

Wednesday 2021/01/13



Hymn. 260

One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds His blessings new,
I take in trust my road;
And rising freshly to my view,
Shines forth the thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed,
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God.

Hymn. 491

Has not your heart within you burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to your silent heart,
And bade each higher thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

O voice of God, forever near,
In low, sweet accents whispering peace,
Make us Your harmonies to hear
Whose heavenly echoes never cease.

Hymn. 162

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.

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