

## **Solos – June 2025**

### **June 1 – Ancient and Modern Necromancy, alias Mesmerism and Hypnotism, Denounced**

#### **In Thee, O Lord, Do I Put My Trust (Frey)**

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be ashamed. Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline thine ear unto me, and save me, and save me, incline thine ear unto me, and save me, and save me; for thou O Lord, art my rock and my fortress, for thou art my rock and my fortress. Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

For mine enemies speak against me; and they that lay wait for my soul take counsel together, saying, God hath forsaken him, God hath forsaken him.

O God, be not far from me, O God, be not far from me, O God, make haste, make haste for my help, make haste for my help.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be ashamed. Incline thine ear unto me, and save me, for thou art my rock, my rock and my fortress, thou art my rock, thou art my rock and fortress.

Solos for CSS (1935), pg. 14

### **June 8 – God the Only Cause and Creator**

#### **How Marvelous is the Power of God (Haydn)**

How marv'lous, how marv'lous is the power of God,  
of God who made the earth and heaven.  
How wondrous are His works and ways,  
O let us sing, O let us sing His everlasting praise,  
His everlasting praise. How wondrous are His works and ways.  
O let us sing, O let us sing His everlasting praise,  
His everlasting praise.  
The sun and moon with glowing light,  
And all the shining stars of night Proclaim in endless round -  
their great creator's might, their great creator's might.  
How marv'lous is the pow'r of God,  
Our God who made the earth and heaven.  
Let all unite with joyful song, His holy name adore.  
O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord,  
And all His wondrous works, which are forever more.  
O sing, O sing, O sing unto the Lord,  
and all His wondrous works, which are forever more!

## **June 15 – God, the Preserver of Man**

### **I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills (MacDermid)**

The Lord is thy keeper, the shade on thy right hand,  
He shall preserve thee from evil:  
He shall preserve thy soul.  
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,  
from whence cometh my help.  
My help cometh from the Lord, my help cometh from the Lord,  
which made heav'n and earth.  
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:  
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.  
He that keepeth Israel neither shall sleep.  
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.  
The Lord shall preserve thy going out.  
The Lord shall preserve thy coming in  
from this time forth, and ev'n for evermore.

## **June 22 – Is the Universe, Including Man, Evolved by Atomic Force?**

### **The Eternal God (Dyson)**

The eternal God is thy refuge,  
and underneath are the everlasting arms.  
God is our refuge and strength,  
a very present help in trouble.  
Therefore will we not fear,  
though the earth be removed,  
and though the mountains be carried  
into the midst of the sea;  
Though the waters thereof be troubled,  
and though the mountains shake  
with the swelling thereof.

Be still, and know that I am God:  
Be still, and know that I am God:

I will be exalted among the heathen,  
I will be exalted in the earth.

The eternal God is thy refuge,  
and underneath are the everlasting arms.

**June 29 – Christian Science**

**Mother's Evening Prayer (Brahinsky)**

***Words by Mary Baker Eddy***

O Gentle presence, peace and joy and power;  
O Life divine, that owns each waiting hour,  
Thou Love that guards the nestling's faltering flight!  
Keep Thou my child on upward wing tonight.

Love is our refuge; only with mine eye  
Can I behold the snare, the pit, the fall:  
His habitation high is here, and nigh,  
His arm encircles me, and mine, and all.

O make me glad for every scalding tear,  
For hope deferred, ingratitude disdain!  
Wait and love more for every hate  
And fear no ill since God is good and loss is gain.

Beneath the shadow of His mighty wing;  
In that sweet secret of the narrow way,  
Seeking and finding, with the angels sing:  
Lo, I am with you alway, watch and pray.

No snare, no fowler, pestilence or pain;  
No night drops down upon the troubled breast,  
When heaven's after smile earth's teardrops gain,  
And mother finds her home and heav'nly rest.