

CLOSING HYMN

Christ is made the sure foundation

#518

1 Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, Christ the head and
 2 All that ded - i - cat - ed ci - ty, dear - ly loved of
 3 To this tem - ple, where we call thee, come, O Lord of
 4 Here vouch - safe to all thy serv - ants what they ask of

cor - ner - stone, cho - sen of the Lord, and pre - cious,
 God on high, in ex - ult - ant ju - bi - la - tion
 Hosts, to - day; with thy wont - ed lov - ing - kind - ness
 thee to gain; what they gain from thee, for ev - er

bind - ing all the Church in one; ho - ly Zi - on's
 pours per - pet - ual mel - o - dy; God the One in
 hear thy serv - ants as they pray, and thy full - est
 with the bless - ed to re - tain, and here - af - ter

help for ev - er, and her con - fi - dence a - lone.
 Three a - dor - ing in glad hymns e - ter - nal - ly.
 ben - e - dic - tion shed with - in its walls al - way.
 in thy glo - ry ev - er - more with thee to reign.

Words: Latin, ca. 7th cent.; tr. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861, after John Mason Neale (1818-1866), alt.
 Music: *Westminster Abbey*, Henry Purcell (1659-1695), adapt., desc. James Gillespie (b. 1929) Copyright © by permission of Church Society, London. All rights reserved. Used with permission

OPENING HYMN

The Church's one foundation

#525

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)

SEQUENCE HYMN

Lord Jesus, think on me

#641

Tune: FRANCONIA



1 Lord Jesus, think on me,
and purge away my sin;
from harmful passions set me free,
and make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
with care and woe oppressed;
let me thy loving servant be,
and taste thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
nor let me go astray;
through darkness and perplexity
point thou the heavenly way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
that, when the flood is passed,
I may the eternal brightness see,
and share thy joy at last.

Words: Synesius of Cyrene (375?-414?); tr. Allen William Chatfield (1808-1896), alt.

OFFERTORY HYMN

Where cross the crowded ways of life

#609

1 Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, where sound the
2 In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, on sha - dowed
3 The cup of wa - ter given for thee still holds the
4 O Mas - ter, from the moun - tain side, make haste to
5 till all the world shall learn thy love, and fol - low

1 cries of race and clan, a - bove the noise of
2 thresh - olds dark with fears, from paths where hide the
3 fresh - ness of thy grace; yet long these mul - ti -
4 heal these hearts of pain; a - mong these rest - less
5 where thy feet have trod; till glo - rious from thy

1 self - ish strife, we hear thy voice, O Son of Man.
2 lures of greed, we catch the vi - sion of thy tears.
3 tudes to see the true com - pas - sion of thy face.
4 throngs a - bide, O tread the ci - ty's streets a - gain;
5 heaven a - bove, shall come the ci - ty of our God.

Words: Frank Mason North (1850-1935), alt. Music: Gardiner, from *Sacred Melodies*, 1815; arr. William Gardiner (1770-1853)