

CHRIST IS MADE OUR SURE FOUNDATION

BELLVILLE
URBS BEATA JERUSALEM

1 Christ is made our sure foun - da - tion, Christ is Head and
2 To this tem - ple, we im - plore you, Come, great Lord of
3 Grant we pray, to all your peo - ple, All the grace they
4 Praise and ho - nour to the Fa - ther, Praise and ho - nour

Cor - ner - stone; Cho - sen of the Lord and pre - cious,
Hosts, to - day; Come with all your lov - ing kind - ness,
ask to gain; What they gain from You for - ev - er
to the Son, Praise and ho - nour to the Spi - rit,

Bind - ing all the Church in one, Ho - ly Si - on's
hear your ser - vants as they pray. And your ful - lest
With the bless - ed to re - tain, And here - af - ter
Ev - er Three and e - ver One; Con - sub - stan - tial,

help for - e - ver, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.
be - ne - dic - tion Shed in all its bright - est ray.
in your glo - ry E - ver - more with you to reign.
co - e - ter - nal, While un - end - ing ag - es run.

ALTERNATE HYMN TEXTS

LOOK, YE SAINTS

1 Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
See the "Man of sorrows" now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Savior, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Savior King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus Messiah's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own his title, praise his Name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelley

HARK! THE VOICE

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished! It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry;

2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford;
Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished! It is finished!"
Saints the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished! It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the glorious theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's Name:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jonathan Edwards

LO, HE COMES, WITH CLOUDS

1 Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for our salvation slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia!
Christ, the Lord, returns to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Savior, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone.

Charles Wesley