

Sunday Hymns

Hymn. 298

Saw ye my Saviour? Heard ye the glad sound?
Felt ye the power of the Word?
'Twas the Truth that made us free,
And was found by you and me
In the life and the love of our Lord.

Mourner, it calls you,—“Come to my bosom,
Love wipes your tears all away,
And will lift the shade of gloom,
And for you make radiant room
Midst the glories of one endless day.”

Sinner, it calls you,—“Come to this fountain,
Cleanse the foul senses within;
'Tis the Spirit that makes pure,
That exalts thee, and will cure
All thy sorrow and sickness and sin.”

Strongest deliverer, friend of the friendless,
Life of all being divine:
Thou the Christ, and not the creed;
Thou the Truth in thought and deed;
Thou the water, the bread, and the wine.

Hymn. 381

What brightness dawned in resurrection
And shone in Mary's wondering eyes!
Her heart was thrilled with new affection,
She saw her Lord in life arise.

She knew the Christ, undimmed by dying,
Alive forevermore to save;
Creative Mind, all good supplying,
Had triumphed over cross and grave.

With hope and faith, like exiles yearning

For homelands loved through patient years,
The hearts of men are homeward turning
To God Who giveth rest from fears.

Assured and safe in Love's protection,
Great peace have they, and unsought joy;
They rise from sin in resurrection,
And works of love their hands employ.

Hymn. 343

Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom doth impart;
Thou only canst unfold that Truth,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to trust, that Life to learn,
Whose joys eternal flow.