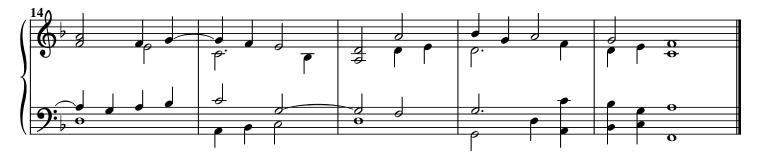
The Only Son from Heaven







The only Son from Heaven, Foretold by ancient seers, By God, the Father, given, In human shape appears; No sphere His light confining, No star so brightly shining As He, our Morning Star.

O time of God appointed, O bright and holy morn! He comes, the King anointed, The Christ, the virgin born; His home on earth He maketh, And man of Heaven partaketh, Of life again an heir. O Lord, our hearts awaken To know and love Thee more, In faith to stand unshaken, In spirit to adore, That we still heavenward hasting, Yet here Thy joy foretasting, May reap its fullness there.

To Father, here before You With God the Holy Ghost, And Jesus, we adore You, O pride of angel host: Before you mortals lowly Cry, "Holy, holy, Holy, O blessed Trinity!"

Elisabethe V. Cruciger

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