

Martin Luther  
Trans. Catherine Winkworth

Waltham, L.M.

Jean Baptiste Calkin

1. Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes: Who is it  
2. Ah, Lord, who hast cre - at - ed all, How hast Thou  
3. Were earth a thou - sand times as fair, Be - set with  
4. Ah, dear - est Je - sus, ho - ly Child, Make Thee a

in yon man - ger lies? Who is this Child so  
made Thee weak and small, That Thou must choose Thy  
gold and jew - els rare, She yet were far too  
bed, soft, un - de - filed, With - in my heart, that

young and fair? The bless - ed Christ Child li - eth there.  
in - fant bed Where ass and ox but late - ly fed!  
poor to be A nar - row cra - dle, Lord, for Thee.  
it may be A qui - et cham - ber kept for Thee.

5. My heart for very joy doth leap,  
My lips no more their silence keep;  
I too must sing with joyful tongue  
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:

6. 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.