

Sunday Hymns

Hymn. 438

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a soul like me.
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Words: JOHN NEWTON, ADAPT.

Music: American melody, Shaw and Spillman's Columbian Harmony, 1829; harm. and arr. Robert Rockabrand

Hymn. 30

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: Walter E. Young

Hymn. 134

I look to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy touch, eternal Love,
And all is well again:
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will:
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,

Held in Thy law, I stand:
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand.
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
Thou turn'st my mourning into praise.

Words: SAMUEL LONGFELLOW*

Music: Edward J. Hopkins

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