

Please stand for the entry of the Bride

Prince of Denmark's March, Jeremiah Clarke

THE WELCOME

Mother Nicol

HYMN

Thine Be The Glory, Budry

Thine be the glory risen conquering son
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord now liveth; death hath lost its sting.

Thine be the glory...

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is nought without thee: aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love:
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

Thine be the glory...

THE DECLARATIONS

FIRST READING

Friendship - Read by Barbara Pritchard

What is a friend?

A close companion on the road,
A stone wall strong against the night,
A hand stretched out the ease the load,
A torch to keep the path in sight
Right to the end.

What is a friend?

A quiet pool by which to rest,
And lave away the journeys' dust;
A fragrant breeze to give us zest,
A sparkling spring, a draught we trust
Our thirst to mend.

What is a friend?

A steady compass, tested, sure;
A lifeboat swing against the side;
An anchor which we feel secure
A haven where we safely ride
And leisure spend.

What is a friend?

A mighty tree that spreads its shade
To shelter us as wing-tired birds;
A song of gladness undismayed;
A silence more profound than words;
This is a friend.

HYMN

Lord of All Hopefulness – J. Struther

Lord of all hopefulness,
Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever child-like,
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

Song of Solomons – Read by William Buckley

My beloved speaks and says to me:
Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come away,
for behold, the winter is past;
the rain is over and 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,
and come away.

Set me as a seal upon your heart,
as a seal upon your arm;
for love is strong as death,
passion fierce as the grave.
Its flashes are flashes of fire,
a raging flame.
Many waters cannot quench love,
neither can floods drown it.
If one offered for love
all the wealth of one's house,
it would be utterly scorned.

THE ADDRESS

Mother Nicol

THE VOWS

THE GIVING OF THE RINGS

PROCLAMATION

THE BLESSING OF THE MARRIAGE

PRAYERS

“Lord of Life and Love”, the congregation is invited to respond with the words

“Hear our prayer”.

Concluding with the Lords Prayer

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.**

**THE WITNESSING OF
THE MARRIAGE**

Moon River - performed by Marion Smith

HYMN

Jerusalem - W. Blake / H. Parry

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 FINAL BLESSING

At the departure of the Bride & Groom
The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba - Handel

