

**Please see the pages below for all the hymns for this Sunday:**

## **First Hymn:**

### **Hymn 40**

Words: Thomas Moore and Thomas Hastings (Adapted)  
Music: Samuel Webbe

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Here health and peace are found, Life, Truth, and Love;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;  
Earth has no sorrow but Love can remove.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that Love cannot cure.

Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing,  
Earth has no sorrow but Love can remove.

## Second Hymn:

### Hymn 253

Words: Mary Baker Eddy  
Music: William Lyman Johnson

O'er waiting harpstrings of the mind  
There sweeps a strain,  
Low, sad, and sweet, whose measures bind  
The power of pain,

And wake a white-winged angel throng  
Of thoughts, illumed  
By faith, and breathed in raptured song,  
With love perfumed.

Then His unveiled, sweet mercies show  
Life's burdens light.  
I kiss the cross, and wake to know  
A world more bright.

And o'er earth's troubled, angry sea  
I see Christ walk,  
And come to me, and tenderly,  
Divinely talk.

Thus Truth engrounds me on the rock,  
Upon Life's shore,  
'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock,  
Oh, nevermore!

From tired joy and grief afar,  
And nearer Thee, —  
Father, where Thine own children are,  
I love to be.

My prayer, some daily good to do  
To Thine, for Thee;  
An offering pure of Love, whereto  
God leadeth me.

## **Third Hymn:**

### **Morning Has Broken**

Words: Eleanor Farjeon (adapted)

Music: Gaelic melody

Morning has broken, Like the first morning,  
Blackbird has spoken, Like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!  
Praise for them, springing, Fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall, Sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall, On the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness, Of the wet garden,  
Sprung in completeness, Where His feet pass.

Ours is the sunlight! Ours is the morning.  
Born of the one light, Joy of the day.  
Praise with elation, Praise every morning.  
Joyous creation, unfolds each day!