

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.

## **The Declarations**

## **First Reading**

The One

Author unknown

read by Marion Boyes

When the one whose hand you're holding  
Is the one who holds your heart  
When the one whose eyes you gaze into  
Gives your hopes and dreams their start,  
When the one you think of first and last  
Is the one who holds you tight,  
And the things you plan together  
Make the whole world seem just right,  
When the one whom you believe in  
puts their faith and trust in you,  
You've found the one and only love  
You'll share your whole life through.

## **Second Reading**

1 Cor 13. 4-8,13

read by Lorraine Ham

Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends; as for prophecy, it will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away.

So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

## **Address**

The Revd Canon David Isaac

## **The Vows**

## **The Signing of the Marriage Document**

On Golden Pond

Dave Grusin

played by Hannah Trudgeon

## 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 these 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.