

Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
till all our strivings cease;  
take from our souls the strain and stress,  
and let our ordered lives confess  
the beauty of thy peace;  
the beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
thy coolness and thy balm;  
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
O still, small voice of calm;  
O still, small voice of calm.

## **THE PREFACE**

## **THE DECLARATIONS**

## **THE COLLECT**

## **FIRST READING**

A reading from the First Epistle of John Chapter 4: 7-21,  
by Thomas Tuohy

## **SECOND READING**

A reading by Nancy Milne

## THE MARRIAGE

### THE SIGNING OF THE REGISTER

*Now Westlin Winds.*

*Band of Burns ft. Ríoghnach Connolly*

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns  
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;  
The moorcock springs on whirring wings  
Amang the blooming heather:  
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary farmer;  
And the moon shines bright, as I rove at night,  
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells,  
The plover loves the mountains;  
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,  
The soaring hern the fountains:  
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,  
The path of man to shun it;  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,  
The savage and the tender;  
Some social join, and leagues combine,  
Some solitary wander:  
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,  
Tyrannic man's dominion;  
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,  
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But, Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,  
Thick flies the skimming swallow,  
The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
All fading-green and yellow:  
Come let us stray our gladsome way,  
And view the charms of Nature;  
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
Till the silent moon shine clearly;  
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,  
Swear how I love thee dearly:  
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,  
Not Autumn to the farmer,  
So dear can be as thou to me,  
My fair, my lovely charmer!

### **THE PRAYERS**

#### *The Lord's 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.

## HYMN

### Lord of All Hopefulness

*Traditional Irish Tune*

*Lyrics by Jan Struther, 1931*

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,  
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,  
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

## THE DISMISSAL AND FINAL BLESSING

### DEPARTURE

*In Thee Is Gladness ("In dir ist Freude")*

*J. S. Bach*