

# From Heaven Above To Earth I Come

CHRISTMAS

Words: Martin Luther, 1535. translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1855.  
 Music: 'Vom Himmel Hoch' traditional German from Schumann's *Geistliche Lieder*, Leipzig, 1839.  
 Setting: "Common Service Book" (ULCA), 1917.  
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$\text{♩} = 100$

1. From Heaven a - bove to earth I come, To bear good news to ev - ery home;  
 2. To you, this night, is born a Child Of Ma - ry, cho - sen mo - ther mild;  
 3. 'Tis Christ our God, Who far on high Had heard your sad and bit - ter cry;  
 4. He brings those bless - ings long a - go Pre - pared by God for all be - low;  
 5. These are the to - kens ye shall mark, The swadd - ling clothes and man - ger dark;

Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring, Where - of I now will say and sing.  
 This ten - der Child of low - ly birth, Shall be the joy of all your earth.  
 Him - self will your Sal - va - tion be, Him - self from sin will make you free.  
 That in His heaven - ly king - dom blest You may with us for - ev - er rest.  
 There shall ye find the young Child laid, By Whom the heav'ns and earth were made.

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| <p>6. Now let us all, with gladsome cheer,<br/>                 Follow the shepherds, and draw near<br/>                 To see this wondrous Gift of God,<br/>                 Who hath His own dear Son bestowed.</p> <p>7. Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!<br/>                 What is it in yon manger lies?<br/>                 Who is this Child, so young and fair?<br/>                 The blessèd Christ Child lieth there!</p> <p>8. Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,<br/>                 Through Whom e'en wicked men are blest!<br/>                 Thou com'st to share our misery,<br/>                 What can we render, Lord, to Thee!</p> <p>9. Ah, Lord, Who hast created all,<br/>                 How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,<br/>                 To lie upon the coarse dry grass,<br/>                 The food of humble ox and ass.</p> <p>10. Were earth a thousand times as fair,<br/>                 Beset with gold and jewels rare,<br/>                 She yet were far too poor to be<br/>                 A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.</p> | <p>11. For velvets soft and silken stuff<br/>                 Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,<br/>                 Whereon Thou King, so rich and great,<br/>                 As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.</p> <p>12. Thus hath it pleased Thee to make plain<br/>                 The truth to us, poor fools and vain,<br/>                 That this world's honor, wealth and might<br/>                 Are naught and worthless in Thy sight.</p> <p>13. Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,<br/>                 Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,<br/>                 Here in my poor heart's inmost shrine,<br/>                 That I may evermore be Thine.</p> <p>14. My heart for very joy doth leap,<br/>                 My lips no more can silence keep,<br/>                 I too must sing, with joyful tongue,<br/>                 That sweetest ancient cradle song.</p> <p>15. Glory to God in highest Heaven,<br/>                 Who unto man His Son hath given,<br/>                 While angels sing, with pious mirth,<br/>                 A glad New Year to all the earth.</p> |
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This hymn was written by Martin Luther to teach his 3 year old son about Christmas, and became a part of the Luther family Christmas tradition. One of the adults would dress up as an angel and sing the first 5 verses to the family. The rest of the family would sing verses 6 through 15.