

# Luther's carol

Christmas traditional

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1. "From high - est Heaven I come to tell The glad - dest news that e'er be - fell:

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These tid - ings true to you I bring, And of them I will say and sing.

2. "To you this day is born a Child,  
Of Mary, chosen Virgin mild:  
That blessed Child, so sweet and kind  
Shall give you joy and peace of mind.
3. "'Tis Christ our Lord and God indeed,  
Your help and stay in every need:  
Himself your Saviour He will be,  
From sin and death to set you free.
4. "All blessedness to you He bears,  
Which God the Father's love prepares:  
The Heavenly Kingdom ye shall gain,  
And now and ever with us reign.
5. "Now hear the sign, and mark with care  
The swaddling clothes and crib so bare;  
There shall ye find this Infant laid  
Who all the world upholds and made."
6. Then let us all our gladness shew,  
And with the joyful shepherds go,  
To see what God for us has done,  
And given with His glorious Son.
7. Awake, my soul, my hearth behold  
Who lieth in that manger cold,  
Who is that lovely Baby-Boy?  
'Tis Jesus Christ, our only joy.
8. Now, welcome, ever-blessed Guest,  
To sinful souls with guilt opprest;  
In mercy come to our distress!  
How can we thank Thy gentleness?
9. Ah! Lord, who all things didst create,  
How cam'st Thou to this poor estate,  
To make the hay and straw Thy bed,  
Whereon the ass and ox are fed?
10. Nay, were the world ten times so wide,  
With gold and gems on every side,  
Yet were it all too small to be  
And narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.
11. Thy samite and Thy silk array  
Are swathing-bands and coarsest hay,  
Whereon Thou shinest, King most bright,  
As though Thou sat'st in heavenly light.
12. And all this woe hath come to Thee,  
That Thou might'st shew the truth to me;  
For all the goods and gifts of earth,  
To Thee are vile and nothing worth.
13. Ah! Jesus, my heart's treasure blest,  
Make Thee a clean, soft cradle-nest;  
And rest and dwell within my heart,  
That I from Thee may never part.
14. So shall I evermore rejoice,  
And bounding sing, with heart and voice,  
A lullaby which Thou wilt own,  
The spirit's song of sweetest tone.
15. To God on high all glory be,  
Who gave His only Son for me;  
For which the Angels carol clear,  
And sing us such a glad New Year.