

“From heav’n above to earth I come  
To bear good news to ev’ry home;  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
Where-of 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.

Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,  
Prepare a bed, soft, undefiled  
Within my heart, made clean and new,  
A quiet chamber kept for you.

My heart for very joy doth leap;  
My lips no more can silence keep.  
I, too, must raise with joyous tongue  
That sweetest ancient cradle song:

Glory to God in highest heav’n,  
Who unto man his Son hath giv’n!  
While angels sing with pious mirth  
A glad new year to all the earth.