

THE BLUE COAT HOSPITAL,
LIVERPOOL,

Sunday, November 10th, 1929,

ARMISTICE.



Old Boys' Memorial Service,

HELD IN

SHIRLEY HALL,

AT 3-30 P.M.

TRUSTEES IN ATTENDANCE:

A. D. HOLLAND and C. L. WARREN.

LIVERPOOL:

THOMAS BRAKELL LIMITED, 56 STANLEY STREET.

God Save the King.

Hymn.

For all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed.
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia !

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and
their Might :

Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
fight :

Thou in the darkness drear their one true
Light.

Alleluia !

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old.

And win, with them, the victor's crown of
gold.

Alleluia !

O blest communion ! fellowship Divine !

We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;

Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song.

And hearts are brave again and arms are
strong.

Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their
rest :

Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia !

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day :
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array :
The King of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast,

Through gates of pearl streams in the count-
less host.

Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia !

Amen.

Prayers.

Anthem, " The Supreme Sacrifice."

O valiant Hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle-
flame,

Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar ;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save Mankind—yourselves you scorned to
save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that nevermore shall fade ;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same
way.

These were His servants, in His steps they
trod,
Following through death the martyr's Son of
God,
Victor He rose ; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of Sacrifice.

O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our Dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and whose Staff
has led—

In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing
Land

Commits her Children to Thy gracious hand.

Amen.

Last Post.

The Anthem ended, the congregation shall remain standing for

An Act of Thanksgiving.

BOY : Let us give thanks to Almighty God for our deliverance from the tribulation of the Great War, for the vindication of our righteous cause, and for the restoration of peace.

LEADER : This God is our God for ever and ever.

REPLY : He shall be our guide unto death.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son and Him who reigns
With them in Highest Heaven.
The one eternal God,
Whom Heaven and earth adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

An Act of Remembrance.

BOY : **Let us remember**, before God, all, of whatsoever nation, who gave their lives for their country.

GIRL : **Let us remember**, with heartfelt gratitude, all the Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen who fought and suffered ; especially those whose health was impaired and whose bodies were broken.

GIRL : **Let us remember** all the Doctors and Nurses whose skill and loving care brought relief and healing to the sick and wounded.

BOY : **Let us remember** our own Brothers from this School who gave their service to their country ; especially those who laid down their lives.

LEADER : Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

REPLY : Their memorial is from generation to generation.

What heroes thou hast bred,
O England, my country !
I see the mighty dead
Pass in line,
Each with undaunted heart
Playing his gallant part,
Making thee what thou art,
Mother of Mine !

Then let me take my place,
O England, my country !
Amid the gallant race
That is thine,
Ready to hear thy call,
Ready to give thee all,
Ready, whate'er befall,
Mother of Mine !

An Act of Dedication.

BOY : Let us dedicate ourselves anew to the service of our Saviour Christ, and let us do all that in us lies to drive out the spirit of hatred from the hearts of men, and to bring about the fulfilment of God's will for the redemption of mankind.

LEADER: The Lord remaineth a King for ever.

REPLY: The Lord shall give his people the blessing of peace.

All Glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from Heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease.

Chapters.

BOY: Isaiah xxvi 1-9.

GIRL: Revelation xxi 1-7.

Anthem, "The Two Fatherlands."

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.

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.

Prayers.

Hymn.

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who, like me, His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of Grace. Amen.

May the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Love of God, and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us and the whole Church of Jesus Christ, this night and for evermore.

Amen.

Vesper.