

The Church's One Foundation

LSB 644 sts. 1–5



1 The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
2 E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth;
3 Though with a scorn - ful won - der The world sees her op - pressed,
4 Through toil and trib - u - la - tion And tu - mult of her war
5 Yet she on earth has u - nion With God, the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word.
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion: One Lord, one faith, one birth.
By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed,
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more
And mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion With those whose rest is won.



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Yet saints their watch are keep - ing; Their cry goes up, "How long?"
Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
O bless - ed heav'n - ly cho - rus! Lord, save us by Your grace



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
That we, like saints be - fore us, May see Your face to face.

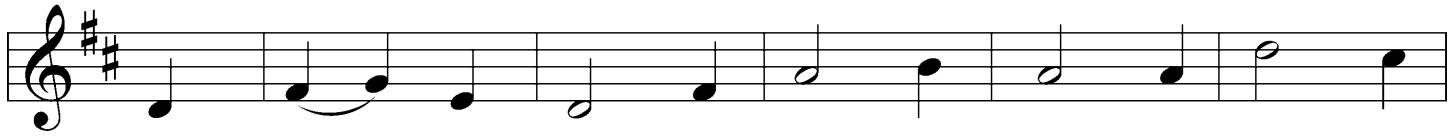
Text: Samuel J. Stone, 1839–1900, alt.

Tune: Samuel S. Wesley, 1810–76

Text and tune: Public domain

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

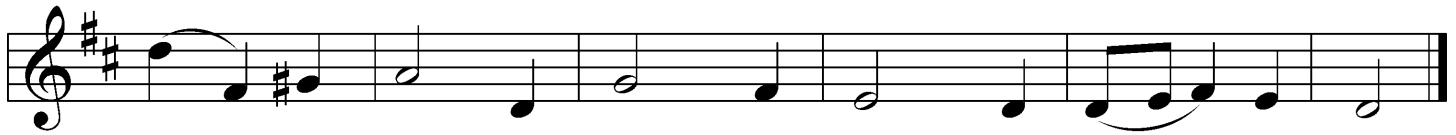
LSB 426



1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet Sor - row and
4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a



Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
trib - ute far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,



count but loss And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
sor - row meet Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all!

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

Tune: Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature, 1778, London; adapt. Edward Miller, 1731–1807

Text and tune: Public domain

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

LSB 427



1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing
 2 When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de -
 3 When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and
 4 Bane and bless - ing, pain and plea - sure By the



o'er the wrecks of time. All the light of sa - cred
 ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the cross for -
 love up - on my way, From the cross the ra - diance
 cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is there that knows no



sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 sake me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
 stream - ing Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 mea - sure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

Text: John Bowring, 1792–1872

Tune: Ithamar Conkey, 1815–67

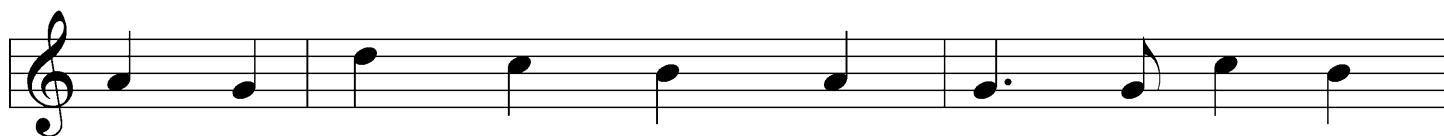
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My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

LSB 575



1 My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus'
2 When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on
3 His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood Sup - port me
4 When He shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh, may I



blood and righ - teous - ness; No mer - it of my
His un - chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and
in the rag - ing flood; When ev - 'ry earth - ly
then in Him be found, Clothed in His righ - teous -



own I claim But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
storm - y gale My an - chor holds with - in the veil.
prop gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
ness a - lone, Re - deemed to stand be - fore His throne!

Refrain



On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

Text: Edward Mote, 1797–1874, alt.

Tune: John Stainer, 1840–1901

Text and tune: Public domain