

Eifionydd

Who is this with garments gory,
triumphing from Bozrah's way;
this that weareth robes of glory,
bright with more than victory's ray?
Who is this unwearied comer
from his journey's sultry length,
traveling through Idumé's summer
in the greatness of his strength?

Wherefore red in thine apparel
like the conquerors of earth,
and arrayed like those who carol
o'er the reeking vineyard's mirth?
Who art thou, the valleys seeking
where our peaceful harvests wave?
"I, in righteous anger speaking,
I, the mighty One to save;

"I, that of the raging heathen
trod the winepress all alone,
now in victor-garlands wreathen
coming to redeem mine own:
I am he with sprinkled raiment,
glorious for my vengeance-hour,
ransoming, with priceless payment,
and delivering with power."

Hail! All hail! Thou Lord of Glory!
Thee, our Father, thee we own;
Abram heard not of our story,
Israel ne'er our name hath known.
But, Redeemer, thou hast sought us,
thou hast heard thy children's wail,
thou with thy dear Blood hast bought us:
Hail! Thou mighty Victor, hail!

Words: Arthur Cleveland Coxe (1818-1896)
Music: Ton-y-Botel (Ebenzer)
Meter: 87 87 D