

# Saviour of the nations, come

Wittenburg, 1524

Nun Komm, Der Heiden Heiland  
77.77

Savior of the nations, come;  
Virgin's Son, here make Thy home!  
Marvel now, O heaven and earth,  
That the Lord chose such a birth.

Not by human flesh and blood;  
By the Spirit of our God  
Was the Word of God made flesh,  
Woman's offspring, pure and fresh.

Wondrous birth! O wondrous Child  
Of the virgin undefiled!  
Though by all the world disowned,  
Still to be in heaven enthroned.

From the Father forth He came  
And returneth to the same,  
Captive leading death and hell  
High the song of triumph swell!

Thou, the Father's only Son,  
Hast over sin the victory won.  
Boundless shall Thy kingdom be;  
When shall we its glories see?

Brightly doth Thy manger shine,  
Glorious is its light divine.  
Let not sin o'ercloud this light;  
Ever be our faith thus bright.

Praise to God the Father sing,  
Praise to God the Son, our King,  
Praise to God the Spirit be  
Ever and eternally.

Ambrose of Milan