

WORDS OF PURPOSE

THE MARRIAGE

PRAYER OF APPROACH TO GOD &

CANDLE LIGHTING

THE REGISTRATION OF THE MARRIAGE

HYMN

*Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heaven, to earth come down:
fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
all Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
pure, unbounded love Thou art;
visit us with Thy salvation,
enter every trembling heart*

*Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
into every troubled breast;
let us all in Thee inherit,
let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
end of faith, as its beginning,
set our hearts at liberty.*

*Come, almighty to deliver,
let us all Thy grace receive;
suddenly return, and never,
never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
glory in Thy perfect love*

*Finish then Thy new creation:
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see Thy great salvation,
perfectly restored in Thee:
changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before Thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.*

READINGS

Bedouin Love Song: Bayard Taylor
Read by Maureen Thomas

Oh! The Places You'll Go: Dr. Seuss
Read by Doreen Hingston

THE BLESSING OF THE MARRIAGE

PRAYERS

ENDING WITH 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 debts as we forgive our debtors.

*And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.*

*For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
for ever.*

Amen.

HYMN

*And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains 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*

THE BENEDICTION

THE RECESSIONAL