Lo, God is here, let us Adore



Lo, God is here! let us adore, and own how dreadful is this place! Let all within us feel his power, and silent bow before his face: who know his power, his grace who prove, serve him with aw, with reverence love.

Lo, God is here! him day and night united choirs of angels sing; to him, enthroned above all height, heaven's host their noblest praises bring. Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song, who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

Almighty Lord, may this our praise thy courts with grateful fragrance fill still may we stand before thy face, still hear and do thy sovereign will; to thee may all our thoughts arise, ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

Gerhard Tersteegen