

Readings



VICTORIAN
MARRIAGE REGISTRY TM



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1 Corinthians, chapter 13, verses 1 - 8

New Revised Standard Version

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels,
but do not have love,
I am a noisy gong
or a clanging cymbal.
And if I have prophetic powers,
and understand all mysteries and all knowledge,
and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains,
but do not have love,
I am nothing.
If I give away all my possessions,
and if I hand over my body to be burned,
but do not have love,
I gain nothing.

Love is patient;
love is kind;
love is not envious or boastful
or arrogant or rude
It does not insist on its own way;
it is not irritable or resentful;
it does not rejoice in wrongdoing,
but rejoices in the truth.
Love bears all things,
believes all things,
hopes all things,
endures all things.

Love never ends.

Blessing of the Hands

Anonymous

These are the hands of your best friend,
young and strong and full of love for you,
that are holding yours on your wedding day,
as you promise to love each other
today, tomorrow, and forever.

These are the hands that will work alongside yours,
as together you build your future.
These are the hands that will passionately love you
and cherish you through the years,
and with the slightest touch, will comfort you like no other.

These are the hands that will hold you
when fear or grief fills your mind.
These are the hands that will countless times
wipe the tears from your eyes;
tears of sorrow, and tears of joy.

These are the hands that will tenderly hold your children.
These are the hands that will help you to hold your family as one.
These are the hands that will give you strength when you need it.

And lastly, these are the hands that
even when wrinkled and aged,
will still be reaching for yours,
still giving you the same unspoken tenderness with just a touch.

May the road rise to meet you

Traditional Irish blessing

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
And the rains fall soft on your fields.

May you have warm words on a cold evening,
A full moon on a dark night,
May the roof above you never fall in,
And the friends gathered below never fall out.

May you never be in want,
And always have a soft pillow for your head,
May you be forty years in heaven
Before the devil knows you're dead.

May you be poor in misfortunes, rich in blessings,
Slow to make enemies and quick to make friends,
But be rich or poor, quick or slow,
May you know nothing but happiness from this day on.

Now you will feel no rain

Traditional Apache blessing

Now you will feel no rain,
For each of you will be shelter to the other.

Now you will feel no cold,
For each of you will be warmth to the other.

Now there is no more loneliness,
For each of you will be companion to the other

Now you are two hearts,
But there is one life before you.

Go now to your dwelling place,
To enter into your days of togetherness.

And may your days be good
And long on the earth.

Sonnet 18

William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet 116

William Shakespeare

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.

Further readings

The Victorian Marriage Registry also recommends readings from the following sources:

The Art of Marriage
The Prophet

Wilfred A. Petersen
Kahlil Gibran