From heaven high I come to you







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 mother mild; This little Child, of lowly birth, Shall be the joy of all your earth.

'Tis Christ our God, who far on high Had heard your sad and bitter cry; Himself will your Salvation be, Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings, long ago Prepared by God for all below; Henceforth His kingdom open stands To you, as to the angel bands. These are the tokens ye shall mark: The swaddling-clothes and manger dark: There ye shall find the Infant laid By whom the heav'ns 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.

Welcome to earth, thou noble Guest, Through whom the sinful world is blest! In my distress thou com'st to me; What thanks shall I return to thee?

Martin Luther