



City of London Rifles' Lodge

No. 5606



(Consecrated 1936)

Part of the Fallen Poem by Laurence Binyon

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.



Empty Chair Ceremony

4 November 2021



Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Poem by John Mcree

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Deacons collect the symbolic representation of fallen Masons

Brethren come to Order with sign of Reverence

Deacons with the Entered Apprentice Apron perambulate to the Empty Chair

Brethren are seated.

Senior Warden Approaches the Empty Chair and places
Entered Apprentice Apron

Psalm 23

Poem by John Mcree

Brethren come to Attention

Two Minute Silence

Last Post

For the "Fallen" Poem by Laurence Binyon