

The Southwark Pilgrimage

THE SUCHARD BAR
CRUCIFIX LANE SOUTHWARK
8 DECEMBER 2007



BIDDING PRAYER

The Dean: Beloved, be it this Christmastide our care and delight to hear again the message of the tabloids, and in body, heart and mind come even unto the Suchard Bar in Crucifix Lane and see this thing which is come to pass, and the Bishop lying in a gutter.

And because this of all things would rejoice His heart, let us remember in His name the lost and legless, the tired and devotional, the recipients of Irish hospitality, and all those who call upon the name of the Lord on the great white telephone.

All: Amen. We've been there.

THE GREETING

Bishop: I'm the Bishop of Woolwich... no, Southwark, sorry.

All: That's what you do.

Bishop: There's nothing I enjoy more than participating as fully as possible in Christmas receptions at the Irish Embassy.

All: That's also what you do.

Bishop: Make mine a double.

All: You're off your face, your grace.

A CAROL

The Dean: Let us rise to sing hymn number one over the eight.

Carol: Lord, Won't You Buy Me a Mercedes Benz?

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz
My friends all drive Porsches I must make amends
Worked hard all my lifetime no help from my friends
So Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town
I'm counting on you, Lord please don't let me down
Prove that you love me and buy the next round
Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town

Oh, Lord won't you hire a chauffeur for me
I've just lost my mobile and my mem-or-ee
This splendid white motor is just right, you see
So Lord, won't you hire a chauffeur for me?

Oh Lord won't you help me to find my briefcase
Strike down those who mugged me and left without trace
And damn all the doubters saying I'm off my face
So Lord won't you help me to find my briefcase

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz
My friends all drive Porsches I must make amends
Worked hard all my lifetime no help from my friends
So Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz

THE LESSON

The Bishop's Tale is read by Cardinal Saveloy

THE BRINGING OF THE GIFTS

Dean: The assembled company may now bring forward their Christmas gifts for the Bishop to throw around the pavement, as is traditional.

THE FINAL BLESSING

Bishop: When all the fuss has died down, I'll probably retire quietly.

All: Thanks be to God.

Bishop: Go in peace and avoid the Irish Embassy.

All: That's what we'll do.



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