

WELCOMING REMARKS

by Jonathan Moffatt

WREATH LAYING

Two Minutes Silence

Reading of "For the Fallen"

by Laurence Binyon

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drum thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow,
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not 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.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night.

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

followed by a reading from the Bible

SINGAPORE in 1942

by Patricia Wood

read by Rosemary Fell

IN REMEMBRANCE OF KENNETH DOHOO

by his wife Beryl Dohoo

read by their daughter Anne Hinam

My love was one who came but could not stay,
My love was mine but for a little space,
Yet Lord, in the abundance of Thy Grace,
We found a love that never can decay.
Tho' I may never hear his voice again,
Nor take his weary head upon my breast,
Yet I am not bereaved nor in pain,
Possessing all that ever I possessed.
For, loving as we loved, we overcame
The earthly love of lips and hands and eyes,
Distilling passion to a rarer flame
And all eternity before us lies.
Eternity together – oh my dear,
There is no separation even here.

THE CAPTIVE'S HYMN

written by Margaret Dryburgh,
an English missionary schoolteacher
imprisoned on Banka Island,
and first sung on Sunday 5th July 1942,
read by Jean Lips.

Father, in captivity
We would lift our prayer to Thee.
Keep us ever in Thy love,
Grant us daily we may prove
Those who place their trust in Thee
More than conquerors may be.
Give us patience to endure,

Keep our hearts serene and pure,
Grant us courage, charity,
Greater faith, humility,
Readiness to own Thy will,
Be we free, or captive still.

For our country we would pray,
In this hour be Thou her stay,
Pride and selfishness forgive,
Teach her Thy laws to live,
But Thy grace may all men see
That true greatness comes from Thee.

For our loved ones we would pray,
Be their Guardian night and day,
From all danger keep them free,
Banish all anxiety.
May they trust us to Thy care,
Know that Thou our pains dost share.

May the day of freedom dawn,
Peace and Justice be reborn.
Grant that nations, loving Thee,
O'er the world may brothers be,
Cleansed by suffering, know rebirth,
See Thy Kingdom come on earth.

THE FEPOW PRAYER

said by Harry Hesp

And we who are left grow old with the years
Remembering the heartache, the pain and the tears.
Hoping and praying that never again
Man will sink to such sorrow and shame.
The price that was paid, we will always remember
Every day, every month, not just in November.
We Shall Remember Them.

THE KOHIMA EPITAPH

said by Harry Hesp

When you go home, tell them of us and say
"For your tomorrow, we gave our today".

MALAYAN VOLUNTEERS GROUP

V-J DAY SERVICE



on SATURDAY, 15TH AUGUST 2009

at 12 NOON in THE MVG MEMORIAL GARDEN

at The National Memorial Arboretum, Alrewas