

Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go, Lord, if you lead me.
I will hold your people in my heart.

THE DECLARATIONS

THE COLLECT

FIRST READING

1 Corinthians Chapter 13
read by Amy Holt

HYMN

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.

SECOND READING

*from Captain Corelli's Mandolin by Louis de Bernières
read by Hilary Lettin*

THIRD READING

*All I know about love by Neil Gaiman
read by Rebecca Lettin*

PSALM 128

sung by Joyful Noise Ensemble

THE VOWS

THE GIVING OF RINGS

THE PROCLAMATION

THE BLESSING OF THE MARRIAGE

THE SIGNING OF THE REGISTERS

*If ye love me by Thomas Tallis
This Marriage by Eric Whitacre
sung by Joyful Noise Ensemble*

Witnesses: Rebecca Lettin and Jennie Reavey

THE PRAYERS

ending with 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,
and 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?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear: o clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariots 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 DISMISSAL

**THE DEPARTURE OF THE
BRIDE AND GROOM**

Trumpet Tune and Air - Purcell