

O Lord of Glory! Who Couldst Leave

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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, forever thine,
We break this bread, and drink this wine

When 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