

Medical Mission Sisters, Come Down Lord

1. Come down, Lord, my son is ill,
Wracked with fever the livelong day.
He is life to me, if You will
Drive death away, Drive death away

""Chorus""

Lord, do not come to my house, I'm unworthy,
Speak and the promise is sealed.
For when your word, of God is spoken,
He shall be healed, He shall be healed.

2. Come down, Lord, my soul is ill,
Wracked with anguish the livelong day.
All my sorrowing will be still,
If You but say, If You but say.

3. Come down, Lord, the world is ill,
Wracked with bloodshed the livelong day.
Man must struggle for peace until
You show the way, You show the way.