

Wednesday hymns

Hymn. 462

Come, you disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Here health and peace are found, Life, Truth,
and Love;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow but Love can remove.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Love cannot cure.

Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but Love can remove.

Words: THOMAS MOORE AND THOMAS HASTINGS

Music: A. Fritsch, adapt.; harm. Liederbuch der Christlichen Wissenschaft, 1924

Hymn. 71

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
By salvation's walls surrounded
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

See, the streams of living waters,

Springing from eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever shall their thirst assuage,—
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

Words: JOHN NEWTON*

Music: Franz Joseph Haydn

Hymn. 97

He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Soon shall see his toil succeed;
Showers of rain will fall from heaven,
Then the cheering sun will shine;
So shall plenteous fruit be given,
Through an influence all divine.

Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let not fear thy thoughts employ;
Though the prospect seem most dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy:
Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again, the fields are whitening,
Harvest time is surely here.

Words: THOMAS HASTINGS, ADAPTED

Music: Frank G. Ilesley