

Vigil Service to Commemorate the Commencement of World War One



LEST WE FORGET

3 August 2014, 5pm

St Mary's-in-Holy Trinity Cathedral, Parnell

THE ROLL OF HONOUR OF ST MARY'S PARISH, PARNELL, 1914-1918

Evelyn M.G. Purchas	F. Monds
O. B Allom	R. F. Morten
L. M. Barnett	A. Morton
F. G. Bicker	H. A. Munyard
M. T. Brett	F. J. Newton
H. Brewer	W. Philson
C. R. Brown	E. Pountney
C. E. Burgess	G. Rollinson
C. van der G. Burlinson	F. T. Rogers
H. J. Burns	J. Sharland
S. M. Clark	E. Sheppard
P. Close	E. B. Smith
N. D. Cooke	W. L. Smith
W. C. Cooper	C. L. Sommerville
C. V. Dickey	S. W. Sommerville
J. C. Dove	H. E. Speight
K. Duthie	O. Steele
C. Gentil	R. B. Stevens
J. H. Goulding	W. H. Stevens
B. S. Hay	J. F. Stone
H. J. Hicks	E. H. Tayler
J. Johnson	W. C. Taylor
A. E. M. Jones	B. K. Totton
C. F. Knight	C. E. Town
H. M. Laird	P. Uren
G. Lewis	A. Walding
W. N. Mc Connell	A. Wilcocks
W. Mc Dowell	R. M. Williamson

J. H. Wright

Introit

My soul, there is a country – *Sir Charles H H Parry*

Sung by the Cathedral Choir

Far beyond the stars, where stands a winged sentry all skillful in the wars: there, above noise and danger, sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles and One, born in a manger commands the beauteous files. He is thy gracious friend and, O my soul, awake! Did in pure love descend to die here for thy sake. If thou canst get but thither, there grows the flow'r of Peace, the Rose that cannot wither, thy fortress and thy ease. Leave then thy foolish ranges, for none can thee secure but One who never changes, thy God, thy life, thy cure.

When the bell is rung, please stand for the procession of the choir and clergy.

Welcome

The Right Reverend Ross Bay, *Bishop of Auckland*

Hymn

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;
be thou my best thought in the day and the night,
both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
be thou ever with me and I with thee, Lord;
be thou my great Father, and I thy true heir;
be thou in me dwelling, and I in thy care.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might;
be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower:
O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor vain human praise:
be thou mine inheritance now and always;
be thou and thou only the first in my heart;
O sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright Sun,
O grant me its joys after vict'r'y is won;
great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Text: Irish, tr. M. Byrne, versified, E. Hull

Tune: AMNS 343, *Slane*, Irish traditional

Please be seated

Reading Isaiah 2.1–5

The word that Isaiah son of Amoz saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem. In days to come the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established as the highest of the mountains, and shall be raised above the hills; all the nations shall stream to it. Many peoples shall come and say, "Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; that he may teach us his ways and that we may walk in his paths." For out of Zion shall go forth instruction, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. He shall judge between the nations, and shall arbitrate for many peoples; they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. O house of Jacob, come, let us walk in the light of the Lord!

Psalm 46 *Sung by the Cathedral Choir*

God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same. The rivers of the flood hereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most Highest. God is in the midst of her; therefore shall she not be removed. God shall help her, and that right early. The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved; but God hath showed his voice, and the earth shall melt away. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord, what destruction he hath brought upon the earth. He maketh wars to cease in all the world; he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire. Be still then, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. 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.

Reading Dulce et decorum est - *Wilfred Owen* (ca 1917-8)

Read by Naval Base Chaplain, The Reverend Michael Berry

'Dulce et decorum est' is the first part of an ancient Latin saying that was widely understood and often quoted at the beginning of the First World War. The following poem ends with the full saying: 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori - *it is sweet and right to die for your country.*'

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 tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped 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.

*During the following hymn candles are lit around the brass memorial plaque.
Please stand.*

Hymn

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, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's dark sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Text: H. F. Lyte

Tune W. H. Monk

Please be seated

Address Colonel Louisa O'Brien,
Senior Army Liaison Officer for the Chief of Army

The Remembrance

*The names of those from Parnell Parish who were killed in WW1 are read out by
the Cathedral Precentor.*

Following the recitation of names, please stand.

Laying of Commemorative Wreath

Colonel O'Brien lays a commemorative wreath of poppies, bay and rosemary on the memorial to fallen parishioners.

The Last Post is bugled by Able Musician Matthew Stein, Royal NZ Navy

One minute's silence is observed

The Ode is recited in Maori by Bunny Tumai, Returned Vietnam Veteran, and in English by Terry Culley, Returned Vietnam Veteran and Executive of the Auckland RSA.

E kore rātou e koroheketia
Pēnei i a tātou kua mahue nei
E kore hoki rātou e ngoikore
Ahakoa pēhea i ngā āhuatanga o te wā.
I te hekenga atu o te rā
Tae noa ki te aranga mai i te ata
Ka maumahara tonu tātou ki a rātou.

All Ka maumahara tonu tātou ki a rātou.

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.

All We will remember them.

The Reveille is bugled by Able Musician Matthew Stein, Royal NZ Navy

Following the Reveille, please be seated.

Sons of Gallipoli - *Fr Chris Skinner SM*

Sung by the Auckland Boys' Choir, Stuart Weightman conducting

We sang —God of Nations at thy feet—
As we stood on that sacred shore
With a heartfelt pride
Somewhere deep inside
For the sons of Gallipoli

We sang —E Ihowa Atua—
From the place they call Anzac Cove
We gazed out to sea
Where our home would be
For the sons of Gallipoli

How still you lie
And how still you die on other hillsides.

We sang —hear our voices we entreat—
As the wind blew from off the sea
With a tearful sigh and the question why
For the sons of Gallipoli

We sang —God defend our free land—
And for all whose lives are torn
With one voice implore
No more talk of war
For the sons of Gallipoli

Please stand for the National Anthem

E Ihowa Atua,
O nga iwi matou ra
Ata whakarongona;
Me aroha noa
Kia hua ko te pai;
Kia tau to atawhai;
Manaakitia mai
Aotearoa.

God of nations! at Thy feet
In the bonds of love we meet,
Hear our voices, we entreat,
God defend our Free Land.

Guard Pacific's triple star,
From the shafts of strife and war,
Make her praises heard afar,
God defend New Zealand.

Peace, not war, shall be our boast,
But, should foes assail our coast,
Make us then a mighty host,
God defend our Free Land.
Lord of battles in thy might,
Put our enemies to flight,
Let our cause be just and right,
God defend New Zealand.

May our mountains ever be
Freedom's ramparts on the sea,
Make us faithful unto Thee,
God defend our Free Land.
Guide her in the nations' van,
Preaching love and truth to man,
Working out Thy Glorious plan,
God defend New Zealand.

Address Mr Michael Lee – Auckland City Councillor

Anthem Greater Love – *John Ireland, sung by the Cathedral Choir*

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. Love is strong as death. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness. Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus. Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation; That ye should show forth the praises of him who hath call'd you out of darkness into his marvellous light. I beseech you brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto to God, which is your reasonable service.

What then are we to say about these things? If God is for us, who is against us? He who did not withhold his own Son, but gave him up for all of us, will he not with him also give us everything else? Who will bring any charge against God's elect? It is God who justifies. Who is to condemn? It is Christ Jesus, who died, yes, who was raised, who is at the right hand of God, who indeed intercedes for us. Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Will hardship, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, "For your sake we are being killed all day long; we are accounted as sheep to be slaughtered." No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Homily The Right Reverend Ross Bay – *Bishop of Auckland*

Prayers The Reverend Tony Surman

Concluding with the Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name,

Your kingdom come, your will be done,

on earth as in heaven.

Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins

as we forgive those who sin against us.

Save us from the time of trial

and deliver us from evil.

For the kingdom, the power and the glory are yours

now and forever. Amen.

Offertory Hymn – *please stand*

During this hymn a collection will be taken up for soldiers' rehabilitation.

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 brief life's 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.

Text: Fred Kaan

Tune: *Westminster Abbey*

The Bishop blesses the Congregation

Blessing God grant to the living, grace; to the departed, rest;
to all the world peace and concord; and to us and to every
faithful servant, life everlasting: and the blessing of God
almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be with you and remain
with you for ever. Amen

Sortie ‘Solemn Melody’ - *Sir Henry Walford Davies*

Cellist – Timothy Carpenter, *Belinda Godfrey Organ Scholar*

Please stand while the choir and clergy leave the nave. It is our custom to remain standing until the cross has made its way up the centre aisle to the back of the church.

You are warmly invited to remain for the Sortie - and beyond, to pray and reflect.



Director of Music – *Timothy Noon*
Cathedral Organist – *Philip Smith*
The Holy Trinity Cathedral Choir



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