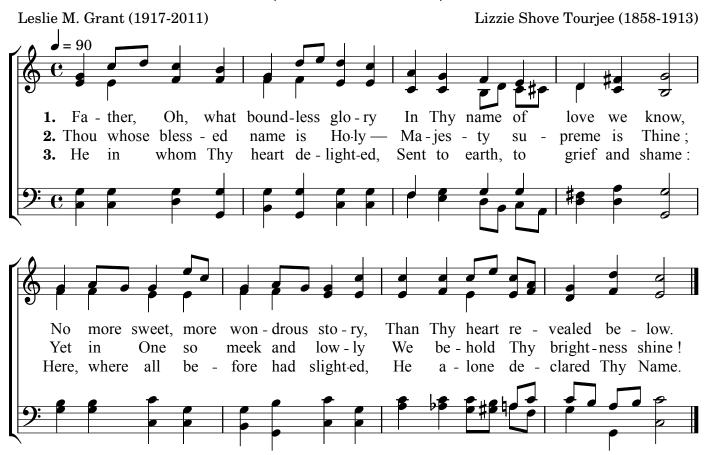
## Father, Oh, what boundless glory

( WELLESLEY. 8.7.8.7 )



- 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.