- 10 a.m. Change Guard.
- 2.15 p.m. Members of H.M. Forces, past and present, Fall In in Coppice.
- 2.30 p.m. The above will March Past and Salute the Cenotaph, headed by the BELPER UNITED PRIZE BAND.
- 3 p.m. DRUM HEAD SERVICE will be held in Coppice.

 Public Bodies and General Public Invited.



Order of Service.

“What you give the body you presently lose,
But what you give the soul remains for ever.”

Epictetus.

HYMN.

O GOD our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home ;
Beneath 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 fame,
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. Amen.

PRAYER - THE VICAR.

READING OF SCRIPTURE - Rev. H. F. BRAN.

HYMN.

“Take courage, and let not thy heart be careful
about these matters.” *Homer.*

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength and Christ thy Right;
Lay hold on life and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face.
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

PRAYER - - Rev. W. R. CLARK.

ADDRESS - - Rev. J. A. COOPER.

“I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend.”

Tennyson.

HYMN.

THE Saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before the Lord:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe you rest!

The Saints of God! their wonderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal;
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet you rest!

The Saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempest now they dread,
No Roaring billows lift their head:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

The Saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And Soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy Saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly cometh, your Lord and King.

O God of Saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all Saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee. Amen

BENEDICTION.

THE LAST POST.

REVEILLE.

NEW 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.

One realm of races four,
Blest more and ever more,
God save our land!
Home of the brave and free,
Set in the silver sea,
True nurse of chivalry,
God save our land.

Kinsfolk in love and birth,
From utmost ends of earth,
God save us all!
Bid strife and hatred cease,
Bid hope and joy increase,
Spread universal peace.
God save us all!

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"He was my friend, faithful and just to me."

Our Glorious Dead.

They slowly march with steady tread,
These comrades honouring their dead,
From every district forth they came,
With stately step to stirring strain.
No Uniform these men are wearing,
Yet all could see their martial bearing;
Not one was warned this parade to share,
Each by his own desire was there.
Hatless they move along White Hall,
To funeral dirge "Dead march in Saul."
"Eyes Right" they pass their Glorious Dead,
Each one with reverence turned his head.
Victorious by their noble death,
We'll praise their deeds while we have breath.
Each one for us, a hero died,
God will their souls in heaven provide.
Some day we'll meet them face to face,
When gathered round the throne of grace,
And may we all the gold streets tread
And meet again Our Glorious Dead.

N. HARDY,
Late Sgt. 19th Q.O.R.H.



