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 Lord, our hearts awaken
To know and love Thee more,
In faith to stand unshaken,
In spirit to adore,
That we still heavenward hasting,
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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