

Hymns for 16 July

Ordinary 15

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.

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.

Though with a scornful wonder
men see her sore opprest,
by schisms rent asunder,
by heresies distrest,
yet saints their watch are keeping,
their cry goes up, 'How long?'
and soon the night of weeping
shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,
and tumult of her war,
she waits the consummation
of peace for evermore;
till with the vision glorious
her longing eyes are blest,
and the great Church victorious
shall be the Church at rest.

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.

As the deer pants for the water,
so my soul longs after You.
You alone are my heart's desire
and I long to worship You.

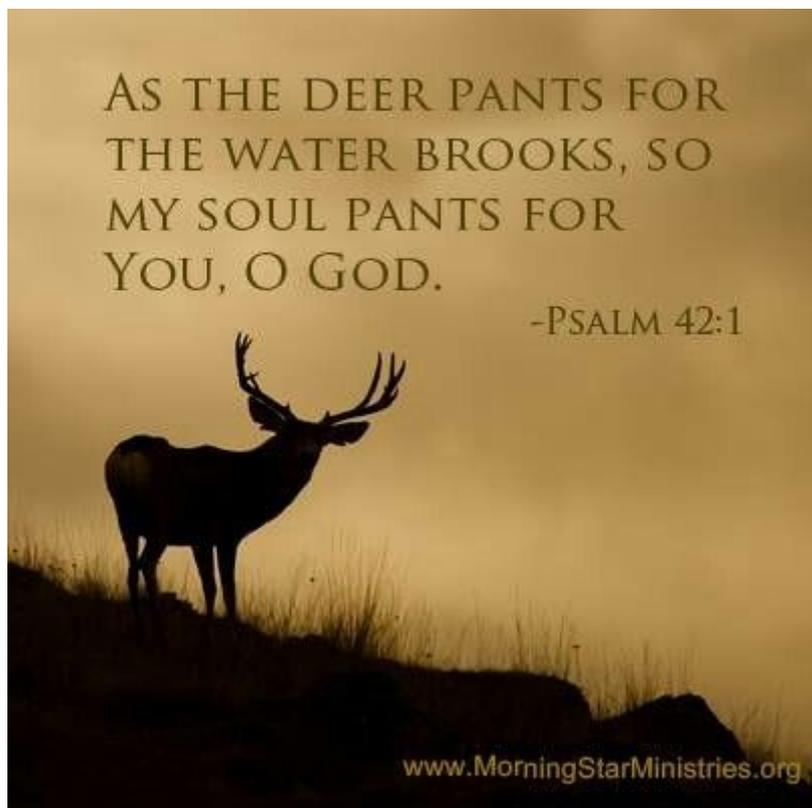
*You alone are my strength, my shield,
to You alone may my spirit yield.
You alone are my heart's desire
and I long to worship You.*

I want You more than gold or silver,
only You can satisfy.
You alone are the real joy-giver
and the apple of my eye.

Chorus

You're my Friend and You're my Brother,
even though You are a king.
I love You more than any other,
so much more than anything.

Chorus



We have a gospel to proclaim,
good news for all throughout the earth;
the gospel of a Saviour's name:
we sing his glory, tell his worth.

We have a gospel to proclaim,
good news for men in all the earth;
the gospel of a Saviour's name:
we sing his glory, tell his worth.

Tell of his birth at Bethlehem
not in a royal house or hall
but in a stable dark and dim,
the Word made flesh, a light for all.

Tell of his death at Calvary,
hated by those he came to save,
in lonely suffering on the Cross;
for all he loved his life he gave.

Tell of that glorious Easter morn:
empty the tomb, for he was free.
He broke the power of death and hell
that we might share his victory.

Tell of his reign at God's right hand,
by all creation glorified.
He sends his Spirit on his Church
to live for him, the Lamb who died.

Now we rejoice to name him King:
Jesus is Lord of all the earth.
This gospel-message we proclaim:
we sing his glory, tell his worth.

Shout for joy! The Lord has let us feast;
heaven's own fare has fed the last and least;
Christ's own peace is shared again on earth;
God the Spirit fills us with new worth.

No more doubting, no more senseless dread:
God's good self has graced our wine and
bread;
all the wonder heaven has kept in store
now is ours to keep for evermore.

Celebrate with saints who dine on high,
witnesses that love can never die.
"Hallelujah!" - thus their voices ring:
nothing less in gratitude we bring.

Praise the Maker, praise the Maker's Son,
praise the Spirit - three yet ever one;
praise the God whose food and friends avow
heaven starts here! The kingdom beckons now!