

**Hymns for Morning Service**  
**June 28, 2020**

Immortal, Invisible (#38, Trinity Hymnal)

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,  
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,  
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,  
Almighty, victorious, thy great Name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,  
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;  
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above  
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,  
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;  
All praise we would render; O help us to see  
'Tis only the splendor of light hideth thee!

The Church's One Foundation (#347, vs. 1-2, 5-6, Trinity Hymnal)

The church's one Foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is his new creation  
By water and the Word:  
From heav'n he came and sought her  
To be his holy bride;  
With his own blood he bought her,  
And for her life he died.

Elect from ev'ry nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
One holy Name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food.

And to one hope she presses,  
With ev'ry grace endued.

'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great church victorious  
Shall be the church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union  
With the God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won:  
O happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace that we,  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with thee.

Jesus Calls Us (#591, Trinity Hymnal)

Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild, restless sea,  
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, "Christian, follow me."

As, of old, apostles heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home and toil and kindred,  
Leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us,

Saying, "Christian, love me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"Christian, love me more than these."

Jesus calls us: by thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear thy call,  
Give our hearts to thine obedience,  
Serve and love thee best of all.