

Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

1

Walter C. Smith, 1867; alt.

1 Tim. 1:17; Ps. 36:6

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 Your life is life - giv - ing— to both great and small;
 4 So per - fect your glo - ry, so bril - liant your light,

in light in - ac - ces - si - ble hid from our eyes,
 not want - ing, not wast - ing, but rul - ing in might;
 in all life you're liv - ing, the true life of all;
 your an - gels a - dore you, all veil - ing their sight;

Most bless - ed, most glo - rious, the An - cient of Days,
 Your jus - tice like moun - tains high soar - ing a - bove,
 We blos - som and flour - ish as leaves and as flowers,
 All praise we now ren - der as your an - gels do:

al - might - y, vic - to - rious, your great name we praise.
 your clouds which are foun - tains of good - ness and love.
 then with - er and per - ish— but naught dims your powers.
 in awe at the splen - dor of light hid - ing you.

Walter C. Smith, minister of the Free Church of Scotland and later moderator of the Assembly, wrote poetry as a retreat from work and to say what could not be fully expressed in the pulpit.

Tune: ST. DENIO 11.11.11.11.
 Adapt. from a Welsh ballad in John Roberts' Caniadaeth y Cysegr, 1839

Katherine Hankey, 1866; alt.

1 I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a - bove.
 2 I love to tell the sto - ry; more won - der - ful it seems
 3 I love to tell the sto - ry; it's pleas - ant to re - peat
 4 I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it best

Of Je - sus' ra - diant glo - ry, of Je - sus' end - less love.
 than all the gold - en vi - sions of all our gold - en dreams.
 what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly sweet.
 seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it, like the rest.

I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know it's true;
 I love to tell the sto - ry, I tell it now to you
 I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er heard
 And when I sing in glo - ry, I know the new, new song

it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else can do.
 be - cause I want to share it, be - cause I know it's true.
 the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly Word.
 will be the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

Refrain

I love to tell the sto - ry; and when I am in glo - ry

I'll tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus' end - less love.

I Come with Joy

Brian Wren, 1968; rev. 1982, 1994

Unison

1 I come with joy, a child of God, for - giv - en, loved, and
 2 I come with Chris - tians far and near to find, as all are
 3 As Christ breaks bread, and bids us share, each proud di - vi - sion
 4 And thus we meet, and bet - ter know the Pres - ence, ev - er
 5 To - geth - er met, to - geth - er bound, in friend - ship we will

free, The life of Je - sus to re - call, in
 fed, The new com - mu - ni - ty of love in
 ends. The love that made us, makes us one, and
 near, And join our hearts and sing with joy that
 stay, And go with joy to love the world and

love laid down for me, in love laid down for me.
 Christ's com - mu - nion bread, in Christ's com - mu - nion bread.
 strang - ers now are friends, and strang - ers now are friends.
 Christ is ris - en here, that Christ is ris - en here.
 live the way we pray, and live the way we pray.

One of Brian Wren's most widely published texts, this hymn was originally written to "sum up a series of sermons on the meaning of communion. It tries to use simple words to suggest important theological themes."

Words Copyright © 1971; music Copyright © 1977 by Hope Publishing Company

Tune: DOVE OF PEACE 8.6.8.6.6.
 Southern Harmony, 1835
 Arr. Austin Lovelace, 1977