



Cheltenham War Memorial.

ORDER OF SERVICE

OF

Unveiling and Dedication.

OCTOBER 1st, 1921, at 3.30 p.m.

While the Minute Bell of the Parish Church is tolled, the Mayor and Corporation, followed by the Choirs of the Parish and St. Matthew's Churches and the local Clergy and Ministers, will proceed to the War Memorial.

THE MAYOR OF CHELTENHAM

(Alderman John D. Bendall, J.P.)

will then announce the purpose of the gathering.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(1st verse only).

Then shall follow this Hymn:

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

1. THE strife is o'er, the battle done:
The victory of Life is won:
The song of triumph has begun,—
Alleluia!
2. The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,—
Alleluia!
3. Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting Thy servants free
That we may live and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

The LORD be with you.

Answer: And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

CHRIST, have mercy upon us.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

OUR FATHER, . . .

LORD, hear our prayer.

Answer: And let our cry come unto Thee.

ALMIGHTY GOD, we give Thee hearty thanks for these our brethren whose names we remember before Thee this day. We praise Thee for the gifts of courage and self-sacrifice with which Thou didst endow them, and for their great love for their country which inspired them to lay down their lives in her service. And we beseech Thee that we may bear them continually in our remembrance and follow the good example that they have given us, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

O LORD, Jesus Christ, who hast borne our flesh and felt the sting of human suffering, we beseech Thee to comfort all who are in sadness and bereavement this day, particularly the parents, wives, children, lovers and relatives of these brave men. Bless those permanently injured in the war, the lame, the blind, the nerve-shattered. Grant that none of this pain and sorrow may be loss, but teach us all so to profit by what others have suffered for us, that by sacrifice, service and sympathy we may do our part in ministering to them in Thy Spirit, O LORD, who went about doing good. *Amen.*

O GOD of our Fathers, who hast blest and led our nation in wondrous ways, we pray Thee to make us more worthy of Thy wondrous Providence. Cleanse us from all strife, enmity and bitterness. Make us in all our disputes, kind, brotherly and forbearing. May peace and prosperity again dwell among us, and grant that, in Thy Mercy, yet greater blessings shall descend upon our Empire, whose freedom has been purchased by the blood of her bravest sons, for the glory of Thy Holy Name. *Amen.*

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ROBERT FANSHAWE,
K.C.B., D.S.O.

WILL UNVEIL THE WAR MEMORIAL.

Then will follow the Dedication of the War Memorial.

The Choir will sing:

I HEARD a voice from heaven saying unto me, "Write: from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in, the Lord: even so saith the Spirit for they rest from their labours."

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY GOD, who hast knit together Thine elect in one Communion and fellowship in the Mystical Body of Thy Son, Christ our Lord, grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed saints in all virtue and godliness of living that we may come to those unspeakable joys which Thou hast reserved for them who unfeignedly love Thee, through **JESUS CHRIST** our Lord. *Amen.*

Hymn—The Recessional.

GOD of our Fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—Lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—Lest we forget!

Far-call'd, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget,—Lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of pow'r, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law;
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—Lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord. Amen.

THE LAST POST.

SILENCE.

THE REVEILLE.

THE BENEDICTION.

*The bells of the Parish Church will ring a muffled peal in
memory of the fallen.*