

GENERAL

HYMN 255 Aurelia

S. S. Wesley, 1810-76

KEY Eb

{ n : n | f : n | n : - | r | d d : l | s : f | n : - | - | f s : d' | d' : t }
 { d : d | d : d | d : - | t, | d l, : d | d : t, | d : - | - | t, d : d | d : r }
 { s : s | l : s | s : - | s | s r : r | n : s | s : - | - | s s : s | s e : s e }
 { d : d | d : d | s : - | f, | n, f : f, | s : s, | d : - | - | r n : n | n : n }

{ t : - | l | s f : s | n : d | r : - | - | r n : f | s : l | l : - | s | d' d' : - | t l : n }
 { r : - | d | n n : r | d : d | t : - | - | t, d : t, | d : d | d : - | d | n n : - | n : n }
 { se : - | l | t d : r' | s : fe' | s : - | - | s s : s | s : f | f : - | s | l l : - | se l l }
 { f : - | f, | s, l : t, | d : l, | s : - | - | s, d : r | n : f | f : - | n | l, n : - | r d : de }

{ f : - | - | r n : n | f : n | n : - | r | d d : r | d : t, | d : - | - |
 { r : - | - | r d : d | d : d | l, : - | l, | l, l, : l, | s : s, | s : - | - |
 { l : - | - | s s : s | l : s | s : - | f | f f : f | r : f | n : - | - |
 { r : - | - | t, d : d | d : d | f, : - | f, | f, r : r, | s : s, | d : - | - |

mf 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
 To be his holy Bride; [her
 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.

5
mf 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.

*3**
p Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore oppress,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distressed,
mf Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
f And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

4
mf 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,
f And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

S. J. STONE