

Hymn No. 545

The Church's One Foundation

- 1 The church's one foundation is Jesus Christ her Lord;
she is his new creation by water and the Word.
From heaven he came and sought her to be his holy bride;
with his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.
- 2 Elect from every nation, yet one o'er all the earth;
her charter of salvation, one Lord, one faith, one birth;
one holy name she blesses, partakes one holy food,
and to one hope she presses, with every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder we see her sore oppressed,
by schisms rent asunder, by heresies distressed,
yet saints their watch are keeping; their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping shall be the morn of song.
- 4 Mid toil and tribulation, and tumult of her war,
she waits the consummation of peace forevermore;
till, with the vision glorious, her longing eyes are blest,
and the great church victorious shall be the church at rest.
- 5 Yet she on earth hath union with God the Three in One,
and mystic sweet communion with those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy! Lord, give us grace that we
like them, the meek and lowly, on high may dwell with thee.

Hymn No. 399

Take My Life, and Let It Be

(11 o'clock service ONLY)

- 1 Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee.
 Take my moments and my days; let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my hands, and let them move at the impulse of thy love.
 Take my feet, and let them be swift and beautiful for thee.

- 2 Take my voice, and let me sing always, only, for my King.
 Take my lips, and let them be filled with messages from thee.
 Take my silver and my gold; not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my intellect, and use every power as thou shalt choose.

- 3 Take my will, and make it thine; it shall be no longer mine.
 Take my heart, it is thine own; it shall be thy royal throne.
 Take my love, my Lord, I pour at thy feet its treasure-store.
 Take myself, and I will be ever, only, and all for thee.

Hymn No. 733

Marching to Zion

- 1 Come, we that love the Lord, and let our joys be known;
 join in a song with sweet accord,
 join in a song with sweet accord
 and thus surround the throne, and thus surround the throne.
 We're marching to Zion, beautiful, beautiful Zion;
 we're marching upward to Zion, the beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God;
 but children of the heavenly King,
 but children of the heavenly King
 may speak their joys abroad, may speak their joys abroad.
 We're marching to Zion, beautiful, beautiful Zion;
 we're marching upward to Zion, the beautiful city of God.

- 3 The hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets
 before we reach the heavenly fields,
 before we reach the heavenly fields,
 or walk the golden streets, or walk the golden streets.
 We're marching to Zion, beautiful, beautiful Zion;
 we're marching upward to Zion, the beautiful city of God.

- 4 Then let our songs abound, and every tear be dry;
 we're marching through Emmanuel's ground,
 we're marching through Emmanuel's ground,
 to fairer worlds on high, to fairer world son high.
 We're marching to Zion, beautiful, beautiful Zion;
 we're marching upward to Zion, the beautiful city of God.