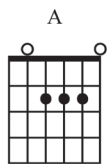
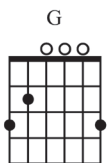
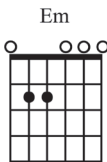
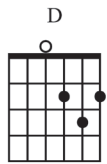


Bahá'u'lláh, the Glory of God

By Pat Morrissey



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