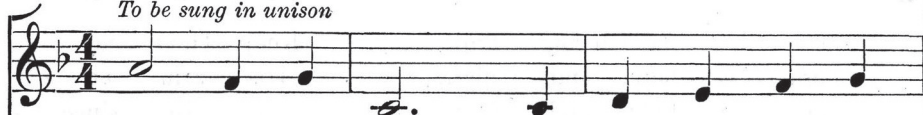


LIMPSFIELD 10. 10. 10. 10.

ANDREW FREEMAN

MOTHER'S EVENING PRAYER

MARY BAKER EDDY

To be sung in unison

1. O gen - tle pres - ence, peace and joy and
2. Love is our ref - uge; on ly with mine
3. O make me glad for ev - ery scald - ing
4. Be - neath the shad - ow of - His might - y
5. No snare, no fowl - er, pes - ti - lence or



power; O Life di - vine, that owns each wait - ing hour,
 eye Can I be - hold the snare, the pit, the fall:
 tear, For hope de - ferred, in - grat - i - tude, dis - dain!
 wing; In that sweet se - cret of the nar - row way,
 pain; No night drops down up - on the trou - bled breast,



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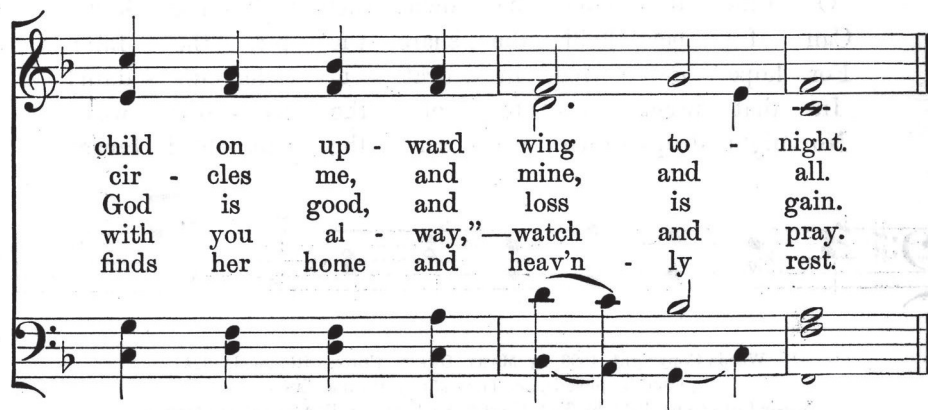
To be sung in harmony



Thou Love that guards . . . the
 His hab - i - ta - - - tion
 Wait, and love more . . . for
 Seek - ing and find - - - ing,
 When heav - en's aft - - - er -



nest - ling's fal - tering flight! . . . Keep Thou my
 high is here, and nigh, . . . His arm en -
 ev - ery hate, and fear No ill, - since
 with the an - gels sing: . . . "Lo, I am
 smile earth's tear - drops gain, . . . And moth - er



child on up - ward wing to - night.
 cir - cles me, and mine, and all.
 God is good, and loss is gain.
 with you al - way, "—watch and pray.
 finds her home and heav'n - ly rest.