

Westminster Abbey,

MONDAY, OCTOBER 17th, 1921.

The placing of the American Congressional
Medal of Honour upon the Tomb of
The Unknown Warrior.

11.30 a.m.

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Beginning at 11 a.m. the Band of H.M. Scots Guards, under direction of Lieut. F. W. Wood, will play a Selection of Music.

The Dean and Clergy will assemble at the North Porch, and, with Choir, headed by the Beadle and the Cross of Westminster, will go to the Grave of the Unknown Warrior singing the following:—

"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 you 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.

Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to this
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

These were His servants, in His steps they trod
Following through death the martyr'd 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 brought them and whose Staff has led—
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing Land
Commits her Children to Thy gracious hand. Amen.

John S. Arkwright.

At the grave-side Addresses will be given and
General Pershing will lay upon the Tomb

THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOUR.

Then shall the Precentor say:—

Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil. Amen.

O Eternal Father, we draw nigh to Thee in this church where our Kings and Queens are crowned, amid the memorials of the Makers of the English-speaking peoples. We dedicate to Thy great glory the memory of our dear Brothers departed: Crown, we beseech Thee, with Thy loving mercy the offering of their brave lives: Grant unto them Thy eternal Peace and unto all that mourn the blessing of Thy perfect comfort: we ask it in the Name of Him who died and rose again for us all, Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

O Almighty God, we offer to Thee our thankful praise for all the heroic lives which have sealed the unwritten Covenant of our common Brotherhood, and we pray Thee that the two great peoples of America and Great Britain may ever go forward charged with the high privilege of their stewardship for the liberties of mankind; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O God of the spirits of all flesh, we praise and magnify Thy holy Name for all Thy servants who, having fought a good fight, have finished their course in Thy faith and fear; and we beseech Thee that, encouraged by their examples and strengthened by their fellowship, we with them may be found meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the Saints in light; through the merits of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then shall be sung the following Hymn:—

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps,
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat ;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.
While God is marching on. Amen.

THE BLESSING.

THE LAST POST.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEMS.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King !
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King !

My country ! 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died !
Land of the Pilgrim's pride !
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.