

Please see the pages below for all the hymns for this Wednesday:

First Hymn:

Hymn 497 - Home Is the Consciousness of Good

Words: Rosemary C. Cobham, alt.

Music: British melody; harm. and arr. Robert Rockabrand

Home is the consciousness of good
That holds us in its wide embrace;
The steady light that comforts us
In every path our footsteps trace.

Our Father's house has many rooms,
And each with peace and love imbued;
No child can ever stray beyond
The compass of infinitude.

Home is the Father's sweet "Well done."
God's daily, hourly gift of grace.
We go to meet our neighbor's need,
And find our home in every place.

Second Hymn:

Hymn 297

Words: Roberta B. Lynch

Music: Thomas Hewlett

Science, the angel with the flaming sword,
God's gift, the glory of the risen Lord;
Light of the world, in whose light we shall see
Father and perfect Son, blest unity;

Calm of Shekinah where hope anchors fast,
Harbor of refuge till the storm be past;
Sweet, secret place where God and men do meet,
Horeb whereon we walk with unshod feet;

Place of communion with the Lamb of God,
Fold where the sheep must pass beneath His rod;
Ark where the dove may close her faltering wings,
Love's law divine that makes us priests and kings;

Loosener of prison bands at midnight hour,
Of self-forged chains that fall through Love's
all-power;
Christ's morning meal by joyous Galilee:
Science, thou dost fulfill all prophecy.

Third Hymn:

Hymn 207

Words: Mary Baker Eddy

Music: Frederick C. Atkinson, arr. by A. F. Conant

O gentle presence, peace and joy and power;
O Life divine, that owns each waiting hour,
Thou Love that guards the nestling's faltering flight!
Keep Thou my child on upward wing tonight.

Love is our refuge; only with mine eye
Can I behold the snare, the pit, the fall:
His habitation high is here, and nigh,
His arm encircles me, and mine, and all.

O make me glad for every scalding tear,
For hope deferred, ingratitude, disdain!
Wait, and love more for every hate, and fear
No ill, — since God is good, and loss is gain.

Beneath the shadow of His mighty wing;
In that sweet secret of the narrow way,
Seeking and finding, with the angels sing:
"Lo, I am with you always," — watch and pray.

No snare, no fowler, pestilence or pain;
No night drops down upon the troubled breast,
When heaven's aftersmile earth's tear-drops gain,
And mother finds her home and heav'nly rest.