

Hymns. November 19

Nov 18 2023



Hymn. 513

It matters not what be thy lot,
So Love doth guide;
For storm or shine, pure peace is thine,
Whate'er betide.

And of these stones, or tyrants' thrones,
God able is
To raise up seed—in thought and deed—
To faithful His.

Aye, darkling sense, arise, go hence!
Our God is good.
False fears are foes—truth tatters those,
When understood.

Love looseth thee, and lifteth me,
Ayont hate's thrall:
There Life is light, and wisdom might,
And God is All.

The centuries break, the earth-bound wake,
God's glorified!
Who doth His will—His likeness still—
Is satisfied.

Words: MARY BAKER EDDY

Music: Andrew D. Brewis

Words to Hymn 580 and Hymn 356 cannot be printed due to copyright restrictions.