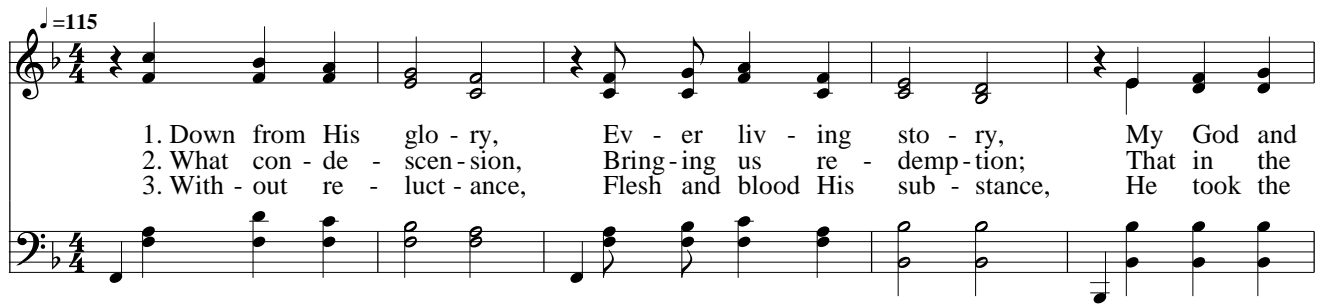


# Down from His Glory

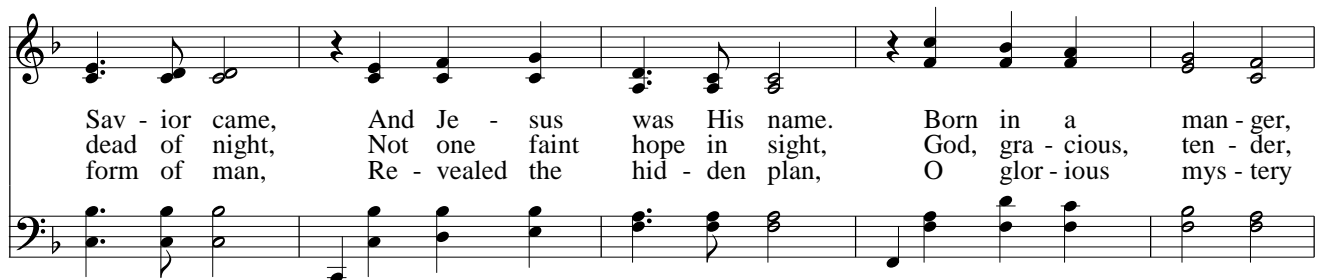
William E. Booth-Clibborn, 1921

Arranged from Eduardo di Capua, 1898

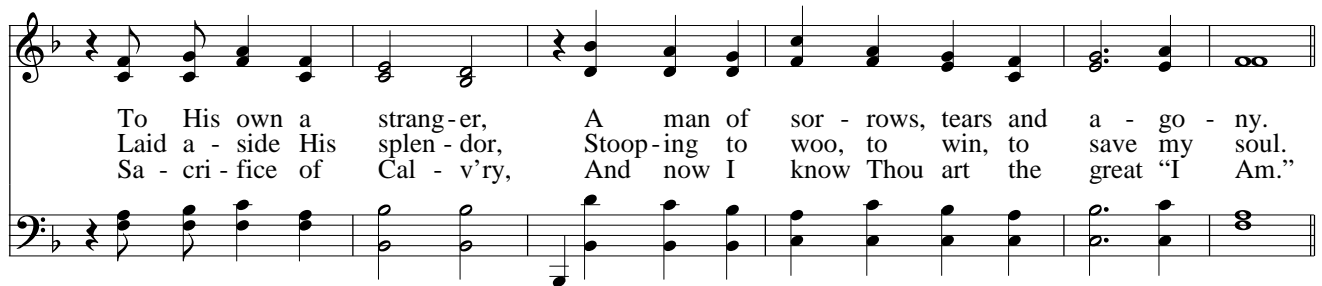
*♩* = 115



1. Down from His glo - ry, Ev - er liv - ing sto - ry, My God and  
2. What con - de - scen - sion, Bring - ing us re - demp - tion; That in the  
3. With - out re - luct - ance, Flesh and blood His sub - stance, He took the

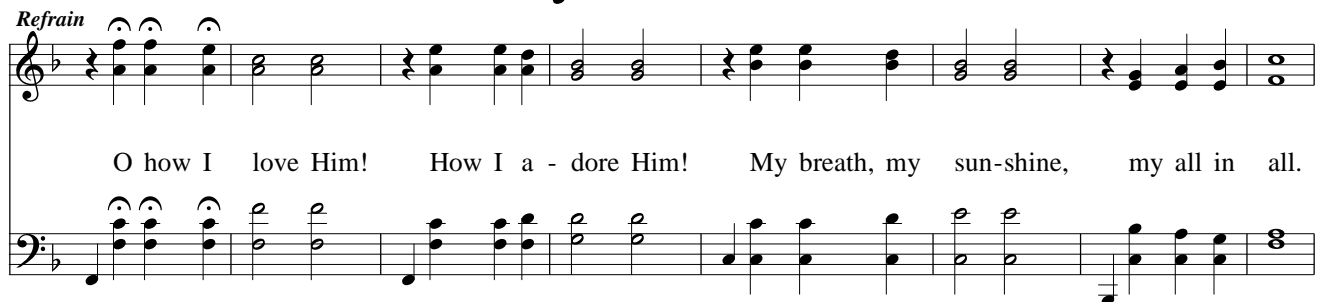


Sav - ior came, And Je - sus was His name. Born in a man - ger,  
dead of night, Not one faint hope in sight, God, gra - cious, ten - der,  
form of man, Re - vealed the hid - den plan, O glor - ious mys - tery

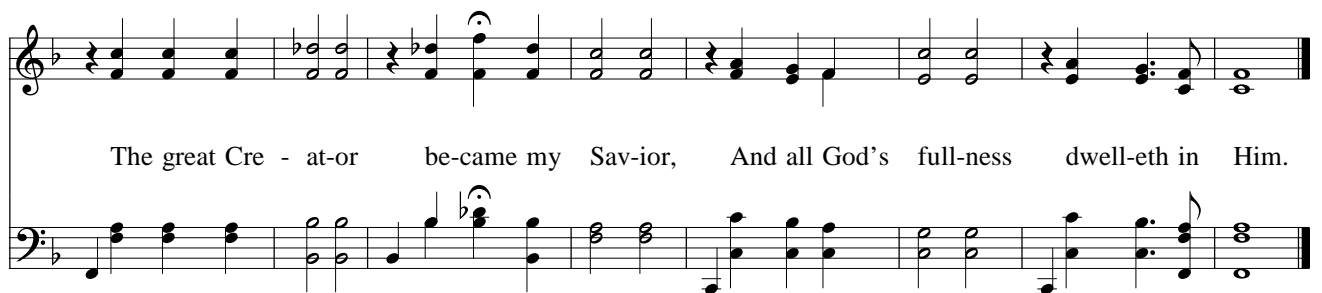


To His own a strang - er, A man of sor - rows, tears and a - go - ny.  
Laid a - side His splen - dor, Stoop - ing to woo, to win, to save my soul.  
Sa - cri - fice of Cal - v'ry, And now I know Thou art the great "I Am."

*Refrain*



O how I love Him! How I a - dore Him! My breath, my sun - shine, my all in all.



The great Cre - at - or be - came my Sav - ior, And all God's full - ness dwell - eth in Him.