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The Church's One Foundation

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 this 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 - sund - er, 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,
 Oh, 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.

This is the Feast

Pg. 140

Refrain S 140

This is the feast of vic-to-ry for our God. Al-le-lu-ia,
al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia. 1 Wor-thy is Christ, the Lamb
who was slain, whose blood set us free to be peo-ple of God.

Refrain

This is the feast of vic-to-ry for our God. Al-le-lu-ia,
al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia. 2 Pow-er, rich-es, wis-dom, and
strength, and hon-or, bless-ing, and glo-ry are his.

Refrain

This is the feast of vic-to-ry for our God. Al-le-lu-ia,
al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia. 3 Sing with all the peo-ple of
God, and join in the hymn of all cre-a-tion: Bless-ing, hon-or,
glo-ry, and might be to God and the Lamb for-ev-er. A-men.

This is the feast of vic-to-ry for our God. Al-le-lu-ia,
al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia. 4 For the Lamb who was
slain has be-gun his reign. Al-le-lu-ia.

Final refrain

This is the feast of vic-to-ry for our God.
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.

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Abide with Me

1 A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide.
 - 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3 I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
 - 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
 5 Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes,

The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.
 - earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 - what but thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
 - ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
 shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
 - change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be?
 - Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
 heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;

· help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.
 O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
 · Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me!
 in life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

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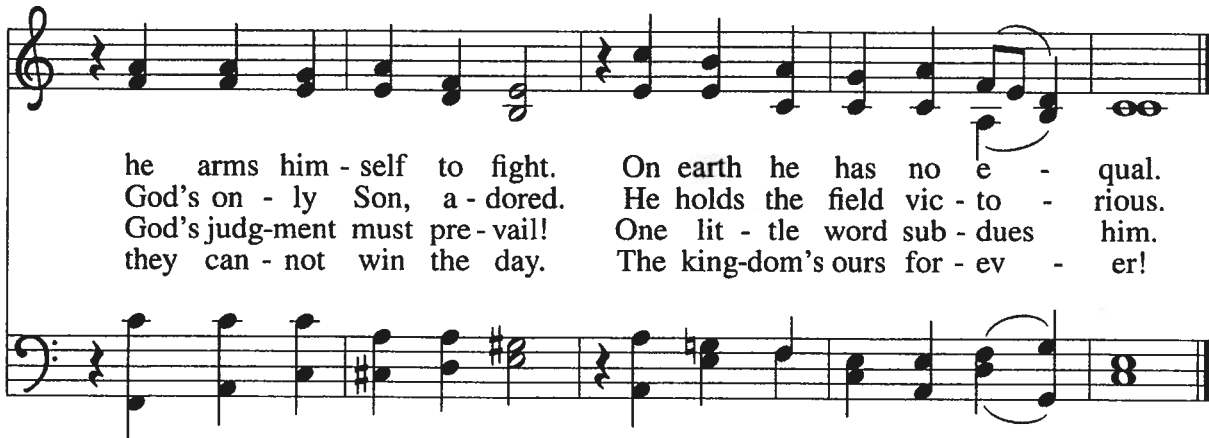
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a sword and shield vic -
 2 No strength of ours can match his might! We would be lost, re -
 3 Though hordes of dev - ils fill the land all threat - 'ning to de -
 4 God's Word for - ev - er shall a - bide, no thanks to foes, who

to - rious; he breaks the cruel op - pres - sor's rod and
 ject - ed. But now a cham - pion comes to fight, whom
 your us, we trem - ble not, un - moved we stand; they
 fear it; for God him - self fights by our side with

wins sal - va - tion glo - rious. The old sa - tan - ic foe
 God him - self e - lect - ed. You ask who this may be?
 can - not o - ver - pow'r us. Let this world's ty - rant rage;
 weap - ons of the Spir - it. Were they to take our house,

has sworn to work us woe! With craft and dread - ful might
 The Lord of hosts is he! Christ Je - sus, might - y Lord,
 in bat - tle we'll en - gage! His might is doomed to fail;
 goods, hon - or, child, or spouse, though life be wrenched a - way,



he arms him - self to fight. On earth he has no e - qual.
 God's on - ly Son, a - dored. He holds the field vic - to - rious.
 God's judg - ment must pre - vail! One lit - tle word sub - dues him.
 they can - not win the day. The king - dom's ours for - ev - er!

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

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| <p>1 A mighty fortress is our God,
 a bulwark never failing;
 our helper frees us from the flood
 of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe,
 forsworn to work us woe,
 with guile and dreadful might
 is armed to wage the fight:
 on earth there is no equal.</p> | <p>3 Though all the world with devils fill
 and threaten to devour us,
 we tremble not, we trust God's will:
 they cannot overpow'r us.
 Though Satan rant and rage,
 in fiercest war engage,
 this tyrant's doomed to fail;
 God's judgment must prevail!
 One little word shall triumph.</p> |
| <p>2 If we in our own strength confide,
 our striving turns to losing;
 the righteous one fights by our side,
 the one of God's own choosing.
 You ask who this may be:
 Christ Jesus, it is he,
 the Lord of hosts by name.
 No other God we claim!
 None else can win the battle.</p> | <p>4 God's Word shall stand above the pow'rs,
 shall end all their thanksgiving.
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours,
 for God with us is living.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 this mortal life also;
 though all of these be gone,
 they yet have nothing won.
 The kingdom's ours forever!</p> |