

PARISH OF LANNARTH
The Form of Service
FOR
THE DEDICATION
OF
THE LYCH GATE

to the Glory of God,
and in memory of the men of Lanner who fell
in the great War

SATURDAY, APRIL 24th, 1920, at 3 p.m.

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN MEMORY OF OUR MEN
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR ENGLAND
AND FOR FREEDOM IN THE GREAT WAR
1914-18

WILLIAM BLIGHT
W. JAMES COLLINS
CECIL H. CARBIS
JOSEPH J. FRANCIS
WILLIAM J. GEACH
LEWIS GILBERT
JOHN T. GLASSON
MORLEY T. GOLDSWORTHY
F. OSBORN GREENSLADE
WILLIAM J. HERRING

JAMES HARRIS
LAURENCE LAMPSHIRE
MICHAEL I. MALTON
PAUL L. MALTON
JAMES H. MARTIN
SYDNEY MITCHELL
J. STANLEY PETERS
WILLIAM H. A. TUCKER
ARTHUR WEBSTER

Rest in peace.

ORDER OF SERVICE

At the Gate, will be said

The Opening Sentences of Holy Scripture, from the Order of the Burial of the Dead.

Hymn.

BRIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown ;
~~And now we watch and struggle,~~
And now we live in hope,

And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope ;
But He, Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be Thy part ;
~~His only, His for ever~~
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Lesson—The 90th Psalm.

Hymn.

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me,

All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from ev'ry sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of life the Fountain art ;
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all Eternity.

Prayer.

Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of thy blessed Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections we may be buried with him; and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Almighty God, we commend to Thy loving kindness the souls of Thy Servants who gave their lives to defend us. Accept, O Lord, the offering of their self-sacrifice, and grant to them with all Thy faithful Servants a place of refreshment and peace, where the light of Thy countenance shines for ever, and where all tears are wiped away; grant them forgiveness of all their sins and at the last day the gladness of a happy resurrection and of a glorious re-union; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Comfort, O, Lord, we pray thee, all who are mourning the loss of those who have been near and dear to them. Be with them in their sorrow. Support them in Thy love. Teach them to rest and lean on Thee. Give them faith to know that neither life nor death can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. To Whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory now and for evermore. *Amen.*

Our Father.

The Lord Bishop of Truro will dedicate the Memorial.

O Almighty Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, of the Departed and of the living, vouchsafe we beseech Thee to accept this offering at our hands, to Thy glory and the undying remembrance of the men of Lanner who went to the defence of their Country. Vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, to accept and bless this Gate of the sleeping place of thy faithful children departed out of this life ; and grant unto the souls of all those whose bodies shall pass through it, a place of light, refreshment and peace in Paradise, and a joyful resurrection at the last day ; through Him Who hath overcome the sharpness of death and hath opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers, Thy Son Jesus Christ Our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, One God, world without end. *Amen.*

An Address will be given by the Bishop.

Hymn.

JERUSALEM the Golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd ;

I know not, oh ! I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Syon,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the Martyr throng ;

The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene :
The pastures of the Blessèd
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast .

And they, who, with their Leader,
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white !

O mine, my golden Syon !
O lovelier far than gold !
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold ;

Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear Land of Rest ;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever Blest. *Amen.*

A collection will be made for the completion of the cost of the Memorial.

The Blessing.

The Last Post.