

Sunday Hymns

Hymn. 519

Lean on the sustaining infinite
And blessings will be yours.
Lean not on person, place, or thing,
Or economic laws;
But lean upon all-blessing God
Who will all needs supply
And give to all abundant good
That money cannot buy.

Let the healing reign of Truth and Life,
The reign of Love divine,
Be now established within me
To show Soul's clear design
Of Oneness, indivisible—
Of God and me as one—
As water is to ocean wave,
As sunbeam is to sun.

Love with a heart of tenderness
Your enemies and friends;
However hard this may appear,
This quality just mends.
For Love is God in action true,
A presence that is felt;
A healing and a saving power
That will all discord melt.

So lean, and let, and love;
This is the balanced Way.
It's free from self-will, pressure, stress;
It welcomes in God's day.
The leaning is so gentle;
The letting is so free.
And loving is the only way
To think, and speak, and be.

Words: JILL GOODING, ALT.

Music: Andrew D. Brewis

Hymn. 602

You know my words before they're said.
You know my need and I am fed.
You give me life. You know my ways,
My strength, my path, for all my days.

If I should fly beyond the dawn,
The darkness will not overcome.
If I lie down in deepest night,
Still You are there, my Lord, my light.

Our every thought, each word we say,
The whole of time, the present day,
Are held within Your mighty hand,
Too wonderful to comprehend!

O mend my heart and free my voice,
From sin released, I will rejoice.
O search me, Lord, my spirit cries,
And let my song of praise arise!

Words: LAURIE ZELMAN

Music: Scottish melody; harm. John L. Bell, alt.

Hymn. 218

O Life that maketh all things new,
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men;
Our pilgrim feet, wet with Thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
The seekers of the Light are one:

One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the heart's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;—

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view;
The sense of Life that knows no death,—
The Life that maketh all things new.

Words: SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

Music: Heinrich C. Zeuner

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