

Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise 12

1 Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise,
 2 Un - rest - ing, un - hast - ing, and si - lent as light,
 3 To all, life thou giv - est, to both great and small.
 4 Thou reign - est in glo - ry; thou dwell - est in light.

in light in - ac - ces - si - ble hid from our eyes,
 nor want - ing, nor wast - ing, thou rul - est in might:
 In all life thou liv - est, the true life of all.
 Thine an - gels a - dore thee, all veil - ing their sight.

most bless - ed, most glo - rious, the An - cient of Days,
 thy jus - tice, like moun - tains high soar - ing a - bove;
 We blos - som and flour - ish like leaves on the tree,
 All praise we would ren - der; O help us to see

al - might - y, vic - to - rious, thy great name we praise.
 thy clouds, which are foun - tains of good - ness and love.
 then with - er and per - ish; but naught chang - eth thee.
 'tis on - ly the splen - dor of light hid - eth thee!

The opening line of this hymn was inspired by the three divine attributes listed in 1 Timothy 1:17 (King James Version), and it continues by considering how God's life exceeds our own finite existence. The text is well set to a Welsh melody shaped by many three-note units.

God, Be the Love to Search and Keep Me

O Christ, Surround Me



1 God, be the love to search and keep me; God, be the prayer to
 2 Bind to my-self the Name of Ho - ly, great cloud of wit - ness-
 3 Bright-ness of sun and glow of moon-light, flash - ing of light-ning,
 4 Walk - ing be-hind to hem my jour - ney, go - ing a - head to
 5 Christ in the eyes of all who see me, Christ in the ears that



move my voice; God, be the strength to now up - hold me:
 es en - fold; proph - ets, a - pos - tles, an - gels wit - ness:
 strength of wind, depth of the sea to soil of plan - et:
 light my way, and from be - neath, a - bove, and all ways:
 hear my voice, Christ in the hearts of all who know me:




O Christ, sur-round me; O Christ, sur-round me.

This hymn is a 21st-century adaptation of the traditional Celtic prayer style known as a *lorica* (Latin for "armor" or "breastplate"). Many such petitions for God's presence and protection were never written down, but this one is based on an example attributed to St. Patrick.


Be Thou My Vision

Capo 1: (D) (G) (D/F#) (A7) (D)
 Eb Ab Eb/G Bb7 Eb




1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true Word;
 3 Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise;
 4 High King of Heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

(A) (D) (G) (A)
 Bb Eb Ab Bb




naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
 thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!

(G) (D) (F#m7) (G) (A)
 Ab Eb Gm7 Ab Bb



thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 thou my soul's shel - ter, and thou my high tower;
 thou and thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

(Bm) (D/F#) (G) (D)
 Cm Eb/G Ab Eb



wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 raise thou me heaven - ward, O Power of my power.
 High King of Heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

These stanzas are selected from a 20th-century English poetic version of an Irish monastic prayer dating to the 10th century or before. They are set to an Irish folk melody that has proved popular and easily sung despite its lack of repetition and its wide range.