

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

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.