

# From heaven above to earth I come

Leipzig, 1539

Vom Himmel Hoch  
LM

"From heaven above to earth I come  
To bear good news to every home;  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
Whereof I now will say and sing:

"To you this night is born a child  
Of Mary, chosen virgin mild;  
This little child, of lowly birth,  
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

"This is the Christ, our God and Lord,  
Who in all need shall aid afford;  
He will Himself your Savior be  
From all your sins to set you free.

"He will on you the gifts bestow  
Prepared by God for all below,  
That in His kingdom, bright and fair,  
You may with us His glory share.

"These are the tokens ye shall mark:  
The swaddling-clothes and manger dark;  
There ye shall find the Infant laid  
By whom the heavens and earth were made."

Now let us all with gladsome cheer  
Go with the shepherds and draw near  
To see the precious gift of God,  
Who hath His own dear Son bestowed.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!  
What is it in yon manger lies?  
Who is this child, so young and fair?  
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

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?

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!

Were earth a thousand times as fair,  
Beset with gold and jewels rare,  
It yet were far too poor to be  
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

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.

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.

Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,  
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,  
Within my heart, that it may be  
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

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:

Glory to God in highest heaven,  
Who unto us His Son hath given!  
While angels sing with pious mirth  
A glad new year to all the earth.

Martin Luther