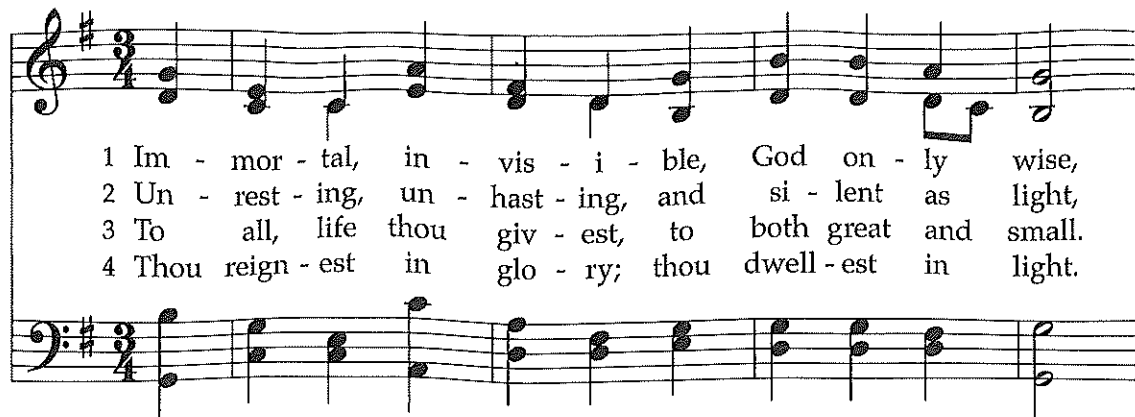
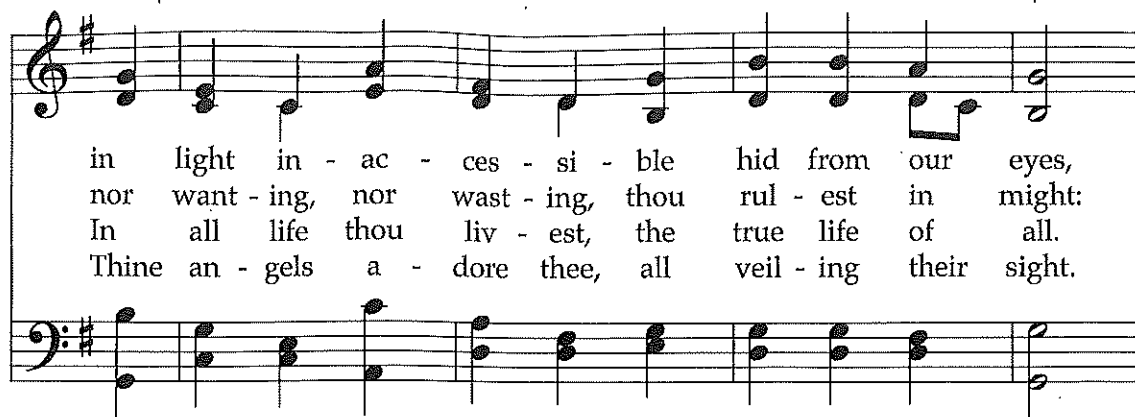


## Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise 12



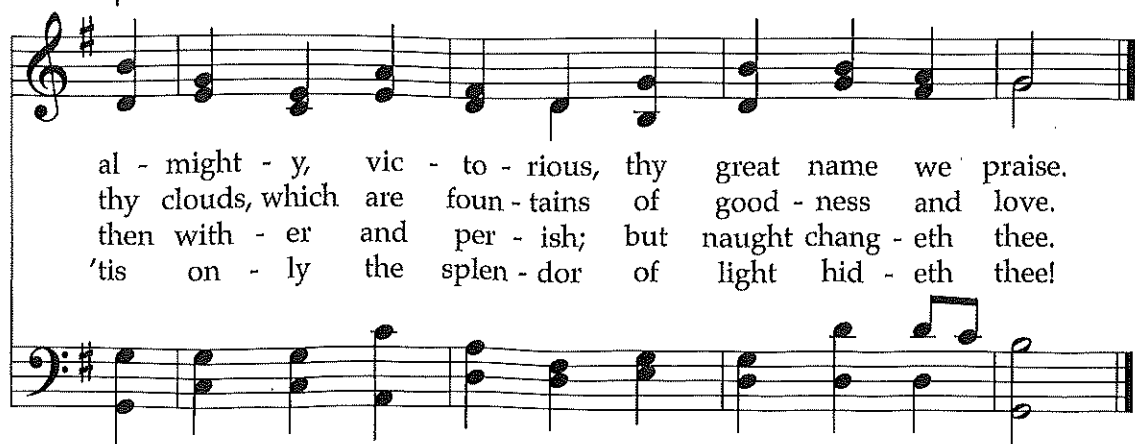
1 Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise,  
 2 Un - rest - ing, un - hast - ing, and si - lent as light,  
 3 To all, life thou giv - est, to both great and small.  
 4 Thou reign - est in glo - ry; thou dwell - est in light.



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

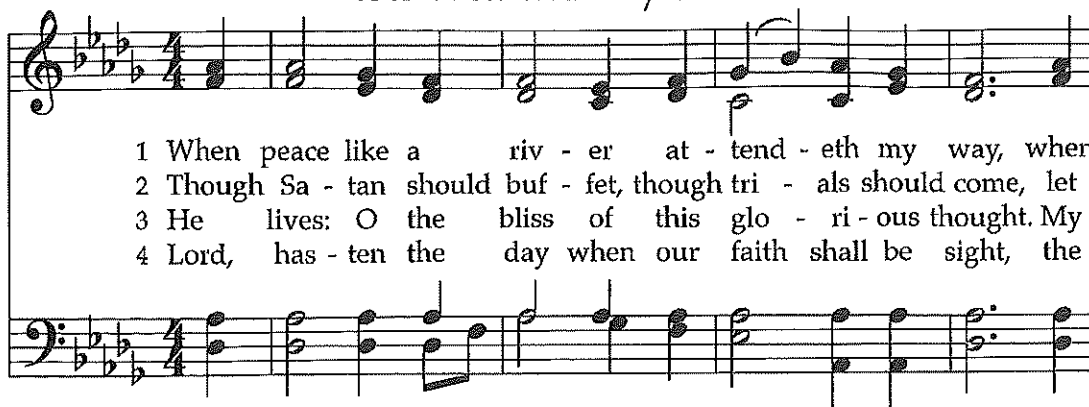


al - mighty, vic - to - rious, thy great name we praise.  
 thy clouds, which are foun - tains of good - ness and love.  
 then with - er and per - ish; but naught chang - eth thee.  
 'tis on - ly the splen - dor of light hid - eth thee!

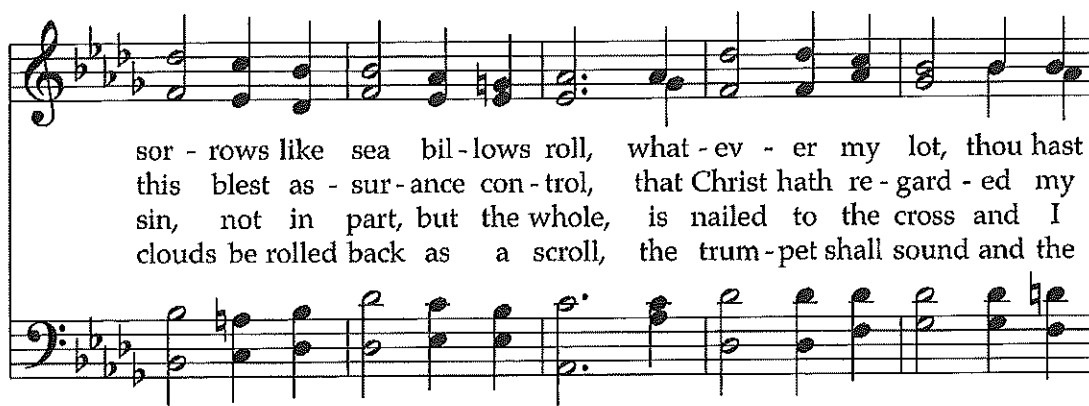
The opening line of this hymn was inspired by the three divine attributes listed in 1 Timothy 1:17 (King James Version), and it continues by considering how God's life exceeds our own finite existence. The text is well set to a Welsh melody shaped by many three-note units.

## 840 When Peace like a River

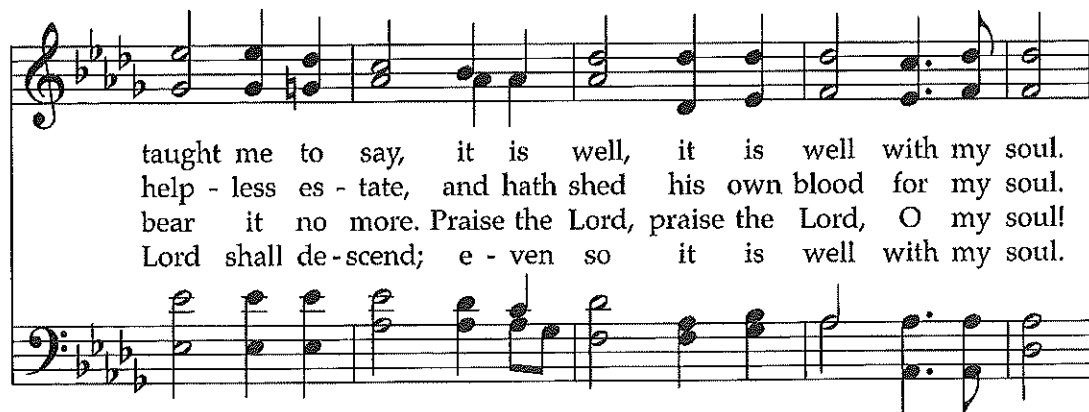
It Is Well with My Soul



1 When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, when  
 2 Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, let  
 3 He lives: O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought. My  
 4 Lord, has - ten the day when our faith shall be sight, the

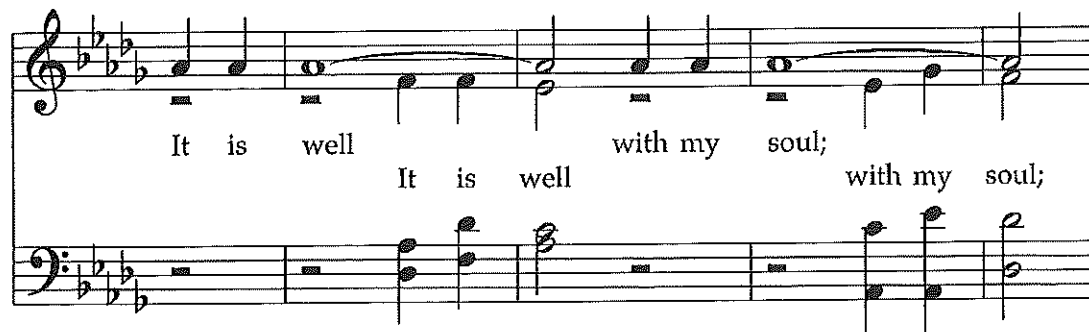


sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll, what - ev - er my lot, thou hast  
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, that Christ hath re - gard - ed my  
 sin, not in part, but the whole, is nailed to the cross and I  
 clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the trum - pet shall sound and the



taught me to say, it is well, it is well with my soul.  
 help - less es - tate, and hath shed his own blood for my soul.  
 bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
 Lord shall de - scend; e - ven so it is well with my soul.

## Refrain



It is well with my soul;  
 It is well with my soul;

This text is a remarkable expression of faith born of grief. The author, an active Presbyterian layman who had just lost four daughters in a tragic shipwreck, wrote it while sailing to Paris to meet his wife, who had survived. The tune was named for the ship that sank.

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISES OF GOD

it is well; it is well with my soul.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Trusting in the Promises of God". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics "it is well; it is well with my soul." are written below the treble staff. The music is a simple, hymn-like setting with a steady rhythm.

# In the Bulb There Is a Flower 250

## Hymn of Promise

Capo 3: (D)

(Em)



1 In the bulb there is a flow - er; in the seed, an ap - ple tree;  
 2 There's a song in ev - ery si - lence, seek - ing word and mel - o - dy;  
 3 In our end is our be - gin - ning; in our time, in - fin - i - ty;

(A7)

(D)



in co - coons, a hid - den prom - ise; but - ter - flies will soon be free!  
 there's a dawn in ev - ery dark - ness, bring - ing hope to you and me.  
 in our doubt there is be - liev - ing; in our life, e - ter - ni - ty.

(D7)

(G)

(Em)

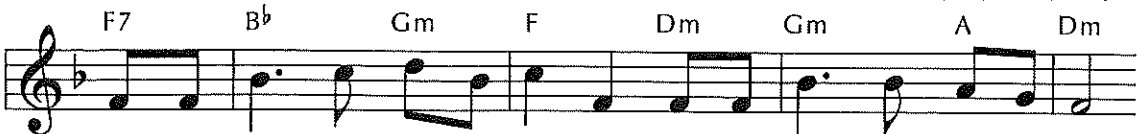
(D)

(Bm)

(Em)

(F#)

(Bm)



In the cold and snow of win - ter there's a spring that waits to be,  
 From the past will come the fu - ture; what it holds, a mys - ter - y,  
 In our death, a res - ur - rec - tion; at the last, a vic - to - ry,

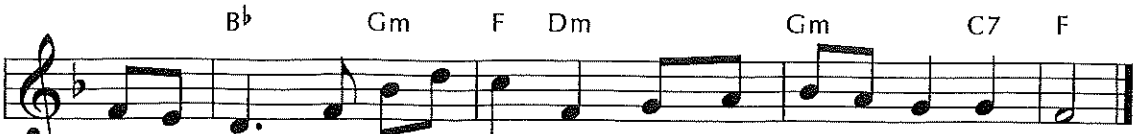
(G)

(Em)

(D) (Bm)

(Em)

(A7) (D)



un - re - vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.

The writing of this hymn was spurred by a line from the poet T. S. Eliot: "In my end is my beginning."  
 Shortly after this piece was completed, the author/composer's husband was diagnosed with what proved to be a terminal malignancy, and the original anthem version of this hymn was sung at his funeral.