

# Program

For a Community Observance

*of*

## The Armistice

November 12, 1923

8 P. M.

*Have  
in honour  
you who enter here  
all those men who went forth to serve  
in the years*

*1914—1918*

Warren Memorial Presbyterian Church

LOUISVILLE



Cabinet du Maire, Ypres, Belgium, September, 1913.

To The Louisville Community Committee for the  
Festive Observance of American Day.

I have the honor to send to you a flag of the colors of Ypres  
emblemized by the Coat of Arms of the town, to help celebrate the  
Solenn Commemoration of American Day at Louisville. I express  
the hope that this occasion may tighten the bonds of friendship existing  
between America and Belgium, and that the affection which you  
land has had for the Marston Tower of Ypres may grow more and  
more intimate. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Accept the expression of my most sincere regards.

M. COLLET,

Mayor of Ypres.

*We with uncovered head*

*Salute the Sacred Dead,*

*Who went, and who return not—Say not So!*

*Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;*

*No ban of endless night exiles the brave;*

*And to the saner mind*

*We rather seem the dead, that stayed behind."*

L. FARMAN,

Mayor of Canton Thirny.



Cabinet du Maine, Ypres, Belgium, September, 1918.

To The Louisville Community Committee for the

Posthumous Observance of Armistice Day.

I have the honor to send to you a flag of the colors of Ypres, embellished by the Coat of Arms of the town, to help celebrate the Solemn Commemoration of Armistice Day at Louisville. I express the hope that this occasion may tighten the bonds of friendship existing between America and Belgium, and that the affection which your Land has had for the Marston Town of Ypres, may grow more and more.

Accept the expression of my most sincere regards.

N. COLBERT,

Burgomaster of Ypres.

*We with uncovered head*

*Salute the Sacred Dead,*

*Who went, and who return not—Say not So!*

*Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;*

*No ban of endless night exiles the brave;*

*And to the saner mind*

*We rather seem the dead, that stayed behind."*

L. FLAMAND,

Mayor of Chateau Thierry.



Cabinet du Maire, Ypres, Belgium, September, 1923.

To The Louisville Community Committee for the  
Perpetual Observance of Armistice Day.

I have the honour to send to you a flag of the colours of Ypres, embellished by the Coat of Arms of the town, to help celebrate the Solemn Commemoration of Armistice Day at Louisville. I express the hope that this occasion may tighten the bonds of friendship existing between America and Belgium, and that the affection which your Land has had for the Martyred Town of Ypres, may grow more and more.

Accept the expression of my most sincere regard.

N. COLAERT,  
Burgomaster of Ypres.

Cabinet du Maire, Ville de Chateau Thierry.

To The Louisville Community Committee for the  
Perpetual Observance of Armistice Day.

In that greatest of European struggles when the Civilized Nations of the Old World met face to face in deadly warfare, it was toward America that the eyes of humanity were turned, America who by placing herself on the side of the Right became the guardian, the living exponent of the greatest Principles of Liberty and Justice. Inspired by inherited ideals, the American soldier was superb in Courage and Heroism. Our hills and plains are drenched with the blood of our generous brothers—in arms. The ground where thousands of these Martyrs lie in their last sleep under the protection of our united flags, in hallowed ground. Whether in France, or resting in American soil, these heroic victims of an outraged civilization are held by our people in tenderest veneration. As our own sons are they sacred, and wherever monuments are erected in their honour, or services held in their memory, there the heart of France lays at their feet the homage of a profound gratitude, an unending remembrance.

All honour to the Starry Flag which brought to us in its folds, not only Victory, but Peace, and the benediction of work. Vive l'Amérique!

L. FLAMAND,  
Mayor of Chateau Thierry.

Program

Part One

Organ Recital of familiar War Songs 7:15 to 7:30

Miss Margaret Malais

Military March

The Louisville Community Committee for the Perpetual Observance of Armistice Day has had the honour to receive:

From the Burgomaster of Ypres, The Flag of that besieged city.

From the Mayor of Chateau Thierry, The Flag of that besieged city.

From the Mayor of Verdun for participation in the Observance of 1923, the American Flag which flew from the belfry of the Hotel de Ville of Verdun, during the war.

From the Superintendent of a Military Cemetery in France, the cross from a grave supposed to be that of an unknown French soldier, later found to be an American soldier who now lies buried under his own name.

The Committee makes grateful acknowledgment of these significant gifts, and renders assurance that at all times they will receive every respect and consideration.

The Flag of Ypres  
The Flag of Chateau Thierry  
The Flag of Verdun  
The Star Spangled Banner

In behalf of their Citizens  
Lieutenant Colonel G. C. Marshall, A. D. C.  
Representing The Council of the Army

General John J. Pershing  
Acceptance:  
For the Community Committee  
Hon. William Quinn



The audience is earnestly requested to refrain from applause throughout The Observance

# Program

## Part One

Organ Recital of familiar War Songs 7:15 to 7:50

Miss Margaret McLeish

Military March .....Elgar

The Audience will rise upon the entrance of Jefferson Post,  
American Legion

### In Memoriam

**Warren G. Harding**

Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy  
1921—1923

“Steel true, blade straight,  
He in a short time  
Fulfilled a long time.” Amen

The audience will stand in silence.

Introductory remarks, For The Community Committee,  
Hon. Huston Quin,  
Mayor of Louisville

Response for the Army,  
Brigadier General Dwight E. Aultman  
United States Army

Presentation:  
The Flag of Ypres,  
La Brabançonne  
The Flag of Chateau Thierry,  
La Marseillaise  
The Flag of Verdun,  
The Star Spangled Banner

In behalf of these Cities:  
Lieutenant-Colonel G. C. Marshall, A. D. C.  
Representing The General of the Armies.  
General John J. Pershing

Acceptance:  
For the Community Committee  
Hon. Huston Quin

# Commemoration Ode,

A. D. 1919

Words by Brian Hooker

Music by Horatio Parker

Under the direction of William E. Pilcher, Jr.

## The Ode

There's a clamour of many voices,  
There's a murmur of marching feet,  
And a music that rejoices  
Where the ranks move down the street;  
Friends with the hearts of strangers  
Boys with the eyes of men,  
Having endured all dangers  
And so returned again.  
Therefore with banners burning  
And cheers that rise and roll  
Honour to these returning  
Who saved our Honour whole.

Kingdoms and dominations  
Have owned their fighting worth—  
This common clay of nations  
Clad in the hue of earth;  
These common souls and human  
Who laugh their sins abroad  
But hide the love of woman  
And seek the fear of God,  
Thru poison, fire and prison  
Unscarred, unscathed, they came—  
The sons of man arisen  
Against the sons of shame.

What of the many others  
Forever over seas—  
Lovers and sons and brothers  
Like these, yet not like these?  
For two shall have toiled and striven  
Equal in worst and best,  
And to one shall be glory given,  
And to another, rest;  
For two shall have trod one measure  
And of one cup drunk deep,  
And one shall have sweet pleasure  
And one shall have sweet sleep.

Look where the soft clouds blossom  
O'er the green country-side,  
And the earth clothes her bosom  
In beauty as a bride.  
Can any peace delight them  
Whose delights rest undone,  
Or any heaven requite them  
For this world wooed and won?  
Filled full and flushed with morning  
They sang and took the sword—  
The night came without warning,  
And where is their reward?

As a man makes a garden  
Not for the fruits repaid  
But only to be warden

Of life his hands have made;  
As a woman bears her children  
Not that their loves atone,  
But only to look upon them  
And know them for their own—  
O youth foregone, foregoing!  
O dreams unseen, unsought!  
God give you joy of knowing  
What life your death has bought.

For our fathers gone before us,  
That they have not toiled in vain;  
For the mother hearts that bore us  
And shall not waste their pain;  
For the childhood games and laughter  
And the sorrows that turn their tears  
To a song in the heart hereafter  
Unto the end of years—  
For these, and what else unspoken  
Live when a soldier dies,  
You are the body broken—  
You are the sacrifice.

For the flower from the clod emerging  
And the fire from the cloud released,  
For the wife that is more than virgin  
And the man that is more than beast;  
For the spirit in strange communion  
With earth, yet more than earth—  
The mystery of union,  
The miracle of birth—  
For these, and what holier dreaming  
Our dust and its deeds have meant,  
You are the blood redeeming,  
You are the sacrament.

For the pure fear that hovers,  
The sure faith that descends  
Between the life of lovers,  
Between the eyes of friends—  
All giving beyond repayment,  
All truth neither bought nor sold,  
The body more than raiment  
And the soul more than gold.  
In all that we live believing,  
In all that we might have lost,  
You are the spirit living—  
You are the Pentecost.

Your hands confirm our manhood,  
Your hearts hold women true,  
And the wide eyes of children  
Are clean because of you.  
Thru desperate wars undaunted  
Our future arms retain  
Your gift of fear confronted,



Your gift of conquered pain,  
 Stronger when foes dispute you,  
 Wiser when fools deny,  
 We who must live salute you  
 Who have found strength to die!

Bring flowers they loved!  
 Let the trumpets sound,  
 And the feast be spread!  
 Shall not the earth live the fairer  
 For their sake who are dead?  
 Not ashes nor any sorrow  
 Be borne for such as they  
 Give them the golden morrow  
 They dwelt in yesterday!  
 Seeing our days inherit  
 What joys they dared forego.  
 Surely they see and share it—  
 Surely they know, they know.

There's a clamour of many voices,  
 There's a murmur of marching feet,  
 And a music that rejoices  
 Where the ranks move down the street;  
 Friends with the hearts of strangers;  
 Boys with the eyes of men,  
 And souls that have done with dangers  
 And slept, and risen again,  
 Among them, above them, around them,  
 The unseen legions throng,  
 With the gold of our dreams we have  
 crowned them,  
 And their robes are the sound of our song.

Therefore with banners burning,  
 With lights and garlands dressed,  
 Honour to these returning,  
 Honour to those at rest.

Part Two

**C**ommemoration Pageant

The audience will rise upon the entrance of The Flags  
 and be seated upon the entrance of the women

Military Processional . . . . . "The Stars and Stripes Forever" . . . . . Sousa

The Flags used with

The Stars and Stripes

Are those of America's Allies

- |         |                |                       |          |
|---------|----------------|-----------------------|----------|
| Belgium | Czechoslovakia | Italy                 | Panama   |
| Brazil  | France         | Japan                 | Portugal |
| Canada  | Great Britain  | Kingdom of the Serbs, | Roumania |
| China   | Guatemala      | Croats and Slovenes   | Siam     |
| Cuba    | Haiti          | Nicaragua             |          |

**"These are they which came out of great tribulation"**

Dedication:

To all those missing men who have no crosses

Rev. Samuel Callen, D. D.

Chaplain, Camp Meade



THE CROSS



O Cross that Lifest up my head  
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee;  
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
 And from the ground there blossoms red  
 Life that shall endless be.

Symbolic Processional . . . . . Grieg

In the name of all Louisville Women who served 1914—1920.—

"We forgot ourselves more speedily than we forgot  
 you. If words were silent, and our voice failed,  
 the faith set in our inmost hearts did not fail."

"Unfold Ye Portals Everlasting" . . . . . Gounod

The Chorus—

Battle Hymn of The Republic . . . . . Julia Ward Howe

The audience is requested to stand, and to sing

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stor'd  
 He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;  
 His truth is marching on.—  
 Glory! glory, hallelujah! Glory! glory, hallelujah!  
 Glory! glory hallelujah! His truth is marching on.—

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,  
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;  
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free;  
 While God is marching on.—

Glory! glory, hallelujah! Glory! glory, hallelujah!  
 Glory! glory hallelujah! His truth is marching on.—

Preceding taps there will be an interval of silence for one minute

TAPS

"So Valiant—for—Truth passed over, and all the  
 trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

The audience is requested to stand in silence while the Soldiers leave the Church



*"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 these were honoured in their generation,*

*and were the glory of their times.*

*"There be of them that have left a name behind*

*them that their praises might be reported.*

*Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name*

*liveth forever more."*



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