

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

First Hymn:

Hymn 83

Words: James Montgomery (Adapted)

Music: The Parish Choir, 1850

God made all His creatures free;
Life itself is liberty;
God ordained no other bands
Than united hearts and hands.

One in fellowship of Mind,
We our bliss and glory find
In that endless happy whole,
Where our God is Life and Soul.

So shall all our slavery cease,
All God's children dwell in peace,
And the newborn earth record
Love, and Love alone, is Lord.

Second Hymn:

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 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.