

Introduction

The Dedication

Affirmation of Wedding Vows

After Oliver and Jennifer have affirmed their Wedding Vows the Priest asks the congregation:

Priest: Jennifer and Oliver have here affirmed their Christian understanding and resolve in the marriage which they have begun.

Will you, their families and friends support and uphold them in their marriage now and in the years to come?

All: We will.

Blessing of Wedding Rings

Blessing of the Couple

Anthem

Choir: Lead me Lord

All are invited to join in the refrain.

Choir:

Lead me Lord, Lead me in thy righteousness, make thy way plain
before my face.

Refrain:

Lead me Lord, Lead me in thy righteousness, make thy way plain
before my face.

Choir:

Lead me Lord, Lead me in thy righteousness, make thy way plain
before my face.

Refrain:

Lead me Lord, Lead me in thy righteousness, make thy way plain
before my face

First Reading

O Tell Me The Truth About Love by W H Auden

Some say love's a little boy,
And some say it's a bird,
Some say it makes the world go around,
Some say that's absurd,
And when I asked the man next-door,
Who looked as if he knew,
His wife got very cross indeed,
And said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas,
Or the ham in a temperance hotel?
Does its odour remind one of llamas,
Or has it a comforting smell?
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is,
Or soft as eiderdown fluff?
Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?
O tell me the truth about love.

Our history books refer to it
In cryptic little notes,
It's quite a common topic on
The Transatlantic boats;
I've found the subject mentioned in
Accounts of suicides,
And even seen it scribbled on
The backs of railway guides.

Does it howl like a hungry Alsatian,
Or boom like a military band?
Could one give a first-rate imitation
On a saw or a Steinway Grand?
Is its singing at parties a riot?
Does it only like Classical stuff?
Will it stop when one wants to be quiet?
O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summer-house;
It wasn't over there;
I tried the Thames at Maidenhead,
And Brighton's bracing air.
I don't know what the blackbird sang,
Or what the tulip said;
But it wasn't in the chicken-run,
Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordinary faces?
Is it usually sick on a swing?
Does it spend all its time at the races,
or fiddling with pieces of string?
Has it views of its own about money?
Does it think Patriotism enough?
Are its stories vulgar but funny?
O tell me the truth about love.

When it comes, will it come without warning
Just as I'm picking my nose?
Will it knock on my door in the morning,
Or tread in the bus on my toes?
Will it come like a change in the weather?
Will its greeting be courteous or rough?
Will it alter my life altogether?
O tell me the truth about love.

Second reading: Psalm 100

1 O be joyful in the Lord, all the earth;
serve the Lord with gladness
and come before his presence with a song.

2 Know that the Lord is God;
it is he that has made us and we are his;
we are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

3 Enter his gates with thanksgiving
and his courts with praise;
give thanks to him and bless his name.

4 For the Lord is gracious; his steadfast love is everlasting,
and his faithfulness endures from generation to generation

Third reading: Song of Solomon
Chapter 2, verses 10 -13, Chapter 8, verses 6 &7

Chapter 2

My beloved speaks and says to me:

'Arise, my love, my fair one,
and come away;

for now 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 turtle-dove
is heard in our land.

he fig tree puts forth its figs,
and the vines are in blossom;
they give forth fragrance.

Arise, my love, my fair one,
and come away.'

Chapter 8

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.

Address by Reverend Mark Woodrow

Hymn

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space:
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Prayers (including 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.

Congregational Blessing

Departure of Husband and Wife