



MEMORIAL SERVICE

**to mark the Centenary of the
Beginning of the First World War**



3.00pm
Trinity 7, 3 August 2014

Introduction

Today's service marks the centenary of the beginning of the First World War in 1914. The interpretation of these events 100 years ago remain contested ground: was it a mindless slaughter or a righteous fight for the freedom of the people of Europe and beyond?

The fact that the most developed nations stooped to use weapons of mass destruction, killing millions for the first time in the history of war, marked the end of the belief of continual human progress which had been prevalent since the age of enlightenment. The idea that nation states could deliver peace and security was shattered by a destructive and overreaching nationalism, fed by an underlying insecurity of relatively young and unstable nation states.

The war also hugely increased social mobility and precipitated massive change in Britain, such as the partition of Ireland and the right of women to vote. It marked the beginning of the end of the British Empire and redrew the map of Europe and beyond. Comradeship and bravery went hand in hand with intense human suffering for both soldiers and civilians and the scarring of brutalization of countless individuals. Whether any of this (or any other) war was just, whether God takes sides and what an appropriate Christian response to the call to arms should be, remain contested.

The end of the war following the defeat of the Central Powers, which resulted in the treaty of Versailles, did not solve the underlying problems and led directly to the outbreak of the Second World War.

Today's service marks the beginning of the First World War and therefore the focus is not primarily on remembrance but on the shift in mindset when it dawned on people that this was to be much more than a short regional struggle.

Over the next years the cathedral community will remember individual members of the parish of St Martin who died in this war on the centenary of their death. We will also mark events which had a particular impact on the people of Leicester and Leicestershire.

Dr Johannes Arens, Canon Precentor

At 2.50pm the Deputy Lieutenants and members of the Gild of Freeman enter the Cathedral and go through to the nave where they will take their seats.

Before the service commences the following organ music played:

Tempo di Marcia Solenne Stanford (1852-1924)

Solemn Prelude – In memoriam Elgar (1857-1934)

Both organ pieces were composed during the First World War. When Stanford's Sonata was published in 1917 he dedicated it to "Monsieur Charles-Marie Widor and the great country to which he belongs." Stanford subtitled two of the movements with the names of French towns where famous battles of the First World War were fought. Elgar's cantata was composed in 1916 and dedicated to "the memory of our Glorious Men" of the First World War. It included an orchestral "Solemn Prelude" to the climax of the work, a setting of Binyon's For the Fallen.

PROCESSION

A Verger

A Lord-Lieutenant's Cadet
The Chairman of the County Council and Mrs Boulter
The Lord Mayor and Consort
The Lord-Lieutenant

The Honorary Canons
The Diocesan Secretary and Chief Executive

The Cathedral Clergy
The Residentiary Canons
The Dean
The Assistant Bishop
The Bishop
The Bishop's Chaplain

As the following hymn begins, the Standards are carried into the Cathedral. They are received by the Dean and placed in front of the High Altar and of the Great East Window, Memorial to the fallen of World War I.

Hymn	<i>Please stand</i>
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**O God of earth and altar,
bow down and hear our cry,
our earthly rulers falter,
our people drift and die;
the walls of gold entomb us,
the swords of scorn divide,
take not thy thunder from us,
but take away our pride.**

**From all that terror teaches,
from lies of tongue and pen,
from all the easy speeches
that comfort cruel men,
from sale and profanation
of honour and the sword,
from sleep and from damnation,
deliver us, good Lord!**

**Tie in a living tether
the prince and priest and thrall,
bind all our lives together,
smite us and save us all;
in ire and exultation
afame with faith, and free,
lift up a living nation,
a single sword to thee.**

words: G. K. Chesterton (1874-1936)
music: King's Lynn (CP358)

The Dean welcomes everyone to the Cathedral and introduces the service.

Lord-Lieutenant and honoured guests, we welcome you to the Cathedral for this Service of Remembering the beginning of the First World War 100 years ago.

We remember the complexity of those years, which mark the beginning of the end of the British Empire, the beginning of the end of the time of modernity and naïve belief in continual human progress, brought social mobility for many, saw great technological progress as well as death and suffering on an unprecedented scale.

We have gathered today to remember all those who were caught up in the tragic events of this war. We remember those who were killed in action, or by disease, the bereaved, the lost, the families which were shattered, the wounded, maimed and injured, those who held in silence unspeakable memories of warfare. Particularly we are gathered to remember the effect of this war on the city and county of Leicester and Leicestershire, its people – both military and civilian.

As we remember those who fought and those who remained at home, let us pray that God will heal all memories, speak a word of peace, and bring us his healing.

God our refuge and strength,
close at hand in our distress;
meet us in our sorrow and lift our eyes
to the peace and light of your constant care.
Help us so to hear your word of grace
that our fear will be dispelled by your love,
our loneliness eased by your presence
and our hope renewed by your promises
in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

BEFORE

Poem Pro patria

Please sit

Read by Dave Andrews, BBC Leicester.

ENGLAND, in this great fight to which you go
Because, where Honour calls you, go you must,
Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know
You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations' bar
Her cause you pleaded and her ends you sought;
But not for her sake, being what you are,
Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land,
May with the brute sword stain a gallant past;
But by the seal to which you set your hand,
Thank God, you still stand fast!

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep
With smiling lips and in your eyes the light,
Steadfast and confident, of those who keep
Their storied 'scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait,—
High-hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer,—
We ask what offering we may consecrate,
What humble service share.

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed;
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,
For others' greater need;—

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane;
To hush all vulgar clamour of the street;
With level calm to face alike the strain
Of triumph or defeat;

This be our part, for so we serve you best,
So best confirm their prowess and their pride,
Your warrior sons, to whom in this high test
Our fortunes we confide.

Owen Seaman, 12 August 1914

**I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:
the love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
that lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
the love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
the love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.**

**I heard my country calling, away across the sea,
across the waste of waters she calls and calls to me.
Her sword is girded at her side, her helmet on her head,
and round her feet are lying the dying and the dead.
I hear the noise of battle, the thunder of her guns,
I haste to thee my mother, a son among thy sons.**

**And there's another country I've heard of long ago,
most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
we may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
and soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
and her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.**

words: C. Spring-Rice (1859–1918)
music: Thaxted (CP355)

Reading Deuteronomy 20.1-4, 10-18*Please sit*

Read by Fiona Allan, Curve Theatre.

A reading from the Book of Deuteronomy.

When you go out to war against your enemies, and see horses and chariots, an army larger than your own, you shall not be afraid of them; for the Lord your God is with you, who brought you up from the land of Egypt. Before you engage in battle, the priest shall come forward and speak to the troops, and shall say to them: 'Hear, O Israel! Today you are drawing near to do battle against your enemies. Do not lose heart, or be afraid, or panic, or be in dread of them; for it is the Lord your God who goes with you, to fight for you against your enemies, to give you victory.'

When you draw near to a town to fight against it, offer it terms of peace. If it accepts your terms of peace and surrenders to you, then all the people in it shall

serve you in forced labour. If it does not submit to you peacefully, but makes war against you, then you shall besiege it; and when the Lord your God gives it into your hand, you shall put all its males to the sword. You may, however, take as your booty the women, the children, livestock, and everything else in the town, all its spoil. You may enjoy the spoil of your enemies, which the Lord your God has given you. Thus you shall treat all the towns that are very far from you, which are not towns of the nations here. But as for the towns of these peoples that the Lord your God is giving you as an inheritance, you must not let anything that breathes remain alive. You shall annihilate them – the Hittites and the Amorites, the Canaanites and the Perizzites, the Hivites and the Jebusites – just as the Lord your God has commanded, so that they may not teach you to do all the abhorrent things that they do for their gods, and you thus sin against the Lord your God.

Silence is kept.

Psalm 69, 1-2, 23-29	<i>Please sit</i>
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Save me, O God : for the waters are come in, even unto my soul.

I stick fast in the deep mire, where no ground is : I am come into deep waters, so that the floods run over me.

Let their table be made a snare to take themselves withal : and let the things that should have been for their wealth be unto them an occasion of falling.

Let their eyes be blinded, that they see not : and ever bow thou down their backs.

Pour out thine indignation upon them : and let thy wrathful displeasure take hold of them.

Let their habitation be void : and no man to dwell in their tents.

For they persecute him whom thou hast smitten : and they talk how they may vex them whom thou hast wounded.

Let them fall from one wickedness to another: and not come into thy righteousness.

Let them be wiped out of the book of the living : and not be written among the righteous.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

chant: Battishill (1738-1801)

Read by John Florance, BBC Leicester.

Everyone that loves freedom and honour [...] are banded in a great crusade – we cannot deny it – to kill Germans; to kill them, not for the sake of killing, but to save the world; to kill the good as well as the bad, to kill the young as well as the old, to kill those who have shown kindness to our wounded as well as those fiends who crucified the Canadian sergeant, who superintended the Armenian massacres, who sank the Lusitania, and who turned the machine-guns on the civilians of Aerschott and Louvain – and to kill them lest the civilisation of the world itself be killed.

The Rt Revd Arthur Winnington-Ingram, Bishop of London, 1915.

Silence is kept.

LATER

Choir Turn back, O man *Holst (1874-1934)*

Please sit

Turn back O Man, forswear thy foolish ways.
Old now is Earth, and none may count her days,
yet thou, her child, whose head is crowned with flame,
still wilt not hear thine inner God proclaim:
'Turn back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways.'

Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise,
age after age their tragic empires rise.
Built while they dream, and in that dreaming weep:
would man but wake from out his haunted sleep,
Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.

Earth shall be fair, and all her people one,
nor till that hour shall God's whole will be done.
Now, even now, once more from earth to sky
peals forth in joy man's old undaunted cry:
'Earth shall be fair and all her folk be one!'

words: C. Bax (1886-1962)

Poem Dulce et decorum est

Please sit

Read by Jonathan Lampon, BBC Leicester.

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime. –
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, –
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,

The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*
Pro patria mori.

Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)

The Latin phrase is from the Roman poet Horace: 'It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country.'

Choir Thou knowest, Lord Purcell (1659-1695)	<i>Please sit</i>
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Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts;
shut not thy merciful ears unto our prayer;
but spare us, Lord most holy,
O God most mighty,
O holy and most merciful Saviour,
thou most worthy Judge eternal,
suffer us not, at our last hour,
for any pains of death, to fall from thee.
Amen.

words: from The Book of Common Prayer (1662)

Reading Lamentations 1.1-6; 3.1-9, 17-33

Read by Peter Lewis CC, Member of the Guild of St Martin.

A reading from the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

How lonely sits the city
that once was full of people!
How like a widow she has become,
she that was great among the nations!
She that was a princess among the provinces
has become a vassal.

She weeps bitterly in the night,
with tears on her cheeks;
among all her lovers
she has no one to comfort her;
all her friends have dealt treacherously with her,
they have become her enemies.

Judah has gone into exile with suffering
and hard servitude;
she lives now among the nations,
and finds no resting-place;
her pursuers have all overtaken her
in the midst of her distress.

The roads to Zion mourn,
for no one comes to the festivals;
all her gates are desolate,
her priests groan;
her young girls grieve,
and her lot is bitter.

Her foes have become the masters,
her enemies prosper,
because the Lord has made her suffer
for the multitude of her transgressions;
her children have gone away,
captives before the foe.

From daughter Zion has departed
all her majesty.
Her princes have become like stags
that find no pasture;
they fled without strength
before the pursuer.

I am one who has seen affliction
under the rod of God's wrath;
he has driven and brought me
into darkness without any light;
against me alone he turns his hand,
again and again, all day long.

He has made my flesh and my skin waste away,
and broken my bones;
he has besieged and enveloped me
with bitterness and tribulation;
he has made me sit in darkness
like the dead of long ago.

He has walled me about so that I cannot escape;
he has put heavy chains on me;
though I call and cry for help,
he shuts out my prayer;
he has blocked my ways with hewn stones,
he has made my paths crooked.

My soul is bereft of peace;
I have forgotten what happiness is;
so I say, 'Gone is my glory,
and all that I had hoped for from the Lord.'

The thought of my affliction and my homelessness
is wormwood and gall!
My soul continually thinks of it
and is bowed down within me.
But this I call to mind,
and therefore I have hope:

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases,
his mercies never come to an end;
they are new every morning;
great is your faithfulness.
'The Lord is my portion,' says my soul,
'therefore I will hope in him.'

The Lord is good to those who wait for him,
to the soul that seeks him.
It is good that one should wait quietly
for the salvation of the Lord.
It is good for one to bear
the yoke in youth,
to sit alone in silence
when the Lord has imposed it,
to put one's mouth to the dust
(there may yet be hope),
to give one's cheek to the smiter,
and be filled with insults.

For the Lord will not
reject for ever.
Although he causes grief, he will have compassion
according to the abundance of his steadfast love;
for he does not willingly afflict
or grieve anyone.

Silence is kept.

TODAY

Organ Pour la Croyance *Langlais (1907-1991)*

Please sit

The blind French composer Jean Langlais lived through both World Wars, and yet it was only after he felt that leaders were “destroying the Church” (through the reforms of the Roman-Catholic Church known as Vatican II), that he expressed that pain and anger. In this piece he takes a traditional melody of the Creed and smashes it against every note available.

The Collect of the Day

Almighty Father,
whose will is to restore all things
in thy beloved Son, the King of all:
govern the hearts and minds of those in authority
and bring the families of the nations,
divided and torn apart by the ravages of sin,
to be subject to his just and gentle rule;
who liveth and reigneth with thee,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.
Amen.

The Collect for Peace

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels,
and all just works do proceed;
give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give;
that both, our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments,
and also that, by thee,
we being defended from the fear of our enemies
may pass our time in rest and quietness;
through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour.
Amen.

The Collect for Aid against all Perils

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord;
and by thy great mercy defend us
from all perils and dangers of this night;
for the love of thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.
Amen.

Hymn

Please stand

**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.**

**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.**

words: I. Watts (1674-1748)
music: St Anne (CP537)

Sermon The Bishop

Please sit

**For the healing of the nations,
Lord, we pray with one accord,
for a just and equal sharing
of the things that earth affords.
To a life of love in action
help us rise and pledge our word.**

**Lead us forward into freedom,
from despair your world release,
that, redeemed from war and hatred,
all may come and go in peace.
Show us how through care and goodness
fear will die and hope increase.**

**All that kills abundant living,
let it from the earth be banned:
pride of status, race or schooling,
dogmas that obscure your plan.
In our common quest for justice
may we hallow life's brief span.**

**You, Creator-God, have written
your great name on humankind;
for our growing in your likeness
bring the life of Christ to mind;
that by our response and service
earth its destiny may find.**

words: F. Kaan (b. 1929)
music: Alleluia Dulce Carmen (CP427)

Poem Letters to home

Please sit

Read by Helen Grigalis, Loughborough High School.

You're all lined up, row by row,
No matter were you friend or foe.
I cried and waved as ten by ten,
The regiment began to march again,
Each month we gathered the uncertain news
That some had fallen and some were bruised.
My greatest fear was that your name was one,
One of the perished, one that was gone.
Each day was ferocious, for you we were sure.
But for us we didn't know if it was death at our door.
'Come home!' We would pray 'Come home my dear boy!'
But this seemed to encourage, encourage to destroy.
So now I must come to that fatal end
The news I'd been waiting for, the letters that you'd send
The pen was not from your hand, nor from your friends.
Instead the font was bold, black and pretend.

My boy I am sorry, your body was not found.
Instead you are alone, lifeless on the ground.
I'll see you in heaven and remember that smile
We'll be reunited as mother and child.

Helen Grigalis, Loughborough High School

Commemoration

Please sit

The Golden Book is processed forward and laid on the central altar. This book records the fallen for city and county during World War I. A bouquet of rosemary for remembrance is placed on the book.

Remember, Lord, those whose stories were unspoken and untold.
Jesus, remember them when you come into your kingdom.

Remember, Lord, those whose minds were darkened and disturbed by memories of war.
Jesus, remember them when you come into your kingdom

Remember, Lord, those who suffered in silence, and those whose bodies were disfigured by injury and pain.

Jesus, remember them when you come into your kingdom.

Father of all, remember your mercy, and look with your healing love on all your people, living and departed. On this day we especially ask that you would hold for ever all who suffered during the First World War, those who returned scarred by warfare, those who waited anxiously at home, and those who returned wounded, and disillusioned; those who mourned, and those communities that were diminished and suffered loss. Remember too those who acted with kindly compassion, those who bravely risked their own lives for their comrades, and those who in the aftermath of war, worked tirelessly for a more peaceful world. And as you remember them, remember us, O Lord; grant us peace in our time and a longing for the day when people of every language, race, and nation will be brought into the unity of Christ's kingdom. This we ask in the name of the same Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

O Lord, our maker and our strength,
from whose love in Christ we can never be parted
either by death or life:
look in mercy on those for whom we pray this day,
and grant us your protection and peace,
that we may be saved in body and soul,
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

Choir God be in my head <i>Walford Davies (1869-1941)</i> <i>Please sit</i>
--

God be in my head, and in my understanding;
God be in mine eyes, and in my looking;
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;
God be in my heart, and in my thinking;
God be at mine end, and at my departing.

words: Horae beatae Mariae Virginis (1514)

Led by Colonel Anthony Swallow.

God the Father,
have mercy upon us.

God the Son,
have mercy upon us.

God the Holy Spirit,
have mercy upon us.

Holy and blessed Trinity,
have mercy upon us.

From all fear and prejudice, bitterness, and all hardness of heart,
good Lord, deliver us.

From all spite, revenge, and destructive anger,
good Lord, deliver us.

From the desire to dominate others, to impose our will, and from all feelings of superiority,
good Lord, deliver us.

Open our hearts towards our neighbour, and help us to work together for the common good.
Lord, hear us and help us.

Strengthen us to stand for all that is just and true and right.
Lord, hear us and help us.

Grant that we may come to understand our enemies.
Lord, hear us and help us.

Bring release to those with abiding memories of hurt and injury.
Lord, hear us and help us.

Lord grant us the grace to receive forgiveness, and to forgive as we are forgiven.
Lord, hear us and help us.

Comfort all those who mourn, the troubled, and all who call upon you in their distress.

Lord, hear us and help us.

Guide the leaders of the nations and those who work for peace, and make us all subject to Christ's just and gentle rule.

Lord, hear us and help us.

**Holy God,
holy and strong,
holy and immortal,
have mercy upon us.**

Dean: We unite all these our prayers,
as we pray for the coming of God's kingdom
in the words our Saviour Christ has taught us:

**Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come; thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.**

During the final hymn a collection in aid of the Cathedral is taken. If you pay tax in the UK, please use the Gift Aid envelopes (spares and pens available from the desk at the south door). Please place your donation inside the envelope and ensure that your details are completed in full. We will then be able to claim back the tax you have already paid on this gift amounting to 25p for every £1 given. A donation of £20 becomes £25, £5 becomes £6.25 etc. Thank you!

**Thy kingdom come, O God,
thy rule, O Christ, begin;
break with thine iron rod
the tyrannies of sin.**

**Where is thy reign of peace
and purity and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
as in the realms above?**

**When comes the promised time
that war shall be no more,
and lust, oppression, crime
shall flee thy face before?**

**We pray thee, Lord, arise,
and come in thy great might;
revive our longing eyes,
which languish for thy sight.**

**O'er lands both near and far
thick darkness broodeth yet:
arise, O Morning Star,
arise, and never set!**

words: L. Hensley (1824-1905)
music: St Cecilia (CP607)

Blessing*Please stand*

The Lord be with you
and with thy Spirit.

God grant to the living, grace;
to the departed, rest;
to the Church, the Queen, the Commonwealth,
and all humankind, peace and concord;
and to all thy servants, life everlasting;
and the blessing of God almighty,
✠ the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit,
be with you and remain with you always.
Amen.

The National Anthem*Please stand*

**God save our gracious Queen,
long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
happy and glorious,
long to reign over us:
God save the Queen.**

Please sit down after the procession has left the Cathedral.

Voluntary Rhapsody in C-sharp minor *Howells (1893-1983)*

This work was written in one sitting during a Zeppelin raid in 1918 while Howells was staying with his friend Edward Bairstow in Minster Court, York Minster.

RECESSION

A Verger

The Honorary Canons
The Diocesan Secretary and Chief Executive

The Cathedral Clergy
The Residentiary Canons
The Dean
The Assistant Bishop
The Bishop
The Bishop's Chaplain

The Lord-Lieutenant
The Lord Mayor and Consort
The Chairman of the County Council and Mrs Boulter
A Lord-Lieutenant's Cadet

**Refreshments will be served – weather permitting – in
Cathedral Gardens after the service.
All are welcome.**

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