

Hobgoblin, nor foul fiend,
Can daunt his spirit,
He knows he at the end
shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
he'll fear not what men say,
he'll labour night and day
to be a pilgrim.

THE DECLARATIONS

Will you, the families and friends of Sophie and Jake support and uphold them in their marriage now and in the years to come?

All: We will.

THE FIRST READING

This was our escape from the rude world, from the madding crowd. We were quite happy finding junk, talking nonsense. Then you came along ...

Do you know how often we find gold? Never! We never find gold. That's what we're looking for. We don't say it, we don't say that's what we're looking for.

We pretend to be interested in the buttons and the buckles and the scrap, but what we're hoping for is gold. To find a piece of gold that was once held in the hand of a Roman or a Saxon or one of the ancient people that walked this land before us ... we've pulled a couple of tons of metal out of this county. Iron, steel, copper, lead, bronze, occasionally silver, but never gold ... until now.

From Detectorists
Read by Dylan van Houcke

THE SECOND READING

1 Corinthians 13
Read by Aimée Conway

THE ADDRESS

THE MARRIAGE

THE REGISTRATION OF THE MARRIAGE

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

THE PRAYERS

**All: 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

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?