

LSB 358 From Heaven Above to Earth I Come

LSB 358

Verse 1

1 "From heav'n above to earth I come
to bear good news to ev'ry home:
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing:

Verse 2

2 "To you this night is born a child
Of Mary chosen virgin mild;
This little child of lowly birth
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

Verse 3

3 "This is the Christ, our God Most High,
Who hears your sad and bitter cry;
He will Himself your Savior be
From all your sins to set you free.

Verse 4

4 "He will on you the gifts bestow
Prepared by God for all below,
That in His kingdom, bright and fair,
You may with us His glory share.

Verse 5

5 "These are the signs that you shall mark:
The swaddling clothes and manger dark.
There you will find the infant laid
By whom the heav'ns and earth were made."

Verse 6

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.

Verse 7

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.

Verse 8

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.

Verse 9

9 Ah, Lord, thou You created all,
How weak You are, so poor and small,
That You should choose to lay Your head
Where lowly cattle lately fed!

Verse 10

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.

Verse 11

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.

Verse 12

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.

Verse 13

13 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Prepare a bed, soft, undefiled,
A quiet chamber set apart
For You to dwell within my heart.

Verse 14

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:

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Verse 15

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.