

From Heaven Above to Earth I Come

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: VOM HIMMEL HOCH

| d' | t - l - t - s - | l - t - d' - _ d' |
From Heaven above to earth I come, To

| d' - s - s - m - | s - f - m - _ m |
bear good news to every home; Glad

| l - l - s - t - | d' - l - s - _ d' |
tidings of great joy I bring, Where-

| t - l - s - s - | f m r - d - |
of I now will say and sing.

The other verses

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| <p>2 To you, this night, is born a Child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This tender Child of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.</p> <p>3 'Tis Christ our God, Who far on high
Had heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your Salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free.</p> <p>4 He brings those blessings long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
That in His heavenly kingdom blest
You may with us forever rest.</p> <p>5 These are the tokens ye shall mark,
The swaddling clothes and manger dark;
There shall ye find the young Child laid,
By Whom the heav'ns and earth were made.</p> <p>6 Now let us all, with gladsome cheer,
Follow the shepherds, and draw near
To see this wondrous Gift of God,
Who hath His own dear Son bestowed.</p> <p>7 Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
What is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this Child, so young and fair?
The blessed Christ Child lieth there!</p> | <p>8 Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through Whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery,
What can we render, Lord, to Thee!</p> <p>9 Ah, Lord, Who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
To lie upon the coarse dry grass,
The food of humble ox and ass.</p> <p>10 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.</p> <p>11 For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon Thou King, so rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.</p> <p>12 Thus hath it pleased Thee to make plain
The truth to us, poor fools and vain,
That this world's honor, wealth and might
Are naught and worthless in Thy sight.</p> <p>13 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Here in my poor heart's inmost shrine,
That I may evermore be Thine.</p> |
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From Heaven Above to Earth I Come (continued)

14 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep,
I too must sing, with joyful tongue,
That sweetest ancient cradle song.

15 Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given,
While angels sing, with pious mirth,
A glad New Year to all the earth.

Melody and words from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune VOM HIMMEL HOCH (From Schumann's Geistliche Lieder, Leipzig, 1539); words by Martin Luther (1483–1546); translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827–1878). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.