

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

## **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 245

Words: Frederic W. Root

Music: Arthur S. Sullivan

O tender, loving Shepherd,  
We long to follow thee,  
To follow where thou ledest,  
Though rough the path may be;  
Though dark and heavy shadows  
Enshroud the way with gloom,  
We know that Love will guide us,  
And safely lead us home.

We know, beloved Shepherd,  
The path that thou hast trod  
Leads ever out of darkness,  
And on and up to God.  
If from that path we wander,  
And far astray we roam,  
O, call us, faithful Shepherd,  
And bring us safely home.

Throughout the way, dear Shepherd,  
Thy strong hand doth uphold;  
The weary ones, at nightfall,  
Thou gently dost enfold.  
And when to Truth's green pastures  
With joy at length we come,  
There shall we find, O Shepherd,  
Our blest, eternal home.

## Third Hymn:

### Hymn 513 – It Matters Not What Be Thy Lot

Words: Mary Baker Eddy

Music: Andrew D. Brewis

It matters not what be thy lot,  
So Love doth guide;  
For storm or shine, pure peace is thine,  
Whate'er betide.

And of these stones, or tyrants' thrones,  
God able is  
To raise up seed — in thought and deed —  
To faithful His.

Aye, darkling sense, arise, go hence!  
Our God is good.  
False fears are foes — truth tatters those,  
When understood.

Love looseth thee, and lifteth me,  
Ayont hate's thrall:  
There Life is light, and wisdom might,  
And God is All.

The centuries break, the earth-bound wake,  
God's glorified!  
Who doth His will — His likeness still —  
Is satisfied.