

From heaven above to earth I come

From heaven above to earth I come  
to bear good news to every home;  
glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
whereof I now will say and sing.

To you this night is born a child  
of Mary, chosen mother mild;  
this little Child, of lowly birth,  
shall be the joy of all the earth.

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, to thee.

Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,  
make thee a bed, soft undefiled,  
within my heart, that it may be  
a quiet chamber kept for thee.

'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.

Welcome to earth, thou noble Guest,  
through whom e'en wicked men are blessed!  
Thou com'st to share our misery;  
what can we render, Lord, to thee?