

THE ENTRY OF THE BRIDE

THE WELCOME Rev Veronica Green

HYMN

Refrain:

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings:

Refrain

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky:

Refrain

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one:

Refrain

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day:

Refrain

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God almighty,
Who has made all things well:

Refrain

THE PREFACE

THE DECLARATIONS

THE COLLECT

READING

I Corinthians, Chapter 13, Verses 1-7

THE ADDRESS

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONEY

HYMN

Morning has broken,
Like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken
Like the first bird;
Praise for the singing,
Praise for the morning,
Praise for them springing
Fresh from the Word.

Sweet the rain's new fall,
Sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall
On the first grass;
Praise for the sweetness,
Of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness
Where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight,
Mine is the morning,
Born of the one light
Eden saw play;
Praise with elation,
Praise every morning,
God's re-creation
Of the new day.

PRAYERS

HYMN

I danced in the morning
When the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon
And the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven
And I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

Chorus:

Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he.

I danced for the scribe
And the pharisee,
But they would not dance
And they wouldn't follow me.
I danced for the fishermen,
For James and John —
They came with me
And the Dance went on.

Chorus

I danced on the Sabbath
And I cured the lame;
The holy people
Said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped
And they hung me on high,
And they left me there
On a Cross to die.

Chorus

I danced on a Friday
When the sky turned black —
It's hard to dance
With the devil on your back.
They buried my body
And they thought I'd gone,
But I am the Dance,
And I still go on.

Chorus

They cut me down
And I leapt up high;
I am the life
That'll never, never die;
I'll live in you
If you'll live in me —
I am the Lord Of the Dance, said he.

Chorus

SIGNING OF THE REGISTER

THE FINAL BLESSING

**THE DEPARTURE OF THE
BRIDE AND GROOM**