

Salutation of the Belgian Flag,

17th OCTOBER, 1914.

2.45 p.m. Procession to form in front of Town Hall, The Broadway, Wimbledon, and neighbouring roads.

3 p.m. Procession starts.

The High Sheriff of Surrey with his Trumpeters.

The Mayors of Wandsworth and Wimbledon, and the Chairman of the District Council of Merton and Morden with the Officers of their respective Councils.

Banner.

The Wandsworth Prize Band.

Banner.

Teachers and children of the Public Elementary Schools of Wimbledon and Merton.

Banner.

Wimbledon Boy Scouts.

Banner.

Wandsworth Naval Brigade.

Wimbledon Naval Brigade.

Route by Wimbledon Hill.

3.30 p.m. Arrive on Common.

3.45 p.m. Her Royal Highness The Duchess of Vendome, accompanied by His Royal Highness The Duke of Vendome and Their Royal Highnesses The Princess Marie Louise and the Princess Genevieve of Orleans, arrives.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Their Royal Highnesses are conducted to the Platform by the Mayor of Wandsworth, the Mayor of Wimbledon, the Chairman of the District Council of Merton and Morden and the Chairman of the Conservators of Wimbledon Common.

Addresses by—

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

A SALUTE TO THE BELGIAN FLAG.

Poem written for the occasion by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES. Music arranged by Dr
COLEMAN YOUNG from Irish air. Band and Choir only.

To the Irish air: "Go Where Glory Waits Thee."

WHEN, O gallant warders
Of the Belgian borders,
Our Foes came parleying at your gate:
"Hear our Master's message!
Yield his armies passage!
Else all your land lies desolate!"
Did ye pause to palter?
Nay, without one falter,
On that base assaulter
Proud defiance hurled;
While your Banner olden—
Red and black and golden—
To your endless glory ye unfurled.

Then the evil clangour
Of the German's anger
Burst where ye couched across his way.
Yet in wrath ye faced him,
Leaped upon and chased him,
Launched like young lions on your prey.
Aye! though bolted thunder
Rent your ranks in sunder,
To the whole earth's wonder
Still ye fought on and on!
Proved at Liège's portal
Heroes as immortal
As your proud Sires who smote the Don.

There your dread endurance
Shook our Foe's assurance,
There laughed to scorn his plot profound—
Free of your resistance,
Far in southern distance,
Fair France's knell and ours to sound.
Through that respite given,
Though long rearward driven,
Now with ranks unruined,
We attack in turn.
Therefore, Banner olden,
Red and black and golden,
We uplift thee by our Standard stern.
Vowing as we take thee,
And saluting "break" thee—
Never to forsake thee,
Flag of bright renown!
Till, with legions scattered,
Rent and spent and shattered,
Belgium's Spoiler we have beaten down.

Unfurling of the Belgian Flag by Her Royal Highness The Duchess of Vendome.

The Assembly uncovers and acclaims.

The Belgian National Anthem.

Band, Choir and Assembly.

WHEN out of his long sleep of Slavery
The Belgian to Glory's crag
Sprang, and won back by his bravery
His freedom, his fame, and his flag.
Oh, when thus in immortal manner
He to all time had set her free,
He wrought on Belgium's ancient banner:
"For King, for Law, for Liberty!"

March forth, march forth undaunted ever
From strength unto strength striding on,
High heav'n shall smile on our endeavour
Till vict'ry's Laurel wreath be won.
Field and mart alike shall then surrender
Largesse abundant rich and free,
And Art shall set her halo of splendour
O'er King, and Law, and Liberty.

And now let ev'ry Netherland brother
For long years estrang'd by the sword,
Belgian Batavian with each other
Unite in chivalrous accord.
Let no rude rivalry dis-sever
Henceforth that brotherhood most free;
So shall we make our watchword for ever:
One King, one Law, one Liberty.

Ador'd by all thy sons and cherish'd,
Alike in thy anguish and joy,
Till in our life-blood we have perish'd
O Belgium who shall thee destroy?
Thou shalt grow great and yet more glorious
Still, in undaunted unity
Upholding high thy legend victorious
For King, for Law, for Liberty.

The Flag of France raised.

The Marseillaise.

Band, Choir and Assembly.

YE sons of France, awake to glory,
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,
See their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts—a ruffian band—
Pollute and desolate the land?
While peace and happiness lie bleeding:
To arms! To arms, ye brave
Th'avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on!
All hearts resolv'd,
To Liberty or Death.

The Flag of Russia raised.

The Russian National Anthem. Band, Choir and Assembly.

GOD save the noble Czar !
Long may he live,
In pow'r, in happiness, in peace to reign !
Dread of His enemies,
Faith's sure defender,
God still preserve and bless the Czar !

The Flag of Japan raised.

The Japanese National Anthem. Band and Choir only.

MAY our Sovereign Lord remain,
Rooted for a thousand years, And then again—
Till the sands are all harden'd into stone ;
And green moss into emerald gems has grown.

"TO THE HEROES OF THE DEFENCE."

Poem by J. W. COURTHOPE, (by special permission of the *Times* and the author).
Music by DR. COLEMAN YOUNG. Orchestra and Choir only.

WHEN the red storms of Death shall cease,
And on each Belgic plain
We note the fruitful year's increase
By waves of golden grain,
And watch once more old scenes of peace
In ravaged field or fane ;
What voice from your ensanguined bed
Shall wake your lives, ye glorious Dead ?

Though now in Belgic grave concealed,
And bathed in bloody dew,
How bounteous is the harvest's yield
From seeds broadcast by you,
Who fought and died from Zutphen field
Till stedfast Waterloo !
'Neath Sidney's captaincy ye bled,
Who fell by Mons, unnumbered Dead !

From age to age your legions came
Chivalric, true, and brave,
To fight for Freedom and for Fame,
And Britain's cause to save :
Your battleground was still the same,
The Belgic soil your grave :
Your Marlborough's glory crowns each head
Laid low but late, illustrious Dead !

From many a far self-governed sphere,
Where other stars control
The changes of th' inverted year,
Men make your tombs their goal ;
Till, by your blood united here
In cause and heart and soul,
All sons of Liberty are led
To form one realm, imperial Dead !

MONS. J. SNOLLAERTS will speak in the name of the Belgian Community in Wimbledon.

British Flag hoisted.

"God save the King," by Band, Choir and Assembly.

Director of Music and Conductor, DR. COLEMAN YOUNG.

The Choir includes 1500 children from the Public Elementary Schools of Wimbledon and Merton (by the kindness and care of the Teachers) and Members of Church Choirs and Musical Societies of Wimbledon and Merton.

MR. OWEN COLLYER sings the Solo parts.

The Banners carried in the Procession were designed and made by the Art Class of the Wimbledon Technical Institute.

The Committee gratefully acknowledge the good will of all concerned in tendering their voluntary services.

Contributions to the Wimbledon and Merton Refugees' Fund are urgently needed. Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Richardson Evans, The Keir, Wimbledon Common.

The Conservators of the Common earnestly hope that no paper or litter of any kind be thrown on the Ground.

Sold at the price of TWOPENCE for the benefit of the Wimbledon and Merton Refugees' Fund.