

# **MALAYAN VOLUNTEERS GROUP**



**V-J**

**V-J DAY SERVICE**

**TUESDAY, 15<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST 2017**

**12 NOON**

**MVG MEMORIAL GARDEN**

**The National Memorial Arboretum  
Alrewas**

**INTRODUCTORY MUSIC  
“AMAZING GRACE”  
Sung by the ‘Born to Sing Choirs’  
From Western Australia**

**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 & 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  
Ephesians Ch.6 Vs.8-17**

**CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF ESCAPE  
Taken from “My Dear Everyone”  
By Patricia Wood**

**VERY OLD CHINESE PROVERB**

If there be righteousness in the heart,  
there will be beauty in the character.  
If there is beauty in the character,  
there will be harmony in the home.  
If there is harmony in the home,  
There will be order in the nation.  
When there is order in each nation,  
there will be peace in the world.

**PRAYERS  
THE LORD'S PRAYER**

**"I FOUND A BONE" by Teo Kah Leng  
A Tribute to the Sook Ching Massacre  
of the Chinese after the Fall of Singapore**

**"THE LAST DAYS OF FREEDOM"  
An extract from John Hedley's Diary**

**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 brothers be,  
Cleansed by suffering, know rebirth,  
See Thy Kingdom come on earth.

**THE COMMANDANT OF MUNTOK PRISON**  
**From "By Eastern Windows" by William McDougall**  
**FREEDOM**

By Lt. Robert Fletcher  
Kranji, 6<sup>th</sup> 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, 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".

**"LARGO"**

**From Dvorak's New World Symphony**  
**Sung by "The Born to Sing Choirs"**