

S. Nicholas', Willoughby.



The Dedication  
OF THE  
War Memorial  
Clock and Tablet

BY  
THE ARCHDEACON OF COVENTRY  
ON

Saturday, May 22nd, 1948

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Form of Service

## THE FORM 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;

Under 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.

### *Let us pray :*

Lord, have mercy upon us.  
*Christ, have mercy upon us.*  
Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father.

Psalm 46.

Lesson (St. Matthew, Ch. 5, Vv. 1—12).

Nunc Dimittis.

Creed.

### *Let us pray :*

#### *Collects :*

O LORD our God, Who from Thy throne beholdest all the kingdoms of the earth, have regard unto this fair land of England, that it may continue a place and a people to serve Thee to the end of time. Guide the governing of this great Empire, here and in the far corners of the earth, and grant that all who live beneath our flag may be so mindful of that threefold cross, that they may work for the good of others, according to the example of Him who died in the service of men, Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

O THOU who art the source of all true comfort and consolation, hear our humble petition for those who are suffering and bereaved; for the sad, the despairing and the heart broken. Reveal Thyself to each one, and teach them to find in Thee the solace of all woe, the strength in all trouble, the refuge in every time of anxiety. Let them find shelter under Thy wings, and help us to minister to their needs. And this we ask for Jesus Christ His Sake. Amen.

## THE FORM OF SERVICE.

O GOD, whose love is beyond our human understanding, and who hast taught us that none may fall without Thy knowledge : Have mercy upon all who have fallen, and have died the death of honour. Grant that by the sacrifice of their lives they may be brought nigh unto the sacrifice of Thy Blessed Son, and into closer union with Him who gave His life that we might live; through the same Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

*The Archdeacon and Vicar shall proceed to the Tablet for the Dedication.*

### *Hymn :*

O God of Jacob, by Whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy Throne of grace;  
God of our fathers be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our FATHER'S loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace. Amen.

*Then shall the Vicar say :* " Sir, may this Memorial Tablet now be dedicated "

*Then shall the Archdeacon say :*

O ALMIGHTY Father, Lord of heaven and earth; Vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, to accept this Offering at our hands for the adornment of this Church, and to consecrate this our gift to Thy glory and ourselves to Thy service, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

IN the Name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. We Dedicate this Memorial Tablet to the Glory of God in memory of those of this parish who have fallen in the Second World War. May their example inspire us to courage in the greater war against evil; May their memory ever burn brightly in those who here remember their deeds, and, strengthened by their fellowship, look forward to reunion with them in the inheritance of the saints.

### *Hymn :*

O FAITH of England, taught of old  
By faithful shepherds of the fold,  
The hallowing of our nation;  
Thou wast through many a wealthy year,  
Through many a darkened day of fear,  
The rock of our salvation.  
Arise, arise, good Christian men,  
Your glorious standard raise again,  
The Cross of Christ who calls you;  
Who bids you live and bids you die  
For his great cause, and stands on high  
To witness what befalls you.

## THE FORM OF SERVICE.

Our fathers heard the trumpet call  
Through lowly cot and kingly hall  
From oversea resounding;  
They bowed their stubborn wills to learn  
The truths that live, the thoughts that burn,  
With new resolve abounding.  
Arise, arise, good Christian men,  
Your glorious standard raise again,  
The Cross of Christ who guides you;  
Whose arm is bared to join the fray,  
Who marshals you in stern array,  
Fearless, whate'er betides you.

Our fathers held the faith received,  
By Saints declared, by Saints believed,  
By Saints in death defended;  
Through pain of doubt and bitterness,  
Through pain of treason and distress,  
They for the right contended.  
Arise, arise, good Christian men,  
Your glorious standard raise again,  
The Cross of Christ who bought you;  
Who leads you forth in this new age  
With long-enduring hearts to wage  
The warfare he has taught you.

Though frequent be the loud alarms,  
Though still we march by ambushed arms  
Of death and hell surrounded,  
With Christ for Chief we fear no foe,  
Nor force nor craft can overthrow  
The Church that he has founded.  
Arise, arise, good Christian men,  
Your glorious standard raise again,  
The Cross wherewith he signed you;  
The King himself shall lead you on,  
Shall watch you till the strife be done,  
Then near his throne shall find you. men.

*Here an Address will be given by*

**THE ARCHDEACON OF COVENTRY**

*Anthem:*

*"I heard a Voice from Heaven"*  
(Goss)

THE BLESSING

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM