

402 The Only Son from Heaven



1 The on - ly Son from heav - en, Fore - told by an - cient seers,
2 O time of God ap - point - ed, O bright and ho - ly morn!
3 O Lord, our hearts a - wak - en To know and love You more,
△ 4 O Fa - ther, here be - fore You With God the Ho - ly Ghost



By God the Fa - ther giv - en, In hu - man form ap - pears.
He comes, the king a - noint - ed, The Christ, the vir - gin - born,
In faith to stand un - shak - en, In spir - it to a - dore,
And Je - sus, we a - dore You, O pride of an - gel host:



No sphere His light con - fin - ing, No star so bright - ly
Grim death to van - quish for us, To o - pen heav'n be -
That we, through this world mov - ing, Each glimpse of heav - en
Be - fore You mor - tals low - ly Cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly,



shin - ing As He, our Morn - ing Star.
fore us And bring us life a - gain.
prov - ing, May reap its full - ness there.
ho - ly, O bless - ed Trin - i - ty!"