

Sunday Hymns

Hymn. 482

God created us in His own image,
All the universe is His creation too;
He created us as His reflection,
Filling us with wisdom, bold and true.

Life is made for living to the fullest,
Spirit made us knowing who we truly are,
Knowing how to see reality,
Pure and innocent and free,
Made in the likeness of our God.

REFRAIN

This clear view of man is perfect,
Seen in all the radiance of light;
Here we find our nature revealed,
Spiritual and whole in God's sight.

Everything our Master Jesus taught us
Showed the way to love each other dearly,
When he healed the sick and freed the sinner,
Seeing them in God's own light so clearly.

As we gain the perfect understanding
That eternal Mind is the All-in-all,
We shall come to see reality,
Pure and innocent and free,
Made in the likeness of our God.

REFRAIN

Words: GRAÇA DE MARIA AMORIM DOS SANTOS; ENG. TR. CSPS
Music: Graça de Maria Amorim dos Santos; arr. CSPS

Hymn. 23

Blest Christmas morn, though murky clouds
Pursue thy way,
Thy light was born where storm enshrouds
Nor dawn nor day!

Dear Christ, forever here and near,

No cradle song,
No natal hour and mother's tear,
To thee belong.

Thou God-idea, Life-encrowned,
The Bethlehem babe—
Beloved, replete, by flesh embound—
Was but thy shade!

Thou gentle beam of living Love,
And deathless Life!
Truth infinite,—so far above
All mortal strife,

Or cruel creed, or earth-born taint:
Fill us today
With all thou art—be thou our saint,
Our stay, always.

Words: MARY BAKER EDDY

Music: Arr. from William V. Wallace

Hymn. 475

Forget not who you are, O child of God,
For God demands of you reflection pure;
Your heritage is goodly, and your home,
In Spirit's warm embrace, is safe, secure.

You are the child of Spirit, sinless, pure—
Yours is a perfect beauty, born of Soul—
Complete with health, vitality, and grace.
For is not God, your Father, perfect, whole?

Your understanding, too, comes straight from God.
For in that Mind, magnificent and clear,
You are conceived by Love, a perfect child,
Unhampered by the flesh, or doubt, or fear.

So now look up to God's pure holy light
And greet with fearless joy each coming day.
Of royal birth, you are a King's own child—
And God is yours, and you are God's always.

Words: MILDRED SPRING CASE, ALT.

Music: Alfred Morton Smith

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