

Hymn. 269

Our God is Love, unchanging Love,
And can we ask for more?
Our prayer for Love's increase is vain;
'Twas infinite before.
Ask not the Lord with breath of praise
For more than we accept;
The open fount is free to all,
God's promises are kept.

Our God is Mind, the perfect Mind,
Intelligence divine;
Shall mortal man ask Him to change
His infinite design?
The heart that yearns for righteousness,
With longing unalloyed,
In such desire sends up a prayer
That ne'er returneth void.

O loving Father, well we know
That words alone are vain,
That those who seek Thy will to do,
The true communion gain.
Then may our deeds our pure desire
For growth in grace express,
That we may know how Love divine
Forever waits to bless.

Words: FREDERIC W. ROOT
Music: FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

Hymn. 527

"Lord, ... open his eyes, that he may see,"
The mighty prophet prayed.
Send not armies great and strong,
Neither strength to battle wrong,
But lift his vision to behold

Your truth already here,
The legions of omnipotence,
The hosts of Your deliverance.
Awake, O man, and know
Love's all-embracing sphere.

Lord, open my eyes that I may see
Your presence everywhere,
My dwelling circled by Your might,
My mountaintop aflame with light,
The shining sentinels of Your love
Triumphant in this hour.
For You with me are greater far
Than all the seeming evils are.
Be still, O heart, and trust
God's omnipresent power.

Words: ELIZABETH GLASS BARLOW, ALT.
Music: Désirée Goyette

Hymn. 374

We thank Thee and we bless Thee,
O Father of us all,
That e'en before we ask Thee
Thou hear'st Thy children's call.
We praise Thee for Thy goodness
And tender, constant care,
We thank Thee, Father-Mother,
That Thou hast heard our prayer.

We thank Thee and we bless Thee,
O Lord of all above,
That now Thy children know Thee
As everlasting Love.
And Love is not the author
Of discord, pain and fear;
O Love divine, we thank Thee
That good alone is here.

We thank Thee, Father-Mother,
For blessings, light and grace
Which bid mankind to waken

And see Thee face to face.
We thank Thee, when in anguish
We turn from sense to Soul,
That we may hear Thee calling:
Rejoice, for thou art whole.

Words: JOHN RANDALL DUNN

Music: Henry S. Cutler

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