

# Distribution Hymns

## 523 O Word of God Incarnate



1 O Word of God in - car-nate, O Wis - dom from on high,  
2 The Church from You, dear Mas-ter, Re-ceived the gift di - vine;  
3 O make Your Church, dear Sav - ior, A lamp of bur - nished gold



O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky:  
And still that light is lift - ed O'er all the earth to shine.  
To bear be - fore the na - tions Your true light as of old!



We praise You for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,  
It is the chart and com - pass That, all life's voy - age through,  
O teach Your wan - d'ring pil - grims By this their path to trace



A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.  
Mid mists and rocks and quick-sands Still guides, O Christ, to You.  
Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see You face to face!

Tune and text: Public domain

# 644 The Church's One Foundation

sts. 1-5



1 The Church's one foun-da-tion Is Je-sus Christ, her Lord;  
 2 E-lect from ev-'ry na-tion, Yet one o'er all the earth;  
 3 Though with a scorn-ful won-der The world sees her op-pressed,  
 4 Through toil and trib-u-la-tion And tu-mult of her war  
 5 Yet she on earth has u-nion With God, the Three in One,



She is His new cre-a-a-tion By wa-ter and the Word.  
 Her char-ter of sal-va-tion: One Lord, one faith, one birth.  
 By schisms rent a-sun-der, By her-e-sies dis-tressed,  
 She waits the con-sum-ma-tion Of peace for-ev-er-more  
 And mys-tic sweet com-mu-nion With those whose rest is won.



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho-ly bride;  
 One ho-ly name she bless-es, Par-takes one ho-ly food,  
 Yet saints their watch are keep-ing; Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
 Till with the vi-sion glo-rious Her long-ing eyes are blest,  
 O bless-ed heav'n-ly cho-rus! Lord, save us by Your grace



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.  
 And to one hope she press-es With ev-'ry grace en-dued.  
 And soon the night of weep-ing Shall be the morn of song.  
 And the great Church vic-to-rious Shall be the Church at rest.  
 That we, like saints be-fore us, May see You face to face.

Text and tune: Public domain

# Distribution Hymns

## 523 O Word of God Incarnate



1 O Word of God in - car-nate, O Wis - dom from on high,  
2 The Church from You, dear Mas-ter, Re-ceived the gift di - vine;  
3 O make Your Church, dear Sav - ior, A lamp of bur - nished gold



O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky:  
And still that light is lift - ed O'er all the earth to shine.  
To bear be - fore the na - tions Your true light as of old!



We praise You for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,  
It is the chart and com - pass That, all life's voy - age through,  
O teach Your wan - d'ring pil - grims By this their path to trace



A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.  
Mid mists and rocks and quick-sands Still guides, O Christ, to You.  
Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see You face to face!

Tune and text: Public domain

# 644 The Church's One Foundation

sts. 1-5



1 The Church's one foun-da-tion Is Je-sus Christ, her Lord;  
 2 E-lect from ev-'ry na-tion, Yet one o'er all the earth;  
 3 Though with a scorn-ful won-der The world sees her op-pressed,  
 4 Through toil and trib-u-la-tion And tu-mult of her war  
 5 Yet she on earth has u-nion With God, the Three in One,



She is His new cre-a-a-tion By wa-ter and the Word.  
 Her char-ter of sal-va-tion: One Lord, one faith, one birth.  
 By schisms rent a-sun-der, By her-e-sies dis-tressed,  
 She waits the con-sum-ma-tion Of peace for-ev-er-more  
 And mys-tic sweet com-mu-nion With those whose rest is won.



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho-ly bride;  
 One ho-ly name she bless-es, Par-takes one ho-ly food,  
 Yet saints their watch are keep-ing; Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
 Till with the vi-sion glo-rious Her long-ing eyes are blest,  
 O bless-ed heav'n-ly cho-rus! Lord, save us by Your grace



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.  
 And to one hope she press-es With ev-'ry grace en-dued.  
 And soon the night of weep-ing Shall be the morn of song.  
 And the great Church vic-to-rious Shall be the Church at rest.  
 That we, like saints be-fore us, May see You face to face.

Text and tune: Public domain