

Sunday Hymns

Hymn. 188

No eye hath seen, nor tongue declared,
Nor hath it entered heart of man,
To know what God hath here prepared
For them that love and trust His plan.

But He whose Spirit searcheth deep
Hath sent His Word to all mankind,
The Word that bids them find and keep
The priceless treasures of His Mind.

O come and find, the Spirit saith,
The Truth that maketh all men free.
The world is sad with dreams of death.
Lo, I am Life, come unto Me.

Words: ELIZABETH C. ADAMS

Music: Edward Miller

Hymn. 120

How beauteous on the mountains
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publishes salvation;
From error gives release
To every tribe and nation:
God's reign of joy and peace.

Break forth in hymns of gladness,
O waste Jerusalem;
Let songs instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes has trod;
Behold, O earth, the glorious
Salvation of our God.

Words: BENJAMIN GOUGH*
Music: J. Michael Haydn

Hymn. 167

Know, O child, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do, or bear.

Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee;
Child of heaven, can'st thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith and winged with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

So fulfill thy holy mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim-days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

Words: HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, ADAPTED
Music: Heinrich Albert