From Highest Heaven
Neil Barham, 2008.
Folk spiritual.

The call goes out from highest Heaven,
From that great Voice whose vast decree
Calls out of nothing all creation,
And brings to birth eternity.
"Go down, My Son, go down from Heaven,
Bring My beloved home to Me.
Go find her, lost, abandoned, ruined,
Storm-tossed in sin's relentless sea."

Now speaks the Prince of highest Heaven,
Whose light no seraph can endure
Who owns the glories of the Godhead
By right and title all-secure.
"Yes, I will go, go down from Heaven,
To find our lost, our wand'ring bride,
I'll bring her home, whate'er it cost Me
I'll bring her home, though I must die."

Now see Him plunge from highest Heaven,
Through light-years dark, to virgin's womb,
Enfleshed in dust and human weakness:
A body destined for a tomb.
A long, long way from highest Heaven,
He walks the ground from which He made
The Man whose sons He has come seeking,
The captives Satan has betrayed.

With tears He cries to highest Heaven,
"Lord, let this cup now pass from Me!"
His blood pours down His sweating forehead;
At horror's brink, oh, what He sees!
But He submits to highest Heaven,
"Not Mine, but Thy own will be done."
He rises, strengthened by an angel:
Ahead there's battle to be won.

The mighty wrath of highest Heaven
Falls down upon bright Heaven's Son.
A rage omnipotent and righteous
Burns down upon the chosen One.
The Enemy of highest Heaven
With snarling teeth and slashing claw,
With howls of savage accusation,
Calls down the curses of the Law!

Before the bar of highest Heaven,
The Son of God convicted stands;
My guilty conscience burns within Him
Because my crimes are on His hands.
The sentence falls from highest Heaven,
Unleashing Hell upon His own,
The Second Death consumes the Sacrifice.
So perfect mercy can be shown.

Again the Voice of highest Heaven
Speaks life into a three-days' grave,
And there triumphant, death defeating,1
The God-man comes, mighty to save!

Music resources from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk
For personal educational purposes only

He will return from highest Heaven,
Ten million angels in His train:
He'll claim the blood-bought bride He ransomed,
To love while highest Heav'n remains.

For personal educational purposes only
Music resources from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk