

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

## **First Hymn:**

### **The Tide of Love**

Author Unknown

The tide of Love will wash the world  
Like April rains that melt the snow.  
The tide of Love will flood the heart  
with cleansing overflow.

Be strong and face the rising tide,  
Let courage be your constant song.  
The crystal springs of purity  
Will cleanse from every wrong.

In God there is no plague of sin,  
No Adam curse, no ceaseless woe.  
From wellsprings of eternal Truth  
Forgiving fountains flow.

The falsehood of a thousand lies  
Will crumble at the touch of grace.  
And your Redeemer will appear  
With mercy in His face.

Oh, in that tidal hour of Love,  
When mortal dreams are swept away,  
The man of God will be revealed--  
A steadfast, shining ray.

The healing streams will wash the world  
with truth and wisdom from above,  
And man will stand at one with God,  
Transfigured by His love.

## Second Hymn:

### Hymn 556 - Our Father Knows My Need Today

Words: Agnes Chalmers, alt.

Music: Raymond David Burkhart

Our Father knows my need today;  
I do not merely ask  
For happy hours or golden way,  
Or loving, helpful task;  
But, with all trust in Love, I pray:  
Our Father knows my need today.

Our Father knows my need this hour;  
Where'er my steps may go,  
The saving light from Truth's high tower  
Now leads me—this I know.  
Yours is the majesty and power,  
O Love divine, this day—this hour.

Our Mother knows this moment's need,—  
My work, my prayer, my song,  
The healing word and Christlike deed.  
Here where the way seems long,  
Truth's manna falls and I am fed;  
Love's light shines clear and I am led.

Love sets the earthbound captive free;  
And, mindful of Her own,  
With loving care God's leading me.  
When wandering and lone,  
I find in Truth the living way:  
Our Mother knows my need today.

## After Section 4:

### Hymn 200

Words: Author Unknown  
Music: E. Norman Greenwood

O daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness;  
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;  
And bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of  
gladness;  
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

O many thy foes, but the arm that subdued them  
And scattered their legions was mightier far;  
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that  
pursued them,  
For vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

O daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,  
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;  
Then shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved  
thee;  
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

## **Third Hymn:**

### **Hymn 475 - Forget Not Who You Are**

Words: Mildred Spring Case, alt.

Music: Alfred Morton Smith

Forget not who you are, O child of God,  
For God demands of you reflection pure;  
Your heritage is goodly, and your home,  
In Spirit's warm embrace, is safe, secure.

You are the child of Spirit, sinless, pure—  
Yours is a perfect beauty, born of Soul—  
Complete with health, vitality, and grace.  
For is not God, your Father, perfect, whole?

Your understanding, too, comes straight from God.

For in that Mind, magnificent and clear,  
You are conceived by Love, a perfect child,  
Unhampered by the flesh, or doubt, or fear.

So now look up to God's pure holy light  
And greet with fearless joy each coming day.  
Of royal birth, you are a King's own child—  
And God is yours, and you are God's always.