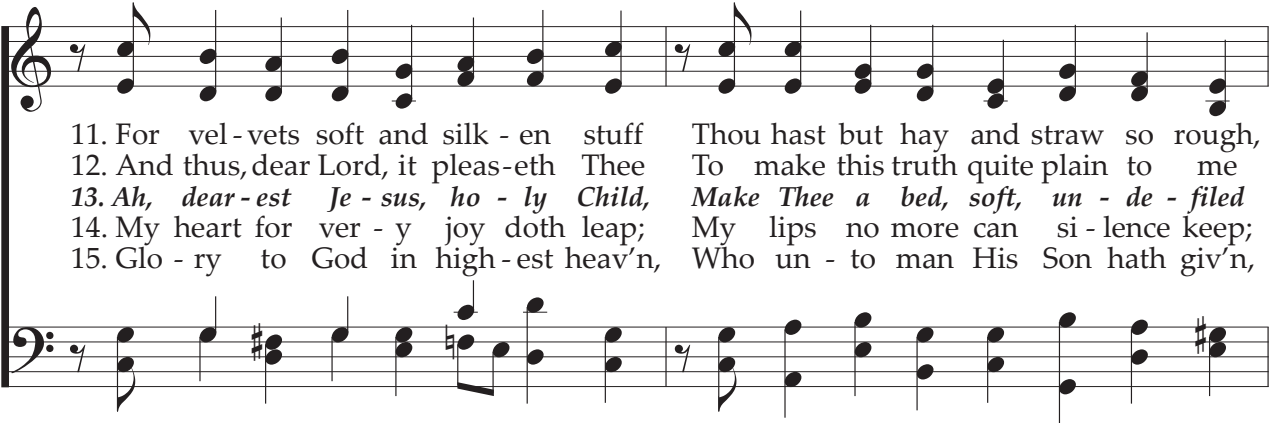


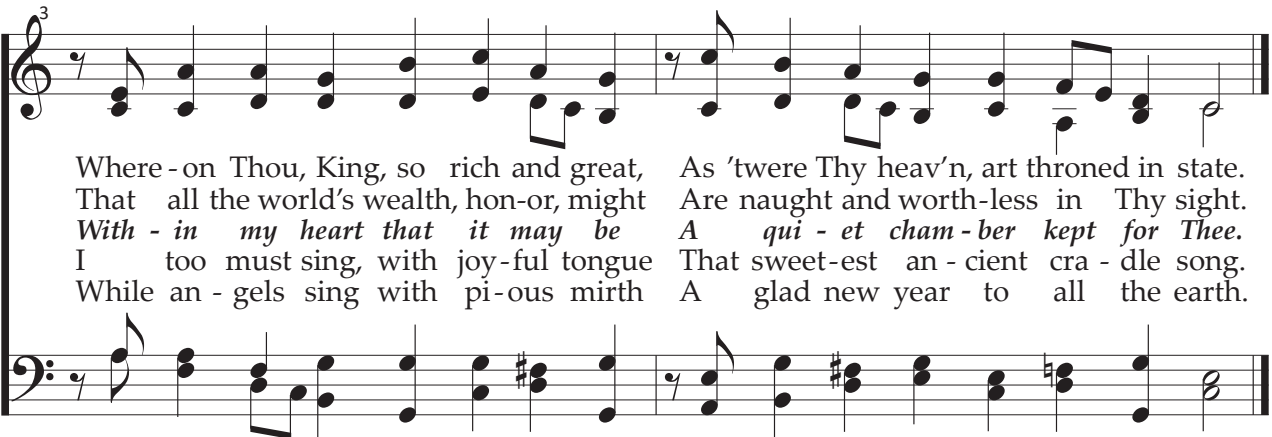
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From Heaven Above to Earth I Come

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.

Music: *Geistliche Lieder*, Leipzig, 1539; attr. Martin Luther (1483–1546)
 Text: Martin Luther, 1535; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855

VOM HIMMEL HOCH
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