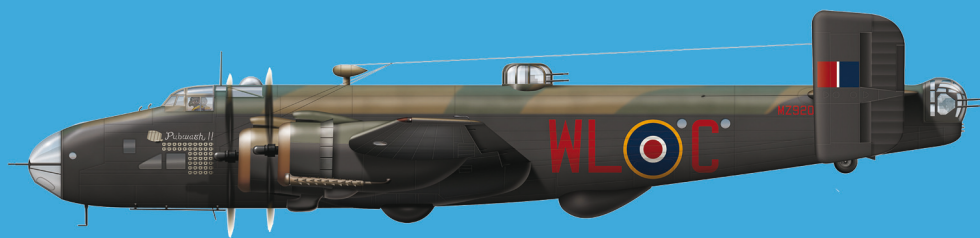




75TH ANNIVERSARY  
COMMEMORATION SERVICE  
FOR  
THE CREW OF HALIFAX BIII  
WL-C MZ920  
434 SQN RCAF



DUNCHURCH, RUGBY  
SUNDAY 13 OCTOBER 2019



THIS SERVICE IS DEDICATED  
TO THE MEMORY OF:



F/O William  
Robert Ewing  
R.C.A.F.



Sgt Geoffrey  
Davies Grant  
R.A.F.V.R.



Sgt Owen  
Parsons  
R.C.A.F.



Sgt Donald  
McLeod W Ward  
R.C.A.F.



F/L Donald  
Zachary T Wood  
R.C.A.F.



Welcome

-

Hymn

‘O God our help in ages past’

-

Wreath Laying & High Flight

-

Rededication & Last Post

-

Prayers

-

Hymn

‘The day thou gavest’

-

Blessing

# O God our help in ages past

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 thine 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.

# The Lord's Prayer

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



# The day thou gavest

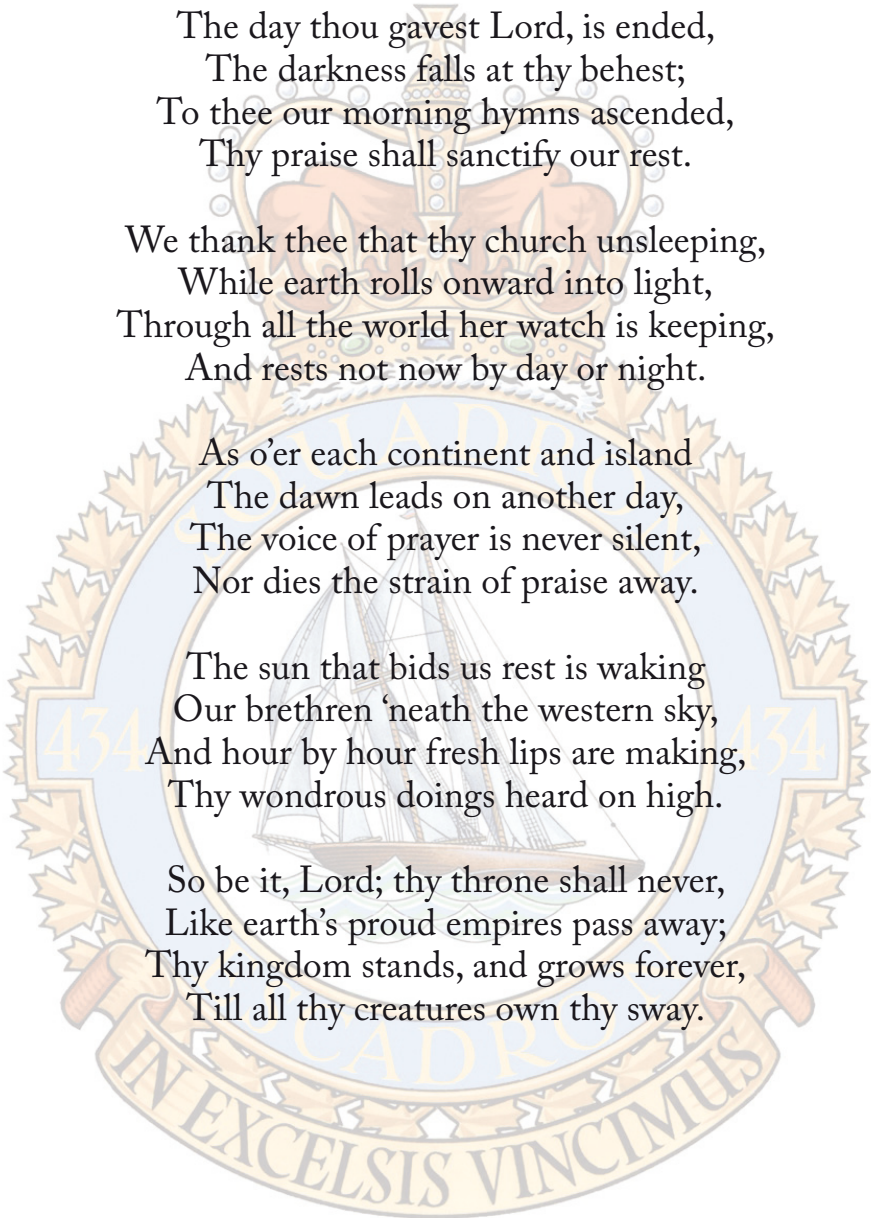
The day thou gavest Lord, is ended,  
The darkness falls at thy behest;  
To thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy church unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,  
Like earth's proud empires pass away;  
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,  
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.







# High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds, – and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of – wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air...

Up, up the long, delirious burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark, or ever eagle flew –  
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

By John Gillespie Magee

An Anglo-American aviator and poet. Magee served in the Royal Canadian Air Force, which he joined before the United States entered the war; he died in a mid-air collision over Lincolnshire in 1941.