

BATTLE'S OVER



A NATION'S TRIBUTE

11TH NOVEMBER 2018

100 YEARS OF REMEMBRANCE

11th November 2018
6.30pm

Merton Civic Centre
London Road
Morden



THE BIDDING

Reverend Father David Pennells
Vicar, Mitcham Parish Church

READING

“Anthem for Doomed Youth” by Wilfred Owen
Councillor Mary Curtin, Mayor of Merton

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.



WILFRED OWEN: MERTON CONNECTIONS

Wilfred was born in Oswestry, Shropshire in 1893.

From the age of 13, he regularly visited "Alpina" (3 Clement Road, Wimbledon). This was the home of his uncle, John Gunston, a successful butcher with a string of local shops. When Gunston retired, aged 50, he became a photographer. He is responsible for one of the most famous photographs of Wilfred Owen, pictured in the uniform of the Manchester Regiment c.1915. (This is now part of the National Portrait Gallery collection).

Wilfred was particularly close to his youngest cousin, Lesley Gunston, with whom he would write poetry.

Wilfred also spent time in Wimbledon in 1912. He stayed at 38 Worple Road whilst sitting his University entrance exams.

A Second Lieutenant, Wilfred served with distinction during World War 1 and was awarded the Military Cross in October 1918. He was killed on 4 November, just one week before the Armistice.

Through his poems (published posthumously), Wilfred Owen became the voice of a lost generation, capturing both the horror of war and the pity he felt for his fellow combatants.

MUSIC

Merton Youth Brass Ensemble

St Anthony Chorale by Joseph Haydn

Largo from the New World Symphony by Antonin Dvorak



CARVED IN STONE

A digital display featuring images of local First World War combatants and life on the Home Front

SONGS

Merton Music Foundation's Young Voices and
Wimbledon Community Chorus

All

Pack Up Your Troubles

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've a Lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying
It never was worthwhile, SO
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.

It's a Long Way to Tipperary

It's a long way to Tipperary.
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly
Farewell Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary
But my heart's right there!



CEREMONIAL PROGRAMME

This part of the commemorative event will commence at set times and in the following order:

6.50pm

Move outside to the area near the civic centre war memorial.

6.55pm

THE LAST POST

Played by Lance Corporal Melissa Ramplin,
Band of the Welsh Guards

TWO MINUTE SILENCE

THE AFFIRMATION

Reverend Father David Pennells
Vicar, Mitcham Parish Church

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.

7.00pm

BEACON LIGHTING

Clare Whelan OBE, Deputy Lieutenant for Merton
Councillor Mary Curtin, Mayor of Merton



READING

Tribute to the Millions

Clare Whelan OBE, Deputy Lieutenant for Merton

Let us remember those who so selflessly gave their lives at home and abroad, whose sacrifice enables us to enjoy the peace and freedom we have today.

Let us remember those who came home wounded, physically and mentally, and the friends and family who cared for them.

Let us remember those who returned to restore their relationships and rebuild their working lives after years of dreadful conflict and turmoil.

Let us remember the families that lost husbands, sons and sweethearts.

Let us remember the servicemen, merchant seamen, miners, brave civilians and others from Commonwealth and Allied countries - who fought, suffered and died during four years of war.

Let us remember those in reserved occupation and the brave people who kept us safe on the home front – the doctors and nurses who cared for the wounded, the women and men who toiled in the fields, those who worked in the factories, who all played such a vital role in the war effort at home.

7.05pm

BELLS RING OUT

Members of the public are invited to ring bells as part of a nationwide "Peal for Peace"

7.10pm

Move inside the civic centre.



SONG

"Time to Remember" by Adam Saunders

Written for "Merton on the March", a schools project by
Merton Music Foundation

Try to imagine a world without war.
It's a song we've all sung, a tale we've told before.
Soon we'll start to wonder how we came to be here.

Try to imagine a place we can go,
Where the river can run and we can lay down low.
Soon we'll start to wonder how we came to be here...

Chorus

We can try to change the future but we'll never change the past.
If we savour ev'ry moment then our mem'ries will last.
Take the time to remember, time to stop and say
That we only have tomorrow 'coz they gave us their today.

Try to imagine a time we've all shared
Where the road up ahead can leave us feeling scared.
Soon we'll start to wonder how we came to be here.

Chorus

We can try to change the future but we'll never change the past.
If we savour ev'ry moment then our mem'ries will last.
Take the time to remember, time to stop and say
That we only have tomorrow 'coz they gave us their today.

We are the voices of tomorrow
Never let them fade away.
We are the voices of tomorrow
Never let them fade away.



Chorus

We can try to change the future but we'll never change the past.
If we savour ev'ry moment then our mem'ries will last.
Take the time to remember, time to stop and say
That we only have tomorrow 'coz they gave us their today.

SONG

Merton Music Foundation's Young Voices and
Wimbledon Community Chorus

All

Keep The Home Fires Burning

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking
Make it sing this cheery song

Chorus

Keep the Home Fires Burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out
'Til the boys come home.

Continued overleaf



Overseas there came a pleading,
"Help a nation in distress!"
And we gave our glorious laddies
Honour made us do no less,
For no gallant son of freedom
To a tyrant's yoke should bend,
And a noble heart must answer
To the sacred call of "Friend!"

Chorus

Keep the Home Fires Burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out
"Til the boys come home.

MUSIC

Merton Youth Brass Ensemble

3 Minuets by George Frideric Handel, Franz Schubert and
J S Bach

CARVED IN STONE

A digital display featuring images of local First World War
combatants and life on the Home Front



READING

“The Graveyard” a Remembrance Day Poem

Written and read by Katelyn Gardner, aged 11

I hear the gunfire, the screams of agony as they're hit
I smell the smoke of trenches and objects alight
I see the bodies of friends among the dead and wounded
I taste blood on my tongue and sweat in the air
I feel the cold bullet through my heart, the searing pain, then nothing
I think of the people I loved – Mother, Father, Jenny
Those who I would never see again
I hear the church bells ringing, some people sobbing
I smell pure pine wood of the coffin
I see nothing, only black
I taste blood on my tongue from an old wound
I feel being lowered in to cool cold earth; it being piled onto me
I am dead and all that is left of me is dust long forgotten in the graveyard,
with my fellow friends and soldiers.



READING

"Two Fusiliers" by Robert Graves (1918)

Councillor Stephen Alambritis, Leader of Merton Council

And have we done with War at last?
Well, we've been lucky devil's both,
And there's no need of pledge or oath
To bind our lovely friendship fast,
By firmer stuff
Close bound enough.

By wire and wood and stake we're bound,
By Fricourt and by Festubert,
By whipping rain, by the sun's glare,
By all the misery and loud sound,
By a Spring day,
By Picard clay.

Show me the two so closely bound
As we, by the wet bond of blood,
By friendship blossoming from mud,
By Death: we faced him, and we found
Beauty in Death,
In dead men, breath.



ROBERT GRAVES: MERTON CONNECTIONS

Robert was the third child of Alfred Graves and his German wife, Amalie von Ranke. He was born in 1895 and raised at 1, Lauriston Road, Wimbledon. The property now has an English Heritage blue plaque.

Robert attended several local schools including King's College School. He was often tormented by other students due to his German ancestry. This may have prompted his own bullying tendencies and eventually his father removed him from the school for using bad language.

He later studied at Rokeby Preparatory School in Kingston-upon-Thames, before moving to Charterhouse.

Robert volunteered for military service within days of war being declared. He served with the Royal Welch Fusiliers throughout the conflict, achieving the rank of Captain.

Robert was wounded during the Battle of the Somme and mistakenly reported dead on his 21st birthday. Shell-shocked and traumatised by his experiences, he was sent to Craiglockhart Hospital, Edinburgh, where he formed close friendships with fellow poets Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfred Owen.

Robert's autobiographical work, 'Goodbye to All That' (published in 1929) drew on his own wartime experiences and showed the impact of war on British society. It remains the most popular prose account of the First World War.



THE BLESSING

Reverend Father David Pennells
Vicar, Mitcham Parish Church

God grant to the living, grace; to the departed, rest; to the Church, the Queen, the Commonwealth, and all humanity, peace and concord; and to us and all His Servants, life everlasting; and the blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, come down upon you and remain with you always. Amen.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

All

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.

MUSIC AND REFRESHMENTS



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