

## **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 chariot 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.

**SECOND READING**

Union by Robert Fulghum

*Read by Chris Yapp*

**THE MARRIAGE**

The Declarations

The Vows

The Giving of Rings

The Blessing of the Marriage

The Proclamation

## **HYMN**

I vow to thee, my country  
All earthly things above  
Entire and whole and perfect  
The service of my love

The love that asks no questions  
The love that stands the test  
That lays upon the altar  
The dearest and the best

The love that never falters  
The love that pays the price  
The love that makes undaunted  
The final sacrifice

And there's another country  
I've heard of long ago  
Most dear to them that love her  
Most great to them that know

We may not count her armies  
We may not see her King  
Her fortress is a faithful heart  
Her pride is suffering

And soul by soul and silently  
Her shining bounds increase  
And her ways are ways of gentleness  
And all her paths are peace

## **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.

## **THE FINAL BLESSING & THE DISMISSAL**

### **THE REGISTRATION OF THE MARRIAGE**

### **THE DEPARTURE OF THE BRIDE AND GROOM**

Wedding March, Mendelssohn