

Ecclesia Gloriosa

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The powers of heaven rose in pride
Against Your holy reign;
The serpent whispered here below,
And death came in our train.
You spoke into our fallen world:
The woman's Seed would tread
Upon the serpent, wounded heel
Against the serpent's head.

The sons of heaven took as wives
The daughters of the earth;
Their offspring rose as men of might,
And violence spread its curse.
At Babel, we would build our name
And spurn the living God;
The nations scattered far and wide
Across the earth we trod.
But Your promise held through all our wars:
The coming Lord of life.

Before the earth's foundations,
Before the stars were born,
You purposed our adoption
In Your beloved Son.
To magnify Your glorious grace,
You chose us as Your own;
The Lamb, foreknown before all worlds,
Would come to bring us home.

Father, if You are for us,
Who can tear us from Your love?
You gave Your Son to claim us;
Now He pleads for us above.
Your Spirit lives within us,
And Your purpose leads us on:
Through all creation's groaning,
You will shape us like Your Son.

You called to Abraham beneath
The stars he could not count;
You led Your people through the sea
And met them at the mount.
Through covenant and promise,
Through exile, grief and flame,
You kept the hope of blessing
For nations You would claim.

Your Son took flesh among us
And sought us in our shame;
He knelt beneath the olive trees
And faced the grief to come.
He wore the thorns we gave Him,
Our hatred pierced His side;
He gave Himself to cleanse us
And take us as His Bride.

You raised Him from the darkness;
The stone was rolled away.
The powers that stood against Him
Could never hold their prey.
Now seated in Your presence,
He bears our cause above;
Who dares condemn Your children,
Whom You receive in love?

Father, if You are for us,
Who can tear us from Your love?
You gave Your Son to claim us;
Now He pleads for us above.
Your Spirit lives within us,
And Your purpose leads us on:
Through all creation's groaning,
You will shape us like Your Son.

Your Spirit cries within us;
We call You Father now.
He helps us in our weakness
When words will not come out.
Creation waits in longing;
We share its aching prayer,
Until our bodies rise renewed,
Your children's freedom shared.

No power above, no depth below,
No threat of death, no grief we know,
Can tear us from the Father's love
In Jesus Christ, our risen Lord.

Father, if You are for us,
Who can tear us from Your love?
You gave Your Son to claim us;
Now He pleads for us above.
Your Spirit lives within us,
And Your purpose leads us on:
Through all creation's groaning,
You will shape us like Your Son.

From every scattered nation,
You have called us to His side;
Through water, Word and Spirit,
You prepare a radiant Bride.
Clothed for beauty and for glory,
Let Your splendour fill our lives:
Ecclesia Gloriosa,
Your glorious Church shall rise.

Send us among the nations
To make Your greatness known;
Let every tongue confess Your Son,
And worship You alone.
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
Let all who thirst draw near;
We bear Your name throughout the earth
Until our Lord appears.

Ecclesia Gloriosa,
Your glorious Church shall shine;
May the nations see Your splendour
Through the people You refine.

All glory to the Father,
All glory to the Son,
All glory to the Spirit,
Our God, the Three in One.
At last, before Your presence,
Your Bride will take her place;
The nations bring their honour
Before Your glorious face.