Hymn. 256

O’er waiting harpstrings of the mind
There sweeps a strain,
Low, sad, and sweet, whose measures bind
The power of pain,

And wake a white-winged angel throng
Of thoughts, illumed
By faith, and breathed in raptured song,
With love perfumed.

Then His unveiled, sweet mercies show
Life’s burdens light.
I kiss the cross, and wake to know
A world more bright.

And o’er earth’s troubled, angry sea
I see Christ walk,
And come to me, and tenderly,
Divinely talk.

Thus Truth engrounds me on the rock,
Upon Life’s shore,
’Gainst which the winds and waves can shock,
Oh, nevermore!

From tired joy and grief afar,
And nearer Thee,—
Father, where Thine own children are,
I love to be.

My prayer, some daily good to do
To Thine, for Thee;
An offering pure of Love, whereto
God leadeth me.

Words: Mary Baker Eddy
Music: Basil Harwood

Hymn. 475

Forget not who you are, O child of God,
For God demands of you reflection pure;
Your heritage is goodly, and your home,
In Spirit's warm embrace, is safe, secure.

You are the child of Spirit, sinless, pure—
Yours is a perfect beauty, born of Soul—
Complete with health, vitality, and grace.
For is not God, your Father, perfect, whole?

Your understanding, too, comes straight from God.
For in that Mind, magnificent and clear,
You are conceived by Love, a perfect child,
Unhampered by the flesh, or doubt, or fear.

So now look up to God's pure holy light
And greet with fearless joy each coming day.
Of royal birth, you are a King's own child—
And God is yours, and you are God's alway.

Words: Mildred Spring Case, alt.
Music: Alfred Morton Smith

Hymn. 464

Dear Master, may I follow thee
With holy, deep sincerity,
Forming each thought to Christly mold,
Feeling your peace my heart enfold.

Lead me to worship God aright,
In truth, in spirit, seek the light;
Loving pure good with heart and soul,
Loving each neighbor, perfect, whole.

May I perceive all being one,
Perfect Father, perfect son;
Let me hold fast this heavenly view,
Finding each day my life made new.

May I see mortal self dissolve,

Take up the cross with firm resolve,
Seeking the victor’s crown each day,
Humble and loving all the way.

Words: W. Brian Cork
Music: W. Brian Cork; arr. CSPS

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