

Wednesday hymns

Hymn. 418

O, the clanging bells of time,
Night and day they never cease;
We are wearied with their chime,
For they do not bring us peace;
And we hush our breath to hear,
And we strain our eyes to see
If thy shores are drawing near,
Eternity! Eternity!

O, the clanging bells of time,
How their changes rise and fall,
But in undertone sublime,
Sounding clearly through them all,
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee,
And it speaketh, aye, one word,
Eternity! Eternity!

O, the clanging bells of time,
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line
We are marching to and fro;
And we yearn for sight or sound
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round,
Eternity! Eternity!

O, the clanging bells of time,
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime,
We shall feel the silence come;
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break,
Eternity! Eternity!

Words: ELLEN M. H. GATES

Music: P. P. Bliss

Hymn. 213

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for time to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for time to come,
Thou art our guard while ages last,
And our eternal home.

Words: ISAAC WATTS*

Music: William Croft

Hymn. 458

Christ comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
Christ comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

God's blessings come as showers
Upon the thirsty earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness shall flow.

To God shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;

Love's kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
God's covenant remove;
Her name shall stand forever:
Her changeless name of Love.

Words: JAMES MONTGOMERY, ADAPT.

Music: German melody; harm. George Ratcliffe Woodward, alt.

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