

From Heaven Above to Earth I Come

VOM HIMMEL HOCH (L.M.)

Martin Luther?, *Geistliche Lieder*, Leipzig, 1539

Martin Luther, 1535

tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855



1. "From heav'n a - bove to earth I come To bear good
 2. "To you this night is born a Child Of Ma - ry,
 3. "This is the Christ, our God and Lord, Who in all
 4. "He will on you the gifts be - stow Pre - pared by
 5. "These are the to - kens ye shall mark, The swad - dling
 6. Now let us all, with glad - some cheer, Fol - low the



news to ev - 'ry home; Glad ti - dings of great
 cho - sen vir - gin mild; This lit - tle Child, of
 need shall aid af - ford; He will Him - self your
 God for all be - low; That in His king - dom,
 clothes and man - ger dark; There shall ye find the
 shep - herds and draw near To see this won - drous



joy I bring, Where - of I now will say and sing:
 low - ly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.
 Sav - ior be From all your sins to set you free.
 bright and fair, You may with us His glo - ry share.
 young Child laid, By Whom the heav'ns and earth were made."
 Gift of God, Who hath His own dear Son be - stowed.

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7. Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
 What is it in yon manger lies?
 Who is this Child, so young and fair?
 The blessèd Christ Child lieth there!
8. Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
 Through Whom the sinful world is blest!
 Thou com'st to share my misery,
 What thanks shall I return to Thee?
9. Ah, Lord, Who hast created all,
 How weak art Thou, how poor and small,
 That Thou dost choose Thine infant bed,
 Where humble cattle lately fed!
10. Were earth a thousand times as fair,
 Beset with gold and jewels rare,
 It yet were far to poor to be
 A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.
11. For velvets soft and silken stuff
 Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
 Whereon Thou, King, so rich and great,
 As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.
12. And thus, dear Lord, it pleaseth Thee
 To make this truth quite plain to me,
 That all the world's wealth, honor, might,
 Are naught and worthless in Thy sight.
13. Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
 Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
 Within my heart, that it may be
 A quiet chamber kept for Thee.
14. My heart for very joy doth leap,
 My lips no more can silence keep,
 I too must sing, with joyful tongue,
 That sweetest ancient cradle song.
15. Glory to God in highest heaven,
 Who unto man His Son hath given,
 While angels sing with pious mirth,
 A glad new year to all the earth.