

*“North star to my  
whirling compass...”*

*The wedding of*

*Joanna Virginia  
Fearnley Davies*

*and*

*Dr David Thomas  
Favis-Mortlock*

*at*

*St Andrew's, Great Rollright  
Oxfordshire, UK*

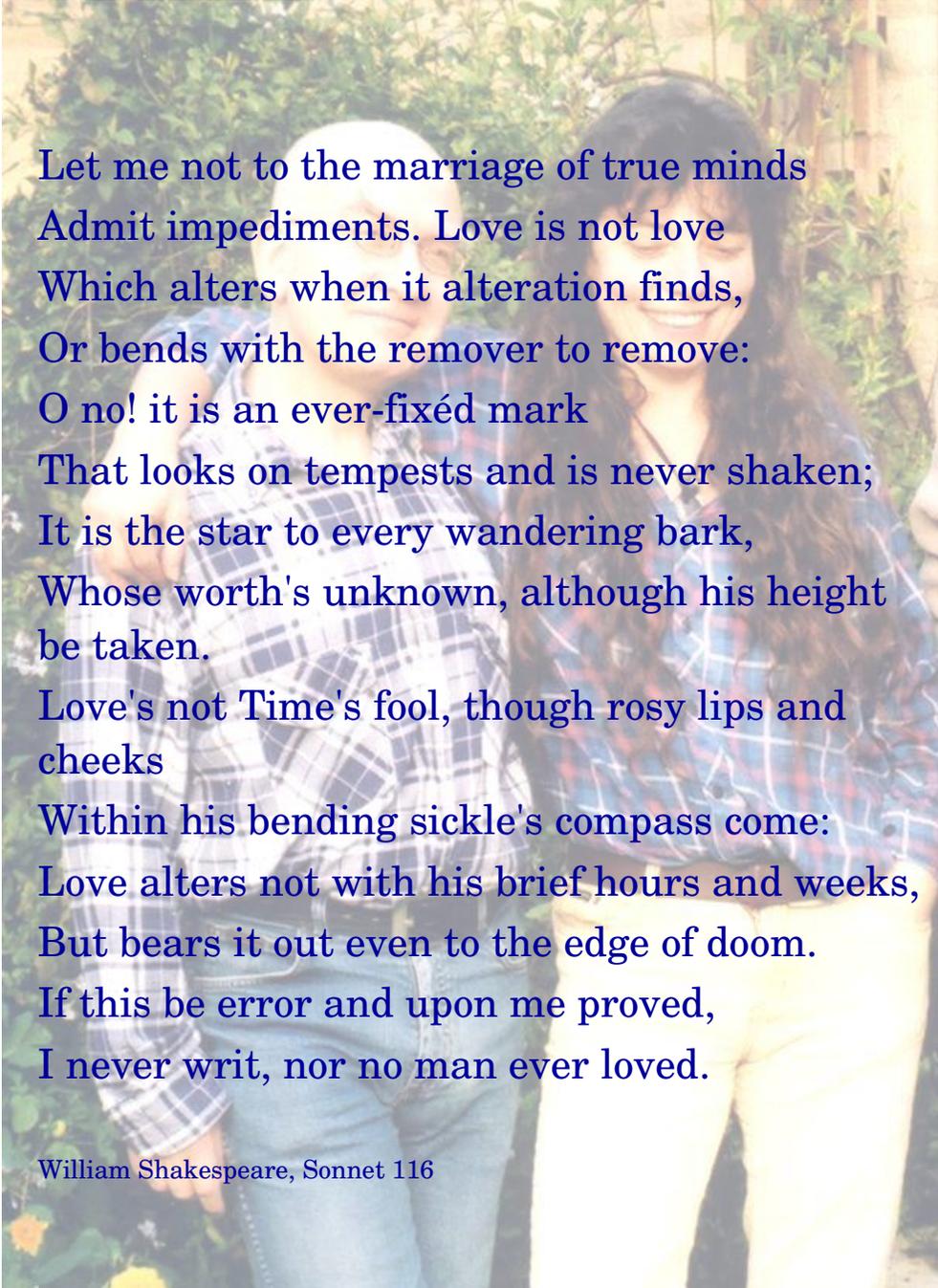
*(under the ash tree in the churchyard)*

*2.00 pm, Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> June 2005*

# Programme

- Introduction
- First Prayer
- First Hymn “Morning has broken”
- Preface and Declarations
- Second Prayer
- First Reading (1 Corinthians 13, read by Keith Davies)
- The Marriage
- Second Hymn “I danced in the morning”
- Second Reading (“On Marriage” by Kahlil Gibran, read by Tony Guerra)
- The Address
- Third Hymn “All things bright and beautiful”
- Third Prayer

Followed by the Reception in Great Rollright Village Hall.



Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height  
be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and  
cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come:  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

William Shakespeare, Sonnet 116

*First Hymn:*  
*“Morning has broken”*

- Morning has broken, like the first morning,  
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning,  
Praise for the springing fresh from the word.
- Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall, on the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,  
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass.
- Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning:  
Born of the one light, Eden saw play.  
Praise with elation, praise every morning,  
God's recreation of the new day.

(Words: Eleanor Farjeon, music: traditional)

*Many thanks to...*

- Rev<sup>d</sup> Christopher Turner
- Keith and Sonia Davies
- Joan and Ron Mortlock
- Reuben
- All our ancestors
- The Gang of Ushers
- Best Man, Dr Tony Guerra
- The Beautiful Girls: Abbey, Bethan, Caitlin,  
Jessica, Jessie and Lauren
- Jules Dickinson and all other musicians
- James the Barman
- Fate (the pain and the pleasure)
- Katie Underwood, whose party brought us  
together under the eye of Mars
- Those who chased us into each other's arms.

## *First Reading:* *1 Corinthians 13*

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and surrender my body to the flames, but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when perfection comes, the imperfect disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put childish ways behind me.

Now we see but a poor reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.

## *Third Hymn:* *“All things bright and beautiful”*

■ **REFRAIN: All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful:  
The Lord God made them all.**

■ Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

■ **REFRAIN: All things...**

■ The purple headed mountains,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning  
That brightens up the sky.

■ **REFRAIN: All things...**

■ The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one.

■ **REFRAIN: All things...**

■ The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water,  
To gather every day.

■ **REFRAIN: All things...**

■ He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well.

■ **REFRAIN: All things...**

(Words: Cecil F. Alexander, music: “Royal Oak,” 17th Century English tune)

## *Second Hymn:* *“I danced in the morning”*

- I danced in the morning when the world was begun,  
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,  
And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth,  
At Bethlehem I had my birth.
- **REFRAIN: Dance, then, wherever you may be;  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.  
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be,  
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.**
- I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,  
But they would not dance and they would not follow me;  
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John;  
They came to me and the dance went on.
- **REFRAIN: Dance, then...**
- I danced on the sabbath when I cured the lame,  
The holy people said it was a shame;  
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high;  
And they left me there on a cross to die.
- **REFRAIN: Dance, then...**
- I danced on a Friday and the sky turned black;  
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back;  
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,  
But I am the dance and I still go on.
- **REFRAIN: Dance, then...**
- They cut me down and I leapt up high,  
I am the life that'll never, never die;  
I'll live in you if you'll live in me;  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.
- **REFRAIN: Dance, then...**

(Words and music: Sydney Carter)

## *Second Reading:* *“On Marriage”*

Then Almitra spoke again and said, “And what of Marriage, master?” And he answered saying:  
You were born together, and together you shall be forevermore.  
You shall be together when white wings of death scatter your days.  
Aye, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God.  
But let there be spaces in your togetherness,  
And let the winds of the heavens dance between you.  
Love one another but make not a bond of love:  
Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.  
Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.  
Give one another of your bread but eat not from the same loaf.  
Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each one of you be alone,  
Even as the strings of a lute are alone though they quiver with the same music.  
Give your hearts, but not into each other's keeping.  
For only the hand of Life can contain your hearts.  
And stand together, yet not too near together:  
For the pillars of the temple stand apart,  
And the oak tree and the cypress grow not in each other's shadow.

(From “The Prophet”, by Kahlil Gibran)

