

## **THE ENTRY OF THE BRIDE**

### **THE WELCOME**

Rev'd Joanna Fielding

### **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.

## **PREFACE**

## **THE DECLARATIONS**

### **FIRST READING**

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13

### **SECOND READING**

On Marriage, by Kahlil Gibran

## **THE ADDRESS**

## **THE MARRIAGE**

## **THE SIGNING OF THE REGISTER**

### **Music during the Signing of the Register**

Performed by Astwood Bank Operatic Society

Seasons of Love

from Rent, written by Jonathan Larson

Hail, Poetry!

from The Pirates of Penzance, written by Gilbert and Sullivan

## **THE PRAYERS FOR THE MARRIAGE**

### **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

## 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 question,  
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