



BOUGHTON.

Dedication of the War Memorial

On Sunday, Nov. 14th, at 2.30 p.m.

Names of the Fallen.

WALTER VEAL.

JAMES RIX.

GEORGE SEYMOUR.

JOHN BRAY.

FREDERICK VEAL.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

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 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. Amen.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.
 (St. John xi. 25, 26.)

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. (St. John xv. 13).

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.

PSALM XLVI.

God is our Hope and Strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea.

3 Though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

4 The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the most Highest.

5 God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed, God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved, but God hath showed His voice, and the earth shall melt away.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

8 O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord, what destruction He hath brought upon the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease in all the world, He breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.

10 Be still then, and know that I am God, I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

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. WISDOM III, 1-6.

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction, but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded, for God proved them, and found them worthy for Himself. As gold in the furnace hath He tried them, and received them as a burnt offering.

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

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 blessed 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 Victor's 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 bought them and whose Staff has led—
 In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing Land
 Commits her Children to Thy gracious hand. Amen.

LESSON. I. THESS. IV. 13-18.

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

Let us pray.

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; We beseech Thee, that it may please Thee, of Thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Resurrection and the Life: We bless Thy Holy Name for our comrades who have laid down their lives for their country: and we beseech Thee to grant that at the last we with them may obtain eternal joy and be joined together in still closer bonds of love and service; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

Almighty God, we commend to Thy loving kindness the souls of Thy servants who have given their lives to defend us. Accept, O Lord, the offering of their self-sacrifice and grant to them with all Thy faithful servants a place of Refreshment and peace, where the light of Thy countenance shines for ever, and where all tears are wiped away; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Comfort, O Lord, we pray Thee, all who are mourning the loss of those who are near and dear to them. Be with them in their sorrow. Support them in Thy love. Teach them to rest and lean on Thee. Give them faith to look beyond the troubles of this present time, and to know that neither life nor death can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. To whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, now and for ever. Amen.

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed by Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses. As we forgive them that 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.

Address by

The Rev. F. A. CHASE, Rector of Fincham, Hon. C. F.

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 their Lord,
O happy Saints, for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest.

The Saints of God, their wanderings 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 your rest.

The Saints of God, life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests 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 comes, 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.

During the playing of a Voluntary, the people will assemble round the Cross.

HYMN.

On the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again,
No more sorrow, no more weeping
no more pain.

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
wrapt in sleep.

For a while the tired body,
Lies with feet toward the morn,
Till the last and brightest Easter
Day be born.

But the soul in contemplation
 Utters earnest prayers and strong,
 Bursting at the Resurrection
 into song.

Soul and body re-united
 Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
 Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
 satisfied.

Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness,
 Of that Resurrection day,
 Which shall not through endless ages,
 pass away.

On that happy Easter morning
 All the graves their dead restore,
 Father, sister, child, and mother,
 meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
 Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last,
 By Thy Cross, through death and
 judgment, holding fast. Amen.

DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL:

To the Glory of God and in affectionate, honoured and
 grateful remembrance of those from this Village who gave their
 lives in the Great War, we dedicate this Cross in the Name of
 the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

THE BLESSING.

TE DEUM.

"THE LAST POST" sounded.

Alex. Curson, Printer, Market Street, King's Lynn.