

## HYMN

### *All Things Bright and Beautiful*

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.

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.

The tall trees in the  
greenwood,  
the meadows for our play,  
the rushes by the water,  
to 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.

*Cecil F. Alexander*

POEM

*To Love is Not to Possess*

To love is not to possess,  
To own or imprison,  
Nor to lose one's self in another.  
Love is to join and separate,  
To walk alone and together,  
To find a laughing freedom  
That lonely isolation does not permit.  
It is finally to be able  
To be who we really are  
No longer clinging in childish dependency  
Nor docilely living separate lives in silence,  
It is to be perfectly one's self  
And perfectly joined in permanent commitment  
To another—and to one's inner self.  
Love only endures when it moves like waves,  
Receding and returning gently or passionately,  
Or moving lovingly like the tide  
In the moon's own predictable harmony,  
Because finally, despite a child's scars  
Or an adult's deepest wounds,  
They are openly free to be  
Who they really are—and always secretly were,  
In the very core of their being  
Where true and lasting love can alone abide.

*James Kavanaugh*

## THE MARRIAGE

The Rev'd Sophie Young

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

All: We will.

HYMN

*Morning Has Broken*

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 God's 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 recreation  
of the new day!

*Eleanor Farjeon*