

HYMNS

Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation

909



1 Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, Christ, our head and
2 To this tem - ple, where we call You, Come, O Lord of
3 Grant, we pray, to all Your faith - ful All the gifts they
△ 4 Praise and hon - or to the Fa - ther, Praise and hon - or



cor - ner - stone, Cho - sen of the Lord and pre - cious,
hosts, and stay; Come with all Your lov - ing - kind - ness,
ask to gain; What they gain from You, for - ev - er
to the Son, Praise and hon - or to the Spir - it,



Bind - ing all the Church in one; Ho - ly Zi - on's
Hear Your peo - ple as they pray; And Your full - est
With the bless - ed to re - tain; And here - af - ter
Ev - er three and ev - er one: One in might and



help for - ev - er And our con - fi - dence a - lone.
ben - e - dic - tion Shed with - in these walls to - day.
in Your glo - ry Ev - er - more with You to reign.
one in glo - ry While un - end - ing a - ges run!

*Text: Latin, c. 8th cent.;
tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, alt.
Tune: Henry Purcell, 1659-95, adapt.
Text and Tune: Public domain*

The Church's One Foundation

644



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.

*Text: Samuel J. Stone, 1839–1900, alt.
 Tune: Samuel S. Wesley, 1810–76
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Built on the Rock

645



1 Built on the Rock the Church shall stand E - ven when
 2 Sure - ly in tem - ples made with hands God, the Most
 3 We are God's house of liv - ing stones, Built for His
 4 Here stands the font be - fore our eyes, Tell - ing how
 5 Grant, then, O God, Your will be done, That, when the



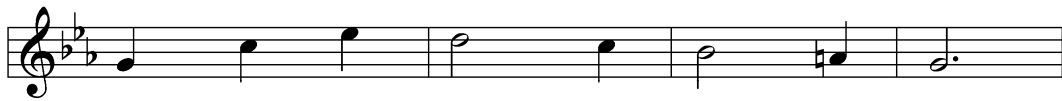
stee - ples are fall - ing. Crum - bled have spires in
 High, is not dwell - ing; High a - bove earth His
 own hab - i - ta - tion. He through bap - tis - mal
 God has re - ceived us. The al - tar re - calls Christ's
 church bells are ring - ing, Man - y in sav - ing



ev - 'ry land; Bells still are chim - ing and call -
 tem - ple stands, All earth - ly tem - ples ex - cel -
 grace us owns Heirs of His won - drous sal - va -
 sac - ri - fice And what His Sup - per here gives
 faith may come Where Christ His mes - sage is bring -



ing, Call - ing the young and old to rest,
 ling. Yet He who dwells in heav'n a - bove
 tion. Were we but two His name to tell,
 us. Here sound the Scrip - tures that pro - claim
 ing: "I know My own; My own know Me.



But a - bove all the souls dis - tressed,
 Choos - es to live with us in love,
 Yet He would deign with us to dwell
 Christ yes - ter - day, to - day, the same,
 You, not the world, My face shall see.



Long - ing for rest ev - er - last - ing.
 Mak - ing our bod - ies His tem - ple.
 With all His grace and His fa - vor.
 And ev - er - more, our Re - deem - er.
 My peace I leave with you. A - men."

O Living Bread from Heaven

642



1 O liv - ing Bread from heav - en, How well You
 2 My Lord, You here have led me To this most
 3 You gave me all I want - ed; This food can
 4 Lord, grant me then, thus strength - ened With heav'n - ly



feed Your guest! The gifts that You have giv - en
 ho - ly place And with Your - self have fed me
 death de - stroy. And You have free - ly grant - ed
 food, while here My course on earth is length - ened,



Have filled my heart with rest. Oh, won - drous food of
 The trea - sures of Your grace; For You have free - ly
 The cup of end - less joy. My Lord, I do not
 To serve with ho - ly fear. And when You call my



bles - ing, Oh, cup that heals our woes! My heart, this
 giv - en What earth could nev - er buy, The bread of
 mer - it The fa - vor You have shown, And all my
 spir - it To leave this world be - low, I en - ter,



gift pos - sess - ing, With prais - es o - ver - flows.
 life from heav - en, That now I shall not die.
 soul and spir - it Bow down be - fore Your throne.
 through Your mer - it, Where joys un - min - gled flow.

*Text: Johann Rist, 1607–67;
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
 Tune: Musae Sioniae, vol. 7, Wolfenbüttel,
 1609, ed. Michael Praetorius
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Hymn 645
*Text: Nikolai F. S. Grundtvig, 1783–1872, abr.;
 tr. Carl Døving, 1867–1937, alt.
 Tune: Ludvig M. Lindeman, 1812–87
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Lord Jesus Christ, Life-Giving Bread

625



1 Lord Je - sus Christ, life - giv - ing bread, May I in grace
 2 To pas - tures green, Lord, safe - ly guide, To rest - ful wa -
 3 O bread of heav'n, my soul's de - light, For full and free
 4 I do not mer - it fa - vor, Lord, My weight of sin



pos - sess You. Let me with ho - ly food be fed,
 ters lead me; Your ta - ble well for me pro - vide,
 re - mis - sion I come with prayer be - fore Your sight
 would break me; In all my guilt - y heart's dis - cord,



In hun - ger I ad - dress You. Pre - pare me well
 Your wound - ed hand now feed me. Though wea - ry, sin -
 In sor - row and con - tri - tion. Your righ - teous - ness,
 O Lord, do not for - sake me. In my dis - tress



for You, O Lord, And, hum - bly by my prayer im - plored,
 ful, sick, and weak, Ref - uge in You a - lone I seek,
 Lord, cov - er me That I re - ceive You wor - thi - ly,
 this com - forts me That You re - ceive me gra - cious - ly,



Give me Your grace and mer - cy.
 To share Your cup of heal - ing.
 As - sured of Your full par - don.
 O Christ, my Lord of mer - cy!

*Text: Johann Rist, 1607-67;
 tr. Arthur T. Russell, 1806-74, alt.
 Tune: Theütsch kirchen ampt, Strassburg, 1525
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

O Little Flock, Fear Not the Foe

666



1 O lit - tle flock, fear not the foe Who mad - ly
2 Be of good cheer; your cause be - longs To Him who
3 As true as God's own Word is true, Not earth nor
4 A - men, Lord Je - sus, grant our prayer; Great Cap - tain,



seeks your o - ver - throw; Dread not his rage and pow'r.
can a - venge your wrongs; Leave it to Him, our Lord.
hell's sa - tan - ic crew A - gainst us shall pre - vai.
now Thine arm make bare, Fight for us once a - gain!



And though your cour - age some-times faints, His seem - ing
Though hid - den yet from mor - tal eyes, His God - eon
Their might? A joke, a mere fa - cade! God is with
So shall Thy saints and mar - tyrs raise A might - y



tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour.
shall for you a - rise, Up - hold you and His Word.
us and we with God— Our vic - t'ry can - not fail.
cho - rus to Thy praise For - ev - er - more. A - men.

*Text: Jacob Fabricius, 1593–1654;
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
Tune: German, Nürnberg, 1534
Text and Tune: Public domain*

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