

The Church's One Foundation

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Is Jesus Christ her Lord
She is His new creation
By water and the Word
From heav'n He came and sought her
To be His holy bride
With His own blood He bought her
And for her life He died

Elect from every nation
Yet one o'er all the earth
Her charter of salvation
One Lord one faith one birth
One holy name she blesses
Partakes one holy food
And to one hope she presses
With ev'ry grace endued

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed
By schisms rent asunder
By heresies distressed
Yet saints their watch are keeping
Their cry goes up how long
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song

The church shall never perish
Her dear Lord to defend
To guide, sustain and cherish
Is with her to the end
Though there be those that hate her
And false sons in her pale
Against or foe or traitor
She ever shall prevail