

Wednesday Hymns 8.6.2022

Hymn. 513

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.

Words: MARY BAKER EDDY
Music: Andrew D. Brewis

Hymn. 215

O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;

And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Words: MICHAEL BRUCE

Music: Scottish Psalter, 1635

Hymn. 88

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek
Christ's own gracious spirit speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Follow Christ's sincerity.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty, that I may prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by triumphant hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Words: THOMAS T. LYNCH*

Music: Schicht's Choralbuch, 1819