



ORDER OF SERVICE

**ANNEKA
DOLPHIN**

AND

**THOMAS
ANDERSON**

SATURDAY, 28th MAY 2022
AT ONE IN THE AFTERNOON

ST LAURENCE'S CHURCH
UPWEY
WEYMOUTH

REVEREND PHILIP ELLIOTT
ORGANIST DAVID BRUCE-PAYNE

THE ENTRY OF THE BRIDE

Bridal Chorus by Richard Wagner

THE WELCOME

The Revd Philip Elliott

HYMN

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more.
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer
Be thou still my strength and shield.
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.
I will ever give to thee.

THE PREFACE

THE DECLARATIONS

THE COLLECT

THE MARRIAGE

THE PROCLAMATION

READING

The First Letter of Saint Paul to the Corinthians by Nicholas Carter

THE ADDRESS

THE REGISTRATION OF THE MARRIAGE

THE PRAYERS

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

HYMN

Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son;
Endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won.
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes where Thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son;
endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb.
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let His church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
for the Lord now liveth; death hath lost its sting.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son;
endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won.*

No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life!
Life is nought without Thee; aid us in our strife;
make us more than conqu'rors, through Thy deathless love;
bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son;
endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won.*

THE BLESSING

FINAL MUSIC

Trumpet Voluntary by Jeremiah Clarke