

"A FORM OF CONSOLATION"

"Gentlemen!" he said in tears, "the war is over",
Looking towards a yellow hurricane light,
Held up by someone in the struggling crowd,
I glimpsed your face, its usual smile
Checked in bewilderment at so much joy,
So you must once have looked, when, as a boy,
They gave us gifts at Christmas – now, this Freedom.
Silent, the men sat on in darkness, bowed and still,
As though at prayers, or sleeping after death.
Then slowly, one by one, as a great crowd
Of ransomed spirits might attend their Lord,
Began impulsive movements towards the door.
Stars filled the jagged hills, the village slept.
The shuffling feet paused. Then someone sang,
Timid at first, their voices, gathered in strength,
Sounding a great hymn from the ragged lines,
While, all night long, drums beat in the darkened shrines.

THE EXHORTATION

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.
We will remember them.

FEPOW PRAYER

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

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

CLOSING MUSIC "LARGO"

FROM DVORAK'S NEW WORLD SYMPHONY

**THE WREATH WILL NOW BE TAKEN TO THE MVG'S
MEMORIAL GARDEN - PLEASE FOLLOW IF YOU WISH**

FINAL PRAYERS

MALAYAN VOLUNTEERS GROUP



V-J DAY SERVICE

**TUESDAY, 15TH AUGUST 2023
12 NOON**

**IN
THE NMA CHAPEL
and
MVG'S MEMORIAL GARDEN**

**The National Memorial Arboretum
Alrewas**

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC - "Nimrod"
From Edward Elgar's Enigma Variations. Op. 36

WELCOMING REMARKS

WREATH LAYING
2 MINUTES SILENCE

PRAISE MY SOUL THE KING OF HEAVEN

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet your tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
evermore his praises sing.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favor
to his people in distress.
Praise him, still the same as ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

Fatherlike he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows.
In his hand he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore him;
you behold him face to face.
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace!

A READING FROM SCRIPTURE
Luke Ch. 15 Vs. 18 - 24

"ESCAPE"

Notes on Albert van Arsdale
Johore Volunteer Engineers
coupled with Rudyard Kipling's
"The Road to Mandalay"

"THE SETTING OF THE RISING SUN"
An extract from Paul Gibbs Pancheri's
"Volunteer"

PRAYERS
THE LORD'S PRAYER

GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT REDEEMER

Guide me, O my great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but you are mighty;
hold me with your powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
where the healing waters flow.
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
ever be my strength and shield,
ever be my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside.
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever sing to you,
I will ever sing to you.

"AN END IN SIGHT AT BATU LINTANG CAMP"
An extract from "In A Fair Ground"
Rt. Reverend Bishop Peter H H Howes

V-J DAY SOUTHAMPTON
Southern Evening Echo 17th August 1945

"V-J DAY, KHANBURI"
A Poem by S.J.H. Durnford