

# Solo - Mother's Evening Prayer

## Hymn. 539

O gentle presence, peace and joy and power;  
O Life divine, that owns each waiting hour,  
Thou Love that guards the nestling's faltering flight!  
Keep Thou my child on upward wing tonight.

Love is our refuge; only with mine eye  
Can I behold the snare, the pit, the fall:  
His habitation high is here, and nigh,  
His arm encircles me, and mine, and all.

O make me glad for every scalding tear,  
For hope deferred, ingratitude, disdain!  
Wait, and love more for every hate, and fear  
No ill,—since God is good, and loss is gain.

Beneath the shadow of His mighty wing;  
In that sweet secret of the narrow way,  
Seeking and finding, with the angels sing:  
“Lo, I am with you always,”—watch and pray.

No snare, no fowler, pestilence or pain;  
No night drops down upon the troubled breast,  
When heaven's aftersmile earth's tear-drops gain,  
And mother finds her home and heav'nly rest.

Words: MARY BAKER EDDY

Music: Lisa Redfern; arr. CSPA