

## PROCESSIONAL

LORD when I think upon the love  
Which Thou to me hast shown,  
To die upon the Cross, that Thou  
May'st claim me for Thine own.  
I cannot tell why Thou didst show  
Such love to one like me,  
Save that it is, that I might know  
I owe it all to Thee

There is no goodness in myself,  
To win such precious love;  
I loved Thee not - Thou loved'st me,  
And called me from above:  
I heard Thy voice, it won my heart,  
And bade my doubtings flee;  
It gave me rest and peace - oh, yes,  
I owe it all to Thee.

And still upheld by power divine,  
I urge my way along,  
In haste to reach the promised rest,  
The bright, glad home of song,  
And then when glory on me bursts,  
And I Thy glory see,  
Again I'll raise the happy song,  
"I owe it all to Thee."

*(Albert Midlane)*

## **WELCOME & OPENING PRAYER**

Mr Gary Woods

## **THE MARRIAGE VOWS**

Mr Gary Woods

## **HYMN**

Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love!  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above:  
There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

Oh, I am my Beloved's,  
And my Beloved's mine!  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His "house of wine!"  
I stand upon His merit,  
I know no other stand,  
Not ev'n where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear Bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on the King of Grace  
Not at the crown he giveth,  
But on His pierced hand  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

*(Anne Cousin)*

## **THE ADDRESS**

Mr Gary Woods

## **CLOSING PRAYER AND ANNOUNCEMENTS**

Mr Gary Woods

### **SIGNING OF THE REGISTER**

Love divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heav'n to earth come down,  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;  
All Thy faithful mercies crown!  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation;  
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver;  
Let us all Thy life receive;  
Suddenly return and never,  
Nevermore 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.

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 heav'n we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

*(Charles Wesley)*

## RECESSIONAL

All the way my Saviour leads me—  
What have I to ask beside?  
Can I doubt His tender mercy,  
Who through life has been my guide?  
Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort,  
Here by faith in Him to dwell!  
For I know, whate'er befall me,  
Jesus doeth all things well;  
For I know, whate'er befall me,  
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Saviour leads me—  
Oh, the fullness of His love!  
Perfect rest to me is promised  
In my Father's house above.  
When my spirit, clothed immortal,  
Wings its flight to realms of day,  
This my song through endless ages:  
Jesus led me all the way;  
This my song through endless ages:  
Jesus led me all the way.

*(Fanny Crosby)*