

# Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes

Attr. to Martin Luther, 1483-1546  
Arr by J.S. Bach, 1685-1750

Vom Himmel Hoch  
L.M.

**Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!  
What is it in that manger lies?  
Who is the Child so young and fair?  
The blessed Christ Child lieth there.**

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

**Ah, Lord, who hast created all,  
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,  
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed,  
Where ass and ox but lately fed.**

**My heart for very joy doth leap,  
My lips no more can silence keep;  
I, too, must sing, with joyful tongue,  
That sweetest, dearest cradle song.**

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

**Glory to God in highest Heav'n,  
Who unto man His Son has giv'n,  
While angels sing, our hearts to cheer,  
To all the earth a glad new year!**

Martin Luther