

Know Ye the Lord Hath Borne Away

Words: Henry Twells, 1889

Music: Edward Bairstow, 1915.

Know ye the Lord hath borne away
Your Master from your head today?
Yea, we know it; yet we raise
Joyous strains of hope and praise!
He is gone, but not before
All His earthly work is o'er.
Alleluia!

Know ye the Lord hath borne away
Your Master from your head today?
Yea, we know it; stand afar;
Mark His bright triumphal car,
Mighty end of mighty deeds,
Clouds His chariot, winds His steeds!
Alleluia!

Know ye the Lord hath borne away
Your Master from your head today?
Yea, we know it; ere He left,
Jordan's stream in twain was cleft;
With that glorious act in view,
We shall one day cleave it, too!
Alleluia!

Know ye the Lord hath borne away
Your Master from your head today?
Yea, we know it; wondrous love
Bids Him seek His Home above;
He hath said 'tis better so;
See His mantle dropped below!
Alleluia!

Know ye the Lord hath borne away
Your Master from your head today?
Yea, we know it; lo! we trace
Plenteous portions of His grace,
Sent to all whose hearts can soar
Whither He has gone before.
Alleluia!

Know ye the Lord hath borne away
Your Master from your head today?
Yea, we know it; search would fail,
If ye passed through mount and vale;
Earth contains Him not, though wide;
Seek Him at His Father's side!
Alleluia!