

# Sunday Hymns

## Hymn. 160

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: John Stainer

## Hymn. 469

Eternal God, the Cause of all creation,  
Your goodness shines through all eternity.  
From age to age Your name has been exalted,  
Your glory fills the earth, the sky, and sea.  
Almighty One, creative Mind, our Maker,  
Which was, and is, and evermore shall be.

Dear God of love, eternal Father-Mother,  
Supply our need, our every need each day;  
Teach us to love the way You love Your children,  
Purge us from sin and self, with trust we pray:  
“Thy kingdom come,” in all earth as in heaven,  
You are our light, our guide, our hope, our stay.

Your Word of truth is ever our companion;  
We are assured Your healing love is here.  
Help us to prove, as Jesus proved before us,  
Truth casts out sin, disease, and death, and fear.  
And may Your Word abide with us forever,  
O Lord of life, of truth, and love, most dear.

Words: OAK E. DAVIS, ADAPT.

Music: Jean Sibelius; transc. CSPS

### **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