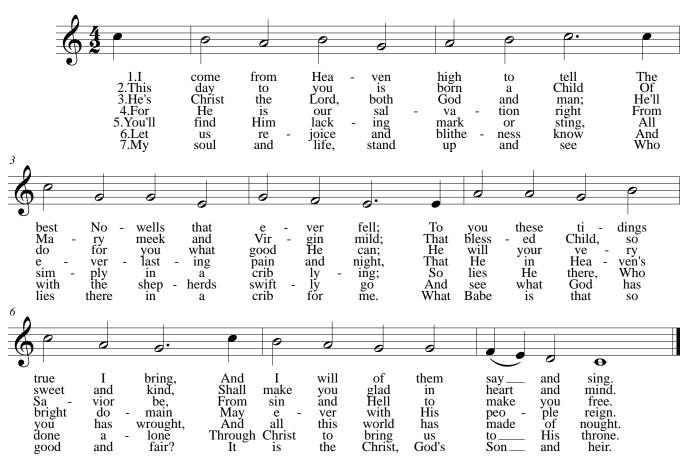
I Come from Heuin to Tell

(Vom Himmel hoch, da komm ich her)

Scots lyrics by James, John, and Robert Wedderburn (1567)

Martin Luther (1483-1546)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)



- 8. Now welcome, gracious God of might, To sinners vile, who left the right; You came to save us from distress: How can we thank Your gentleness?
- 9. O God Who all creation made, What purest thought did You persuade On hay and straw to lie there now Among the oxen, ass, and cow?
- 10. And were the world ten times so wide And clothed with gold and stones of pride, Unworthy, it would be not be meet To be the stool beneath Your feet.
- 11. Like silk and sendal, in Your view, Are swaddling clothes and hay to You, Wherein You glory, King ordained, As You in highest Heaven reigned.

- 12. This torment for a time You wore To make me rich forevermore: For all this world's own wealth and good Attain Your greatness never could.
- 13. O my dear Jesus, sweet and whole, Prepare Your cradle in my soul, And I shall rock You in my heart, And never more from You depart.
- 14. But I shall praise You evermore, In songs Your glory to adore; The knees of my heart shall I bow, Sing lullaby, balulalow.
- 15. All praise to God eternally, Who gave His only Son for me; Rejoice the angels when they hear The gracious gift of this new year.