

# The Splendour of the Father's Rays

1. The splen - dour of the Fa - ther's rays, Thee, our heart's life, we  
 2. Ten thou - sand war - riors armed on high, Em - bat - tled an - gels  
 3. He with sal - va - tion's sign un - furl'd, The dra - gon down th'a -  
 4. Then faith - ful at the chief - tain's side Pur - sue the hate - ful  
 5. To God the Fa - ther glo - ry give, To God the Son through

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glad - ly praise, Je - sus, our hymns to Thee we  
 fill the sky: Mi - chael the con - quering chief ap -  
 byss has hurled, The re - bels with their chief are  
 king of pride, Till from the Lamb a heaven - ly  
 whom we live, The like, O Ho - ly Ghost, to

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bring, And 'midst Thy pro - strate An - gels sing.  
 pears, On high the glo - rious cross he rears.  
 driv'n, Scathed by the lightn - ing flash, from Heav'n.  
 crown Re - wards us with un - quenched re - nown.  
 Thee, Which e - ver was, shall e - ver be.

*Text:* Rabanus Maurus, 776-856 trans. F. C. Husenbeth, 1796-1872

*Music:* Anonymous

*Tune Name:* Old Hundredth

*Poetic Meter:* 88.88