



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 You face to face.



1 Lord, Thee I love with all my heart; I pray Thee, ne'er from
 2 Yea, Lord, 'twas Thy rich boun-ty gave My bod - y, soul, and
 3 Lord, let at last Thine an - gels come, To A - br'ham's bos - om



me de - part, With ten - der mer - cy cheer me. Earth
 all I have In this poor life of la - bor. Lord,
 bear me home, That I may die un - fear - ing; And



has no plea - sure I would share. Yea, heav'n it - self were
 grant that I in ev - 'ry place May glo - ri - fy Thy
 in its nar - row cham - ber keep My bod - y safe in



void and bare If Thou, Lord, wert not near me. And should my
 lav - ish grace And help and serve my neigh - bor. Let no false
 peace-ful sleep Un - til Thy re - ap - pear - ing. And then from



heart for sor - row break, My trust in Thee can noth - ing shake.
 doc - trine me be - guile; Let Sa - tan not my soul de - file.
 death a - wak - en me, That these mine eyes with joy may see,



Thou art the por - tion I have sought; Thy pre - cious
 Give strength and pa - tience un - to me To bear my
 O Son of God, Thy glo - rious face, My Sav - ior



blood my soul has bought. Lord Je - sus Christ, my God and
 cross and fol - low Thee. Lord Je - sus Christ, my God and
 and my fount of grace. Lord Je - sus Christ, my prayer at -



Lord, my God and Lord, For - sake me not! I trust Thy Word.
 Lord, my God and Lord, In death Thy com - fort still af - ford.
 tend, my prayer at - tend, And I will praise Thee with - out end.

Closing Hymn

"We Praise You and Acknowledge You, O God" LSB 941



1 We praise You and ac-knowl-edge You, O God, to be the Lord,
 2 The band of the a-pos-tles in glo-ry sing Your praise;
 3 You, Christ, are King of glo-ry, the ev-er-last-ing Son,
 4 You sit in splen-did glo-ry, en-throned at God's right hand,
 The Fa-ther ev-er-last-ing, by all the earth a-dored.
 The fel-low-ship of proph-ets their death-less voic-es raise.
 Yet You, with bound-less love, sought to res-cue ev-'ry one:
 Up-hold-ing earth and heav-en by forc-es You com-mand.
 To You all an-gel pow-ers cry a-loud, the heav-ens sing,
 The mar-tyrs of Your king-dom, a great and no-ble throng,
 You laid a-side Your glo-ry, were born of vir-gin's womb,
 We know that You will come as our Judge that fi-nal day,
 The cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim their prais-es to You bring:
 Sing with the ho-ly Church through-out all the world this song:
 Were cru-ci-fied for us and were placed in-to a tomb;
 So help Your ser-vants You have re-deemed by blood, we pray;
 "O ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord God of Sab-a-oth;
 "O all-ma-jes-tic Fa-ther, Your true and on-ly Son,
 Then by Your res-ur-rec-tion You won for us re-prieve—
 May we with saints be num-bered where prais-es nev-er end,
 Your maj-es-ty and glo-ry fill the heav-ens and the earth!"
 And Ho-ly Spir-it, Com-fort-er— for-ev-er Three in One!"
 You o-pen-ed heav-en's king-dom to all who would be-lieve.
 In glo-ry ev-er-last-ing. A-men, O Lord, a-men!