



# **ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH**

11201 Parkfield Drive, Austin, TX 78758  
P. O. Box 81493, Austin, TX 78708-1493  
[www.austinstjohns.org](http://www.austinstjohns.org)

## **Music Sheet**

### **September 1, 2024**

## **Hymn 525: "The Church's one Foundation"**

The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is his new creation by water and the word:  
From heaven 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 every 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.

Mid toil and tribulation, and tumult of her war  
She waits the consummation of peace for evermore;  
Till with the vision glorious her longing eyes are blessed,  
And the great Church victorious shall be the Church at rest.

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.

## **Hymn 8: "Morning has Broken"**

Morning has broken like the first morning,  
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!  
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,  
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning  
Born of the one light Eden saw play!  
Praise with elation, praise every morning,  
God's recreation, of the new day!

## **Hymn 625: "Ye Holy Angels Bright"**

Ye holy angels bright, who wait at God's right hand,  
Or through the realms of light fly at your Lord's command,  
Assist our song,  
For else the theme too high doth seem  
For mortal tongue.

Ye blessed souls at rest, who ran this earthly race  
And now, from sin released, behold the Savior's face,  
God's praises sound,  
As in his sight with sweet delight  
Ye do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below, adore your heavenly King,  
And onward as ye go some joyful anthem sing;  
Take what he gives  
And praise him still, through good or ill,  
Who ever lives!

My soul, bear thou thy part, triumph in God above:  
And with a well-tuned heart sing thou the songs of love!  
Let all thy days  
Till life shall end, what-e'er he send,  
Be filled with praise.