

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

First Hymn:

Hymn 543 - O Jesus, Our Dear Master

Words: Margaret Glenn Matters, alt.

Music: James R. Corbett

O Jesus, our dear Master,
Your works, now understood,
Reveal their full effulgence
Through love and brotherhood.
Today Christ's precious Science
Your healing power makes plain:
With joy may all obey you
And cast out sin and pain.

The Christ, eternal manhood,
As God's own Son beloved,
A tender ever-presence
Within each heart is proved.
O God, our Father-Mother,
Your name we see expressed
By man, who in Your Science
Is perfect, holy, blessed.

O Science, God-sent message
To tired humanity,
You are Love's revelation
Of Truth that makes us free.
Your kingdom, God, within us
Shows forth Love's sweet control.
God's idea, man, rejoices;
We know the reign of Soul.

Second Hymn:

Hymn 59

Words: John S. B. Monsell

Music: Frederick M. A. Venua, arr.

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on Life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
On Him rely and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

After Section 3 of the Lesson:

Hymn 370

Words: Nellie B. Mace

Music: James Langran

We are hid with Christ forever
In the Father's holy plan.
In this pure eternal union
We behold the perfect man;
And we know that sin can never
Overthrow the sacred rod
Of dominion over evil:
We are hid with Christ in God.

Hid with Christ in God, O gladness:
O the meekness and the might,
When the risen Christ has lifted
All our thoughts into the light,
Light of Truth wherein no sadness
Dims the radiant peace we find,
As we set our whole affection
On the beauteous things of Mind.

Third Hymn:

Hymn 412

Words: Rosa M. Turner
Music: Traditional Irish Melody

O dreamer, leave thy dreams for joyful waking,
O captive, rise and sing, for thou art free;
The Christ is here, all dreams of error breaking,
Unloosing bonds of all captivity.

He comes to bless thee on his wings of healing;
To banish pain, and wipe all tears away;
He comes anew, to humble hearts revealing
The mounting footsteps of the upward way.

He comes to give thee joy for desolation,
Beauty for ashes of the vanished years;
For every tear to bring full compensation,
To give thee confidence for all thy fears.

He comes to call the dumb to joyful singing;
The deaf to hear; the blinded eyes to see;
The glorious tidings of salvation bringing.
O captive, rise, thy Saviour comes to thee.