

## THE REGISTRATION OF THE MARRIAGE

### Music:

#### Unforgettable Love

*Composed and dedicated for this Marriage, by Bagawire*

*Sung by Steve Overland with Sonia Jones*

#### The Lord Is My Strength And My Song (Händel)

*Sung by The Voices of St Martin in the Fields*

*Piano accompaniment by Christopher McCracken*

### HYMN

#### Lord Of All Hopefulness

*All*

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 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.

## FIRST BIBLE READING

A reading from, 1 Corinthians Chapter 13,

*by Richard E Riegel, III*

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love,  
I am only a ringing gong or a clanging cymbal.

If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have absolute faith so as to move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and exult in the surrender of my body, but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no account of wrongs. Love takes no pleasure in evil, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be restrained; where there is knowledge, it will be dismissed. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when the perfect comes, the partial passes away.

When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I set aside childish ways. Now we see but a dim reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope, and love;  
but the greatest of these is love.

## SECOND BIBLE READING

A reading from Song of Solomon, chapter 2, verses 8-17

*By Robin Smith-Ryland*

The voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains,  
skipping upon the hills.

My beloved is like a roe or a young hart. Behold, he standeth behind our wall;

he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice.

My beloved spoke and said unto me;

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come,  
and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender  
grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the  
stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice;  
for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for  
our vines have tender grapes.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies.

Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be  
thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

**HYMN**  
**All Things Bright And Beautiful**  
*All*

*All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flow'r that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings:

*Chorus*

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning,  
That brightens up the sky:

*Chorus*

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them everyone:

*Chorus*

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty  
Who has made all things well:

*Chorus*

## THE SERMON

*Given by The Rev. Canon Andrew J W Mullins  
of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York*

### THIRD READING

Green slate is the sea around England

*Poem by Diana Pritchard Jack*

*Composed and dedicated for this Marriage*

*Sung by Diana Pritchard Jack*

#### Introduction:

Life can throw us in unexpected directions. It can be light and beautiful,  
dark and scary, mellow and peaceful, dramatic and thrilling, calm and  
seemingly empty or over-filled and swamping.

Life is full of hidden depths, we're swirled by crafty currents, teased with the  
excitements of the unknown and the unknowable.

In other words, Life mirrors the sea with its turning tides and shifting sands  
where nothing is predictable.

Souls are like tiny rafts tossed on turbulent surfaces. Two, together, make a  
sturdier craft. Christophe and Victoria, being wed today, are surely creating  
a secure and wonderful vessel with which to navigate the waves of life.

...

Green Slate is the sea around England. Find a boat and choose a crew.

Green Slate is the sea around England – and they will sail it, these two.

There's freedom on the Solent, each man must choose his tack,  
We chase after the spinnaker, maybe we'll never come back.

We've sheets and jibs and halyards to court the wind's great force,  
In pursuit of the numinous, we'll track it to its source.

Green Slate is the sea around England – and they will sail it, these two.

We seek the line between wind and wave,  
Flirting with gravity, the sport of the brave.  
Trim the mainsail and watch for the boom,  
Sliding through swiftness on the beams of the moon.

Green Slate is the sea around England – and they will sail it, these two.

We slide across the water, skimming the swell,  
We're balanced on the crossbeam between heaven and hell.  
Like the old bull-dancers, we ride the spine of power,  
With nautical terminology giving voice to our choir.

Green Slate is the sea around England – and they will sail it, these two.

Yes, they will sail it, these two.

## **THE BLESSING OF THE MARRIAGE**

Deus misereatur. Psalm 67

The Psalm ended, and the Man and the Woman kneeling before the Lord's Table, the Priest standing at the Table, and turning her face towards them, shall say:

Minister: Lord, have mercy upon us.

**All:** Christ, have mercy upon us.

Minister: Lord, have mercy upon us.

**The Bride & Groom will then take Communion**

**Music:**

**Pie Jesu (Loyd-Webber)**

*Piano by Christopher McCracken*

**THE PRAYERS FOR THE MARRIAGE**

*Given by The Rev. Canon Andrew J W Mullins  
of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York*

Each time the priest says the bidding "*Lord of Life and Love*",  
the congregation is invited to respond with the words:

**"Hear our prayer"**

**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

Minister. O Lord, save thy servant, and thy handmaid;

**All:** Who put their trust in thee.

Minister. O Lord, send them help from thy holy place;

**All:** And evermore defend them.

Minister. Be unto them a tower of strength,

**All:** From the face of their enemy.

Minister. O Lord, hear our prayer;

**All:** And let our cry come unto thee.

**HYMN**

**Jerusalem**

*Sung by The Voices of St Martin in the Fields*

*All are also invited to sing:*

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 & FINAL BLESSING**

**THE DEPARTURE OF THE  
BRIDE AND GROOM**

**The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba (Haendel)**

*played with 'Four Hands'*

*by Christopher McCracken and Maximillian von Khevenhüller-Metsch*