

Start – 1835 'ish

March no more my soldier laddie
There is peace, where there once was war
Sleep in peace my soldier laddie
Sleep in peace now the battle's o'er

Some returned from the fields of glory
To their loved ones, who held them dear
But some fell, in that hour of glory
And were left, to their resting here

March no more my soldier laddie
There is peace, where there once was war
Sleep in peace my soldier laddie
Sleep in peace, now the battle's o'er

(Excerpt from ***When The Battle's O'er***, a retreat march written by
Pipe Major William Robb c1890-1895)

Remembrance Day - T'was Madness

By Peter Atkinson

Deep in the trenches and stench they stand
Where their life's in the balance, poised in fates hand.
The front line can make courage soon disappear
With the rage of the battle and the palpable fear.
Our troops line to die when the whistle is blown,
To a slaughter so vile in the killing zone.

What mind in command could consider it right
To march men with rifles to engage such a fight
Where opponents attack with such focused disdain
Meet machine-guns a-blazing; reap carnage insane.
T'was a war that was numb to a phalanx of death
Were the leaders perplexed; suffered intake of
breath?

What contest deemed fair would plan such a match?
Where a soldier on foot would cross a mud patch
To a death that was certain as bullets would slay
Those Innocents ordered straight into harms way.
Christ, why was that ever considered to be
A fair contest? T'was madness and none disagree.

For the soldiers....

In Flanders Fields
(John McCrea, May 1915)

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

For the Sailors....

IN WATERS DEEP

In ocean wastes no poppies blow,
No crosses stand in ordered row,
Their young hearts sleep... beneath the wave...
The spirited, the good, the brave,
But stars a constant vigil keep,
For them who lie beneath the deep.

'Tis true you cannot kneel in prayer
On certain spot and think, "He's there."
But you can to the ocean go...
See whitecaps marching row on row;
Know one for him will always ride...
In and out... with every tide.

And when your span of life is passed,
He'll meet you at the "Captain's Mast."
And they who mourn on distant shore
For sailors who'll come home no more,
Can dry their tears and pray for these
Who rest beneath the heaving seas...

For stars that shine and winds that blow
And whitecaps marching row on row.
And they can never lonely be
For when they lived... they chose the sea...

Eileen Mahoney

For the early airmen...

An Irish Airman Foresees His Death - WB Yeats

I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those that I fight I do not hate
Those that I guard I do not love;
My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor,
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public man, nor cheering crowds,
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death

And now we remember and
pay tribute to ALL those
touched by Great War at
home... and to those who
returned physically and
mentally wounded

‘A Tribute To The Millions’

A Tribute to The Millions

Let us remember those who selflessly gave their lives at home and abroad, whose sacrifice enables us to enjoy the peace and freedoms 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 occupations 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.

Now we remember those
from the Parish of Porlock
who fell in the Great War...

But first...

'A message from The Fallen'

OUR REMEMBRANCE DAY - A MESSAGE FROM THE FALLEN

Come gather round lads, come one come all,
Its time to answer the bugle's call,
Look, through the clouds and down below,
There's hundreds of friends we used to know.

Our special day of the year is here,
When all our comrades gather near,
A promise made, for years to keep,
To honour us, in our endless sleep.

Together we all fought, side by side,
The lucky one's all march with pride,
Some old and grey and racked with pain,
But still they march, time and again.

Our poppy wreath's all shining bright,
Oh boys, look at this glorious sight,
In cloud and mist, in sun and wet,
We knew, that they would not forget.

We pick out regiments we all know,
And one by one we watch them go,
We salute all those who came to pray,
For us - on our - remembrance day.

Cal Pearson

Remembering Porlock's Fallen in the Great War...

Private	Robert	BAKER	Somerset Light Infantry
<i>Lieutenant</i>	<i>Montmorency</i>	<i>BEAUMONT- CHECKLAND</i>	<i>Somerset Light Infantry</i>
Private	James	BINDING	Somerset Light Infantry
<i>Private</i>	<i>John</i>	<i>BLACKMORE</i>	<i>Somerset Light Infantry</i>
Private	Herbert	BOWDEN	Oxfordshire & Buckinghamshire Light Infantry
<i>Private</i>	<i>Gilbert Howe</i>	<i>COLES</i>	<i>Somerset Light Infantry</i>
Private	Richard	HENSLEY	Somerset Light Infantry
<i>Driver</i>	<i>Fred</i>	<i>HOBBS</i>	<i>Royal Army Service Corps</i>
Private	Herbert Andrew	HOBBS	Somerset Light Infantry
<i>Private</i>	<i>Albert John</i>	<i>HUIISH</i>	<i>Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry</i>
Private	George Charles	HUIISH	Devonshire Regiment
<i>Ch. Yeoman of Signals</i>	<i>William Frederick</i>	<i>JOHN</i>	<i>Royal Navy</i>

Private	Wilfred	MOORE	Welsh Regiment
<i>Private</i>	<i>Noah Herbert</i>	<i>POLLARD</i>	<i>Somerset Light Infantry</i>
Sapper	Ernest	PUGSLEY	Royal Engineers
<i>Gunner</i>	<i>William</i>	<i>RIDLER</i>	<i>Royal Garrison Artillery</i>
Corporal	John	RILEY	Duke Of Cornwall's Light Infantry
<i>Private</i>	<i>Joseph Solomen</i>	<i>ROGERS</i>	<i>Kings Own Yorkshire Light Infantry</i>
Private	Sidney Frank	SQUIRE	Somerset Light Infantry
<i>Private</i>	<i>Basil</i>	<i>STENNER</i>	<i>Royal Army Service Corps</i>
Private	George Edward	STUCKLEY	Somerset Light Infantry
<i>Private</i>	<i>Richard F.</i>	<i>SULLEY</i>	<i>London Regiment</i>
Lieutenant	Anthony Graham	TITLEY	West Yorkshire Regiment
<i>Private</i>	<i>Albert Ernest</i>	<i>WARD</i>	<i>Somerset Light Infantry</i>

(Pause...10 – 15 secs...)

(25 secs)

They shall not grow old,
as we who are left grow old
Age shall not weary them,
nor the years contemn
At the going down of the sun,
and in the morning

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

(The '*Ode of Remembrance*'; an ode taken from the poem '*For The Fallen*' written by Laurence Binyon – first published in *The Times* newspaper, September 1914)

(1 minute 45 seconds)

(...start 5 secs after 'Ode to Remembrance')

THE LAST POST

Played by
David Tilley

We Shall Keep the Faith
(Maira Michael, November 1918)

Oh! you who sleep in Flanders Fields,
Sleep sweet - to rise anew!
We caught the torch you threw
And holding high, we keep the Faith
With All who died.

We cherish, too, the poppy red
That grows on fields where valor led;
It seems to signal to the skies
That blood of heroes never dies,
But lends a lustre to the red
Of the flower that blooms above the dead
In Flanders Fields.

And now the Torch and Poppy Red
We wear in honour of our dead.
Fear not that ye have died for naught;
We'll teach the lesson that ye wrought
In Flanders Fields.

***When you go home,
tell them of us and say,
for your tomorrow,
we gave our today***

(An epitaph by John Maxwell Edmonds 1875-1958)

Beacon Intro

And now:

Symbolising an end to the
darkness of war, and a return
to the light of peace,

along with hundreds more
around the Kingdom, we set
ablaze our very own

‘BEACON OF LIGHT’

(Turn to beacon, signal to Eric)

A Cry For Peace Around The World

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

Town Criers raise your voices and together cry with me

Remembering those brave men and women in our history

The Battle's Over: A Nations Tribute, remembers them one and all

Be proud and stand united, don't let your memories fall.

Confidence is what we need so that Nations trust each other

And all the Races of mankind treat each other, as a brother

Food for every living thing by nature is provided

If we could only see that it was equally divided

The woods and streams, the mountains high, the sea and golden shore

Were never ever meant to be the cause of senseless bloody war

Or race for powerful armaments, and sacrifice of youth

But a World of true contentment built on Faith and Trust and Truth.

Peace to the World

.....God Save The Queen!

And in a moment, as they did
100 years ago to celebrate
the coming of peace,

the Bells of our Parish
Church will ring out, along
with thousands more
throughout the land, the
Commonwealth and around
the World.

***...start celebratory
clapping...***

*(attendees join-in, hopefully – being the
signal to Tower Capt. for bells to ring out)*