

# **THE ELEVENTH HOUR: A CELEBRATION OF PEACE**

**Before the concert please join us for a singsong of some of the hits of the day**

*The Sunshine of your smile*

*Daisy, Daisy*

*For me and my gal*

*If you were the only girl in the world*

*KKK Katy*

*Goodbye Dolly Gray*

*Mademoiselle from Armentieres*

*Lilian Ray*

*Harry Dacre*

*Meyer, Leslie and Goetz*

*Nat D Ayer*

*Geoffrey O'Hara*

*Barnes and Cobb*

*trad. French anon.*

**All 'house' lights OFF – spots left on performing area**

**Peter Medland trumpet**

Reveille

**INTRO: read by WILLIAM VAUGHAN: (central podium)**

British soldier, Edward Dwyer, won the Victoria Cross on 20 April 1915 for rescuing colleagues under heavy shell-fire at Ypres in Belgium. He was 19 years old. He recalled the retreat from Mons in a sound recording made in 1916. He was killed later that year in the Battle of the Somme.

**(WV sits)**

*We're here because we're here* sung by Edward Dwyer 1916 and Coln Choir (seated)

**NARRATION 1: DOUGLAS (pulpit)**

The assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand in June 1914 in Sarajevo had led to the inexorable slip to war between the European powers, and by October the British Expeditionary Force was in France and Belgium trying, with the French Army, to halt the race of the German Army to the channel coast. Holding the salient at Ypres, 'Wipers', was strategically critical, and the first Battle of Ypres in October 1914, demonstrated what was in store in trench warfare as the armies dug in. 30,000 British soldiers were wounded, 18,000 were missing, and nearly 8000 died at Ypres. Our village war memorials tell the story of the war not just of the Western Front but across all theatres of war. **(D sits)**

**Local Stories** : read by **Mary Conlon. (DSL podium)**

Fairford's first casualty of the war was Private John Brind. A groom, born in Milton Street, who had joined the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in 1911. He was a regular, so an 'Old Contemptible' as the British Expeditionary force was facetiously called. His regiment landed in Zeebrugge on 6 October, arriving in Ypres after an exhausting two-day march in atrocious weather. 3 weeks later Private Brind suffered shrapnel wounds and died on 19<sup>th</sup> November in hospital in Britain. Like so many, succumbing to septicaemia - having had his leg amputated. He was 27.

After the failure of the BEF to hold back the German army, young men were being enthusiastically exhorted to join up. Kitchener asked for 100,000 volunteers and 750,000 applied in the first month, many thinking the war would be over by Christmas. In order to counter poet, Jessie Pope's, jingoistic fervour, Wilfred Owen initially called his wonderful poem *Dulce et Decorum Est* – simply *To Jessie Pope*. ( M sits)

**POEM: Who's for the game? Jessie Pope** read by **JENERFER GREENWOOD (central podium)**

Who's for the game, the biggest that's played,  
The red crashing game of a fight?

Who'll grip and tackle the job unafraid?  
And who thinks he'd rather sit tight?

Who'll toe the line for the signal to 'Go!'  
Who'll give his country a hand?

Who wants a turn to himself in the show?  
And who wants a seat in the stand?

Who knows it won't be a picnic – not much-  
Yet eagerly shoulders a gun?

Who would much rather come back with a crutch  
Than lie low and be out of the fun?

Come along, lads –  
But you'll come on all right –  
For there's only one course to pursue,  
Your country is up to her neck in a fight,  
And she's looking and calling for you.

<b>Choir</b>	<i>from World War 1 Arr by Alan Simmons</i>
Pack up your Troubles	Felix Powell arr Simmons
It's a long way to Tipperary	Judge/Williams arr Simmons
There's a long, long trail a-winding	Alonzo Elliot arr Simmons
Keep the Home Fires Burning	Ivor Novello arr Simmons

## **NARRATION 2: DOUGLAS      Pulpit**

By Christmas the war was not only **not** over, but the line of trenches on the Western Front spread 440 miles from the Channel to the Alps and barely shifted over the next 4 years. Christmas 1914 is famous for the impromptu truce on parts of the Western Front, although in other areas fighting continued unabated. The British High Command was not amused, and threatened Court Martial for officers who initiated fraternisation. Brutal developments in the war in 1915, particularly the use of gas, meant no further 'truces' in later years. The Gloucester Journal of that year records the experience of Captain Brewer who wrote from the trenches ...

### **Local Story:**            read by **WILLIAM      (DSR podium)**

*'Just to let you know how I spent one of the most remarkable Christmas Days it would be possible to have .... I can't say I wouldn't have missed it for worlds, for I would have given anything to have spent it amongst you all in Gloucester ... We came into the trenches again on Christmas Eve. It was a lovely night, frosty and a clear half-moon. ...The Germans were singing and playing mouth organs hard all Christmas Eve. Just opposite us they have got a Christmas tree stuck up on the parapet. Early on Christmas morning they shouted across to us "A Merry Christmas!" and asked if some of us would go half-way and meet them. We did, and it was the most extraordinary sight I have ever seen to see English and German soldiers shaking hands and exchanging cigars and cigarettes between trenches ...Not a shot was fired all day and everybody walked about on top of the trenches... Higher up the line - you would scarcely believe it – but they were kicking a football between the Trenches. But perhaps the funniest was when a hare was started between the lines, to see the English and German soldiers running after this hare as if their lives depended on it.'*

**POEM - *The Christmas Truce* by Carol Ann Duffy read by:  
DOUGLAS (central podium)**

Christmas Eve in the trenches of France, the guns were quiet.  
The dead lay still in No Man's Land –  
Freddie, Franz, Friedrich, Frank . . .  
The moon, like a medal, hung in the clear, cold sky.

Silver frost on barbed wire, strange tinsel, sparkled and winked.  
A boy from Stroud stared at a star  
to meet his mother's eyesight there.  
An owl swooped on a rat on the glove of a corpse.

In a copse of trees behind the lines, a lone bird sang.  
A soldier-poet noted it down – *a robin holding his winter ground* –  
then silence spread and touched each man like a hand.

Somebody kissed the gold of his ring;  
a few lit pipes;  
most, in their greatcoats, huddled,  
waiting for sleep.  
The liquid mud had hardened at last in the freeze.

But it was Christmas Eve; *believe*; belief thrilled the night air,  
where glittering rime on unburied sons  
treasured their stiff hair.  
The sharp, clean, midwinter smell held memory.

On watch, a rifleman scoured the terrain –  
no sign of life,  
no shadows, shots from snipers, nowt to note or report.  
The frozen, foreign fields were acres of pain.

Then flickering flames from the other side danced in his eyes,  
as Christmas Trees in their dozens shone, candlelit on the parapets,  
and they started to sing, all down the German lines.

Men who would drown in mud, be gassed, or shot, or vaporised  
by falling shells, or live to tell, heard for the first time then –  
*(Choir) Stille Nacht. Heilige Nacht. Alles schläft, einsam wacht ...*

Cariad, the song was a sudden bridge from man to man;  
a gift to the heart from home,  
or childhood, some place shared ...  
When it was done, the British soldiers cheered.

A Scotsman started to bawl *The First Noel*  
and all joined in,  
till the Germans stood, seeing  
  
across the divide,  
the sprawled, mute shapes of those who had died.

All night, along the Western Front, they sang, the enemies –  
carols, hymns, folk songs, anthems, in German, English, French;  
each battalion choired in its grim trench.

So Christmas dawned, wrapped in mist, to open itself  
and offer the day like a gift  
for Harry, Hugo, Hermann, Henry, Heinz ...  
with whistles, waves, cheers, shouts, laughs.

*Frohe Weinachten, Tommy! Merry Christmas, Fritz!*  
A young Berliner, brandishing schnapps,  
was the first from his ditch to climb.  
A Shropshire lad ran at him like a rhyme.

Then it was up and over, every man, to shake the hand  
of a foe as a friend,  
or slap his back like a brother would;  
exchanging gifts of biscuits, tea, Maconochie's stew,

Tickler's jam ... for cognac, sausages, cigars,  
beer, sauerkraut;  
or chase six hares, who jumped  
from a cabbage-patch, or find a ball  
and make of a battleground a football pitch.

*I showed him a picture of my wife. Ich zeigte ihm  
ein Foto meiner Frau.  
Sie sei schön, sagte er.  
He thought her beautiful, he said.*

They buried the dead then, hacked spades into hard earth  
again and again, till a score of men  
were at rest, identified, blessed.

*Der Herr ist mein Hirt ... my shepherd, I shall not want.*

And all that marvellous, festive day and night, they came and went,  
the officers, the rank and file, their fallen comrades side by side  
beneath the makeshift crosses of midwinter graves ...

... beneath the shivering, shy stars  
and the pinned moon  
and the yawn of History;  
the high, bright bullets

which each man later only aimed at the sky

### **Choir**

Stille Nacht	Franz Gruber
Devonshire Carol	John Tams

### **Tom Pitt violin Rachel Emmerson piano**

Sospiri for violin Opus 70	Edward Elgar
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### **NARRATION 3: DOUGLAS (pulpit)**

1915 saw both sides trying in vain to break the stalemate of trench warfare with the accompanying casualties of men and animals numbering many thousands. The Second Battle of Ypres was fought in April and May with support from Canadian soldiers - here the German army deployed chlorine gas for the first time. The British used gas themselves later in the year at Loos. From April to October disastrous attempts were made to land on the Gallipoli peninsular to defeat the Turkish army. Churchill's plan was abandoned in December, the armies evacuated and about 130,000 British and Colonial soldiers died, largely from disease.

### **Local stories - MARY (central podium)**

We have two boys from Eastleach to tell a small part of this story. Thomas Golding was only 13 years old when he joined the 2<sup>nd</sup> Glosters in 1909 as a bandsman. By December 1914, having travelled half the world he was in France and spent much of that grim winter in the front line trenches. In April the 2<sup>nd</sup> Glosters moved up the Menin Road and fought in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battle of Ypres, at Sanctuary Wood and Hill 60. Private Golding died in the heavy bombardment the following day. His body was not found but he is commemorated on the Menin Gate in Ypres. He was 19. It was at Hill 60 that Captain Fane of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Glosters

commented ‘I can go on taking the damned hill as often as you want but I can’t hold it’.

In August, Albert Lockey, a farmworker, who had enlisted with the 10<sup>th</sup> Glosters at Fairford, arrived in France and with not much time for training was involved in the battle of Loos, where the British used gas for the first time. The 10<sup>th</sup> Glosters managed to advance 400 yards into the German trenches but were pushed back eventually under heavy fire and Albert was one of the 150 Other Ranks who were killed, missing or wounded on the 13<sup>th</sup> October. He was 20. Nearby, Rudyard Kipling’s 18 year old son Jack is buried, he died just a few days before Albert. 1.30

### **JACKIE. (DSL)**

At Gallipoli, Captain Stanley Squire, son of the vicar of Southrop, was killed in action in August. He was 22 and ‘the impression which Squire made was of a quiet reserve of strength, never obtruded, but ready to be called upon when needed. And it was called upon to some purpose in the field; for he died a Captain after but a short period of military experience.’ Charles Tilling from Bibury (19) landed on 11<sup>th</sup> September at Suvla Bay, with the 7<sup>th</sup> Glosters and was one of 7 killed on 30<sup>th</sup> November, poignantly only a couple of weeks before the evacuations of the peninsular began.

Lieutenant Michael Hicks-Beach, Viscount Quenington, was an adjutant in the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars – a mounted volunteer unit whose second-line unit became cyclists in 1916! He wrote the official diary recounting the attack on Chocolate Hill behind Suvla Bay in September 1915. By the 30<sup>th</sup> he wrote that the ‘effective strength of the regiment is 169, as compared with 218 on the 12<sup>th</sup>. There has been a violent epidemic of dysentery which has affected all regiments.’ They left for Egypt at the end of October with only 100 fit for duty.

The story continues as many local survivors of Gallipoli ended up in Egypt to defend the Suez Canal or in Iraq to defend the oilfields. Lance Corporal George Gardner from Fairford, Thomas Bedwell from Bibury and John Adams from Eastleach all died there.

In 1915 already the disturbed ground of the battlefields of the Western Front was producing a harvest of poppies and with it some hope of the redemptive power of nature.

### **In Flanders Fields - WILLIAM (centre podium)**

*written by the Canadian military doctor and artillery commander Major  
John McCrae*

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.

**Perhaps (to R.A.L.) (Vera Brittain)**

**MARY. (DSL)**

*this poem by Vera Brittain is dedicated to her fiancé, Roland Aubrey Leighton, who was shot by a sniper in 1915 aged 20*

Perhaps some day the sun will shine again,  
And I shall see that still the skies are blue,  
And feel once more I do not live in vain,  
Although bereft of You.

Perhaps the golden meadows at my feet  
Will make the sunny hours of spring seem gay,  
And I shall find the white May-blossoms sweet,  
Though You have passed away.

Perhaps the summer woods will shimmer bright,  
And crimson roses once again be fair,  
And autumn harvest fields a rich delight,  
Although You are not there.

Perhaps some day I shall not shrink in pain  
To see the passing of the dying year,  
And listen to Christmas songs again,

Although You cannot hear.'

But though kind Time may many joys renew,  
There is one greatest joy I shall not know  
Again, because my heart for loss of You  
Was broken, long ago.

**Natanya Phillips mezzo soprano**

Sleep

Ivor Gurney

**Jonathan Phillips piano**

March from The Seasons Op.37 in G Minor Tchaikovsky

Siloti's transcription of J.S.Bach's Prelude in B minor

**NARRATION 4: DOUGLAS (pulpit)**

The 1<sup>st</sup> of July 1916 was the first day of the Battle of the Somme, one of the bloodiest in history. 20,000 British and empire soldiers died. Marshall Haig was determined to break through the German lines in order to relieve the French at Verdun further south, and the first day of battle was disastrous. The ten-day bombardment had not destroyed the German defences as was expected, there was no element of surprise, and plans were dangerously inflexible. The Somme became synonymous with the futility of war. The battle lasted until November. However much was learnt in the process, particularly concerning the flexibility of command and the combined use of aircraft with the newly invented tank, even though at this point it was not much more than a work in progress. Finally Verdun was relieved.

1916 however saw more than the horrors of the Somme. The Easter Rising in Dublin, the indecisive naval battle of Jutland in May after which the German fleet never put to sea again and increasingly turned to U-Boat warfare. In Palestine the Arabs rose against the Turks and in Iraq the allies lost disastrously at the siege of Kut.

**Local Stories JENEFER. (centre podium)**

Once again local stories illustrate these theatres of war.

The Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, the Worcestershire and Warwickshire Yeomanry had fought together in Gallipoli and the remnants regrouped in Egypt. On 23<sup>rd</sup> April 1916, Easter Day, a Turkish infantry division surprised these men at Qatia where the British lines had been extended to protect the Suez Canal. The British were mounted but were defending the Royal Engineers who were not and the decision was taken not to leave

them. The day had dawned with fog so it was impossible to see the extent of the Turkish forces and sand and damp clogged the British rifles leading to defeat, many casualties and many prisoners of war taken. One casualty was Lieutenant Michael Hicks Beach. The official report of the battle records:

‘About 12.00, my Adjutant, Lord Quenington, while carrying a message under heavy fire, was dangerously wounded in the thigh. This gallant officer who has been of the greatest assistance to me all through, to the deepest regret of all who knew him, died before he could be brought back to camp.’

Unusually his body was taken back to camp at Romani, by the whipper-in from the Beaufort Hunt which illustrates the strength of local connections. Lieutenant Hicks Beach was 39 and was buried in Cairo, next to his wife, a Red Cross nurse, who had died only 6 weeks previously.

### **JACKIE. (DSL)**

At 17 Philip Groves was the youngest man commemorated on the Fairford memorial to die. He was almost certainly one of the many who had lied about their age when he enlisted in the Marine Light Infantry in 1914. A shepherd’s son, one of 9 children he joined the last battle cruiser to be built before the war, HMS Queen Mary. On the 31<sup>st</sup> May 1916 the ship was engaged in the Battle of Jutland against the German High Seas Fleet and hit by 2 shells which tore the ship apart. Only 18 men survived, 1,266 were lost and Admiral Beatty remarked famously, ‘there seems to be something wrong with our bloody ships today.’

The Battle of the Somme, fought over a 15 mile front, inevitably claimed many local lives. Edgar Dean from Fairford had only been in France for 2 weeks when he was killed. From Bibury, George Sheppard and James Spencer, from Eastleach George Pratley, and Fred Blackwell, who died on the last day of the battle.

There on the Somme it must have felt more than anywhere that a generation had been lost.....

### **Anthem for Doomed Youth (Wilfred Owen) read by: MARY (central podium)**

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

## **Choir**

Goodbye

Lee and Weston arr Simmons

Oh what a lovely war

Long and Scott arr Simmons

When this lousy war is over Charles Crozat Converse arr. Peter Lawson

## **NARRATION 5: DOUGLAS (pulpit)**

The war artist Paul Nash described the aftermath of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battle of Ypres as ‘the blindest slaughter of a blind war’. This battle, known as Passchendaele, was fought over 4 months, from July to November 1917, with 32,000 British and Allied casualties and only 5 miles eventually gained. 3 years of warfare over the same ground had shattered the land and the drainage pipes beneath. Heavy rain that year compounded this destruction, leaving a desolate landscape and the cloying mud for which Passchendaele is renowned.

1917 was also the year of the Russian Revolutions eventually allowing Germany to withdraw her troops from the Eastern Front. The USA entered the war in 1917, and in November, at Cambrai, Britain launched a counter attack against the biggest German offensive since 1914. This was truly industrial war with tanks used in large numbers, although they mostly

broke down or were bogged down in mud— they were not known as ‘Fray Bentos’ for nothing.

### **Local stories: MARY (DSL)**

Private Charles Harris of Fairford enlisted in the Middlesex Regiment early in 1915. He fought in France, was invalided back to Britain but by November was fighting in the final stages of the battle at Passchendaele. The comment in the regimental war diary that there was ‘desultory shelling during the day... killed 5 (other ranks) wounded 15’ - seems unbearably inconsequential. Charles Harris has no known grave but like 35,000 other British and Empire troops who died and their bodies not found that year, he is recorded on the wall at Tyne Cot.

Our local poet Ivor Gurney drew his inspiration and comfort from his beloved landscapes of Gloucestershire. His work reflected the landscapes he endured in France and Belgium.

‘You cannot think how ghastly the battlefields look under a grey sky. Torn trees are the most terrible things I have ever seen. Absolute blight and curse is on the face of everything’ he wrote in a letter from the Somme in 1917. Gurney was gassed in September at Passchendaele and sent home; his mental state never recovered from the trauma of war.

### **Butchers and Tombs by Ivor Gurney      JACKIE (centre)**

After so much battering of fire and steel  
It had seemed well to cover them with Cotswold stone —  
And shortly praising their courage and quick skill  
Leave them buried, hidden till the slow, inevitable  
Change came should make them service of France alone.  
But the time's hurry, the commonness of the tale  
Made it a thing not fitting ceremonial,  
And so the disregards of blister on heel,  
Pack on shoulder, barrage and work at the wires,  
One wooden cross had for ensign of honour and life gone —  
Save when the Gloucesters turning sudden to tell to one  
Some joke, would remember and say — " That joke is done,"  
Since he who would understand was so cold he could not feel,  
And clay binds hard, and sandbags get rotten and crumble.

## **Choir**

Only Remembered

Johnny is gone for a soldier

No Man's Land

Sankey, Bonar and Tams

Traditional

Eric Bogle, arr. Paige Halliwell

## **NARRATION 6: DOUGLAS (Pulpit)**

‘We must strike at the earliest moment before the Americans can throw strong forces into the scale. We must beat the British,’ said General Ludendorff in 1918. With 500,000 extra troops from the Eastern Front, Germany launched a Spring Offensive advancing further in 3 days than they had in 3 years and recapturing the Somme. However, with the armies starving due to the Allied blockade, and with the arrival of the Americans these advances could not be sustained and the Germans were pushed back. The Hindenburg Line was finally breached. Eventually by October an armistice was mooted and signed at Compiegne on November 11<sup>th</sup>. The guns fell silent, celebrations were held but for many still on the front line they were too exhausted to register the end of the war. The last British soldier to die that day was at Mons where the war had started and the Americans in particular took heavy casualties.

## **Local stories: MARY (DSL)**

Lambert Barton from Coln St Aldwyns joined the Royal Flying Corps at only 18 and was flying the SE5s – the ‘Spitfires’ of World War 1 – in the 74<sup>th</sup> Squadron which earned the name ‘Tigers’ after it was sent to France in March 1918. Within 70 days the ‘Tigers’ had shot down over 100 enemy aircraft with only one loss of their own. That was Lambert Barton’s plane on 17<sup>th</sup> May, just 3 weeks before his 20<sup>th</sup> birthday.

There is something particularly sad about those men who had survived the fighting until 1918 but died in that year.

Arthur Goodman a carter, from Fairford, had served in Royal Medical Corps since 1914, on hospital ships in the Channel, in the Dardanelles and in France at the end of the war.

This letter from Lieutenant Lusson to Arthur’s parents, was quoted in the local Standard in October 1918.

**DOUGLAS from pulpit** *“He had gone out from the advanced dressing station to an adjacent yard in order to obtain some material which was wanted, when a hostile aeroplane came over the dressing station and proceeded to drop bombs. Your son and Lance Corporal Embleton took refuge in a small kennel for protection. The bomb fell inside the yard and only a few yards from the kennel and a piece of it struck your son in the back, wounding him in such a severe manner that he died before he could be got to the dressing station. He was buried with full military honours on the 15<sup>th</sup> of October.*

**MARY:** The last local soldier to die on the Western Front was Harry Russell, a driver from Fairford on 17<sup>th</sup> October. But the Armistice did not put an end to the casualties. From Bibury, William Simms died from the flu epidemic in November, Saddler Walter Field died in December in Salonika and Harold Witts died in Georgia in December from malaria, he was 19.

**The Soldier (Rupert Brooke)** read by **WILLIAM (centre podium)**

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field

That is for ever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,

Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;

A body of England's, breathing English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;

And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,

In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

**Natanya Phillips mezzo soprano**  
**Kate Hicks Beach mezzo soprano**

All Through the Night

Welsh Air

**With Peter Medland trumpet**

Nunc Dimittis

Geoffrey Burgon

**Choir**

The Long Day Closes

Arthur Sullivan

**Afterword. DOUGLAS (central podium)**

The First World War changed the world for ever in every aspect of life. The statistics are stark, hard to compute and often too huge to comprehend. The 118 men remembered on the local memorials were a fraction of the 760,000 fatalities from Britain, with a further 251,000 from the Imperial troops. France lost 1.4 million men, Germany 1,750,000 and more British soldiers lost their lives in 1918 than in the whole of World War Two. Between 8-10 million civilians died as a result of the war and those who returned wounded were in the region of 20 million. Then as a final blow, in 1919 the Spanish flu struck, spread by the movement of armies and a further 20 - 50m died.

The aftermath seems entirely destructive, landscapes and economies ruined, revolution and the end of teetering empires. There was an intense desire for revenge from some of the Allies and a redrawing of national boundaries in Europe and beyond. The terms of peace would not be hammered out until the victors met at Versailles in 1919 and the consequences resonate a century later.

The social impact was huge; it seemed like the loss of a generation. Those who returned from fighting were often faced with the dole and rarely recounted their experiences. Women over 30 did achieve the vote in 1918 and this was in part due to their war work but as the redoubtable Dr Elsie Inglis who worked on the Serbian Front caustically remarked in 1918: 'Where do they think the world would have been without women's work all these ages?'

The local war memorials record those who did not return but many did return to the farms and factories and their old lives as far as they were able to. 5 Bayliss brothers from Quenington went to fight and they all returned.

The peacemakers at Versailles genuinely hoped for ‘a war to end all wars’ but within 20 years the world was at war again. There has been no year since then which has not seen conflict.

**(Mary & Jackie join D on central podium)**

**For the Fallen (Binyon)**

**Douglas / Mary / Jackie**

**J:** With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.

**M:** Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal  
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.  
There is music in the midst of desolation  
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

**D:** They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell with their faces to the foe.

**J:** 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.

**M:**They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;  
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;  
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;  
They sleep beyond England's foam.

**D:**But where our desires are and our hopes profound,  
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,  
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known  
As the stars are known to the Night;

**J:** As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,  
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,  
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,  
To the end, to the end, they remain.

**Peter Medland trumpet**  
The Last Post

**Choir**

Rest in Peace (and rise in glory) Peter Skellern

**\*BLACKOUT – CHOIR: LIGHTING OF SMALL HAND-HELD  
CANDLES**

**DOUGLAS: (from centre back of the 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.

**CHOIR & ALL READERS: We will remember them. We will  
remember them.**

**\*5 secs then LIGHTS FULL UP incl House**

Readers and soloists line across the front take a bow - then turn to the  
choir, who bow – then turn back and all bow together)