

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

First 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.

Second 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.

Third Hymn:

Hymn 88

Words: Thomas T. Lynch

Music: Schicht's Choralbuch, 1819

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek
Christ's own gracious spirit speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Follow Christ's sincerity.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty, that I may prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by triumphant hope
Pressing on and bearing up.