

Balshaw's Grammar School,  
Leyland.

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Unveiling and Dedication  
— OF THE —  
War Memorial.

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SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1922.



Roll of Honour.

Harold Southworth ✓  
Willie Rigby  
Eric Peirce  
Frank Waring  
Howard Gleave ✓  
Mathew Whittaker  
Harry Banister  
Oswald Berry  
Percy Wignall  
Bert Cank ✓  
Sydney Mill ✓  
Arthur Parker

Leslie Wood ✓  
Willie Southworth ✓  
Charles Rose ✓  
Jimmy Barnes  
Willie Hampson  
Willie Marsden ✓  
Albert Clayton ✓  
Harold Jackman, M.C.  
Edgar Robinson ✓  
Stanley Iddon  
Jack Bretherton



## Order of Service.

WE are gathered together here in the sight of GOD, and in the face of this congregation, to unveil and dedicate this tablet, set up by their fellows, to continue a perpetual memory of those who, having in this place learned to prize honour and virtue before even life itself, went forth to do battle and to die for truth and righteousness' sake. Wherefore I bid you all approach with me the throne of grace, reciting the prayer our Saviour Christ himself hath taught us:

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR help is in the name of the Lord;  
Who hath made heaven and earth.  
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghost;  
As it was in the begining, is now,  
and ever shall be world without end;   Amen.  
Praise ye the Lord;  
The Lord's name be praised.

### HYMN I.

THE LESSON: *Wisdom III, 1—9.*

### HYMN II.

The Headmaster will request  
**G. H. GATER, ESQ., D.S.O., M.A.,**  
Director of Education for the County Palatine of Lancaster  
(Late Brig.-General)  
TO UNVEIL THE MEMORIAL.

### HYMN III.

### THE DEDICATION.

IN the faith of Jesus Christ: we dedicate this panel to the Glory of GOD, and to the pious memory of these our brothers, who suffered for us that we might live: In the Name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:   *Amen.*

Let us Pray.

O GOD, to whom all things do live, look upon the souls of thy servants, whom we this day thankfully remember before Thee. Grant that they may be purified from all stains of sin; and, entering into thy rest, may pass from glory to glory, till they come to the full light of the Beatific Vision; through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
*Amen.*

Eternal rest grant them, O Lord;  
and may light perpetual shine upon them!



O HEAVENLY Father, whose blessed Son Jesus Christ did weep at at the grave of Lazarus his friend, look, we beseech Thee, with thy pity upon thy children, whose hearts turn in sorrow this day towards their lost loved ones. Comfort them, O Lord, with thy most gracious consolations: make them to know that all things work together for good to them that love Thee: and give them evermore sure trust and confidence in thy fatherly care; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

WE give Thee thanks and praise, MOST MIGHTY GOD, for this glorious band of noble boys who died for freedom and honour. We pledge ourselves, by Thy help, to maintain this our heritage, saved and defended at such tremendous cost; and, having in remembrance our debt to the dead and to Thee, ever to use all thy gifts for the furtherance of thy great Name, and the final triumph of thy most sacred cause; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of GOD, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

#### NATIONAL ANTHEM.

#### THE BENEDICTION.

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#### HYMN I.

LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us	Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;	All our weakness Thou dost know;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,	Thou didst tread this earth before us,
For we have no help but Thee;	Thou didst feel its keenest woe
Yet possessing every blessing,	Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
If our God our Father be.	Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, decending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy;  
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy. *Amen.*

#### HYMN II. Tune, Integer Vitæ.

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation.  
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,  
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication.  
Lord God Almighty.

See round thine ark the hungry billows curling;  
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;  
Lord, while their darts envenom'd they are hurling  
Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,  
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,  
Lord, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell prevailleth;  
Grant us Thy Peace, Lord.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,  
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,  
Grant peace on earth. and, after we have striven,  
Peace in Thy Heav'n. *Amen.*



HYMN III.    Tune, Bishopsgarth.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A Kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar!  
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.

The Martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He pray'd for them that did the wrong;  
Who follows in His train?

A Glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came,  
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,  
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane,  
They bow'd their necks, the death to feel:  
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice  
In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil and pain:  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.    Amen.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

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.

O Lord our God, arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On Thee our hopes we fix,  
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On him be pleased to pour,  
Long may he reign;  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart and voice  
God save the King!