

O Word of Might

Words: Saint Ambrose, translated by Daniel Joseph Donahoe

Music: O Waly Waly (English Melody)

Gently and prayerfully



1

O Word of Might, that springing forth
From out the Father's heart, wast born
To raise our fallen state on earth,
Bring help, and leave us not forlorn.

2

Illume our breasts with heavenly light,
And set our souls aflame with love,
That we, forsaking things of night,
Shall lift our hopes to joys above.

3

When from the awful judgment throne
Dread doom unto his foes the Lord
Shall send, and call in tender tone
The just unto their sweet reward;

4

Let not our souls on that dread day
Be rolled in seething pools of fire;
Let mercy melt thine ire away,
And be thy love our sole desire.

5

Then to the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, one in three,
From first to last, as ages run,
Eternal praise and glory be.