

FIRST READING

A Good Wedding Cake – Anonymous

Read by Cairis Emery-Yealland

4lb of love
1/2lb of sweet temper
1lb of butter of youth
1lb of blindness of faults
1lb of pounded wit
1lb of good humour
2lbs of sweet argument
1 pint of rippling laughter
1 wine glass of common sense
A dash of modesty

Put the love, good looks and a sweet temper into a well-furnished house. Beat the butter of youth into a cream and mix well together with the blindness of faults. Stir the pounded wit and good humour into the sweet argument, then add the rippling laughter and common sense. Work the whole together until everything is well mixed and bake gently for ever.

THE PREFACE AND DECLARATIONS

THE COLLECT

THE ADDRESS

HYMN

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas Grace that taught my heart to fear
And Grace my fears relieved
How precious did that Grace appear
The hour I first believed

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come
'Twas Grace that brought me safe thus far
And Grace will lead me home.

The lord has promised good to me.
His words my hope secures
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine,
But God who called me here below
Shall be forever mine!

SECOND READING

Song of Solomon 2, v 8-16.

Read by Tristan Emery-Yealland

The voice of my beloved! Behold, he comes, leaping over the mountains, bounding over the hills. My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag. Behold, there he stands behind our wall, gazing through the windows, looking through the lattice. My beloved speaks & says to me: "Arise, my love, my beautiful one, & come away, for behold, the winter is past; the rain is over & gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land. The fig tree ripens its figs, and the vines are in blossom; they give forth fragrance. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, & come away. O my dove, in the clefts of the rock, in the crannies of the cliff, let me see your face, let me hear your voice, for your voice is sweet, & your face is lovely. Catch the foxes for us, the little foxes that spoil the vineyards, for our vineyards are in blossom." My beloved is mine, & I am his.

THE MARRIAGE

The Vows

The Exchange of Rings

The Proclamation of the Marriage

HYMN

Guide me O Thou Great Redeemer
Pilgrim through this barren land
I am weak but Thou art mighty
Hold me with thy powerful hand
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more
Feed me till I want no more

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey though
Strong Deliverer, strong deliverer
Be Thou still my strength and shield
Be Thou still my strength and shield

When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside
Death of death
And hell's destruction
Land me safe on Canaan's side
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee
I will ever give to thee

THIRD READING

Mr Kartoffel - James Reeves.

Read by Freya Emery-Yealland

*Mr Kartoffel's a whimsical man; he drinks his beer from a watering-can,
And for no good reason that I can see; he fills his pockets with china tea.*

He parts his hair with a knife and fork and takes his ducks on a Sunday walk.

Says he, "If my wife and I should choose to wear our stockings outside our shoes,

Plant tulip bulbs in the baby's pram and eat tobacco instead of jam,

And fill the bath with cauliflowers, that's nobody's business at all but ours."

Says Mrs. K., "I may choose to travel with a sack of grass or a sack of gravel,

Or paint my toes, one black, one white, or sit on a bird's nest half the night –

But whatever I do that is rum or rare, I rather think that is my affair.

So fill up your pockets with stamps and string, and let us be ready for anything!"

Says Mr. K. to his whimsical wife, "How can we face the storms of life,

Unless we are ready for anything? So if you've provided the stamps and the string,

Let us pump up the saddle & harness the horse & fill him with carrots & custard & sauce

Let us leap on him lightly and give him a shove and it's over the sea and away, my love!"

THE SIGNING OF THE REGISTER

Air on the G-String – Bach

Jesus, joy of man's desire – Bach

Sheep may safely graze – Bach

PRAYERS