

# Bahá'u'lláh, the Glory of God

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By Pat Morrissey

<sup>D</sup> Bahá'u'lláh the <sup>Em</sup> Glory of God  
<sup>G</sup> Came to bring a new <sup>D</sup> Day  
<sup>D</sup> Of harmony and <sup>Em</sup> unity  
<sup>G</sup> He had told us of the new <sup>D</sup> way  
<sup>A</sup> That all men should live as <sup>Bm</sup> one  
<sup>A</sup> Now what could be wrong with that <sup>Bm</sup>  
<sup>A</sup> But they enchained and imprisoned <sup>Bm</sup> Him  
<sup>G</sup> In a <sup>Em</sup> dungeon <sup>D</sup> cold and black

And there He remained for four long months  
Amongst thieves and highwaymen  
And each and every other day  
The gaolers murdered His friends  
One night He dreamt a glorious dream  
In that dark and lonely den  
“We will render Thee victorious  
By Thyself and by Thy Pen”

And when at last they set Him free  
He wandered many lands  
Exiled for His purity  
How He suffered at their hands  
Imprisoned for over thirty years  
Poisoned by the jealous  
But through all this His course was clear  
He would emerge victorious