

The Hymnal 1982 - #518 Christ is made the sure foundation

Descant

4 Here vouch - safe to all thy serv - ants what they ask of

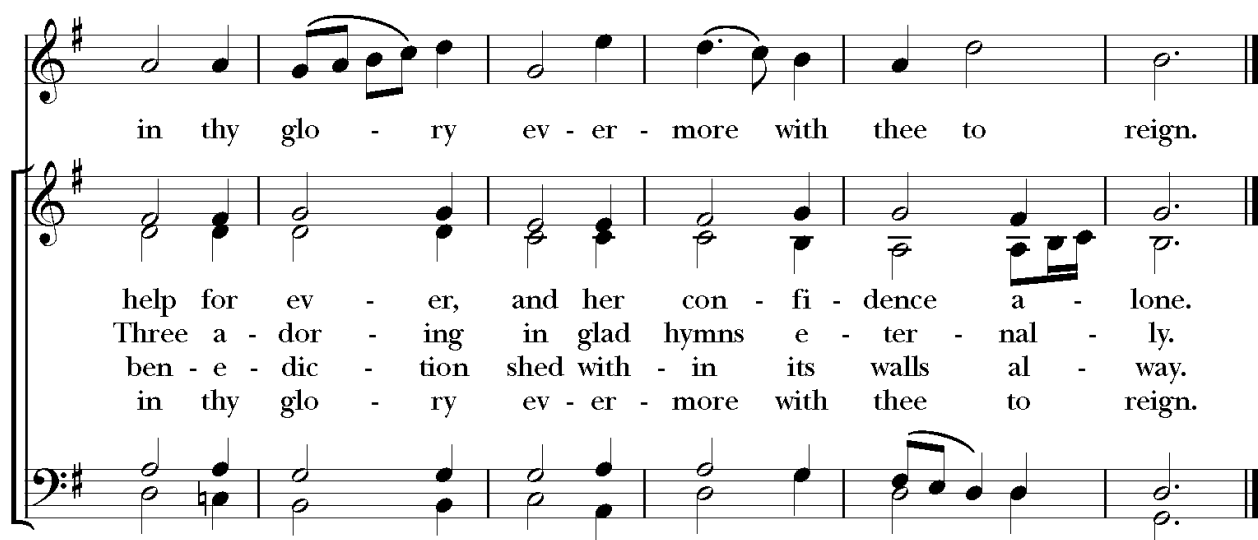
1 Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, Christ the head and
 2 All that ded - i - cat - ed ci - ty, dear - ly loved of
 3 To this tem - ple, where we call thee, come, O Lord of
 4 Here vouch - safe to all thy serv - ants what they ask of

thee to gain; what they gain from thee, for ev - er

cor - ner - stone, cho - sen of the Lord, and pre - cious,
 God on high, in ex - ult - ant ju - bi - la - tion
 Hosts, to - day; with thy wont - ed lov - ing - kind - ness
 thee to gain; what they gain from thee, for ev - er

with the bless - ed to re - tain, and here - af - ter

bind - ing all the Church in one; ho - ly Zi - on's
 pours per - pet - ual mel - o - dy; God the One in
 hear thy serv - ants as they pray, and thy full - est
 with the bless - ed to re - tain, and here - af - ter



in thy glo - ry ev - er - more with thee to reign.

help for ev - er, and her con - fi - dence a - lone.
 Three a - dor - ing in glad hymns e - ter - nal - ly.
 ben - e - dic - tion shed with - in its walls al - way.
 in thy glo - ry ev - er - more with thee to reign.

Words: Latin, ca. 7th cent.; tr. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861, after John Mason Neale (1818-1866), alt.

Music: *Westminster Abbey*, Henry Purcell (1659-1695), adapt.; desc. James Gillespie (b. 1929) Copyright © by permission of Church Society, London. All rights reserved. Used with permission

The Hymnal 1982 - #474 When I survey the wondrous cross



1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross where the young
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were an

Prince of Glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 cross of Christ, my God; all the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
 of - fering far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748) Music: *Rockingham*, from *Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature*, ca. 1780; harm. Edward Miller (1731-1807)

The Hymnal 1982 - #521 Put forth, O God, thy Spirit's might

Descant

4 O Judge di - vine of hu - man strife! O

1 Put forth, O God, thy Spi - rit's might and
 2 Let works of dark - ness dis - ap - pear be -
 3 Let what a - pos - tles learned of thee be
 4 O Judge di - vine of hu - man strife! O

Van - quish - er of pain! To know thee is e -

bid thy Church in - crease, in breadth and length, in
 fore thy con - quering light; let ha - tred and tor -
 ours from age to age; their stead - fast faith our
 Van - quish - er of pain! To know thee is e -

ter - nal life, to serve thee, to reign.

depth and height, her u - ni - ty and peace.
 ment - ing fear pass with the pass - ing night.
 u - ni - ty, their peace our her - it - age.
 ter - nal life, to serve thee is to reign.

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