

Hymns for August 23rd
Large Print

Gathering Hymn

"The Church's One Foundation"

ELW# 654



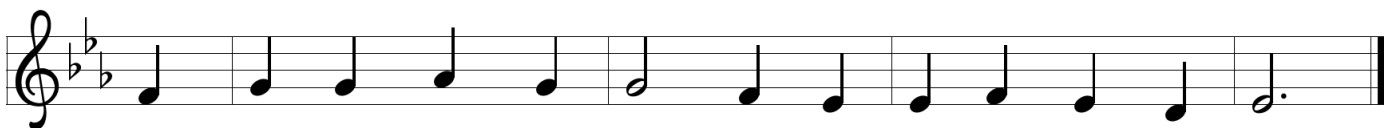
1 The church's one foun - da - tion is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
2 E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, yet one o'er all the earth,
3 Though with a scorn - ful won - der this world sees her op - pressed,
4 Through toil and trib - u - la - tion and tu - mult of her war,
5 Yet she on earth has u - nion with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



she is his new cre - a - tion by wa - ter and the word.
her char - ter of sal - va - tion one Lord, one faith, one birth:
by schisms . . rent a - sund - er, 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,
Oh, bless - ed heav'n - ly cho - rus! Lord, save us by your grace,

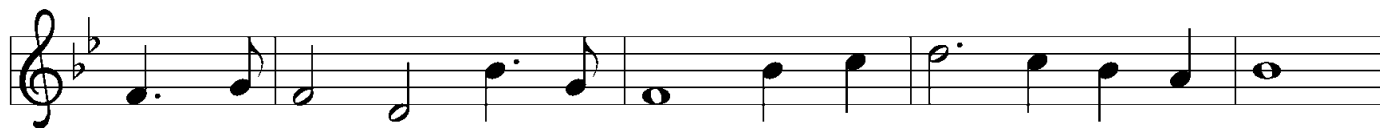


with his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.
and to one hope she press - es with ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
and soon the night of weep - ing shall be the morn of song.
and the great church vic - to - rious shall be the church at rest.
that we, like saints be - fore us, may see you face to face.

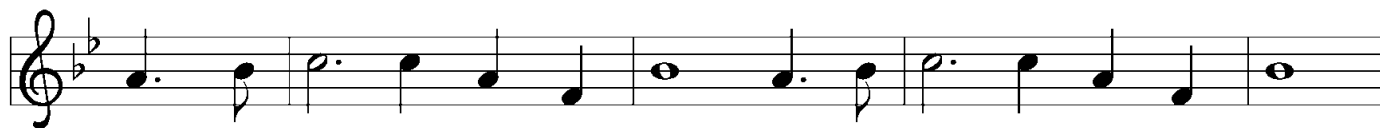
Hymn of the Day

"Rock of Ages"

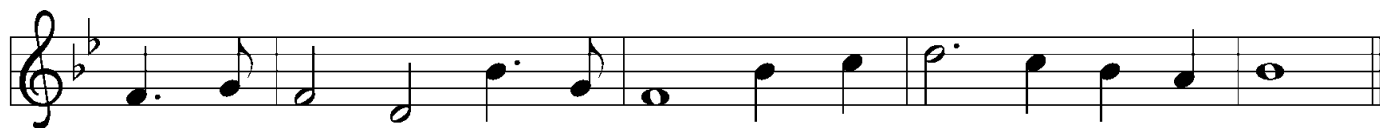
ELW# 623



- 1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee;
- 2 Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill thy law's de - mands;
- 3 Noth - ing in my hand I bring; sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
- 4 While I draw this fleet - ing breath, when mine eye - lids close in death,



let the wa - ter and the blood, from thy riv - en side which flowed,
could my zeal no res - pite know, could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to thee for dress; help - less, look to thee for grace;
when I soar to worlds un - known, see thee on thy judg - ment throne,



be of sin the dou - ble cure; cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
all for sin could not a - tone; thou must save, and thou a - lone.
foul, I to the foun - tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.

Communion Hymns

"We Are an Offering"

ELW# 692

The musical score is written on six staves in treble clef. It features a melody with various note values including eighth, quarter, and half notes, as well as rests. Triplet markings (a '3' over a group of three notes) appear in measures 1, 3, 5, and 7. The lyrics are printed below the notes, aligned with the corresponding measures.

We lift our voic-es, we lift our hands, we lift our lives up to you: we are an
of-fer-ing. Lord, use our voic-es, Lord, use our hands, Lord, use our
lives, they are yours: we are an of-fer-ing. All that we have, all that we are,
all that we hope to be, we give to you, we give to you.
We lift our voic-es, we lift our hands, we lift our lives up to you:
we are an of-fer-ing, we are an of-fer-ing.

Text: Dwight Liles, b. 1957
Music: Dwight Liles
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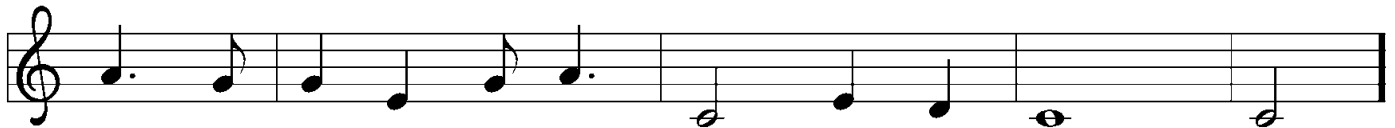
OFFERING
P.M.

"Give Me Jesus"

ELW# 770



- 1 In the morn-ing when I rise, in the morn-ing when I rise,
- 2 Dark . . . mid-night was my cry, dark . . . mid-night was my cry,
- 3 Just a - bout the break of day, just a - bout the break of day,
- 4 Oh, . . . when I come to die, oh, . . . when I come to die,
- 5 And . . . when I want to sing, and . . . when I want to sing,



in the morn-ing when I rise, give me Je - sus.
dark . . . mid - night was my cry, give me Je - sus.
just a - bout the break of day, give me Je - sus.
oh, when I come to die, give me Je - sus.
and when I want to sing, give me Je - sus.

Refrain



Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus.



You may have all the rest, give me Je - sus.

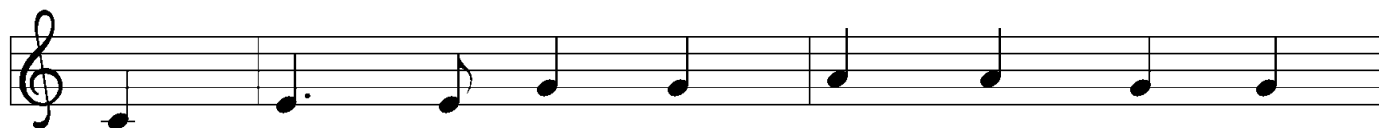
Text: African American spiritual

Music: GIVE ME JESUS, African American spiritual

Sending Hymn

"My Hope is Built on Nothing Less"

ELW# 597



1 My hope is built on noth - ing less than
2 When dark - ness veils his love - ly face, I
3 His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sus -
4 When he shall come with trum - pet sound, oh,



Je - sus' blood and righ - teous - ness; no mer - it of my
rest on his un - chang - ing grace; in ev - 'ry high and
tain me in the rag - ing flood; when all sup - ports are
may I then in him be found, clothed in his righ - teous -



own I claim, but whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
storm - y gale my an - chor holds with - in the veil.
washed a - way, he then is all my hope and stay.
ness a - lone, re - deemed to stand be - fore the throne!

Refrain



On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; all oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

Text: Edward Mote, 1797–1874, alt.

Music: MELITA, John B. Dykes, 1823–1876

