

Suggested readings for your ceremony

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Popular Readings

On your wedding day by Anonymous

Today is a day you will always remember
 The greatest in anyone's life
 You'll start off the day just two people in love
 And end it as Husband and Wife
 It's a brand new beginning the start of a journey
 With moments to cherish and treasure
 And although there'll be time when you both disagree
 These will surely be outweighed by pleasure
 You'll have heard many words of advice in the past
 When the secrets of marriage were spoken
 But you know that the answers lie hidden inside
 Where the bond of true love lies unbroken
 So live happy forever as lovers and friends It's the dawn of a new life for you
 As you stand there together with love in your eyes
 From the moment you whisper 'I do'
 And with luck, all your hopes, and your dreams can be real
 May success find its way to your hearts
 Tomorrow can bring you the greatest of joys
 But today is the day it all starts.

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Love is giving by Anonymous

Love is giving, not taking, mending,
not breaking, trusting, believing,
never deceiving,
patiently bearing and faithfully sharing
each joy, each sorrow,
today and tomorrow.

Love is kind, understanding, but never demanding.

Love is constant, prevailing, its strength never failing.

A promise once spoken for all time unbroken,

Love's time is forever.

Of Shared Love in Marriage by Victor Hugo

You can give without loving, but you can never love without giving.

The great acts of love are done by those who are habitually performing small acts of kindness.

We pardon to the extent that we love.

Love is knowing that even when you are alone, you will never be lonely again.

And great happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved.

Loved for ourselves and even loved in spite of ourselves.

Apache Wedding Blessing

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

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

Now there will be no loneliness, for each of you will be companion to the other.

Now you are two persons, but there is only one life before you.

May beauty surround you both in the journey ahead and through all the years.

May happiness be your companion and your days together be good and long upon the earth.

Treat yourselves and each other with respect, and remind yourselves often of what brought you together.

Give the highest priority to the tenderness, gentleness and kindness that your connection deserves.

When frustration, difficulties and fear assail your relationship, as they threaten all relationships at

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one time or another, remember to focus on what is right between you, not only the part which seems wrong.

In this way, you can ride out the storms when clouds hide the face of the sun in your lives -- remembering that even if you lose sight of it for a moment, the sun is still there.

And if each of you takes responsibility for the quality of your life together, it will be marked by abundance and delight.

These I can promise by Mark Twain

I cannot promise you a life of sunshine; I cannot promise riches, wealth or gold; I cannot promise you an easy pathway

That leads away from change or growing old.

But I can promise all my heart's devotion

A smile to chase away your tears of sorrow; A love that's ever true and ever growing;

A hand to hold in yours through each tomorrow.

Shakespeare's Sonnet 116

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.

Quirky Readings

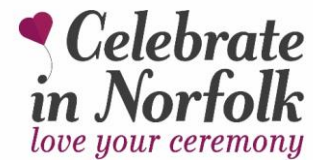
The Little Prince by Antoine de Saint-Exupery

"What does that mean—'tame'?"

"It is an act too often neglected," said the fox. "It means to establish ties."

"Go and look again at the roses. You will understand now that yours is unique in all the world. Then

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come back to say goodbye to me, and I will make you a present of a secret."

The little prince went away, to look again at the roses.

"You are not at all like my rose," he said. "As yet you are nothing. No one has tamed you, and you have tamed no one. You are like my fox when I first knew him. He was only a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But I have made him my friend, and now he is unique in all the world."

And the roses were very much embarrassed.

"You are beautiful, but you are empty," he went on. "One could not die for you. To be sure, an ordinary passer-by would think that my rose looked just like you—the rose that belongs to me. But in herself alone she is more important than all the hundreds of you other roses: because it is she that I have watered; because it is she that I have put under the glass globe; because it is she that I have sheltered behind the screen; because it is for her that I have killed the caterpillars (except the two or three that we saved to become butterflies); because it is she that I have listened to, when she grumbled, or boasted, or even sometimes when she said nothing. Because she is my rose."

And he went back to meet the fox.

"Goodbye," he said.

"Goodbye," said the fox. "And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye."

"What is essential is invisible to the eye," the little prince repeated, so that he would be sure to remember.

"It is the time you have wasted for your rose that makes your rose so important." "It is the time I have wasted for my rose—" said the little prince, so that he would be sure to remember. "Men have forgotten this truth," said the fox. "But you must not forget it. You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed. You are responsible for your rose..."

"I am responsible for my rose," the little prince repeated, so that he would be sure to remember.

You've got a Friend in Me by Aimee Pryor

No matter what happens

Or who is to blame

Our friendship will forever

Remain the same.

You've got a friend in me

And I'll never go away just you remember

Suggested readings for your ceremony

I'm here for you every day.

Timothy, you've got a friend

Who loves and cherishes you so

No matter what life throws us

Our friendship will always grow.

You've got a friend in me

And I'll never go away Just you remember

I'm here for you in every way.

Nothing can break the bond that our love has grown

Our friendship can fight battles strength in us, truly shown

You've got a friend in me and I'll never go away

Just you remember I'm here for you every day.

A Lovely Love Story by Edward Monkton

The fierce Dinosaur was trapped inside his cage of ice.

Although it was cold he was happy in there. It was, after all, his cage.

Then along came the Lovely Other Dinosaur.

The Lovely Other Dinosaur melted the Dinosaur's cage with kind words and loving thoughts.

I like this Dinosaur thought the Lovely Other Dinosaur.

Although he is fierce he is also tender and he is funny.

He is also quite clever though I will not tell him this for now.

I like this Lovely Other Dinosaur, thought the Dinosaur.

She is beautiful and she is different and she smells so nice.

She is also a free spirit which is a quality I much admire in a dinosaur.

But he can be so distant and so peculiar at times, thought the Lovely Other Dinosaur.

He is also overly fond of things.

Are all Dinosaurs so overly fond of things?

But her mind skips from here to there so quickly thought the Dinosaur.

She is also uncommonly keen on shopping.

Are all Lovely Other Dinosaurs so uncommonly keen on shopping?

I will forgive his peculiarity and his concern for things, thought the Lovely Other Dinosaur

For they are part of what makes him a richly charactered individual.

Suggested readings for your ceremony

I will forgive her skipping mind and her fondness for shopping, thought the Dinosaur.

For she fills our life with beautiful thoughts and wonderful surprises.

Besides, I am not unkeen on shopping either.

Now the Dinosaur and the Lovely Other Dinosaur are old.

Look at them.

Together they stand on the hill telling each other stories and feeling the warmth of the sun on their backs.

And that, my friends, is how it is with love.

Let us all be Dinosaurs and Lovely Other Dinosaurs together.

For the sun is warm.

And the world is a beautiful place

The House at Pooh Corner by A.A. Milne

“Pooh” whispered Piglet.

“Yes, Piglet” replied Pooh.

“Nothing,” answered Piglet,

“I just wanted to be sure of you.”

“If you live to be a hundred, I want to live to be a hundred minus one day,
so I never have to live without you.”

“It’s so much more friendly with two.”

“Pooh, promise me you won’t forget about me, ever.

Not even when I am a hundred.” Pooh thought for a little.

“How old shall I be then?” “Ninety-nine.”

Pooh nodded. “I promise,” he said.

“Some people care too much, I think it’s called love.”

Yes I’ll marry you my dear by Pam Ayres

Yes, I’ll marry you, my dear.

And here’s the reason why.

So I can push you out of bed

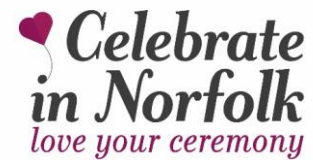
Suggested readings for your ceremony

When the baby starts to cry.
And if we hear a knocking
And it's creepy and it's late,
I hand you the torch you see,
And you investigate.
Yes I'll marry you, my dear
You may not apprehend it,
But when the tumble-drier goes
It's you that has to mend it.
You have to face the neighbour
Should our Labrador attack him,
And if a drunkard fondles me It's you that has to whack him.
Yes, I'll marry you,
You're virile and you're lean
My house is like a pigsty
You can help to keep it clean.
That sexy little dinner
Which you served by candlelight,
As I do chipolatas,
You can cook it every night
It's you who has to work the drill
And put up curtain track,
And when I've got PMT it's you who gets the flak,
I do see great advantages,
But none of them for you,
And so before you see the light,
I DO, I DO, I DO!!

Guess how much I love you by Sam McBratney

Little Nut Brown Hare, who was going to bed, held on tight to Big Nut-brown Hare's very long ears.
He wanted to be sure that Big Nut-brown Hare was listening.
"Guess how much I love you," he said.

Suggested readings for your ceremony



"Oh, I don't think I could guess that," said Big Nut-brown Hare.

"This much," said Little Nut-brown Hare, stretching out his arms as wide as they could go.

Big Nut-brown Hare had even longer arms. "But I love YOU this much," he said.

Hmmm, that is a lot thought Little Nut-brown Hare.

"I love you as high as I can reach," said Little Nut-brown Hare.

"I love you as high as I can reach," said Big Nut-brown Hare.

That is quite high, thought Little Nut-brown Hare. I wish I had arms like that.

Then Little Nut-brown Hare had a good idea. He tumbled upside down and reached up the tree trunk

with his feet. "I love you all the way up to my toes!" he said.

"And I love you all the way up to your toes," said Big Nut-brown Hare, swinging him up over his head.

"I love you as high as I can HOP!" laughed Little Nut-brown Hare, bouncing up and down.

"But I love you as high as I can hop," smiled Big Nut-brown Hare-and he hopped so high that his ears

touched the branches above.

That's good hopping, thought Little Nut-brown Hare. I wish I could hop like that. "

I love you all the way down the lane as far as the river," cried Little Nut-brown Hare.

That's very far, thought Little Nut-brown Hare. He was almost too sleepy to think anymore.

Then he looked beyond the thorn bushes, out into the big dark night.

Nothing could be further than the sky. "I love you right up to the MOON," he said, and closed his eyes.

"Oh, that's far" said Big Nut Brown Hare. "That is very far." Big Nut-brown Hare settled Little Nutbrown Hare into his bed of leaves.

He leaned over and kissed him good night.

Then he lay down close by and whispered with a smile, "I love you right up to the moon-AND BACK."

The Colour of My Love by David Foster & Arthur Janov

I'll paint a sun to warm your heart

Knowing that we'll never part.

I'll draw the years all passing by

So much to learn, so much to try.

Suggested readings for your ceremony

I'll paint my mood in shadow blue, Paint my soul to be with you.
I'll sketch your lips in shaded tones, Draw your mouth to my own.
I'll trace a hand to wipe your tears
And trace a look to calm your fears. A silhouette of dark and light
To hold each other oh so tight.
I'll paint the stars in the evening sky,
Draw the light into your eyes,
A touch of love, a touch of grace,
To softly fall on your moonlit face.
And with this ring our lives will start,
Let nothing keep our love apart.
I'll take your hand to hold in mine,
And be together through all time

Romantic Readings

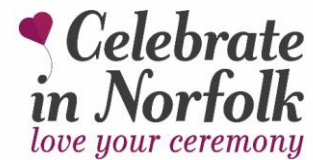
Love's Philosophy by Percy Shelley

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever,
With a sweet emotion; Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine In one another's being mingle:- Why not I with thine?
See! the mountains kiss high heaven, And the waves clasp one another; Now sister flower would be
forgiven If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth, And the moon beams kiss the sea:- What are all these kissing'
worth, If thou kiss not me?

I carry your heart by E.E. Cummings

I carry your heart with me (I carry it in my heart) I am never without it (anywhere I go you go, my
dear; and whatever is done by only me is your doing, my darling)
I fear no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) I want no world (for beautiful you are my world, my
true) and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant and whatever a sun will always sing is you

Suggested readings for your ceremony



here is the deepest secret nobody knows (here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows higher than soul can hope or mind can hide) and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart I carry your heart (I carry it in my heart)

Captain Corelli's mandolin by Louis de Bernières

Love is a temporary madness.

It erupts like volcanoes and then subsides.

And when it subsides, you have to make a decision.

You have to work out whether your roots have so entwined together that it is inconceivable that you should ever part.

Because this is what love is.

Love is not breathlessness,

It is not excitement,

It is not the promulgation of eternal passion.

That is just being "in love" which any fool can do.

Love itself is what is left over when being in love has burned away,

And this is both an art and a fortunate accident.

Those that truly love, have roots that grow towards each other underground,

And when all the pretty blossom have fallen from their branches,

They find that they are one tree and not two

Blessing of the Hands by Unknown

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.

Suggested readings for your ceremony

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.

The Future by Emma Salmon

In my future I see you and me
And a house and garden filled with trees.
I see dinner parties surrounded by friends
And a vegetable patch we love to tend
I see cosy nights in front of the fire
And a four-poster bed for when we tire
I see our kitchen which will be the heart of the home
And a Victorian bath brimming with foam
I see muddy wellies by the front door
And the kids eating cookies and asking for more
I see nights in the garden camping under the stars
And shelves full of mismatching local jam jars
I see family picnics outside with the dog
And a little blue shed containing the logs
I see us sat by the window watching the snow
And reading the papers and learning to grow
I see pictures of family in quirky frames
And letters on the kids' doors spelling out their names
I see laughter, pain, kisses and tears
And helping each other to confront our fears
I see you as my friend and also my lover
Your confidant and your children's mother
I see a wonderful future for you and I
And it's cloaked in love until we die

Suggested readings for your ceremony

Ship by Carol Ann Duffy

In the end, it was nothing more than the toy boat of a boy on the local park's lake, where I walked with you.

But I knelt down to watch it arrive, its white sail shy with amber light, the late sun bronzing the wave that lifted it up, my ship coming in with its cargo of joy.

The promise by Eileen Rafter

The sun danced on the snow with a glittering smile,

As two lovers sat quietly, alone for a while.

Then he turned and said, with a casual air, (Though he blushed from his toes to the tips of his hair)

"I think I'd quite like to get married to you."

"Well then," she said, "well there's a thought,

But what if we can't vow to be all that we ought?

Can you promise me, say, you won't grumble and shout if I'm late yet again when we plan to go out?"

For I know I can't say that I'll learn to ignore Dirty socks and damp towels strewn all over the floor.

So if we can't promise to be all that we should, I'm not sure what to do, though the idea's quite good."

But he gently smiled and tilted his head Till his lips met her ear, then softly he said,

"I promise, to weave my dreams into your own. That wherever you breathe shall be my heart's home.

I promise, that whether with rags or with gold I am blessed,

Your smile is the jewel I shall treasure the best.

Do you think then, my love, we should marry, do you?" "Yes," she said smiling "I do."

Themed Readings

London by John Davidson

Athwart the sky a lowly sigh

From west to east the sweet wind carried;

The sun stood still on Primrose Hill;

Suggested readings for your ceremony

His light in all the city tarried:

The clouds on viewless columns bloomed

Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.

"Oh sweetheart, see how shadowy, of some occult magician's rearing,

Or swung in space of heaven's grace dissolving, dimly reappearing, afloat upon ethereal tides

St. Paul's above the city rides!"

A rumour broke through the thin smoke

Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,

The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,

The million-peopled lanes and alleys,

An ever-muttering prisoned storm,

the heart of London beating warm.

My Country by Dorothea Mackellar

The love of field and coppice,

Of green and shaded lanes.

Of ordered woods and gardens

Is running in your veins,

Strong love of grey-blue distance Brown streams and soft dim skies I know but cannot share it,

My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,

A land of sweeping plains,

Of ragged mountain ranges,

Of droughts and flooding rains. I love her far horizons,

I love her jewel-sea,

Her beauty and her terror - The wide brown land for me!

A stark white ring-barked forest

All tragic to the moon,

The sapphire-misted mountains,

The hot gold hush of noon.

Green tangle of the brushes,

Where lithe lianas coil,

Suggested readings for your ceremony

And orchids deck the tree-tops
And ferns the warm dark soil.
Core of my heart, my country!
Her pitiless blue sky,
When sick at heart, around us,
We see the cattle die -
But then the grey clouds gather,
And we can bless again
The drumming of an army,
The steady, soaking rain.
Core of my heart, my country!
Land of the Rainbow Gold,
For flood and fire and famine,
She pays us back threefold
Over the thirsty paddocks,
Watch, after many days,
The filmy veil of greenness
That thickens as we gaze.
An opal-hearted country,
A wilful, lavish land - All you who have not loved her,
You will not understand -
Though earth holds many splendours,
Wherever I may die,
I know to what brown country
My homing thoughts will fly.

Always Marry an April Girl by Ogden Nash

Praise the spells and bless the charms,
I found April in my arms.
April golden, April cloudy,
Gracious, cruel, tender, rowdy;
April soft in flowered languor,

Suggested readings for your ceremony

April cold with sudden anger,
Ever changing, ever true
I love April,
I love you.

Love and Friendship by Emily Bronte

Love is like the wild rose-briar, Friendship like the holly-tree
The holly is dark when the rose-briar blooms But which will bloom most constantly?
The wild rose-briar is sweet in spring,
Its summer blossoms scent the air;
Yet wait till winter comes again
And who will call the wild-briar fair?
Then scorn the silly rose-wreath now
And deck thee with the holly's sheen,
That when December blights thy brow
He still may leave thy garland green.

A Red, Red Rose by Robert Burns

O my Luve is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve is like the melody That's sweetly played in tune.
So fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Suggested readings for your ceremony

Advice Readings

To Love is Not to Possess by James Kavanaugh

To love is not to possess,
To own or imprison,
Nor to lose one's self in another.
Love is to join and separate,
To walk alone and together,
To find a laughing freedom
That lonely isolation does not permit.
It is finally to be able
To be who we really are
No longer clinging in childish dependency
Nor docilely living separate lives in silence,
It is to be perfectly one's self
And perfectly joined in permanent commitment
To another--and to one's inner self.
Love only endures when it moves like waves,
Receding and returning gently or passionately,
Or moving lovingly like the tide
In the moon's own predictable harmony,
Because finally, despite a child's scars
Or an adult's deepest wounds,
They are openly free to be
Who they really are--and always secretly were,
In the very core of their being
Where true and lasting love can alone abide

The Art of Marriage by Wilfred Arlan Peterson

Happiness in marriage is not something that just happens.
A good marriage must be created.
In the art of marriage the little things are the big things...

Suggested readings for your ceremony

It is never being too old to hold hands.

It is remembering to say "I love you" at least once a day.

It is never going to sleep angry.

It is at no time taking the other for granted;

the courtship should not end with the honeymoon

it should continue through all the years.

It is having a mutual sense of values and common objectives.

It is standing together facing the world.

It is forming a circle of love that gathers in the whole family.

It is doing things for each other, not in the attitude of duty or sacrifice, but in the spirit of joy.

It is speaking words of appreciation and demonstrating gratitude in thoughtful ways.

It is not looking for perfection in each other.

It is cultivating flexibility, patience, understanding and a sense of humour.

It is having the capacity to forgive and forget.

It is giving each other an atmosphere in which each can grow.

It is finding room for the things of the spirit.

It is a common search for the good and the beautiful.

It is establishing a relationship in which the independence is equal,

Dependence is mutual and the obligation is reciprocal.

It is not only marrying the right partner, it is being the right partner.

It is discovering what marriage can be, at its best.

The Key to Love by Anonymous

The key to love is understanding

The ability to comprehend not only the spoken word,

but those unspoken gestures, the little things that say so much by themselves.

The key to love is forgiveness

to accept each others faults and pardon mistakes,

without forgetting, but with remembering what you learn from them.

The key to love is sharing

Facing your good fortunes as well as the bad,

together; both conquering problems, forever searching for ways to intensify your happiness.

Suggested readings for your ceremony

The key to love is giving without thought of return,
but with the hope of just a simple smile,
and by giving in but never giving up.

The key to love is respect
realizing that you are two separate people,
with different ideas; that you don't belong to each other,
that you belong with each other, and share a mutual bond.

The key to love is inside us all

It takes time and patience to unlock all the ingredients that will take you to its threshold; it is the
continual learning process
that demands a lot of work
but the rewards are more than worth the effort ... and that is the key to love.

Traditional Readings

On Love by Thomas A. Kempis

Love is a mighty power, a great and complete good.

Love alone lightens every burden, and makes rough places smooth.

It bears every hardship as though it were nothing, and renders all bitterness sweet and acceptable.

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more
pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven or earth; for love is born of God.

Love flies, runs and leaps for joy.

It is free and unrestrained.

Love knows no limits, but ardently transcends all bounds.

Love feels no burden, takes no account of toil, and attempts things beyond its strength.

Love sees nothing as impossible, for it feels able to achieve all things.

It is strange and effective, while those who lack love faint and fail.

Love is not fickle and sentimental, nor is it intent on vanities.

Like a living flame and a burning torch, it surges upward and surely surmounts every obstacle.

Suggested readings for your ceremony

Union by Robert Fulghum

You have known each other from the first glance of acquaintance to this point of commitment.

At some point, you decided to marry.

From that moment of yes, to this moment of yes, indeed, you have been making commitments in an informal way.

All of those conversations that were held in a car, or over a meal, or during long walks – all those conversations that began with, “When we’re married”, and continued with “I will” and “you will” and “we will” – all those late night talks that included “someday” and “somehow” and “maybe” – and all those promises that are unspoken matters of the heart.

All these common things, and more, are the real process of a wedding.

The symbolic vows that you are about to make are a way of saying to one another, “You know all those things that we’ve promised, and hoped, and dreamed – well, I meant it all, every word.”

Look at one another and remember this moment in time.

Before this moment you have been many things to one another – acquaintance, friend, companion, lover, dancing partner, even teacher, for you have learned much from one another these past few years.

Shortly you shall say a few words that will take you across a threshold of life, and things between you will never quite be the same.

For after today you shall say to the world

This is my husband.

This is my wife.

That Still and Settled Place by Edward Monkton

In that still and settled place

There's nobody but you

You're where I breath my oxygen

You're where I see my view

And when the world feels full of noise

My heart knows what to do It finds that still and settled place

And dances there with you

Suggested readings for your ceremony

Funny Readings

I'll be there by Louise Cuddon

I'll be there my darling, through thick and through thin
When your mind's in a mess and your head's in a spin
When your plane's been delayed, and you've missed the last train.
When life is just threatening to drive you insane
When your thrilling whodunit has lost its last page
When somebody tells you, you're looking your age
When your coffee's too cool, and your wine is too warm
When the forecast said "Fine", but you're out in a storm
When your quick break hotel, turns into a slum
And your holiday photos show only your thumb
When you park for five minutes in a resident's bay
And return to discover you've been towed away
When the jeans that you bought in hope or in haste
Just stick on your hips and don't reach round your waist
When the food you most like brings you out in red rashes
When as soon as you boot up the bloody thing crashes
So my darling, my sweetheart, my dear...
When you break a rule,
When you act the fool
When you've got the flu,
When you're in a stew
When you're last in the queue,
Don't feel blue'cause I'm telling you,
I'll be there.

I Rely on You by Hovis Presley

I rely on you like a camera needs a shutter
like a gambler needs a flutter
like a golfer needs a putter

Suggested readings for your ceremony

like a buttered scone involves some butter
I rely on you like an acrobat needs ice cool nerve
like a hairpin needs a drastic curve
like an HGV needs endless derv
like an outside left needs a body swerve I rely on you
like a handyman needs pliers
like an auctioneer needs buyers
like a laundromat needs driers
like The Good Life needed Richard Briers I rely on you.

Recipe for A Happy Marriage Poem by Anonymous

4 cups of Love
2 cups of Loyalty Dash of Faith
3 cups of Kindness
4 cups of Understanding 1 cup of Friendship
5 spoonful's of Hope 1 barrel of Laughter
Pinch of Forgiveness (no substitutions)
Dash of Thoughtfulness (not optional)
Take love and loyalty and mix thoroughly with faith.
Blend in kindness and understanding, add friendship and hope.
Sprinkle abundantly with laughter.
Garnish with forgiveness and thoughtfulness.
Bake with sunshine.
Serve daily with generous helpings

I wanna be yours by John Cooper-Clarke

I wanna be your vacuum cleaner breathing in your dust
I wanna be your Ford Cortina I will never rust
If you like your coffee hot let me be your coffee pot
You call the shots
I wanna be yours

Suggested readings for your ceremony

I wanna be your raincoat for those frequent rainy days

I wanna be your dreamboat when you want to sail away

Let me be your teddy bear take me with you anywhere I don't care

I wanna be yours

I wanna be your electric meter I will not run out

I wanna be the electric heater you'll get cold without

I wanna be your setting lotion hold your hair in deep devotion

Deep as the deep Atlantic Ocean that's how deep is my devotion