

**CHURCH OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN,  
WOODFORD.**



**THE MEMORIAL  
TO  
OUR BRAVE MEN**

Who made the Great Sacrifice, 1914 to 1919,

WILL BE DEDICATED BY

THE RIGHT REVEREND

**THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH**

AND UNVEILED BY

**COLONEL S. G. STOPFORD SACKVILLE**

ON

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1921,**

**AT 3.30 P.M.**

*Rest eternal grant them,  
perpetual lighten*



*O Lord, and let light  
upon them.*

W. F. G. Ainge

A. L. Allen

L. Allen

C. Betts

H. A. Betts

A. C. Braines

H. J. Dunford

J. T. Faulkner

W. Freer

R. F. Hobbs

W. Hobbs

E. H. Houghton

S. Jackson

A. C. Jakins

G. W. Jakins

A. King

W. Leaton

G. V. Leveritt

A. J. Lowe

L. B. Manley

W. A. Mehew

R. J. Murdin

W. H. Murphy

T. J. Parrott

F. E. Perkins

H. Robinson

C. E. Smart

H. Spencer

F. Steers

J. Taylor

W. W. Tiney

A. R. Waite

H. Wood

R. A. White

Arthur Smith

## ORDER OF SERVICE.

Jesus lives ! no longer now  
Can thy terrors, death, appal us ;  
Jesus lives ! by this we know  
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.  
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal :  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! for us He died ;  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving,  
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall sever ;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! to Him the Throne  
Over all the world is given ;  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Alleluia !

**Let us pray.**

Lord, have mercy upon us.  
*Christ, have mercy upon us.*  
Lord, have mercy upon us.

OUR FATHER.....

O ALMIGHTY God, the Sovereign Commander of all the world, we bless and magnify Thy great and glorious Name for our great Victory, the whole glory whereof we do ascribe to Thee, who art the only giver of Victory. And, we beseech Thee, give us grace to improve this great mercy to Thy glory, the advancement of Thy Gospel, the honour of our Sovereign, and, as much as in us lieth, to the good of all mankind. And, we beseech Thee, give us such a sense of this great mercy, as may engage us to a true thankfulness, such as may appear in our lives by an humble, holy and obedient walking before Thee all our days, through Jesus Christ our Lord: to Whom with Thee and the Holy Spirit, as for all Thy mercies, so in particular for this Victory and Deliverance, be all glory and honour, world without end. *Amen.*

#### PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my shepherd : therefore can I lack nothing.

He shall feed me in a green pasture : and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

He shall convert my soul : and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me : thou hast annointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

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.*

LESSON taken from 1 Cor. xv.

For all the Saints who from their labours  
rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,  
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.  
Alleluia !

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and  
their Might,  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-  
fought fight,  
Thou in the darkness drear their one true  
Light.  
Alleluia !

O 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 !

O blest communion ! fellowship Divine !  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine  
Alleluia !

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 !

The golden evening brightens in the west ;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes  
their rest ;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.  
Alleluia !

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious  
day ;  
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array  
The King of glory passes on His way.  
Alleluia !

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.

## THE MEMORIAL OF THE DEAD.

Let us remember with thanksgiving and with all honour before God and men, the men of this Parish who gave their lives in the service of their King and Country.

*After reading of the names silence shall be kept for a space.*

## UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL.

When I survey the wondrous Cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the Cross of Christ my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingling down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far to small ;  
Love so amazingf so Divine,  
Demands my soul, my life my all.

To Christ who won for sinners grace,  
By bitter grief and anguish sore,  
Be praise from all the ransom'd race  
For ever and for ever more.

## DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL.

To the glory of God and to the honoured memory of the men of Woodford who gave their lives in the Great War in the cause of righteousness and liberty, we dedicate this Memorial, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Let us commend to the mercy of God all who fell in the Service of their Country.

O God of the spirits of all flesh, we praise and magnify Thy Holy Name for all Thy servants, who, having fought a good fight, have finished their course in Thy faith and fear, and we beseech that encouraged by their examples and

strengthened by their fellowship, we with them may be found meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light ; through the merits of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

*Let us dedicate ourselves anew to the service of Christ.*

O Lord Christ, Thou Prince of peace, the Faithful and True, who in righteousness dost judge and make war ; Grant to us all, we beseech Thee, that putting on the whole armour of God, we may follow Thee as Thou goest forth conquering and to conquer ; and fighting manfully under Thy banner against sin, the world and the devil, we may be found more than conquerors, and at the last may be refreshed with the multitude of peace in the heavenly Jerusalem, the holy city of our God ; whose is the greatness and the power, the victory and the majesty, for ever. *Amen.*

O valiant Hearts, who to your glory came  
Through dust of conflict and through battle-flame ;  
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,  
Your memory hallowed in the Land you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,  
As who had heard God's message from afar ;  
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave  
To save Mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,  
Into the light that nevermore shall fade ;  
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,  
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,  
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,  
While in the frailty of our human clay  
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.

Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to this  
Like some bright star above the dark abyss :  
Still through the veil, the Victors pitying eyes  
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

These were His servants, in His steps they trod  
Following through death the martyr'd Son of God ;  
Victor He rose ; victorious too shall rise  
They who have drunk His cup of Sacrifice.

O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our Dead,  
Whose Cross has brought them and whose Staff has led—  
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing Land  
Commits her Children to Thy gracious hand.

## BENEDICTION.

Presentation of Wreaths.

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THE LAST POST.

\* \* \*

THE RÉVEILLE.

\* \* \*

**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 !

