

*I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.* Rev. 22:16

WIE SCHÖN LEUCHTET DER MORGENSTERN

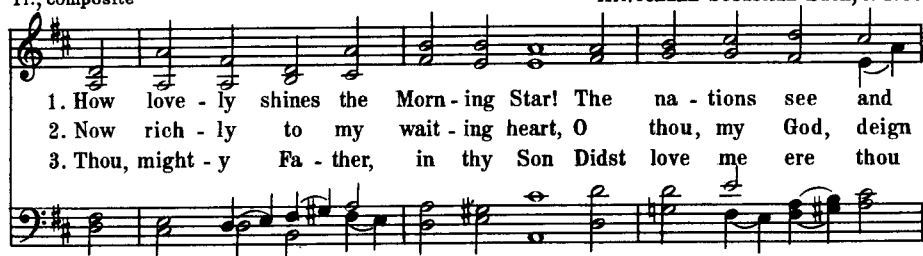
8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 4. 4. 4. 4. 8.

Philipp Nicolai, 1597

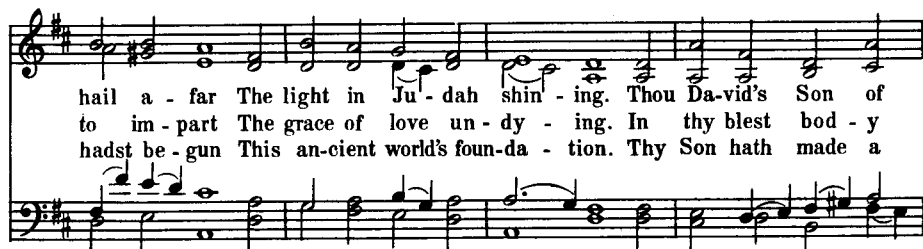
Tr., composite

Philipp Nicolai, 1599

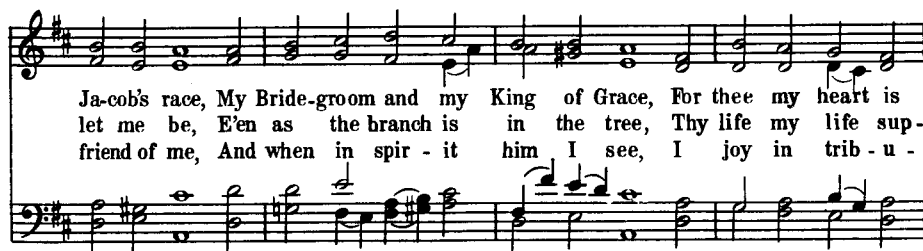
Arr. Johann Sebastian Bach, c. 1780



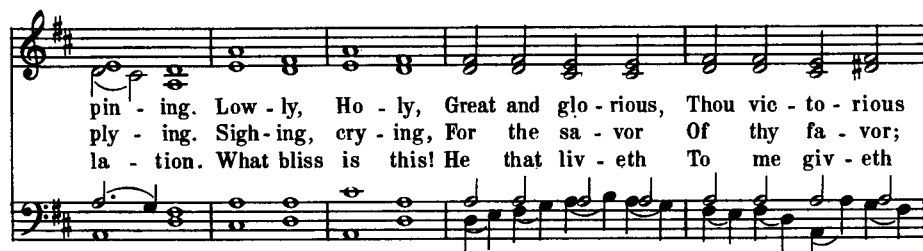
1. How love - ly shines the Morn - ing Star! The na - tions see and  
 2. Now rich - ly to my wait - ing heart, O thou, my God, deign  
 3. Thou, might - y Fa - ther, in thy Son Didst love me ere thou



hail a - far The light in Ju - dah shin - ing. Thou Da - vid's Son of  
 to im - part The grace of love un - dy - ing. In thy blest bod - y  
 hadst be - gun This an - cient world's foun - da - tion. Thy Son hath made a



Ja - cob's race, My Bride - groom and my King of Grace, For thee my heart is  
 let me be, E'en as the branch is in the tree, Thy life my life sup -  
 friend of me, And when in spir - it him I see, I joy in trib - u -



pin - ing. Low - ly, Ho - ly, Great and glo - rious, Thou vic - to - rious  
 ply - ing. Sigh - ing, cry - ing, For the sa - vor Of thy fa - vor;  
 la - tion. What bliss is this! He that liv - eth To me giv - eth



Prince of grac - es, Fill - ing all the heav'n - ly plac - es.  
 Rest - ing nev - er Till I rest in thee for ev - er.  
 Life for ev - er; Noth - ing me from him can sev - er. A - MEN.