

1. The Church's one foundation,  
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.

2. 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 every grace endued.

3. 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!

4. 'Mid toil and tribulation  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace forevermore;

Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.



5. Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won.

O happy ones and holy!

Lord, give us grace that we,  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.

