

# ANZAC DAY.

---

COMBINED

## Commemoration Service

of the Landing at Gallipoli  
and in Memory of Fallen Heroes,

In the OUTER DOMAIN,  
SYDNEY,

TUESDAY,  
April 25th, 1916,  
at 12 noon.

## Form of Service.

---

At the stroke of 12 all will bow their heads  
for a moment in honour of the fallen.

### HYMN.

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 life shall last  
And our eternal home.

AMEN.



**PRAYERS**  
will be offered by the  
**Reverend WILLIAM PEARSON,**  
**President of the Methodist Conference.**

**For the King and all in authority.**

**O** LORD God Almighty, guide, we pray thee, our Sovereign and all those to whom thou hast committed the government of our nation and empire ; and grant to them at this time special gifts of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and strength ; that upholding what is right, and following what is true, they may obey thy holy will, and fulfil thy divine purpose ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

**For those engaged in the War.**

**O** ALMIGHTY Lord God, the Father and Protector of all that trust in thee : We commend to thy fatherly goodness the men who through perils of war are serving this nation ; beseeching thee to take into thine own hand both them and the cause wherein their King and country send them. Be thou their strength when they are set in the midst of so many and great dangers. Make all bold through death or life to put their trust in thee, who art the only giver of victory, and canst save by many or by few ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

**For those who are in anxiety and in sorrow.**

**A** LMIGHTY God, who art afflicted in the afflictions of thy people : Regard with thy tender compassion the anxious and the bereaved ; bear their sorrows and their cares ; give them comfort and peace in thee ; supply all their manifold needs ; and help both them and us to learn the lessons of thy fatherly discipline ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

**Commemoration of the departed.**

**O** LORD, thou lover of souls, who through the mouth of Thy prophet of old hast declared that all souls are thine : We thank thee for the brave and faithful dead, who have willingly laid down their lives on the battle-fields in this war, or succumbed to the perils of the deep. We bless thee for the dauntless courage of the soldiers and sailors of our Empire who have fallen in the cause of truth and righteousness. In thy hands, O Father, we leave their departed spirits, for thou hast redeemed them through the blood of thy dear Son. Grant us so to follow their good example in faithfulness, and endurance, even unto death, that we may be found worthy of the crown of everlasting life, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

**THE LORD'S PRAYER.**

**LESSON**  
will be read by the  
**Right Reverend R. SCOTT WEST,**  
**Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly.**

### HYMN.

God of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The Captains and the Kings depart—  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart,  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard—  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy Mercy on Thy people, Lord!

AMEN.

Address by  
His Grace the Primate of Australia.

DEAD MARCH IN SAUL.

BENEDICTION.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.