



THE WELCOME

Reverend Peter Marsh

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

Each little flowers that opens; Each little bird that sings, He made their glowing colours, He made their tiny wings.

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

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

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

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



Poem By Margaret Ayres

Read by Michael Freestone HYMN I Vow to Thee My Country

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 alter
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 theres another country Ive heard of long ago Most dear to them that love her Most great to them that know

We may (we may not count her armies)
We amy (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
All all her paths are peace

Marriage

Signing of the register

Ellie Goulding How long will i love you

Ed Sheeran and Andrea Bocelli Perfect Symphony

Hymn Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon Englands mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On Englands pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And Jerusalem builded here
Among these 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 Englands green and pleasant land

Prayers

The Lords 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.

Blessing

Exit music