From Heaven Above

In flowing style

1. From heav'n above to earth I come To bear good news to ev'ry home;
2. To you this night is born a child Of Mar'y, choosen moth'er mild;
3. Were earth a thousand times as fair, Be set with gold and jew'ls rare,
4. Ah, dear-est Je-sus, Ho-ly Child, Make Thee a bed, soft un-de-filed,
5. "Glo-ry to God in high-est heav'n, Who un-to man His Son hath giv'n,"

Glad tid-ings of great joy I bring, Where-of I now will say and sing.
This lit-tle child, of low-ly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.
She yet were far too poor to be A nar-row cra-dle, Lord, to Thee.
With-in my heart, that it may be A qui-et cham-ber kept for Thee.
While an-gels sing with pi-ous mirth A glad new year to all the earth.