Old rugged cross

George Bennard

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 (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 To the old rugged cross I will ever be true It's shame and reproach gladly bear Then he'll call me some day to my home far away Where his glory forever I'll share And I'll cherish the old rugged cross (rugged cross) Till my trophies at last I lay down And I will cling to the old rugged cross And exchange it some day for a crown I will cling to the old rugged cross And exchange it some day for a crown

BLESSING & DISMISSAL



Midder STELLA SUTHERLAND

Shö drew me fae da dark, da strood Midder Midder

my mortal years wid wear, her blöd shaped, an boady shewed.

Her oonregairded calvary trow narrow grinnd o bane set free da world o sense ta me:

traesir! – touch, taste, scent, hearin, sight, silver an gold o shade an light, sapphire o day an night.

Dearer as edder o wis ken, nearer as braeth, or blöd, or bane, ane, an da only ane.

Whin dark again faalds ower da hill an oonkent daal whaar mony will, shö's hame, A'll draa me till.

MARY ANN









Cor 13:1-7 If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and surrender my body to the flames, but have not love, I gain nothing. Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.