

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.  
Refrain:

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.  
Refrain:

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.  
Refrain:

*Words and Music: Trad., arr Sydney Carter (1915-2004)*

## **The Preface and Declarations**

### **Reading**

*The First Letter of St Paul to the Corinthians, Chapter Thirteen*

### **Hymn**

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,  
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;  
The love that asks no questions, the love that stands the test,  
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;  
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,  
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,  
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;  
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;  
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;  
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,  
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace.

*Words: Cecil Spring-Rice (1859-1918); Tune: Thaxted*

## **Homily**

The Rev'd David Warner SCP

## **The Rite of Marriage**

## **The Blessing of the Marriage**

## **The Signing of the Marriage Document**

*Music during the signing; Aramis String Quartet, Signed, Sealed,  
Delivered*

## **Hymn**

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountain green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

*Words: William Blake (1757-1827); Tune: Jerusalem*

### **Reading**

From Captain Corelli's Mandolin, by Louis de Bernières

### **Prayers of Intercession**

### **Hymn**

Give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning.  
Give me oil in my lamp, I pray.  
Give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning.  
Keep me burning till the break of day.

Refrain:

Sing hosanna, sing hosanna  
sing hosanna to the King of kings!  
Sing hosanna, sing hosanna,  
sing hosanna to the King!