

O Lord of Glory! Who Couldst Leave
Edward Bevir(1847-1922)
James Walton, 1864.

O Lord of glory! who couldst leave
The height supreme in death to lie,
What tongue shall sing, what heart conceive,
The love divine that made Thee die?
Bought with a price, for ever Thine,
We break this bread, and drink this wine.

But here on earth, Thou wast alone
Proclaimer of this love to men;
Upon the cross, 'twas fully known,
For God came forth to meet us then;
Rent from above, the parted veil,
Announced to all that wondrous tale.

But ris'n, the firstborn from the dead,
Triumphant hast Thou entered in;
The glorious Man, the living head,
Thrice worthy Thou our hearts to win:
In Thy blest face all glories shine,
And there we gaze on love divine.