

**(B)**

- 1 We will sing it for our children; it's a song of growth,  
of our stretching in the Spirit, and the search for truth,  
of the God who does not rest,  
but calls each to be our best,  
for the God of all creation is a faithful God.
- 2 We will sing it for our parents; it's a song of change,  
of a new creation dawning, and of life's next stage,  
of the God who calls us on  
where the risen Saviour's gone,  
for the God of resurrection is a faithful God.
- 3 We will sing it for our neighbours; it's a song of care,  
of the searching of the Shepherd to whom each one's dear,  
of the Friend who suffered, too,  
and who saw the journey through,  
for the God who gave us Jesus is a faithful God.
- 4 We will sing it for each other; it's a hopeful song,  
of the courage to keep going when the way is long,  
of the God who's always there  
to forgive and answer prayer,  
for the God who sends the Spirit is a faithful God.
- 5 We will sing it with our heart and soul: a song of praise,  
to remind us of our calling and our need for grace.  
We will sing the living Word  
till the whole wide world has heard,  
for the God we love and worship is a faithful God.

*for Heather Saba*

*words: © Elizabeth J. Smith*

*suggested music: KELVIN GROVE (TiS 679)*

**(A)**

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.

The Church shall never perish!  
Her dear Lord, to defend,  
To guide, sustain, and cherish,  
Is with her to the end.  
Though there be those that hate her.  
False sons within her pale,  
Against both foe and traitor  
She ever shall prevail.

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

Text: Eph. 2:20

Author: Samuel J. Stone, 1866, cento

Composer: Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

Tune: "Aurelia"