

- 1 Come let us sing of a wonderful love,
tender and true;
out of the heart of the Father above,
streaming to me and to you:
Wonderful love
dwells in the heart of the Father above.

- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, this gospel to tell,
joyfully came;
came with the helpless and hopeless to dwell,
sharing their sorrow and shame;
seeking the lost,
saving, redeeming at measureless cost.

- 3 Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet;
Why do they roam?
Love only waits to forgive and forget;
Home! weary wanderers, home!
Wonderful love
dwells in the heart of the Father above.

- 4 Come to my heart, O Thou wonderful love,
come and abide,
lifting my life till it rises above
envy and falsehood and pride;
seeking to be
lowly and humble, a learner of Thee.

For I'm building a people of power
and I'm making a people of praise,
that will move through this land by My Spirit,
and will glorify My precious name.
Build Your Church Lord,
make us strong, Lord,
join our hearts, Lord, through Your Son;
make us one, Lord, in Your body,
in the kingdom of Your Son.

He is Lord, He is Lord,
He is risen from the dead
 and He is Lord!
Every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess
that Jesus Christ is Lord.

- 1 Open my eyes that I may see
glimpses of the truth Thou hast for me;
place in my hands the wonderful key
that shall unclasp and set me free.

*Silently now I wait for Thee,
ready, my God, Thy will to see;
open my eyes, illumine me,
Spirit divine!*

- 2 Open my ears that I may hear
voices of truth Thou sendest clear;
and while the wave-notes fall on my ear,
everything false will disappear.

Silently now I wait...

- 3 Open my mouth and let me bear
tidings of mercy everywhere;
open my heart and let me prepare
love with Thy children thus to share.

Silently now I wait...

- 4 Open my mind, that I may read
more of Thy love in word and deed:
what shall I fear while yet Thou dost lead?
Only for light from Thee I plead.

Silently now I wait...

- 1 The Church's one foundation
is Jesus Christ our 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.
- 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 for evermore;
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.