CHRIST IS MADE OUR SURE FOUNDATION

BELLVILLE
URBS BEATA JERUSALEM

1 Christ is made our sure foundation, Christ is Head and
2 To this temple, we implore you, Come, great Lord of
3 Grant we pray, to all your people, All the grace they
4 Praise and honour to the Father, Praise and honour

Corner stone; Chosen of the Lord and precious,
Hosts, today; Come with all your loving kindness,
ask to gain; What they gain from You forever

to the Son, Praise and honour to the Spirit,

Binding all the Church in one, Holy Sion's
hear your servants as they pray. And your fullest
With the blessed to retain, And here after

Ever Three and ever One; Substantial,

help for ever, And her confidence alone.
be nedication Shed in all its brightest ray.
in your glory Ever more with you to reign.

co eternal, While unending ages run.
**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.

- **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!

**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.

**Alternate Hymn Texts**

- **Look, ye saints** by Thomas Kelley
- **Hark! the voice** by Jonathan Edwards
- **Lo, He comes, with clouds** by Charles Wesley