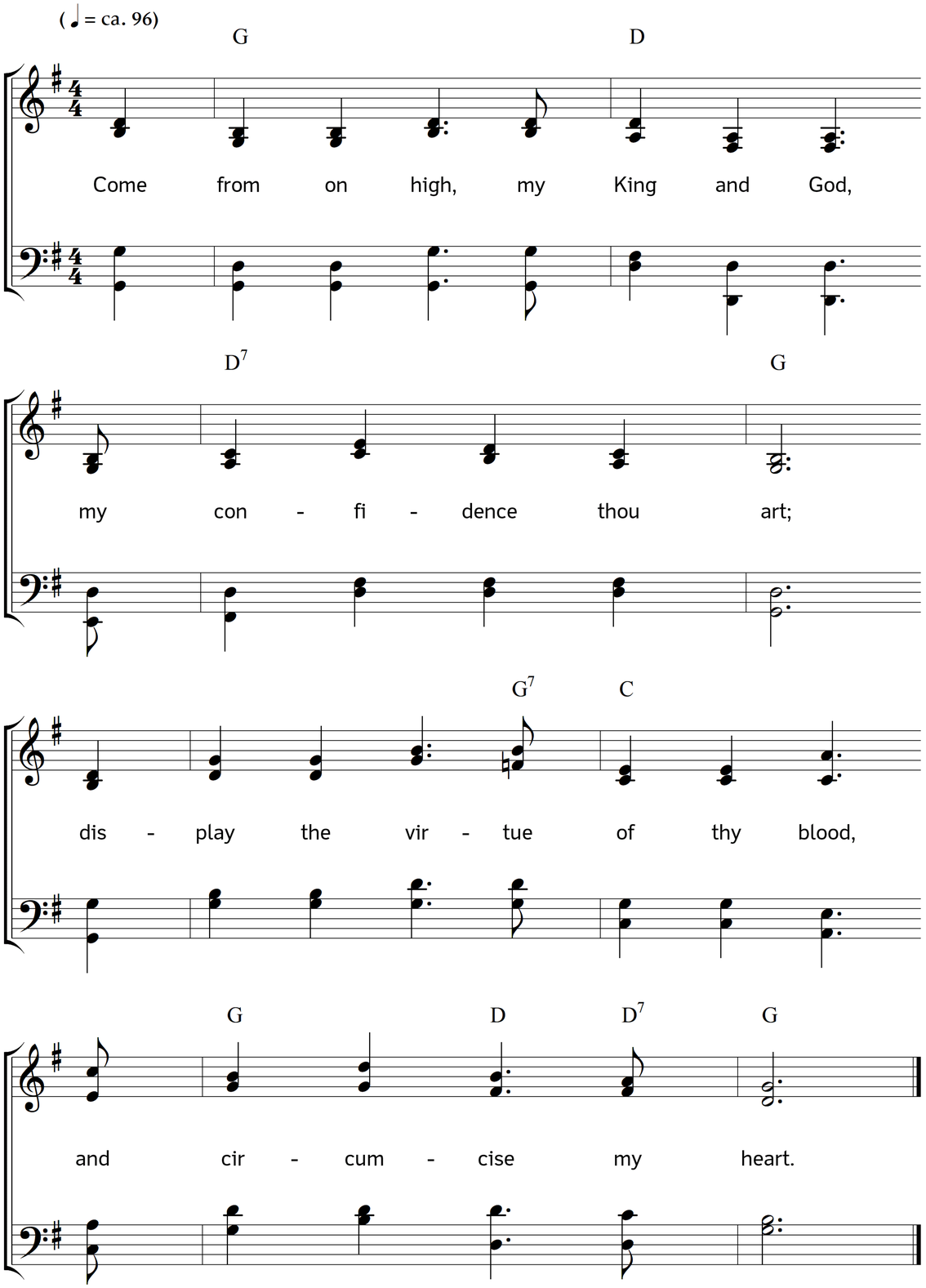
COME FROM ON HIGH, MY KING AND GOD



2. From heaven, thy holy place, on me
descend in mercy down;
balm of the world, I thirst for thee,
to know thee for my own.

3. From top to bottom rend the veil
that keeps me out of God;
remove the bar, and let me feel
that I am thine abode.

4. O might this worthless heart of mine
the Saviour's temple be!
emptied of every love but thine,
and shut to all but thee!

5. I long to find thy presence there,
I long to see thy face;
Almighty Lord, my heart prepare
the Saviour to embrace.

6. Thou know'st, O Lord, no rest I have
by reason of my sin;
convince me of thy power to save,
and say, "I will, be clean."

Words: Augustus M. Toplady. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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