

vv. 1-2

1 The Church's one foun - da - tion is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2 E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, yet one o'er all the earth,
 3 Though with a scorn - ful won - der men see her sore op - pressed,
 4 Mid toil and tri - bu - la - tion, and tu - mult of her war
 5 Yet she on earth hath un - ion with God, the Three in One,

1 she is his new cre - a - tion by wa - ter and the word:
 2 her char - ter of sal - va - tion, one Lord, one faith, one birth;
 3 by schi - sms rent a - sun - der, by her - e - sies dis - tressed;
 4 she waits the con - sum - ma - tion of peace for ev - er - more;
 5 and mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion with those whose rest is won.

1 from heaven he came and sought her to be his ho - ly bride;
 2 one ho - ly Name she bless - es, par - takes one ho - ly food,
 3 yet saints their watch are keep - ing, their cry goes up, "How long?"
 4 till with the vi - sion glo - rious her long - ing eyes are blessed,
 5 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we

1 with his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.
2 and to one hope she press - es, with ev - ery grace en - dued.
3 and soon the night of weep - ing shall be the morn of song.
4 and the great Church vic - to - rious shall be the Church at rest.
5 like them, the meek and low - ly, on high may dwell with thee.

Words: Samuel John Stone (1839-1900)
Music: Aurelia, Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876)

$\text{♩} = 50$
76. 76. D

A7 D A D

1 Come, thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing, tune my
 2 Here I find my great - est trea - sure; hith - er,
 3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly

G D A7 D F#7 Bm D

heart to sing thy grace! Streams of mer - cy nev - er
 by thy help, I've come; and I hope, by thy good
 I'm con - strained to be! Let thy good - ness, like a

A D G D A D

ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.
 plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 fet - ter, bind my wan - dering heart to thee:

A7 D G D* G A7* D Em*

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger wan - dering
 prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to

D G Bm A7 Bm D

flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount! Oh, fix me
 from the fold of God; he, to res - cue me from
 leave the God I love; here's my heart, oh, take and

A D G D A7 D

on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love.
 dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

*Denotes optional chords.

Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790), alt.

Music: Nettleton, melody from *A Repository of Sacred Music, Part II*, 1813;
 harm. Gerre Hancock (b. 1934)