

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

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.

### ***Readings***

*1 Corinthians 13:4-7* read by Tabitha Acton

*1 John 4:7-12* read by Alexandra Shacklady

### ***Opening Prayer & Preface***

#### ***The Declarations***

*Priest:* Will you, the families and friends of Fabian and Martha,  
support and uphold them in their marriage now and in the years to come?

All: **We will.**

## ***The Marriage***

### ***The Blessing of the Marriage***

#### ***Hymn***

Come down, O Love divine,  
seek thou this soul of mine,  
and visit it with thine own ardour glowing;  
O Comforter, draw near,  
within my heart appear,  
and kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,  
till earthly passions turn  
to dust and ashes in its heat consuming;  
and let thy glorious light  
shine ever on my sight,  
and clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

And so the yearning strong,  
with which the soul will long,  
shall far outpass the power of human telling;  
for none can guess its grace,  
till Love create a place  
wherein the Holy Spirit makes a dwelling.

***The Registration of the Marriage***

*Jerusalem – Parry & Elgar*

***Prayers***

**Ending with 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 them that 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, 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.*

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 has lost its sting.

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