



**World Wars**  
**Commemorative Event**  
Carshalton Memorial Gardens  
Honeywood Walk  
Sunday 3 August 2014, from 4pm



**We Remember**

## Speakers

- World War II Unveiling**.....Cllr Hamish Pollock  
**World War**.....The Royal British Legion  
**World War I Ceremony**.....The Worshipful the Mayor of  
The London Borough of Sutton, Cllr Arthur Hookway

## Poems

- The Call to Arms in Our Street**.....Sue Mansell  
**Strange Meeting**.....Bobby Hamilton

## Choir Music

- I Vow to Thee My Country**..... Led by the Sutton Chorale  
**Crossing the Bar**.....The Sutton Chorale  
**The National Anthem**..... Led by the Sutton Chorale

## Band Music

- Heart of Oak**.....TS Puma Sea Cadets  
**Life on the Ocean Wave**.....TS Puma Sea Cadets  
**Scipio**.....TS Puma Sea Cadets  
**Anchors Aweigh**.....TS Puma Sea Cadets  
**The Last Post**.....TS Puma Sea Cadets

## Laying of the Wreaths

- First Wreath** ..... Descendants of local service men & women  
**Second Wreath** .....Local Friends Groups  
**Third Wreath** .....Local Ward Councillors  
**Fourth Wreath** ..... The Worshipful the Mayor of Sutton and  
The Leader of the Council

# **Order of Ceremony**

**Introduction: Dick Bower**

## ***World War II Memorial Unveiling***

**Speaker:** Local Committee Chair, Cllr Hamish Pollock

*A history of the new World War II Memorial and how it came to be, with a special thank you to those who made it happen and those who gave their lives so we could live ours.*

**Speakers:** Members of the Royal British Legion

The Exhortation and Kohima Epitaph

*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*

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

## **Laying the Wreaths**

### **First Wreath - Descendants of World War II service men and women**

*Joseph and Hannah Herron, grandchildren of Susan Spooner,  
descendant of James & Bonsor Wyatt*

### **Second Wreath – Friends’ Groups of Carshalton**

*Rev Dr John Thewlis.....Carshalton All Saints Church*  
*Andrew Arnold.....World War Historian*  
*Janice Funnell.....All Saints Church*  
*John Freeman.....Friends of the Grove*  
*Sue Horne.....Friends of Honeywood*  
*Angela Baughan.....Friends of Ecology*  
*Tansey Honey.....Eco Local*  
*John Thornton.....Carshalton Society*

### **Third Wreath – Local Ward Members**

*Cllr Hamish Pollock.....Carshalton Central*  
*Cllr Jill Whitehead.....Carshalton Central*  
*Cllr Alan Salter.....Carshalton Central*  
*Cllr Moira Butt.....Carshalton South & Clockhouse*  
*Cllr Tim Crowley.....Carshalton South & Clockhouse*  
*Cllr Amy Haldane.....Carshalton South & Clockhouse*  
*Former Cllr Peter Fosdike.....Carshalton South & Clockhouse*

**World War I Ceremony**  
*(Please turn to face the flag)*

**I Vow To Thee, My Country..... All Sing**

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.

## First Poem: Descendant, Sue Mansell

*THE CALL TO ARMS IN OUR STREET - by Winifred Mabel Letts*

*THERE'S a woman sobs her heart out,  
With her head against the door,  
For the man that's called to leave her,  
- God have pity on the poor!  
But its beat, drums, beat,  
While the lads march down the street,  
And its blow, trumpets, blow,  
Keep your tears until they go.*

*There's a crowd of little children  
That march along and shout,  
For it's fine to play at soldiers  
Now their fathers are called out.  
So its beat, drums, beat;  
But who'll find them food to eat?  
And its blow, trumpets, blow,  
Ah, its little children know.*

*There's a mother who stands watching  
For the last look of her son,  
A worn poor widow woman,  
And he her only one.  
But its beat, drums, beat,  
Though God knows when we shall meet;  
And its blow, trumpets, blow,  
We must smile and cheer them so.*

*There's a young girl who stands laughing,  
For she thinks a war is grand,  
And it's fine to see the lads pass,  
And it's fine to hear the band.  
So its beat, drums, beat,  
To the fall of many feet;  
And its blow, trumpets, blow,  
God go with you where you go  
To the war.*

**TS Puma Sea Cadet Band**, led by Lt Cdr Ian Turner

*Heart of Oak*

*Life on the Ocean Wave*

*Scipio*

*Anchors Aweigh*

**Speaker:** The Worshipful the Mayor of the London  
Borough of Sutton, Cllr Arthur Hookway

*A special thank you to those who gave their lives during the  
War, the families they left behind and the impact of the Wars on  
the local community.*

**Laying the Wreath on behalf of borough residents:**

**The Worshipful the Mayor**.....Cllr Arthur Hookway

**The Leader of the Council**.....Cllr Ruth Dombey

## **The Sutton Chorale**

**Crossing the Bar** - by Alfred Lord Tennyson,  
music by Hubert Parry

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

## Second Poem: Bobby Hamilton

### **STRANGE MEETING** - by Wilfred Owen

*It seemed that out of battle I escaped  
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped  
Through granites which titanic wars had groined.*

*Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,  
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.  
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared  
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,  
Lifting distressful hands, as if to bless.  
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall,—  
By his dead smile I knew we stood in Hell.*

*With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;  
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,  
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.  
"Strange friend," I said, "here is no cause to mourn."  
"None," said that other, "save the undone years,  
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,  
Was my life also; I went hunting wild  
After the wildest beauty in the world,  
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,  
But mocks the steady running of the hour,  
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.  
For by my glee might many men have laughed,  
And of my weeping something had been left,  
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,  
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.  
Now men will go content with what we spoiled.  
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.  
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress.  
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.  
Courage was mine, and I had mystery;*

*Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery:  
To miss the march of this retreating world  
Into vain citadels that are not walled.  
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels,  
I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,  
Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.  
I would have poured my spirit without stint  
But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.  
Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.*

*“I am the enemy you killed, my friend.  
I knew you in this dark: for so you frowned  
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.  
I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.  
Let us sleep now. . . .”*

## **TS Puma Sea Cadets – The Lone Bugler**

*The Last Post*

**Please observe a 1 minute silence**

## **The National Anthem: All Sing**

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



*As an Act of Remembrance, guests are invited to float a poppy in the Upper Pond and / or place a poppy cross by one of the War Memorials.*

***Lest We Forget***