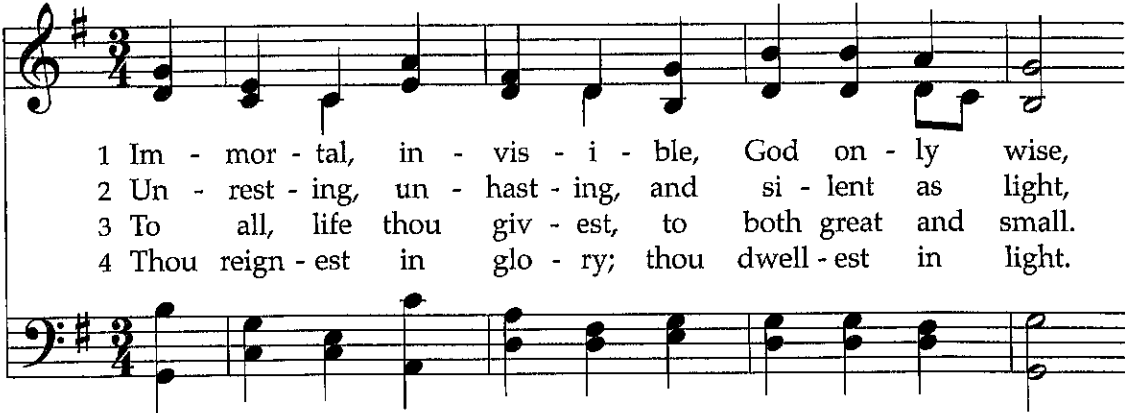
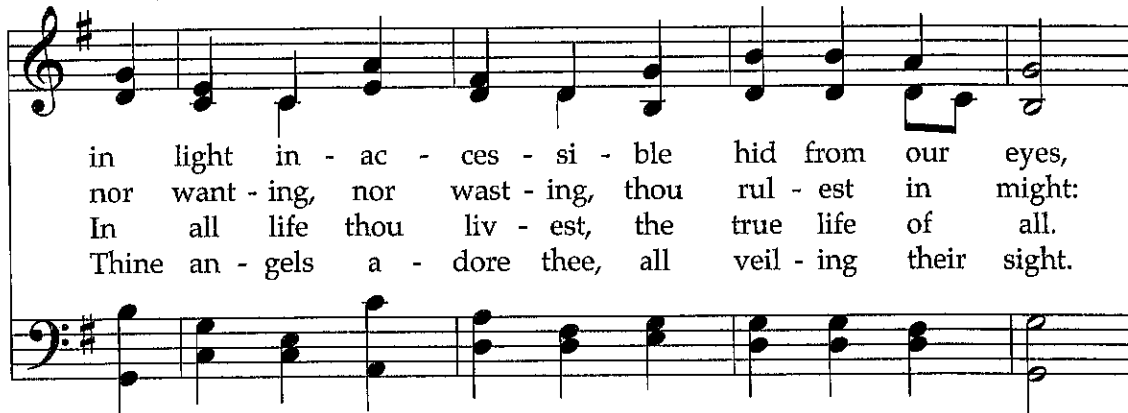


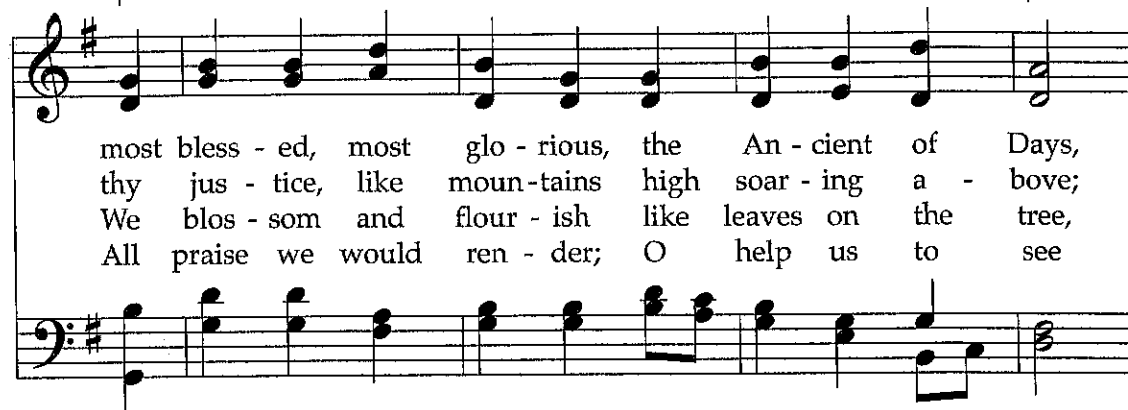
## Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise 12



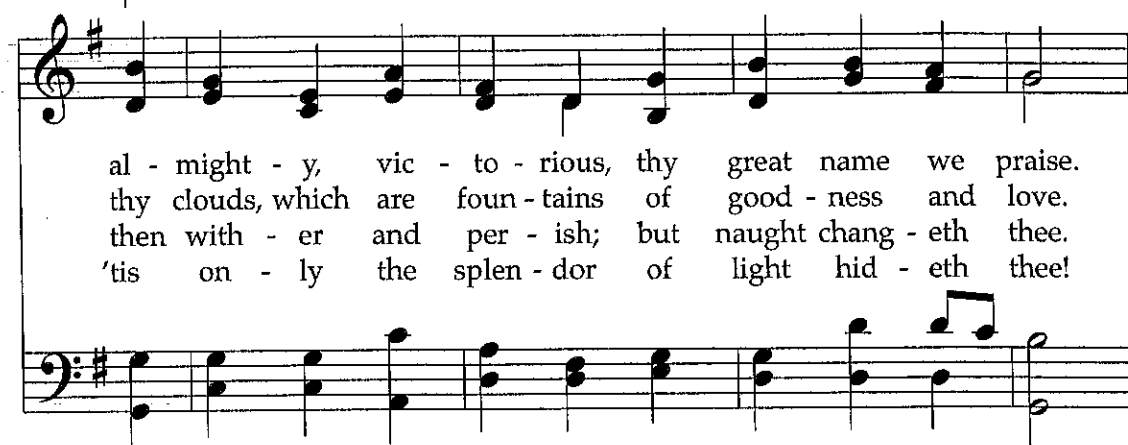
1 Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise,  
 2 Un - rest - ing, un - hast - ing, and si - lent as light,  
 3 To all, life thou giv - est, to both great and small.  
 4 Thou reign - est in glo - ry; thou dwell - est in light.



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.



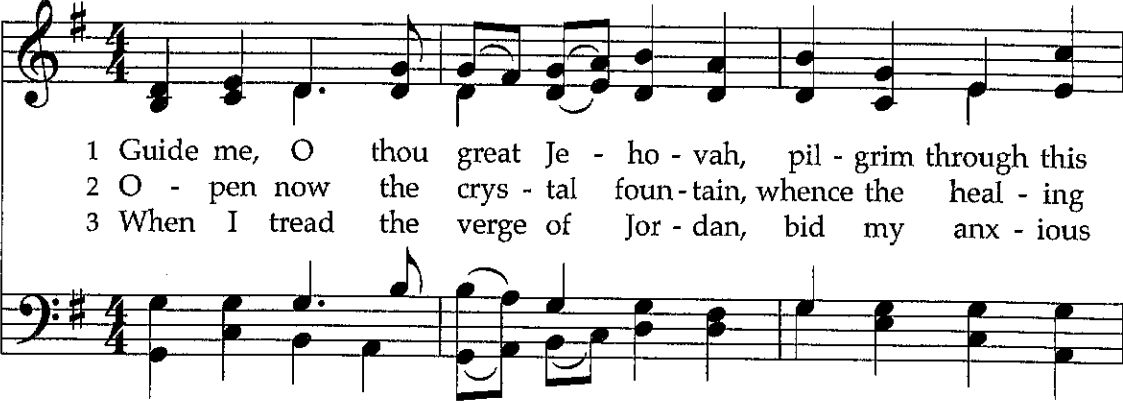
most bless - ed, most glo - rious, the An - cient of Days,  
 thy jus - tice, like moun - tains high soar - ing a - bove;  
 We blos - som and flour - ish like leaves on the tree,  
 All praise we would ren - der; O help us to see



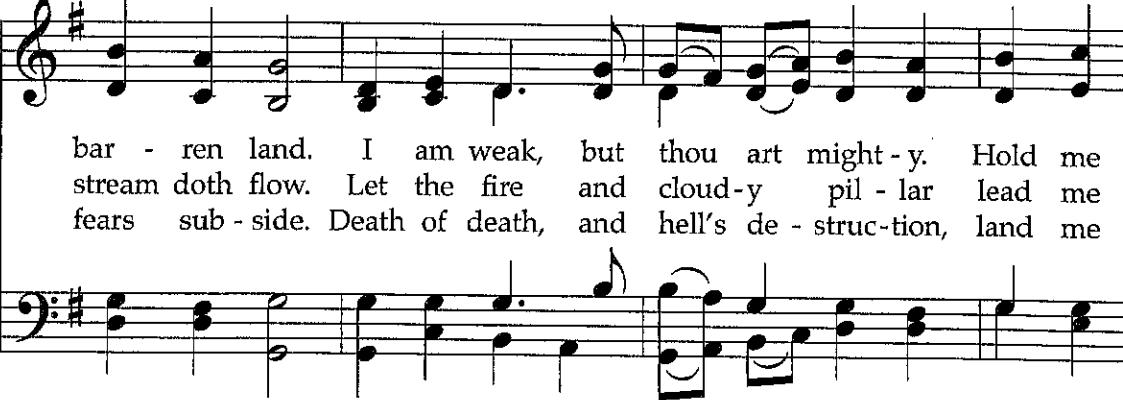
al - might - y, vic - to - rious, thy great name we praise.  
 thy clouds, which are foun - tains of good - ness and love.  
 then with - er and per - ish; but naught chang - eth thee.  
 'tis on - ly the splen - dor of light hid - eth thee!

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.

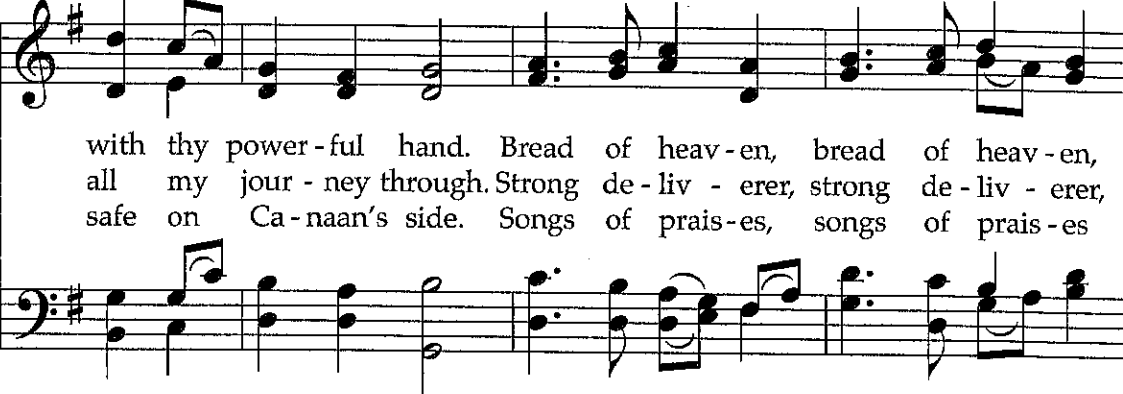
## Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah 65



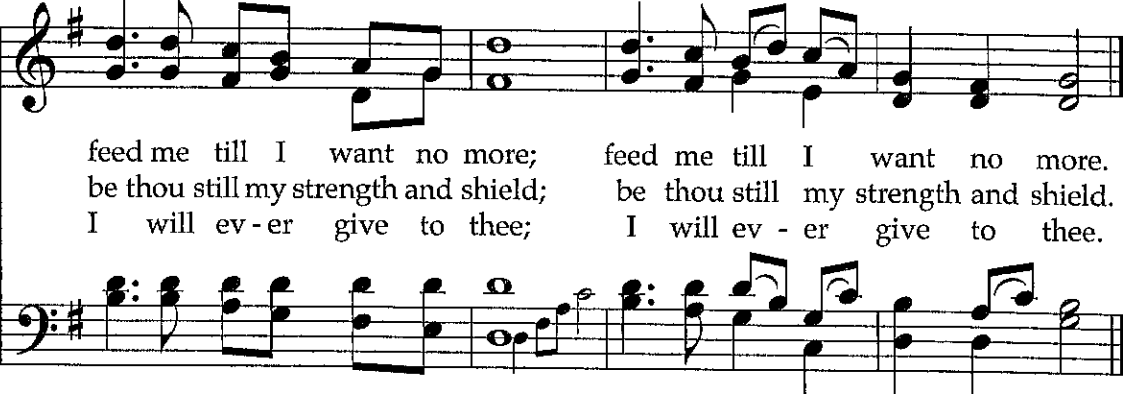
1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, pil - grim through this  
 2 O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, whence the heal - ing  
 3 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, bid my anx - ious



bar - ren land. I am weak, but thou art might - y. Hold me  
 stream doth flow. Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar lead me  
 fears sub - side. Death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion, land me



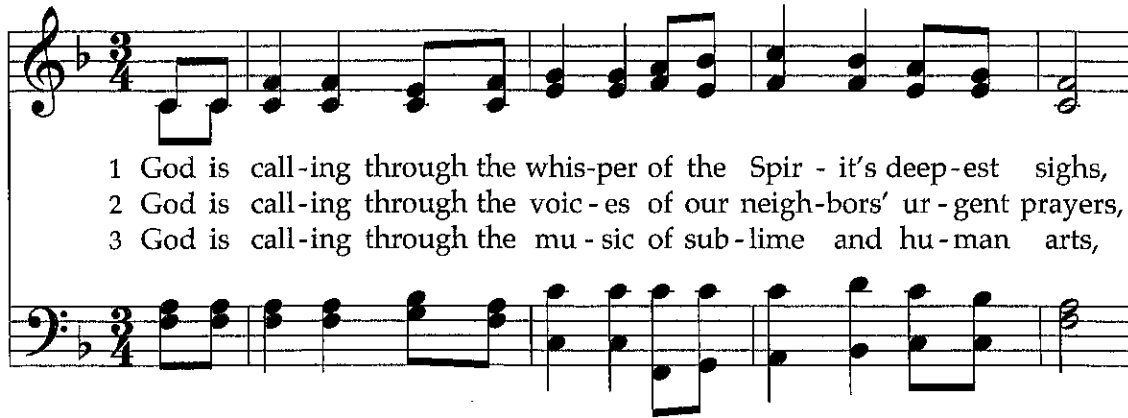
with thy power - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en,  
 all my jour - ney through. Strong de - liv - erer, strong de - liv - erer,  
 safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es



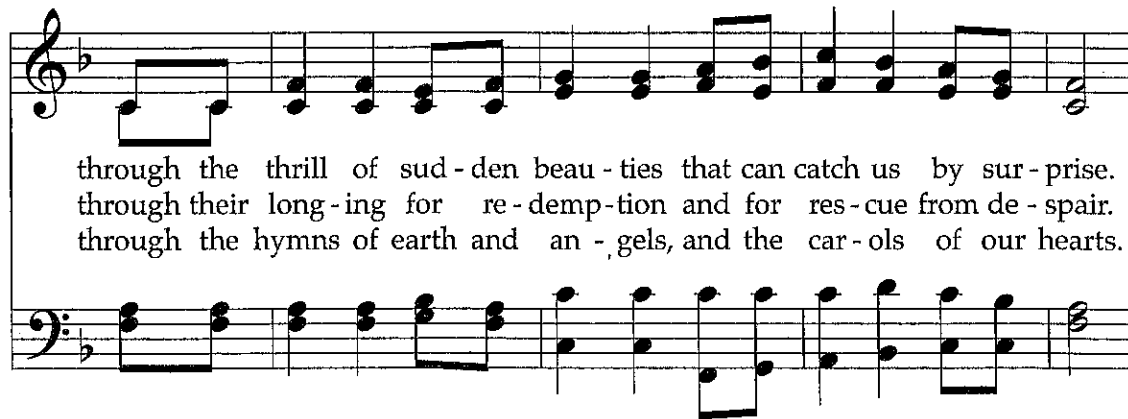
feed me till I want no more; feed me till I want no more.  
 be thou still my strength and shield; be thou still my strength and shield.  
 I will ev - er give to thee; I will ev - er give to thee.

Few Welsh hymns are as well known or loved as this 18th-century text that did not gain its popular tune until the early 20th century. In both its original text and in English translation, it is a stirring hymn of pilgrimage filled with vivid imagery from Hebrew Scripture.

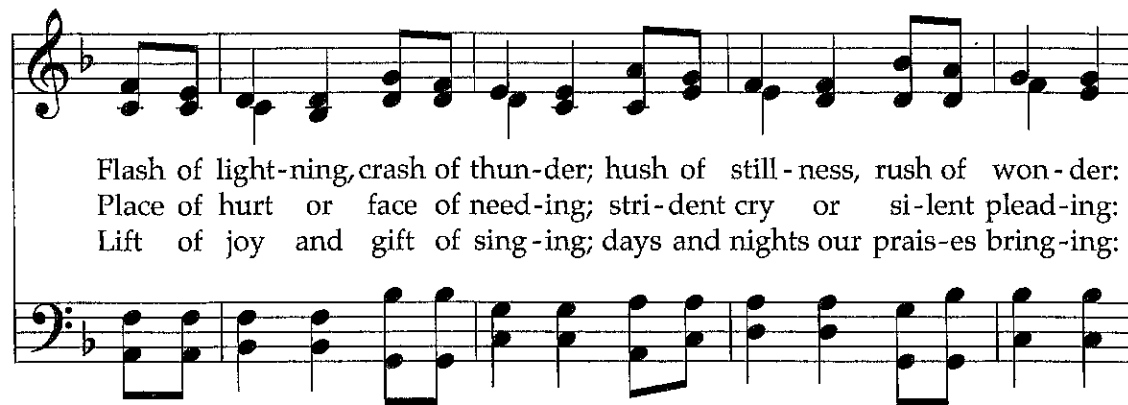
## 410 God Is Calling through the Whisper



1 God is call-ing through the whis-per of the Spir - it's deep-est sighs,  
 2 God is call-ing through the voic-es of our neigh-bors' ur-gent prayers,  
 3 God is call-ing through the mu-sic of sub-lime and hu-man arts,



through the thrill of sud-den beau-ties that can catch us by sur-prise.  
 through their long-ing for re-demp-tion and for res-cue from de-spair.  
 through the hymns of earth and an-gels, and the car-ols of our hearts.



Flash of light-ning, crash of thun-der; hush of still-ness, rush of won-der:  
 Place of hurt or face of need-ing; stri-dent cry or si-lent plead-ing:  
 Lift of joy and gift of sing-ing; days and nights our prais-es bring-ing:



God is call - ing—can you hear? God is call - ing—can you hear?  
 God is call - ing—can you hear? God is call - ing—can you hear?  
 God is call - ing—and we hear! God is call - ing—and we hear!

This wide-ranging text reminds us of the many surprising and urgent ways God calls to us, both to draw us near and to send us forth. In the third line of music it is especially effective at harnessing the momentum of the phrases that are each a note higher than the one before.