

Service of Thanksgiving
for the life of
Peter Paterson

1931 2011



Thursday 1st December 2011
at 11.30am

St Bride's Church
Fleet Street EC4



Choir

God Be In My Head Walford Davies

Bidding Prayer

The Rector

Hymn

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

First Reading

John 2. 1-11

Read by Sue Robertson

Choir

Psalm 23 Crimond

First Address

Senator Wyche Fowler

Choir

Bring Us, O Lord God Harris

Second Reading

Extract from *Tired And Emotional: The Life of Lord George Brown*

by *Peter Paterson*

Read by Graham Paterson

Hymn

Praise, My Soul, The King Of Heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Third Reading

Not How Did He Die, But How Did He Live? (Anon)

Read by Peter Rees

Second Address

Con Coughlin

Choir

‘Soave Sia Il Vento’ *from* *Così fan tutte* Mozart

Prayers

The Rector

Hymn

Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

Glory; glory; Hallelujah!

Glory; glory; Hallelujah!

Glory; glory; Hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet, that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgement seat.

O be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant my feet!

Our God is marching on.

Glory; glory; Hallelujah!

Glory; glory; Hallelujah!

Glory; glory; Hallelujah!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us live to make men free,

While God is marching on.

Glory; glory; Hallelujah!

Glory; glory; Hallelujah!

Glory; glory; Hallelujah!

While God is marching on!

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave;
He is the wisdom to the mighty, he is succour to the brave;
So the world shall be his foot-stool, and the soul of time his slave:

Our God is marching on!

Glory; glory; Hallelujah!

Glory; glory; Hallelujah!

Glory; glory; Hallelujah!

Our God is marching on!

Blessing
The Rector

Choir
Mad About The Boy Coward

There will be a retiring collection
shared between St Bride's Church
and the Journalists' Charity

The congregation is warmly invited to a reception at
El Vino, 30 New Bridge Street, London EC4V 6BJ
after the service.

*The family is very grateful to the Daily Mail
for supporting this service*



St Bride's Church

Fleet St

LONDON

EC4Y 8AU

020 7427 0133

www.stbrides.com

Service led by

The Venerable David Meara

Rector of St Bride's & Archdeacon of London

Director of Music

Robert Jones

Organist

Matthew Morley