

394 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation

1 Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, Christ the head and
 2 To this tem - ple, where we call you, come, O Lord of
 3 Here be - stow on all your ser - vants what they seek from
 4 Laud and hon - or to the Fa - ther, laud and hon - or

cor - ner - stone, cho - sen of the Lord and pre - cious,
 hosts, and stay; come, with all your lov - ing - kind - ness;
 you to gain; what they gain from you, for - ev - er
 to the Son, laud and hon - or to the Spir - it,

bind - ing all the church in one; ho - ly Zi - on's
 hear your peo - ple as we pray, and your full - est
 with the bless - ed to re - tain; and here - af - ter
 ev - er three and ev - er one: one in might and

help for - ev - er, and our con - fi - dence a - lone.
 ben - e - dic - tion shed with - in these walls to - day.
 in your glo - ry ev - er - more with you to reign.
 one in glo - ry while un - end - ing a - ges run!


Guitar chords in Pew Edition do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

Although this ancient text has often been used at church dedications, the first stanza clearly refers to the people of God and the second to the place where they meet. The stately and soaring tune is aptly named for the edifice where the composer served as organist and is buried.


TEXT: Latin, 7th cent.; trans. John Mason Neale, 1851, alt.
 MUSIC: Henry Purcell, c. 1680; adapt. Ernest Hawkins, 1843

WESTMINSTER ABBEY
 8.7.8.7.8.7
 (alternate tune: REGENT SQUARE)


268 Crown Him with Many Crowns




1 Crown him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on his throne;
 2 Crown him the Lord of love; be - hold his hands and side,
 3 Crown him the Lord of peace, whose power a scep - ter sways
 4 Crown him the Lord of years, the po - ten - tate of time;



hark, how the heaven-ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own!
 rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 from pole to pole, that wars may cease, ab - sorbed in prayer and praise.
 cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fa - bly sub - lime.



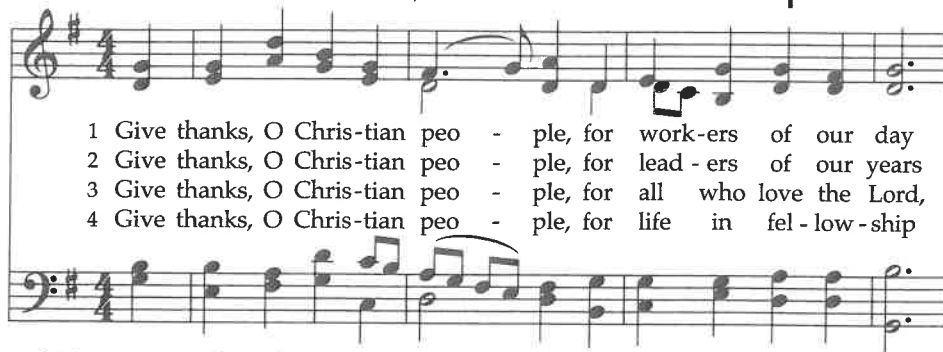
A - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
 no an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight,
 His reign shall know no end; and round his pierc - ed feet
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For thou hast died for me;



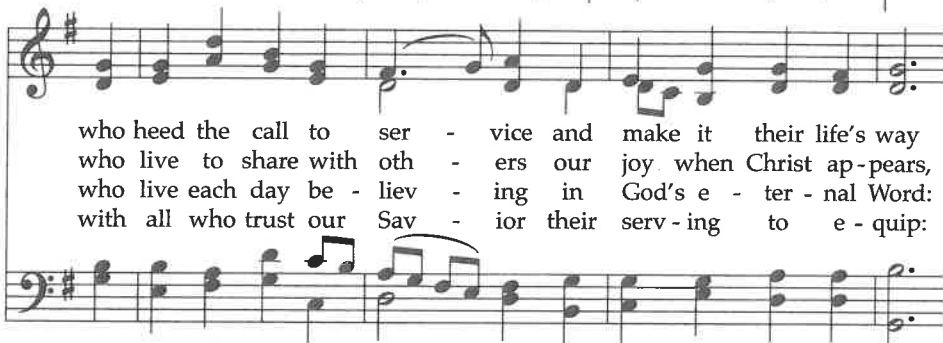
and hail him as thy match-less King through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 but down - ward bends his burn - ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.
 fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
 thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail through - out e - ter - ni - ty.

This text is so familiar that it is easy to miss all its paradox, mystery, suffering, and beauty; it rewards careful reading and meditation outside corporate worship. The tune's composer, chapel organist at Windsor Castle, had much experience in creating a royal sound.

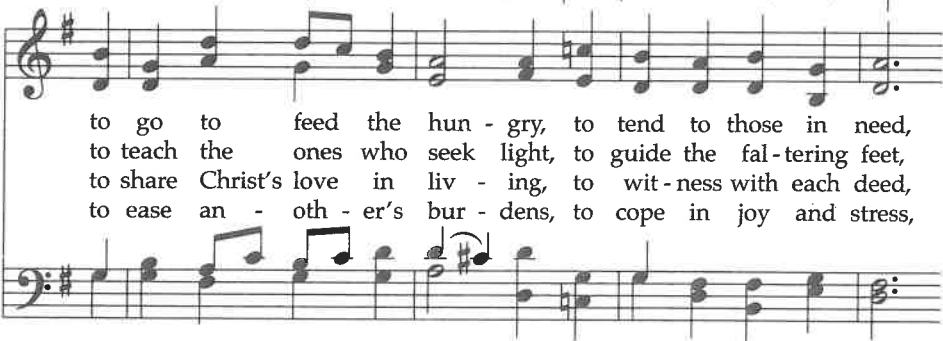
644 Give Thanks, O Christian People



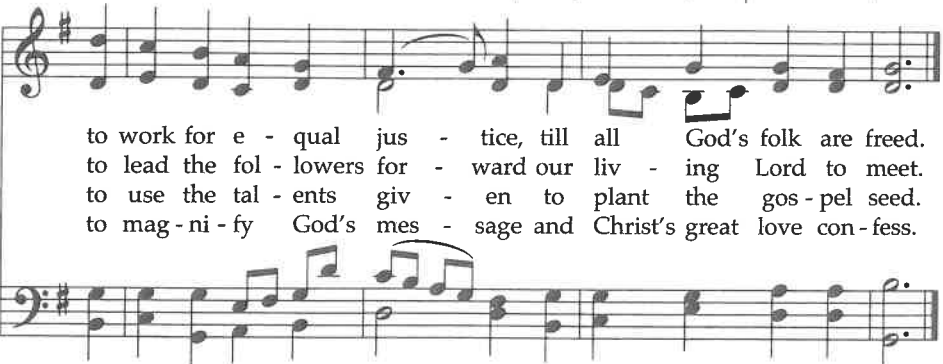
1 Give thanks, O Chris-tian peo - ple, for work-ers of our day
 2 Give thanks, O Chris-tian peo - ple, for lead - ers of our years
 3 Give thanks, O Chris-tian peo - ple, for all who love the Lord,
 4 Give thanks, O Chris-tian peo - ple, for life in fel - low - ship



who heed the call to ser - vice and make it their life's way
 who live to share with oth - ers our joy when Christ ap - pears,
 who live each day be - liev - ing in God's e - ter - nal Word:
 with all who trust our Sav - ior their serv - ing to e - quip:



to go to feed the hun - gry, to tend to those in need,
 to teach the ones who seek light, to guide the fal - tering feet,
 to share Christ's love in liv - ing, to wit - ness with each deed,
 to ease an - oth - er's bur - dens, to cope in joy and stress,



to work for e - qual jus - tice, till all God's folk are freed.
 to lead the fol - lowers for - ward our liv - ing Lord to meet.
 to use the tal - ents giv - en to plant the gos - pel seed.
 to mag - ni - fy God's mes - sage and Christ's great love con - fess.

This text was written by a Presbyterian director of Christian education in Washington, DC, to honor the ministry of a colleague who was leaving the area. It is an effective reminder that God's people serve in many vocations and ministries. The tune adapts a secular German song.

TEXT: Mary Jackson Cathey, 1984

MUSIC: Memmingen ms., 17th cent.; harm. George Ratcliffe Woodward, 1904
 Text © 1986 Fresh Winds of the Spirit by Lavon Bayler (admin. The Pilgrim Press)

ES FLOG EIN KLEINS WALDVÖGELEIN

7.6.7.6.D