

MALAYAN VOLUNTEERS GROUP



V-J

V-J DAY SERVICE

MONDAY, 15TH AUGUST 2016

12 NOON

MVG MEMORIAL GARDEN

**The National Memorial Arboretum
Alrewas**

WELCOMING REMARKS

by Jonathan Moffatt

WREATH LAYING 2 MINUTES SILENCE

“ABIDE WITH ME”

**SATB arrangement by Lisa Ho
Dedicated to the Malayan Volunteers
of World Wars 1 and 2**

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

A READING FROM SCRIPTURE

Psalm 121 – A song of degrees

FROM THE SOMME

A Poem by Leslie Coulson
Killed in action, 1916

BOOSTING MORALE ON THE Burma Siam Railway

Extract from “Baba Nonnie Goes to War”
By Ron Mitchell

PRAYERS THE LORD'S PRAYER

MISS FOSS, the Camp Superintendent

Poem by an unnamed person

POW No: 81A Medan
JUDY, A Dog in a Million
Reading from the book by Robert Weintraub

"THE CAPTIVES' HYMN"
By Margaret Dryburgh

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 by Thy laws to live,
By 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 brother be,
Cleansed by suffering, know rebirth,
See Thy Kingdom come on earth.

CHRISTMAS 1942 AT PALEMBANG

From "By Eastern Windows" by William McDougall

FREEDOM

By Lt. Robert Fletcher
Kranji, 6th September 1945

For every little boy and girl it's always been the thing
To honour all those authors who the praise of freedom sing.
But don't you be like them, my son, when you to school are sent;
Those smug complacent poets never knew what freedom meant.

Secure in England's land they sang "We must be free or die" –
Those who had never even felt the threat of tyranny.
But if you're seeking praises that are not mere fulsome cant,
A victim of the Kempei or Gestapo's what you want.

For when you've had to fawn upon a callous, vicious foe
To get a wretched dole of food, or when you've had to go
And labour in a chain-gang with your friends who once were free –
Then, and only then, you'll know the worth of liberty.

So when the theme is freedom and the poet free and fat,
Just take a prisoner's word for it, he's talking through his hat.
And ask yourself this question when you next read Burke and Co.
"What can they know of freedom, they who only freedom know?"

THE EXHORTATION

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, not the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

THE 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."