

## Father, Oh, what boundless glory

(WELLESLEY. 8.7.8.7)

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$\text{♩} = 90$

1. Fa - ther, Oh, what bound - less glo - ry  
 2. Thou whose bless - ed name is Ho - ly —  
 3. He in whom Thy heart de - light - ed,

In Thy name of love we know,  
 Ma - jes - ty su - preme is Thine ;  
 Sent to earth, to grief and shame :

No more sweet, more won - drous sto - ry,  
 Yet in One so meek and low - ly  
 Here, where all be - fore had slight - ed,

Than Thy heart re - vealed be - low.  
 We be - hold Thy bright - ness shine !  
 He a - lone de - clared Thy Name.

4. 'Mid the darkness, Light resplendent,  
Purest, gentlest Stranger, He ;  
While the world, in bitter ferment,  
Hated both Himself and Thee.
  
5. Then the cup, from Thy hand given,  
E'en to Thy beloved Son !  
Perfume sweet ascends to heaven :  
His most glorious work is done.
  
6. Blessed, beauteous contemplation —  
Theme more full than all beside —  
Cause of deepest adoration —  
Thou, through Christ, art glorified !

Alternate Tunes : Rhineland, 16 ; Placida, 422.