

From Starry Skies Thou Comest

(Tu scendi dalle stelle)

www.singing-bell.com

From starry skies des - cending Thou co - mest, glo - rious King A manger low Thy bed —

8 In win - ter's i - cy sting — A man - ger ow Thy bed — In win - ter's i - cy

13 sting O — my dear - ets Child most ho - ly Shudd' ring, tremb - ling in — the cold — Great

18 God Thou lo - vest me! — What suff' ring Thou didst bear — That I near Thee might

23 be, — What suff' ring Thou didst bear — That I near Thee — might be! —

From Starry Skies Thou Comest

(Tu scendi dalle stelle)

1. From starry skies descending,
Thou comest, glorious King,
A manger low Thy bed,
In winter's icy sting;

O my dearest Child most holy,
Shudd'ring, trembling in the cold!
Great God, Thou lovest me!
What suff'ring Thou didst bear,
That I near Thee might be!



2. Thou art the world's Creator,
God's own and true Word,
Yet here no robe, no fire
For Thee, Divine Lord.

Dearest, fairest, sweetest Infant,
Dire this state of poverty.
The more I care for Thee,
Since Thou, o Love Divine,
Will'st now so poor to be

