



THE MARRIAGE OF
**KATIE MAY
KOSTENKO**

TO
**NOAH RICHARD
BROOKS**

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19 | 2023
AT 12 NOON

DEEPING BAPTIST CHURCH
DEEPING ST JAMES

MINISTER
REV. ROBERT CORDLE

ORGANIST
PETER STEWARD

PROCESSIONAL

March from Scipio, G. F. Handel

THE WELCOME

HYMN

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

And when I think that God His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die – I scarce can take it in;
That on the cross my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation,
And take me home – what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

*Translated from the Russian by Stuart K. Hine
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Crown Him the Son of God,
Before the worlds began:
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of man:
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bears His burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save:
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high;
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, Godfrey Thring

BENEDICTION

THE SIGNING OF THE REGISTER

Organ Medley

RECESSIONAL

Psalm of Glory, D. Wells

*We warmly invite you to join us outside for
light refreshments after the service.*