

From Heaven Above to Earth I Come



1. "From Heav'n a-bove to earth I come To bear good news to ev-'ry home;
2. "To you this night is born a Child Of Ma-ry, cho-sen vir-gin mild;
3. *"This is the Christ, our God and Lord, Who in all need shall aid af-ford;*
4. "He will on you the gifts be-stow Pre-pared by God for all be-low;
5. "These are the to-kens ye shall mark, The swaddling clothes and manger dark;



Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring, Where-of I now will say and sing:
This lit-tle Child, of low-ly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.
He will Him-self your Sav-ior be, From all your sins to set you free.
That in His king-dom, bright and fair, You may with us His glo-ry share.
There shall ye find the young Child laid, By whom the heav'ns and earth were made."



From Heaven Above to Earth I Come

Cont'd

6. Now let us all, with glad-some cheer, Fol - low the shep - herds and draw near
 7. Give heed, my heart; lift up thine eyes! What is it in yon man - ger lies?
8. Wel - come to earth, Thou no - ble guest Through whom the sin - ful world is blest!
 9. Ah, Lord, who hast cre - a - ted all, How weak art Thou, how poor and small,
 10. Were earth a thou-sand times as fair, Be - set with gold and jew - els rare,

To see this won-drous gift of God, Who hath His own dear Son be-stowed.
 Who is this Child, so young and fair? The bless-ed Christ Child li - eth there!
Thou com'st to share my mis - er - y; What thanks shall I re - turn to Thee?
 That Thou dost choose Thine in - fant bed, Where hum - ble cat - tle late - ly fed!
 It yet were far too poor to be A nar - row cra - dle, Lord, for Thee.

From Heaven Above to Earth I Come

Cont'd



11. For vel-vets soft and silk - en stuff Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
 12. And thus, dear Lord, it pleas-eth Thee To make this truth quite plain to me
 13. *Ah, dear-est Je - sus, ho - ly Child,* *Make Thee a bed, soft, un - de - filed*
 14. My heart for ver - y joy doth leap; My lips no more can si - lence keep;
 15. Glo - ry to God in high-est heav'n, Who un - to man His Son hath giv'n,



Where-on Thou, King, so rich and great, As 'twere Thy heav'n, art throned in state.
 That all the world's wealth, hon-or, might Are naught and worth-less in Thy sight.
With - in my heart that it may be *A qui - et cham - ber kept for Thee.*
 I too must sing, with joy-ful tongue That sweet-est an - cient cra - dle song.
 While an - gels sing with pi-ous mirth A glad new year to all the earth.

