Service Of Thanksgiving For The Life Of



William Patterson (Billy)

Passed away 6th November 2016

Thursday, 10th November 2016 Sydenham Methodist Church 10.15am On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame; and I love that old cross where the dearest and best for a world of lost sinners was slain.

> So I'll cherish the old rugged cross till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rugged cross and exchange it some day for a crown.

O, the old rugged cross, so despised by the world, has a wondrous attraction for me; for the dear Lamb of God left His glory above to bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish . . .

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, a wondrous beauty I see; for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died to pardon and sanctify me.

So I'll cherish

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, its shame and reproach gladly bear; then He'll call me some day to my home far away, when His glory for ever I'll share So I'll cherish . . .

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found, was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved; how precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun, we've no less days to sing God's praise than when we've first begun.

