

4 Riches I heed not, nor earth's empty praise:  
be thou mine inheritance now and always;  
be thou and thou only the first in my heart:  
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

5 High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright Sun,  
O grant me its joys after victory is won;  
Great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

## **PRAYERS AND DECLARATIONS**

### **READING**

*1 Corinthians 13:4-8a, 13*

### **THE ADDRESS**

## HYMN

Love Divine all Loves Excelling (StF 503)

- 1 Love divine, all loves excelling,  
joy of heaven to earth come down,  
fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
all thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesu, thou art all compassion,  
pure, unbounded love thou art;  
visit us with thy salvation,  
enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Come, almighty to deliver,  
let us all thy life receive;  
suddenly return, and never,  
never more thy temples leave.  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
serve thee as thy hosts above,  
pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,  
glory in thy perfect love.
- 3 Finish then thy new creation,  
pure and spotless let us be;  
let us see thy great salvation,  
perfectly restored in thee:  
changed from glory into glory,  
till in heaven we take our place,  
till we cast our crowns before thee,  
lost in wonder, love, and praise!

## **THE MARRIAGE VOWS AND GIVING AND RECEIVING OF RINGS**

### **PRAYERS AND THE LORD'S PRAYER**

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be  
thy name;  
thy Kingdom come;  
thy will be done;  
on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation;  
but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the  
glory,  
for ever and ever. Amen.

## HYMN

Thine be the glory (StF 313)

1 Thine be the glory,  
risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory  
thou o'er death hast won;  
angels in bright raiment  
rolled the stone away,  
kept the folded grave-clothes  
where thy body lay:

*Thine be the glory,  
risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory  
thou o'er death hast won.*

2 Lo, Jesus meets us,  
risen from the tomb;  
lovingly he greets us,  
scatters fear and gloom;  
let the Church with gladness  
hymns of triumph sing,  
for her Lord now liveth,  
death hath lost its sting:

3 No more we doubt thee,  
glorious Prince of Life;  
life is naught without thee:  
aid us in our strife;  
make us more than conquerors  
through thy deathless love;  
bring us safe through Jordan  
to thy home above: