

From Heaven Above to Earth I Come

Vom Himmel Hoch

Martin Luther, 1483-1546;
tr. Catherin Winkworth, 1827-1878, alt.

Geistliche lieder, Leipzig, 1539;
ed. Valten Schumann,
setting: *The Lutheran Hymnal*, 1941

1. From heav'n a - bove to earth I come To bear good news to ev - 'ry home; Glad
2. "To you this night is born a child Of Mar - y, cho - sen vir - gin mild; This
3. "This is the Christ, our God Most High, Who hears your sad and bit - ter cry; He
4. "He will on you the gifts be - stow Pre - pared by God for all be - low, That
5. "These are the signs that you shall mark: The swad - dling clothes and man - ger dark. There

tid - ings of great joy I bring, Where - of I now will say__ and sing:
lit - tle child of low - ly birth Shall be the joy of all__ the earth.
will Him - self your Sav - ior be From all your sins to set__ you free.
in His king - dom, bright and fair, You may with us His glo - ry share.
you will find the in - fant laid By whom the heav'ns and earth__ were made."

The angels have just delivered their message of the good news of Jesus's birth.

Now the shepherds respond and we hear what this birth means for all the earth.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 6. How glad we'll be to find it so!
Then with the shepherds let us go
to see what God for us has done
In sending us His own dear Son. | 11. Instead of soft and silken stuff
You have but hay and straw so rough
On which as King, so rich and great,
To be enthroned in royal state. |
| 7. Come here, my friends, lift up your eyes,
And see what in the manger lies.
Who is this child, so young and fair?
It is the Christ Child lying there. | 12. And so it pleases You to see
This simple truth revealed to me:
That worldly honor, wealth, and might
Are weak and worthless in Your sight. |
| 8. Welcome to earth, O noble Guest,
Through whom the sinful world is blest!
You came to share my misery
That You might share Your joy with me. | 13. Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Prepare a bed, soft, undefiled,
A quiet chamber set apart
For You to dwell within my heart. |
| 9. Ah, Lord, though You created all,
How weak You are, so poor and small,
That You should choose to lay Your head
Where lowly cattle lately fed! | 14. My heart for very joy must leap;
My lips no more can silence keep.
I, too, must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradlesong: |
| 10. Were earth a thousand times as fair
And set with gold and jewels rare,
It would be far too poor and small
A cradle for the Lord of all. | 15. Glory to God in highest heav'n,
Who unto us His Son has giv'n!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth. |

Text and music are in the public domain.

Notation and lyric editing copyright Shepherd of the Hills Lutheran Church.

Permission granted to copy this for non-commercial use.