

## Hymn. 141

If the Lord build not the house  
They that labor build in vain;  
Father, may our corner stone  
Stand foursquare, without a stain.

Make our planting timely, true,  
Governed by a power benign;  
Nourish by a heavenly dew  
All the branches and the vine.

Fruitful shall our tillage be,  
Known the work of perfect Mind,  
Leaves be gathered from the tree  
For the healing of mankind.

Cleansing men of fear and hate,  
Lifting hope above the sod,  
Truth will summon, soon or late,  
All the earth to worship God.

Words: MARIA LOUISE BAUM  
Music: Christoph E. F. Weyse

## Hymn. 303

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power;  
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed  
That waits its natal hour.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell  
How vast its power may be  
Nor what results enfolded dwell  
Within it silently.

A whispered word may touch the heart  
And call it back to life;

A look of love bid sin depart  
And still unholy strife.

Work and despair not; bring thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be;  
God is with all that serve the right,  
The holy, true, and free.

Words: ANONYMOUS

Music: Edward J. Hopkins

### Hymn. 452

Brood o'er us with Thy shelt'ring wing,  
'Neath which our spirits blend  
Like brother birds, that soar and sing,  
And on the same branch bend.  
The arrow that doth wound the dove  
Darts not from those who watch and love.

If thou the bending reed wouldst break  
By thought or word unkind,  
Pray that his spirit you partake,  
Who loved and healed mankind:  
Seek holy thoughts and heavenly strain,  
That make men one in love remain.

Learn, too, that wisdom's rod is given  
For faith to kiss, and know;  
That greetings glorious from high heaven,  
Whence joys supernal flow,  
Come from that Love, divinely near,  
Which chastens pride and earth-born fear,

Through God, who gave that word of might  
Which swelled creation's lay:  
"Let there be light, and there was light."  
What chased the clouds away?  
'Twas Love whose finger traced aloud  
A bow of promise on the cloud.

Thou to whose power our hope we give,  
Free us from human strife.

Fed by Thy love divine we live,  
For Love alone is Life;  
And life most sweet, as heart to heart  
Speaks kindly when we meet and part.

Words: MARY BAKER EDDY

Music: James Leith Macbeth Bain; adapt. and harm. Robert Rockabrand

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