

Suggested civil ceremony readings



A good wedding cake

4lb of love

1lb butter of youth

1/2lb of good looks

1lb of sweet temper

1lb blindness of faults

1lb of self-forgetfulness

1lb of pounded wit

1lb of good humour

2 tablespoons of sweet argument

A walled garden

Extract from Les Miserables

Love is enough

Love is enough: though the world be a-waning,
And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining.
Though the skies be too dark for dim eyes to discover,
The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder.
Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark wonder,
And this day draw a veil over all deeds passed over.
Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter,
The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter.
These lips and these eyes of the loved and the love.

William Morris

I promise

I promise to give you the best of myself
and to ask no more than you ask

Let me not to the marriage of true minds

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

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"Oh lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love
What a beautiful pussy you are, you are, you are!
What a beautiful pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-Wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose, his nose, his nose!
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon, the moon, the moon

They danced by the light of the moon, the moon, the moon

My true love hath my heart

My true love hath my heart and I have his,

By just exchange one for another given.

I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss:

There was never a better bargain driven.

My true love hath my heart and I have his.

His heart in me, keeps him and me in one.

My heart in him, his thoughts and senses guides;

He loves my heart, for once it was his own:

I cherish his, because in me it bides 7 D Tc 0.0.1 (ht)1.9(s)4 r Tw 0.003(t)2.1 (l)T J0c 0. -ImA00

The confirmation

Yes yours, my love, is the right human face,
I, in my mind, had waited for this long.

Seeing the false, and searching for the true.

Then found you, as a traveller finds a place
of welcome, suddenly, amid the wrong
valleys and rocks and twisting roads.

But you, what shall I call you?

A fountain in waste, a well of water in a country dry,

or anything that's honest and true.

And I call you my love, my love, my love.

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