

The Australian National Anthem

All Stand

Advance Australia Fair

Australians all let us rejoice,
For we are one and free;
We've golden soil and wealth for toil;
Our home is girt by sea;
Our land abounds in nature's gifts
Of beauty rich and rare;
In history's page, let every stage
Advance Australia Fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing,
Advance Australia Fair.

Ceremony Conclusion



ANZAC Day Service 2022



The Brisbane Golf Club ANZAC Day Service
Commences at 6.00am



6.00am Service
6.30am BBQ Breakfast (Gold coin donation)
7.00am Shotgun Start
12.30pm Shotgun Start

Catafalque Party takes post All Stand

Welcome and Introduction by Deb Kember

Recessional by Mark Deuble All Stand

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. A humble and a contrite heart. Lord God of hosts be with us yet. Lest we forget - lest we forget.

Prayer by Joe Janison Please be Seated

God of love and liberty, we bring our thanks this day for the peace and security we enjoy, which was won for us through the courage and devotion of those who gave their lives in time of war.

We pray that their labour and sacrifice may not be in vain, but that their spirit may live on in us and in generations to come.

That the liberty, truth and justice which they sought to preserve may be seen and known in all the nations upon earth.

This we pray in the name of the one who gave his life for the sake of the world, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

Address by Alistair McNee Please be Seated

Wreath Laying – Dylan Barraclough and Aspen Sugars

The Ode by Bob English All Stand

They went with songs to the battle, they were young.
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

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.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

Last Post by Alex Gilfedder All Stand

One Minute's Silence Bow Heads

The Rouse—Reveille by Alex Gilfedder All Stand

Please remain standing for the National Anthem