

## **COME DOWN, O LOVE DIVINE,**

Seek Thou this soul of mine  
And visit it with Thine own ardour glowing;  
O Comforter, draw near,  
Within my heart appear,  
And kindle it, Thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,  
Till earthly passions turn  
To dust and ashes, in its heat consuming;  
And let Thy glorious light  
Shine ever on my sight,  
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

Let holy charity mine outward vesture be,  
And lowliness become mine inner clothing;  
True lowliness of heart,  
Which takes the humbler part,  
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,  
With which the soul will long,  
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;  
For none can guess its grace,  
Till he become the place  
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling.

*after Bianco da Siena (1367-1434) Richard F. Littledale (1833-90)*

**LORD, let Your glory fall** as on that ancient day;  
Songs of enduring love,  
And then Your glory came.  
And as a sign to You that we would love the same,  
Our hearts will sing that song:  
God, let Your glory come.

***You are good, You are good,  
And Your love endures.***

***You are good, You are good,  
And Your love endures.***

***You are good, You are good,  
And Your love endures today.***

Voices in unison, giving You thanks and praise,  
Joined by the instruments,  
And then Your glory came.  
Your presence like a cloud upon that ancient day;  
The priests were overwhelmed  
Because Your glory came.

A sacrifice was made, and then Your fire came;  
They knelt upon the ground,  
And with one voice they praised.

***(Repeat)***

*Matt Redman. © 1998 Kingsway's Thankyou Music.*

**BE STILL**, for the presence of the Lord,  
the Holy One is here;  
Come bow before Him now  
with reverence and fear.

In Him no sin is found, we stand on holy ground;  
Be still, for the presence of the Lord,  
the Holy One is here.

Be still, for the glory of the Lord  
is shining all around;  
He burns with holy fire,  
with splendour He is crowned.

How awesome is the sight,  
our radiant King of light!  
Be still, for the glory of the Lord  
is shining all around.

Be still, for the power of the Lord  
is moving in this place;  
He comes to cleanse and heal,  
to minister His grace.

No work too hard for Him,  
in faith receive from Him;  
Be still, for the power of the Lord  
is moving in this place.

**LORD, ENTHRONED** in heavenly splendour,  
First-begotten from the dead,  
Thou alone, our strong Defender,  
Liftest up Thy people's head.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Jesus, true and living Bread.

Here our humblest homage pay we,  
Here in loving reverence bow;  
Here for faith's discernment pray we,  
Lest we fail to know Thee now.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou art here, we ask not how.

Though the lowliest form doth veil Thee  
As of old in Bethlehem,  
Here as there Thine angels hail Thee  
Branch and Flower of Jesse's stem.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

We in worship join with them.

Paschal Lamb, Thine offering, finished  
Once for all when Thou wast slain,  
In its fulness undiminished  
Shall forever more remain,

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Cleansing souls from every stain.

Life-imparting, heavenly Manna,  
Stricken Rock with streaming side,  
Heaven and earth with loud hosanna  
Worship Thee, the Lamb who died,  
    Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Risen, ascended, glorified!

*G. H. Bourne.*

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