

Please see the pages below for all the hymns for this Sunday:

First Hymn:

Hymn 52

Words: Mary Alice Dayton

Music: William Croft

Eternal Mind the Potter is,
And thought th' eternal clay:
The hand that fashions is divine,
His works pass not away.
Man is the noblest work of God,
His beauty, power and grace,
Immortal; perfect as his Mind
Reflected face to face.

God could not make imperfect man
His model infinite;
Unhallowed thought He could not plan,
Love's work and Love must fit.
Life, Truth and Love the pattern make,
Christ is the perfect heir;
The clouds of sense roll back, and show
The form divinely fair.

God's will is done; His kingdom come;
The Potter's work is plain.
The longing to be good and true
Has brought the light again.
And man does stand as God's own child,
The image of His love.
Let gladness ring from every tongue,
And heaven and earth approve.

Second Hymn:

Hymn 478 - From These Your Children

Words: Violet Hay, alt.
Music: Andrew Sentinella

From these Your children gathered in Your name,
From hearts made whole, from lips redeemed from woe,
Your praise, Almighty, shall forever flow.
Your praise, Almighty, shall forever flow.
Alle, Alleluia! Alle, Alleluia!
Alleluia!

O perfect Life, in Your completeness held,
None can beyond Your omnipresence stray;
Safe in Your Love, we live and sing alway,
Safe in Your Love, we live and sing alway,
Alle, Alleluia! Alle, Alleluia!
Alleluia!

O perfect Mind, reveal Your likeness true,
That higher selfhood which we all must prove,
Joy and dominion, love reflecting Love.
Joy and dominion, love reflecting Love.
Alle, Alleluia! Alle, Alleluia!
Alleluia!

O Soul, inspiring — give us vision clear,
Break earth-bound fetters, sweep away the veil,
Show the new heaven and earth that shall prevail.
Show the new heaven and earth that shall prevail.
Alle, Alleluia! Alle, Alleluia!
Alleluia!

Third Hymn:

Hymn 74

Words: Edmund Beale Sargant
Music: Koch's Choralbuch, 1816

Go forth and stand upon the mount,
For Truth is at thy side;
The very rocks may seem to break,
And earth to open wide;
Yet error's tempest and its fire
Before that still small voice retire.

Go, take the little open book
From out the angel's hand;
The word of Truth is there for all
To read and understand.
What though the seven thunders roll?
That still small voice shall make thee whole.