

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: Aureia, Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876)

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1 O bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee pro - claim!
 2 O bless the Lord, my soul! His mer - cies bear in mind!
 3 He will not al - ways chide; he will with pa - tience wait;
 4 He pār - dons all thy sins, pro - longs thy fee - ble breath;
 5 He clothes thee with his love, up - holds thee with his truth;

1 And all that is with - in me join to bless his ho - ly Name!
 2 For - get not all his ben - e - fits! The Lord to thee is kind.
 3 his wrath is ev - er slow to rise and rea - dy to a - bate.
 4 he heal-eth thine in - fir - mi - ties and ran - soms thee from death.
 5 and like the ea - gle he re - news the vi - gor of thy youth.

- 6 Then bless his holy Name,
 whose grace hath made thee whole,
 whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
 O bless the Lord, my soul!

She Suffered Twelve Long Years (by Carolyn Winfrey Gillette)

She'd suffered twelve long years!
She longed to be made whole.
The pain to body, mind and spirit tore her soul.
She felt the weight of shame,
the lonely days of doubt.
Till one day she heard Jesus' name and she reached out.

As Jesus walked along,
a crowd was gathering fast.
The people jostled close to him as he walked past.
She would not call his name;
perhaps a touch would do.
She brushed against his clothing's hem as he passed through.

As soon as she reached out,
she felt her body healed.
She knew the kingdom blessing of God's love revealed.
And Jesus sensed it, too.
"Who touched me?" Jesus said.
The woman came and told the truth with fear and dread.

Yet Jesus' words were kind:
"Now daughter, go in peace.
Your faith has made you well and healed you from disease."
He sent her on her way,
her health and hope restored.
Her life was changed from her encounter with the Lord.
We've suffered many years
from things that should not be;
We're ill in our own lives and in society.
Lord Jesus, now we pray
that you will heal us, too.
Give us the faith to reach out, fully trusting you.

1 O for a thou - sand tongues to sing my dear Re - deem - er's praise,
 2 My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, as - sist me to pro - claim
 3 Je - sus! the Name that charms our fears and bids our sor - rows cease;
 4 He speaks; and, lis - tening to his voice, new life the dead re - ceive,
 5 Hear him, ye deaf; ye voice - less ones, your loos-ened tongues em - ploy;

1 the glo - ries of my God and King, the tri - umphs of his grace!
 2 and spread through all the earth a - broad the hon - ors of thy Name.
 3 'tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'tis life and health and peace.
 4 the mourn-ful bro - ken hearts re - joice, the hum - ble poor be - lieve.
 5 ye blind, be - hold, your Sa - vior comes; and leap, ye lame, for joy!

6 Glory to God and praise and love
 be now and ever given
 by saints below and saints above,
 the Church in earth and heaven.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788), alt.

Music: Azmon, Carl Gotthilf Gläser (1784-1829); adapt. and arr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

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