

The Preface and Declarations

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

All: We will.

The Collect

Bible Reading: Song of Songs 2:8-10, 16; 8:6-7

Read by Isabella Findleton

Hymn

We three kings of Orient are;
bearing gifts we traverse afar;
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of light,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
gold I bring, to crown him again,
King for ever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign.

O star of wonder, star of light,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.

Frankincense to offer have I,
incense owns a Deity nigh,
prayer and praising, gladly raising,
worship him, God most high.

O star of wonder, star of light,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.

Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and sacrifice;
alleluia, alleluia,
earth to heaven replies.

O star of wonder, star of light,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.

Poem by Christina Rossetti

Read by Paul Henderson

The Address

The Marriage

The Vows

The Giving of the Rings and Blessing

The Proclamation and blessing of the Marriage

The Prayers For The Marriage

**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.**

Hymn

Good King Wenceslas looked out
on the feast of Stephen,
when the snow lay round about,
deep, and crisp, and even;
brightly shone the moon that night,
though the frost was cruel,
when a poor man came in sight,
gath'ring winter fuel.

'Hither, page, and stand by me,
if thou know'st it, telling:
yonder peasant, who is he,
where and what his dwelling?'
'Sire, he lives a good league hence,
underneath the mountain,
right against the forest fence,
by St. Agnes' fountain.'

'Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
bring me pine logs hither;
thou and I will see him dine,
when we bear them thither.'
Page and monarch, forth they went,
forth they went together;
through the rude wind's wild lament,
and the bitter weather.

'Sire, the night is darker now,
and the wind blows stronger;
fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer.'
'Mark my footsteps, my good page;
tread thou in them boldly:
thou shalt find the winter's rage
freeze your blood less coldly.'

In his master's steps he trod,
where the snow lay dinted;
heat was in the very sod
which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christians all, be sure,
wealth or rank possessing,
ye who now will bless the poor,
shall yourselves find blessing.