

Sunday Hymns

Hymn. 29

Breaking through the clouds of darkness,
Black with error, doubt, and fear;
Lighting up each somber shadow,
With a radiance soft and clear;
Filling every heart with gladness,
That its holy power feels,
Comes the Christian Science gospel,
Sin it kills and grief it heals.

Christlike in its benedictions,
Godlike in its strength sublime;
Conquering every subtle error,
With a meekness all divine,
It has gone across the ocean,
It is known in every land,
And our sisters and our brothers
Are united in one band.

Words: FLORENCE L. HEYWOOD
Music: Henry Smart

Hymn. 499

I am the Lord, there is none else;
There is no God beside Me.
I girded thee, I girded thee,
Though thou hast not even known Me.
But know that from the rising sun
To the west there is none beside Me,
For I am the Lord, there is none else;
There is no God beside Me.

I am the Truth, there is none else;
There is no Truth beside Me.
Infinite light, bountiful, bright,
Is ever present to guide thee.
Beloved and free, eternally,
Perfect peace and joy I provide thee,
For I am the Lord, there is none else;
There is no God beside Me.

Innocent one, sinless and pure,
Nothing can ever divide thee.
Governed by Love, you are secure;
I am forever beside thee.
So rest and know where'er you go,
Home and heaven cannot be denied thee,
For I am the Lord, there is none else;
There is no God beside Me.

Words: DÉsirÉE GOYETTE, ALT.

Music: Désirée Goyette

Hymn. 543

O Jesus, our dear Master,
Your works, now understood,
Reveal their full effulgence
Through love and brotherhood.
Today Christ's precious Science
Your healing power makes plain:
With joy may all obey you
And cast out sin and pain.

The Christ, eternal manhood,
As God's own Son beloved,
A tender ever-presence
Within each heart is proved.
O God, our Father-Mother,
Your name we see expressed
By man, who in Your Science
Is perfect, holy, blessed.

O Science, God-sent message
To tired humanity,
You are Love's revelation
Of Truth that makes us free.
Your kingdom, God, within us
Shows forth Love's sweet control.
God's idea, man, rejoices;
We know the reign of Soul.

Words: MARGARET GLENN MATTERS, ALT.

Music: James R. Corbett