

A COMMEMORATION
OF THE
BATTLE OF THE SOMME

Friday 1st July 2016
3pm

FOREWORD BY THE DEAN OF MANCHESTER



As Dean of Manchester it is my privilege to welcome you to the Cathedral and to pen a few words in this foreword to the service which commemorates the 100th anniversary of the Battle of the Somme on the 1st July 1916.

For the nation, and indeed Manchester, this service has a special significance because, like places throughout the UK, this city and the city of Salford produced men who became known as “Pals”. The special nature of the Pals was that they volunteered and enlisted together so that they could serve alongside their friends, neighbours and workmates. The 17th Battalion Manchester Regiment was amongst them. Our Regiment Chapel is a testimony to them and all who have followed since and our famous ‘Fire Window’ in that Chapel was dedicated on the 50th anniversary of the Battle of the Somme in 1966. The Pals are part of our local and national heritage and our service today will reflect that patriotic willingness and sacrifice to go and serve for what they saw as a greater good.

For me as a South African, there is another special link to this occasion, as the tradition of a two minute silence was born in Capetown in South Africa during the First World War, where every day a two minutes silence was kept – the first minute for those who had returned, in whatever state of health or mind, and the second minute for the fallen who would never return.

Thank you for being with us today as we give thanks for these brave men and women. We pray God’s blessing on you.

The Very Reverend Rogers Govender

Dean of Manchester

THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME, 1916

In July 1916, the British and French armies launched an offensive near the River Somme, in Picardy, France. This series of battles, lasting nearly five months, would become one of the bloodiest and most important campaigns of the war.

In late 1915, the military leaders of the Entente discussed a co-ordinated strategy for the following year. With combined attacks on all fronts, they aimed to wear down the Central Powers, preventing the German and Austro-Hungarian armies from sustaining their military efforts. In early February, British and French commanders agreed to a joint offensive around the River Somme, where their lines met.

Only a few days later, the German Army launched its own offensive at Verdun. It would be one of the fiercest battles of the war, lasting until the end of the year. Although the German attack had stalled by the summer, far fewer French divisions were available to fight on the Somme, and the forces of the British Empire would take the leading role.

On 24th June 1916, Allied artillery began a week-long bombardment of the German defences, firing more than 1.5 million shells. Yet the length and depth of the target area, along with manufacturing defects in British shells, meant that many well-constructed German dugouts remained intact and sheltered the defenders.

In the early hours of 1st July, soldiers moved into forward trenches, or advanced out into no-man's land, preparing for 'zero-hour' at 7:30am. As the bombardment lifted, the first wave of assault troops – some 55,000 infantrymen – attacked along a 40-kilometre front, with another 100,000 waiting in support. British units made good progress in the south alongside the French, between Mametz and Montauban, but in the north – at Gommecourt, Serre, Beaumont-Hamel, Thiepval, Ovillers and La Boisselle – they suffered terrible losses for little gain.

Over the following weeks, British and Empire forces continued the offensive to the south of the Albert-Bapaume road. In mid-July they stormed the German second line of defences along Bazentin Ridge, and heavy fighting began at High Wood and Delville Wood. Later that month, the high ground at Pozières was captured.

Attacks and counter-attacks by both sides continued throughout August, and the villages of Guillemont and Ginchy were secured in early September. On 15 September, the British Army launched its largest attack since 1st July, between Courcellette and Flers. Later that month, the villages around Morval were captured, and Thiepval was taken.

In October, deteriorating weather transformed the battlefields into a muddy and waterlogged morass, but fighting continued for the Transloy Ridges, the Butte de Warlencourt, and the heights overlooking the River Ancre. In November, amid freezing sleet and snow, the British Army made progress north of the Ancre, before the offensive was halted on 18th November.

Those serving in the British Army came from every part of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Among them were professional soldiers, territorials, and volunteers – some of whom

served in 'Pals' battalions formed of men drawn from the same communities, clubs, schools, and workplaces. They were joined by servicemen from across the British Empire, including units from Australia, Canada, India, Newfoundland, New Zealand, South Africa and the West Indies.

The battles of the Somme in 1916 had significant military, political, industrial and domestic consequences for all the countries involved. Every village, copse, farmhouse and rise was fiercely contested, and both sides committed huge quantities of manpower and munitions to the struggle.

An estimated 3.5 million men fought on all sides, and over 1 million were wounded or killed. The French army sustained more than 204,000 casualties. German records documented a total of nearly 430,000 killed, wounded or missing, but other estimates using different measures suggest a far greater number. Official figures for British Empire casualties numbered some 420,000 wounded, missing or killed. Precise statistics are impossible to calculate.

Across the Somme battlefields are cemeteries and memorials built and cared for by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. They are evocative and permanent monuments to those who fought and died there. Some are vast and dramatic, others small and intimate. Standing sentinel over the battlefields, the Thiepval Memorial is the largest CWGC memorial in the world. Other casualties of the battle lie closer to home. There are war dead buried in villages, towns and cities across the United Kingdom, many of whom had been brought home for medical care, but succumbed to their wounds. Every grave, every name, is an opportunity to reflect on the battle and its human cost.

Dr Glyn Pryor, Commonwealth War Graves Commission



Going into battle, 1st July 1916. On the opening day the British Army suffered its heaviest ever losses in any 24 hour period; almost 20,000 dead and 60,000 wounded. © IWM.

THE WAR COMES HOME

1916 was the tipping point of the Great War. Many influential people, party to the planning of the battle, hoped it would end the war with one massive strike; in fact, the Somme forced the opposite conclusion: the struggle would be long and hard.

As many know, 1st July 1916 ranks as the worst day in British military history with some 60,000 casualties suffered. The famous 'Pals battalions', many of them raised in the north of England and the great urban centres of Scotland, as well as Belfast, came to grief on that awful day. By the battle's end in November, Britain and the Commonwealth had suffered some 420,000 casualties.

The impact of the battle at home was immense. As people across Britain were plunged into mourning stories of pride and sorrow poured out in local newspapers. Requiring a focus for their grief, people began erecting simple war memorials recording the names of the dead and those still serving. Such rituals were part of a process of understanding and coming to terms with the battle being fought in France.



Munition Workers in Crewe.

Manchester Libraries, Information and Archive, Manchester City Council

The desire to understand what was happening along the Somme front was also partially met by the newspaper coverage local and national; but in August 1916, just as the shrines were mushrooming, a potent new method of mass communication brought the reality of war into the streets of Britain in the form of cinema and *The Battle of the Somme* film. People saw British soldiers tumble and fall when hit in front of their eyes causing some to cry out in cinemas as they were confronted with the face of battle. People were thus very much aware of the scale of the losses, but were told that if they let their commitment slip, they would betray the dead who had sacrificed their lives for freedom and honour.

As this huge battle ground on, it required a massive out-pouring of material from the industries of Britain to maintain the effort. The need for ammunition was especially great and feeding the ‘monstrous anger of the guns’ demanded a gargantuan commitment with the factories of northern Britain and Ireland working flat out to meet the army’s requirements. Munitions production was dangerous, but lucrative, work for many. By the end of the year large numbers of young women had been drawn into such work. They were urged on by propaganda to labour hard in order to bring their loved ones home more quickly: every shell made was another step towards victory.

But this commitment was not conjured up by State action alone. A huge amount of the activity was driven by community groups and charities such as the British Red Cross, the YMCA, the scouting and other youth organisations. Manchester, like most other British cities, was at the heart of a host of voluntary efforts. Thus an institution such as Broughton House, a home for wounded soldiers, was founded thanks to a public appeal generously supported by the people of Manchester. Such responses remind us that the British home front largely mobilised itself to meet the demands of modern war.

Britain was shocked by the Somme, but thanks to the amazing resilience shown by ordinary people across the land it maintained and expanded its war effort enormously paving the way for eventual victory, albeit at huge human and material cost.

Professor Mark Connelly, University of Kent and
Gateways to the First World War
(funded by the Arts and Humanities Research Council)



ORDER OF SERVICE

Members of the congregation are kindly requested to refrain from using private cameras, video or sound recording equipment. Please ensure that mobile phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are switched off.

The Cathedral is served by a hearing loop. Users should turn their hearing aid to the setting marked T.

The service is conducted by The Very Reverend Rogers Govender, Dean of Manchester.

The service is sung by the Choir of Manchester Cathedral, conducted by Christopher Stokes, Organist and Master of the Choristers.

The organ is played by Geoffrey Woollatt, Sub-Organist, assisted by Aaron Shilson, Sydney Nicholson Organ Scholar

Music before and during the service is provided by the Band of the Royal Artillery, conducted by Captain Neil Skipper

Government Ministers, Military Representatives, UK Ambassadors and High Commissioners representing the combatant nations are received by the Dean and Chapter of Manchester at the Great West Door, and are conducted to their seats.

All remain seated.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, The Rt Hon George Osborne MP, is received by the Dean and Chapter of Manchester at the Great West Door, and is conducted to his seat.

All remain seated.

Organ music before the service

Solemn prelude, In Memoriam

Edward Elgar

from 'For the Fallen'

Prélude, Fugue et Variation

César Franck

At 2.58 pm, His Royal Highness The Duke of York KG, representing Her Majesty the Queen, together with the Lord Lieutenant of Greater Manchester, Mr. Warren Smith, KStJ JP DLitt LLD, are received by the Dean and Chapter.

As the fanfare sounds please stand.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

All remain standing to sing, during which the Collegiate Procession together with His Royal Highness The Duke of York, KG and the Lord Lieutenant take their seats in the nave and the Colours are presented.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

St Anne

Issac Watts (1674–1748)

All remain standing.

THE BIDDING

*Led by The Dean of Manchester,
The Very Reverend Rogers Govender*

From which ever part of the world you join us today, we are delighted to welcome you to the City of Manchester and its Cathedral Church for this national service to commemorate the Battle of the Somme which began 100 years ago today.

Like so many towns and cities throughout our land and much further afield, Manchester made a pledge never to forget the myriad number of people who responded to the battle call, with a spirit of generosity and sacrifice that empowers and inspires us still to this present day.

We are honoured that Ambassadors and High Commissioners of each of the combatant nations are represented in our midst, alongside those who represent the people and nation of Germany for whom this day also is most poignant.

As we gather here in this place of prayer and reconciliation, we stand together, united in our shared commemoration of all those who were caught up in the tragic events of the battle which saw death and suffering on an unprecedented scale: those who were killed in action, or by disease, those who returned and whose lives were changed for ever, the bereaved, the lost, the families of those whose fate was never known, the wounded, maimed and injured and those who held in silence unspeakable memories of warfare.

Let us pray that God will heal all memories, speak a word of peace, and bring us his forgiveness.

All remain standing as the Choir sings

KYRIE ELEISON

KYRIE eleison.	<i>Lord, have mercy.</i>
Christe eleison.	<i>Christ, have mercy.</i>
Kyrie eleison.	<i>Lord, have mercy.</i>

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Mass in G minor

Let us pray

O God our light and our defence, breath your gentle Spirit over the wastes of our world and soothe the memories of those who remember conflicts past today.

Let us never be overcome by the darkness, and may Christ's light lead us through moments of disaster and distress on the path towards reconciliation, for you, O God, are our eternal guide and our refuge.

Amen

Please be seated *for*

THE FIRST LESSON

*Read by Mr Richard Hughes,
The Western Front Association*

The First Lesson is written in the Book Ecclesiastes

For everything there is a season,
and a time for every matter under heaven:
a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;
a time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
a time to throw away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
a time to seek, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to throw away;
a time to tear, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
a time to love, and a time to hate;
a time for war, and a time for peace.

Here ends the first lesson.

(Ecclesiastes 3.1-8)

Please remain seated *for the*

COMMEMORATION

Goodbye To Manchester

Read by Nadia Emam

The station incline was lined with spectators. But this was as nothing to the interior of the station itself. Here were gathered the troops in khaki and every moment their number increased; and here were gathered relations and friends – white-haired fathers and gentle-faced mothers, wives with smiles on their lips though their eyes were dim with tears, children half-wondering what it was all about, babies being fondled and unconscious of the reason why. Here was a stately old gentleman walking proudly by the side of his son, a second lieutenant; here was a woman with a shawl over her head equally proud to be at the side of her husband.

Sweethearts were there too, brave and gay to the very last; yet, the moment the parting was over, perchance, rushing to a distant corner to let the tears come that would no longer be pent. Plenty of such scenes I witnessed and yet it was not a melancholy sight. The boys in khaki were friendly, cheery and full of pluck; the goodbyes were manly and warm; there was a sense of hope and exhilaration in the air.

Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow

Some come along with half a dozen friends; there are last good wishes spoken, hands are clasped; perhaps there is a kiss or two; and then, the young hero, lighting his cigarette with a stolidity that might serve for firing a cannon, steps forward – and disappears. But here is one of a different sort – he comes alone. He does not want to be noticed. Without a glance round he slips past the ticket examiner and melts away in the crowd beyond. Nonetheless brave as such as he, however sensitive in private, when the hour of conflict comes. Yonder is one who lingers. His old mother is looking into his eyes and saying nothing; his wife is holding up the white-robed baby for him to kiss. They want to keep him to the last. He strokes the old mother's face, bends over his wife and child and then, with sudden resolution pulling himself up, says – 'well, I must be off now' and dashes away before they can stop him. He leaves them gazing blankly at each other.

Au Revoir!

A whistle blows. The stragglers hurry along, good-humouredly bumping into one another, and then like magic, all the brown colour has faded from our midst.

Far down the platform we can see it still, a bobbing line of flat-topped caps; and then that vanishes also and we suddenly realise that the long train is sinuously moving away, 'they're off' cries a voice and the sound is immediately drowned in a wave of cheers and the lads craning from the carriages shout and wave their hands; and again the sound grows fainter, and the train disappears. Another thousand gone.

An unknown diary entry

Choristers sing

God be with you till we meet again;
By his counsels guide uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Jeremiah Rankin (1828–1904)

Before the Somme: A Son writes home

Read by Jack Benjamin

“My Dearest Mother and Dad,

I am writing this letter the day before the most important moment of my life – a moment I must admit I have never prayed for, like thousands of others have, but nevertheless a moment which, now it has come, I would not back out of for all the money in the world. The day has nearly dawned when I shall really do my bit in the cause of civilisation. Tomorrow morning, I shall take my men – men whom I have got to love, and who, I think have got to love me – over the top to do our bit in the first attack that the London Territorials have taken part as a whole unit. I’m sure you will be very pleased to hear that I am going over with the Westminsters. I took my communion yesterday with dozens of others who are going over the top tomorrow; and never have I attended a more impressive service. I placed my soul and body into God’s keeping and I am going into battle with his name on my lips, full of confidence and trusting implicitly in him. I have a strong feeling that I shall come through safely but nevertheless, should it be God’s holy will to call me away, I am quite prepared to go; and, I could not wish for a finer death; and you, dear Mother and Dad, will know that I died doing my duty to God, my Country and my King, I ask that you should look upon it as an honour that you have given a son for King & Country. I wish I had time to write more but time presses, I fear I must close now.

Au Revoir, dearest Mother and Dad. Fondest love to all those I love so dearly, especially yourselves.

Your devoted and happy son, Jack”

2nd Lieutenant John Sherwin Engall – 16th London Regiment:

Writing to his parents on 30th June 1916

Jack was killed the following day on the attack of 1st July, aged 20.

**In the Midst of the Battle
Another Son writes**

Read by Astrid Quick

Im Felde, 15th August 1916

Liebe Eltern und Gertrud,

Endlich ist wieder Zeit Euch einen Brief zu schreiben. Mir geht es noch gut, ich hoffe Euch auch. Hier an der Somme tobt die Schlacht nun schon seit mehr als einem Monat. Täglich wildes schießen mit Artillerie oft gefolgt von Angriffen der englischen Infanterie. Wenn mal Ruhe ist, heisst es schanzen und Posten stehen aber Ruhe ist selten. Nun ist es so, dass der Tommy doch sehr wenig erreicht, obgleich er mit allem weit in der Überzahl ist An uns Schwaben kommt er nicht vorbei.

Wir haben auch viele Verluste gehabt. Von uns alten sind kaum noch welche übrig. Viele sind verwundet. Der Engländer hat aber noch größere Verluste. Was hier passiert kann man nicht recht beschreiben. Ich werde aber gut auf mich aufpassen. Das gute ist, daß es so lange nicht mehr weitergehen kann. Ich bin mir sicher das bald Schluss mit allem ist. Vielleicht noch vor dem Herbst. Bitte sendet mir doch mal Zeitungen und Briefpapier, außerdem ein neues Taschenmesser vielleicht so eins wie Franz auch eines hat. 12 Mark müsst Ihr schon ausgeben, alles andere taugt nichts.

Auf bald, so Gott es will...

Euer Wilhelm

Dear parents and Gertrud,

Finally there is the time to write you a letter. I am still well and I hope you are too. Here at the Somme the battle has been raging for more than a month. Every day there is wild shooting with artillery often followed by attacks of the English infantry. During the more quiet times we have to dig trenches and stand on guard – quiet times are rare. Now one has to say that the Tommy achieves very little, even though he has a superiority in everything they are not getting past us Swabians. We too had lots of casualties.

From us old ones there is hardly anyone left. Many have been wounded. The English losses are even higher. It is difficult to describe what is happening here, but I will take good care of myself. The good thing about it is that it can't go on very much longer like this. I am sure that it will all end very soon. Maybe even before autumn. Please send me some newspapers and writing paper, furthermore a new pocket knife maybe one similar to what Franz uses. You will have to spend 1 or 2 Marks, everything else is no good.

See you soon, if God wills...

Your Wilhelm

Private collection, Robin Schäfer, Dinslaken

The Choir sings

God be with you till we meet again;
'neath his wings protecting hide you
Daily manner still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.

In Memoriam

Read by Terence Rae

So you were David's father,
And he was your only son,
And the new-cut peats are rotting
And the work is left undone,
Because of an old man weeping,
Just an old man in pain,
For David, his son David,
That will not come again.
Oh, the letters he wrote you,
And I can see them still,
Not a word of the fighting,
But just the sheep on the hill
And how you should get the crops in
Ere the year get stormier,
And the Bosches have got his body,
And I was his officer.
You were only David's father,
But I had fifty sons
When we went up in the evening
Under the arch of the guns,
And we came back at twilight -
O God! I heard them call
To me for help and pity
That could not help at all.
Oh, never will I forget you,
My men that trusted me,
More my sons than your fathers',
For they could only see
The little helpless babies
And the young men in their pride.
They could not see you dying,
And hold you while you died.

Happy and young and gallant,
They saw their first-born go,
But not the strong limbs broken
And the beautiful men brought low,
The piteous writhing bodies,
They screamed “Don’t leave me, sir”,
For they were only your fathers
But I was your officer.

*Ewart Alan Mackintosh 5th Battalion Seaforth Highlanders
(killed in action 21st November 1917 aged 24)*

The Choir sings

God be with you till we meet again;
When life’s perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

THE SOMME TRANSFORMED

Read by Liam Evans-Ford

William Orpen, a war artist, was on the Somme in 1916 returning in August 1917. He found the landscape transformed. Writing in 1921, Orpen described the scene.

“I had left it mud, nothing but water, shell-holes and mud – the most gloomy dreary abomination of desolation the mind could imagine; and now, in the summer of 1917, no words could express the beauty of it. The dreary, dismal mud was baked white and pure – dazzling white. White daisies, red poppies and a blue flower, great masses of them, stretched for miles and miles. The sky a pure dark blue, and the whole air, up to a height of about forty feet, thick with white butterflies: your clothes were covered with butterflies. It was like an enchanted land: but in the place of faïences there were thousands of little white crosses, marked ‘Unknown British Soldier’, for the most part.”

*William Orpen with additional material by Robert Upstone and Angelia Weight
From An Onlooker in France.*

THE SECOND LESSON

Read by His Royal Highness The Duke of York, KG

A reading from the Holy Gospel according to St Mathew

When Jesus saw the crowds, he went up the mountain; and after he sat down, his disciples came to him. Then he began to speak, and taught them, saying:

‘Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

‘Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.

‘Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth.

‘Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they will be filled.

‘Blessed are the merciful, for they will receive mercy.

‘Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God.

‘Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God.

‘Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

‘Blessed are you when people revile you and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil against you falsely on my account. Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is great in heaven.’

Here ends the second lesson.

The Choir sings

Greater Love Hath No Man

Many waters cannot quench love,
neither can the floods drown it. Love is strong as death.
Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his friends.
Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree,
That we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness.
Ye are washed, ye are sanctified,
ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus.
Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation;
That ye should show forth the praises of him
who hath call’d you out of darkness into his marvellous light.
I beseech you brethren, by the mercies of God,
that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy,
acceptable unto to God, which is your reasonable service.

John Ireland

*Text from John 15, I Peter 2,
I Corinthians 6, Romans 12*

During the anthem 37 Memory Squares created for the Path of the Remembered will be processed by young people.

The Path of the Remembered, made up of many individual squares, has been created by members of the public and dedicated to people who were affected by the battle a century ago. Part of the national commemoration of the Battle of the Somme, the Path is being laid today in Heaton Park where it will form part of this evening's commemorative concert.

The 37 Memory Squares here represent the current Regiments of the British Army who fought at the Somme. The cap badges of each of the Regiments operating in 1916 are included in these squares (originally 114 Regiments and over 600 cap badges).

The procession pauses and pays due respect to the drum head, symbolising the place of battle and for us today a place of remembrance. The procession then moves to the Cathedral's High Altar where the Memory Squares are laid, symbolising our desire to entrust all those commemorated today to God's love and safe keeping in our pledge never to forget, as we move into our Act of Remembrance.

**After the procession, please stand for
THE ACT OF REMEMBRANCE**

*Led by The Rt Revd James Newcombe
National Chaplain to The Royal British Legion*

Eternal God, our refuge and strength,
on this day we remember before you all who experienced
the battle on the Somme;
those who faced the terrible waste and devastation,
and who fought against all the odds,
endured the clinging mud, and the squalor of the trenches.

We recall with thanksgiving the loyalty shown to comrades
And the bravery of those who overcame their fear,
the courage of those who daily faced the pounding of artillery,
gun-fire and shrapnel.

May we never forget the devastating loss of this battle,
the anxiety on the home-front,
and all the sacrifices that were made.

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.

Last Post

Flowers of the Forest

Silence

Reveille

Most merciful and ever-living God,
we remember those whom you have gathered
from the storm of war into the peace of your presence:
grant that we, being faithful till death,
may receive with them
the crown of life that never fades,
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

All: Amen.

Please remain standing as we sing

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

God is Love: let heav'n adore him;
God is Love: let earth rejoice;
Let creation sing before him,
And exalt him with one voice.
He who laid the earth's foundation,
He who spread the heav'ns above,
He who breathes through all creation,
He is love, eternal Love.

God is Love: and he enfoldeth
All the world in one embrace;
With unfailing grasp he holdeth
Every child of every race.
And when human hearts are breaking
Under sorrow's iron rod,
Then they find that selfsame aching
Deep within the heart of God.

God is Love: and though with blindness
Sin afflicts the souls of men,
God's eternal loving-kindness
Holds and guides them even then.
Sin and death and hell shall never
O'er us final triumph gain;
God is love, so Love for ever
O'er the universe must reign.

Blaenwern

Timothy Rees (1874-1939)

Please be seated or kneel for

THE PRAYERS

Led by the Sub-Dean of Manchester, Canon Philip Barratt

Let us pray for the peace of the world:
Let us pray for all who suffer as a result of conflict,
and ask that God may give us peace:
for the servicemen and women
who have died in the violence of war,
each one remembered by and known to God;

Lord, in your mercy

All: hear our prayer.

For all families of those who took part in the Battle of the Somme;
those who love them in death as in life,
offering the distress of our grief and the sadness of our loss;
holding before you all for whom this day is precious.

Lord, in your mercy

hear our prayer.

For all members of the Armed Forces
who are in danger this day,
remembering family, friends
and all who pray for their safe return.

Lord, in your mercy

hear our prayer.

For civilian women, children and men
whose lives are disfigured by war or terror,
calling to mind in penitence the anger and hatreds of humanity.

Lord, in your mercy
hear our prayer.

For peace-makers and peace-keepers,
who seek to keep this world secure and free.

Lord, in your mercy
hear our prayer.

For all who bear the burden and privilege of leadership,
political, military and religious;
asking for gifts of wisdom and resolve
in the search for reconciliation and peace.

Lord, in your mercy
hear our prayer.

And so as our saviour Christ has commanded and taught us
we are bold to say

**Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.**

Through our commemoration today,
strengthen our resolve to oppose naked aggression,
to defend the weak, and to speak your word of peace
in times of conflict and insecurity.

This we ask in the name of the Prince of peace,
our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

All: Amen.

Please stand as we sing

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

during which the Colours are returned

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness,
and all her paths are peace.

Thaxted

Cecil Spring-Rice (1859–1918)

Please remain standing for

THE BLESSING

The Most Revd John Sentamu

The Archbishop of York

May God grant to the living, grace;
to the departed, rest;
to the Church, the Queen,
the Commonwealth, and all people,
peace and concord;
and to us and all his servants, life everlasting;
and the blessing of God almighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
be upon you and remain with you always.

All Amen.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

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!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign:
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save The Queen!

Thomas Arne
Arranged by Gordon Jacob

Please remain standing for

THE RECESSIONAL

Organ Recessional Voluntary

Fantasia & Fugue in G

C. Hubert H. Parry

During the Recessional the Colours lead the procession out of the Cathedral and will include some of the young people with the 37 Memory Squares to be added to a cart outside for the Heaton Park event.

*Once the organ starts to play, please **remain seated** until invited to leave by the Stewards responsible for your area of seating.*

The Dean and Chapter of Manchester Cathedral wish to express their grateful thanks for the generous help and support from Copeman Hart who have supplied the organ for today's service.

We would like to thank all who have taken part in today's service, and all whose hard work have made it possible. A special thanks to our young people from Bury Grammar School. The school saw considerable losses during the First World War, including 20 boys who died on 1st July 1916 alone.

Finally, whoever you represent today, a huge thank you for being part of this unique national service.

Common Worship: Services and Prayers for the Church of England,

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BIOGRAPHIES



2nd Lieutenant John Sherwin Engall

Born in 1897 in Acton, Middlesex, John (known as Jack) was the fourth child of John Engall Sr, a civil servant and Edith Mary Engall. John grew up in the family home in Goldsmith Street, Acton.

Commissioned into the London Regiment in the early months of the war, Jack served with the 16th Battalion, known as the Queen's Westminster Rifles. After completing his training Jack left for war, arriving in France on 31st December 1915 to join his unit 'in the field'.

On 1st July 1916, John's Division, the 56th, was engaged in a diversionary attack to the north of the Somme battlefield around the small village of Gommecourt. Jack, who at that time was attached to the Brigade Machine Gun Company fell in action during a costly morning attack and his body was never recovered. Today 2nd Lieutenant Engall is remembered on the Commonwealth War Graves Commission's Thiepval Memorial to the Missing of the Somme.

Gefreiter (Corporal) Wilhelm Karl Scheuermann

8 Company Reserve Infantry Regiment
Born Heilbronn, Germany 18th January 1894
Died Draaibank, Flanders 28th August 1917
Buried in Langemark Germany Military cemetery,
Belgium





Ralph Vaughan Williams

Born in 1872 into a prosperous family, and known simply as 'Vaughan Williams', he came to prominence in his 30s as a musical composer, heavily influenced in style by both Tudor and folk genres.

Vaughan was educated in his younger years at Charterhouse School and then Trinity College, Oxford where he studied history and music. Conferred as a Doctor of Music in 1901 and after a period of study in Paris, Williams steadily gained in popularity in the years before the Great War. Upon the

outbreak of war in 1914, Vaughan was 42 years of age but nevertheless entered the Royal Army Medical Corps as a Private where he drove ambulances, losing many friends and comrades in action. Williams later took up a Commission in the Royal Field Artillery and saw active service in France from March 1918 until the Armistice. His wartime experiences have been said to have had a huge impact upon his work. Vaughan Williams died in 1958 aged 85.

Ewart Alan Mackintosh

Born in March 1893, Ewart was raised in Brighton, Sussex although very much of Scottish descent. He was educated at St Paul's School, London before going on to study classics at Christ Church, Oxford, where he also served in the Officer Training Corps. Upon the outbreak of war he immediately attempted to enlist but was rejected on grounds of poor eyesight. Eventually successful in obtaining a Commission, he joined the 5th Battalion Seaforth Highlanders in the field and earned the Military Cross for gallantry in action in May 1916. Ewart went on to see fighting on the Somme in 1916, being wounded around High Wood. Throughout this time Ewart wrote war poetry including the well-known Poem 'In Memorium'. After a spell in England he once more returned to France where he was killed in action on 21st November 1917.





William Orpen, Self portrait 1917, Imperial War Museums, London

William Orpen

Born in 1878 in Stillorgan near Dublin William showed an early interest in drawing and entered the Metropolitan School of Art in Dublin at the age of thirteen. In 1908 he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy in London. In 1917 he was recruited by the Government to produce paintings of the Western Front and was the most prolific of all the artists sent there. His paintings of the Somme battlefields were haunting recollections of ruined landscapes and torn ground. He produced drawings and paintings of soldiers and German prisoners of war along with portraits of general and politicians. Most of these works are now in the collection of the Imperial War Museums. He died on 29th September 1931 in London.





*Lord Kitchener March Past outside Manchester Town Hall.
Manchester Libraries, Information and Archive, Manchester City Council*