Eternal Source, Whence All Did Spring 279

1. Eternal Source, whence all did spring,  
   almighty and all-glorious King,  
   the whole creation's Head and Lord,  
   by all in heav'n and earth adored;  
   Lord, whom high heav'n cannot contain,  
   you as a lowly infant came,  
   and left your throne in heav'n above,  
   O myst'ry deep, O boundless love.
2. What off'ring shall I bring to you,  
   Immanuel, my Savior true,  
   who did agree a man to be  
   and by your blood set sinners free?  
   Lord, angels sang, proclaimed your birth:  
   "Goodwill to all, and peace on earth!"  
   The sages gave you gifts most rare;  
   their finest treasure was your share.
3. This will I do, O Child Divine,  
   I'll give you all I hold as mine;  
   my soul, my body, Lord, are yours,  
   and all the gifts your love outpours.  
   My humble off'rings now receive,  
   and through your grace, Lord, let me live  
   in faithfulness through all my days,  
   and join in heaven's ceaseless praise.

TEXT: John Tšltschig (1746), paraphrased

TUNE: Herrnhut (c. 1735); C. Gregor Choralbuch (1784)

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