

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)

1. I come from Heu - ven high to tell The
 2. This day from you is - born a Child Of
 3. He's Christ the Lord, both God and man; He'll
 4. For He is our sal - va - tion right From
 5. You'll find Him lack - ing mark - or sting, All
 6. Let us re - joice and blithe - ness know And
 7. My soul and life, stand up and see Who

3
 best No - wells that e - ver fell; To you these ti - dings
 Ma - ry meek and Vir - gin mild; That bless - ed Child, so
 do - for you what good He can; He will - ve - ry
 e - ver - last - ing pain and night, That He in Hea - ven's
 sim - ply in a crib ly - ing; So lies He there, Who
 with the shep - herds a swift - ly go - me. And see what God has
 lies there in a crib for me. What Babe is that so

6
 true I bring, And I will of them say — and sing.
 sweet and kind, Shall make you glad in heart and mind.
 Sa - vior be, From sin and Hell to make you free.
 bright do - main wrought, May e - ver with His to - ple reign.
 you has a - lone, Through Christ to the world has made of nought.
 done a - lone, Through Christ to the world has made of nought.
 good and fair? It is the Christ, God's Son — and heir.

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, balulalaw.

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.