

All My Heart This Night Rejoices

(also known as All My Heart Again Rejoices)

CHRISTMAS

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1656. Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1858.
 Music: 'Ebeling' or 'Bonn' or 'Warum Sollt Ich' or 'All My Heart This Night' Johann Georg Ebeling, 1666.
 Setting: "Chorale Book For England", 1863.
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♩ = 140

1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, Far and near,
 2. For it dawns, - the pro - mised mor - row Of His birth Who the earth
 3. Yea, so tru - - ly for us car - - eth, That His Son All we've done
 4. Hark! a voice from yon - der man - ger, Soft and sweet, Doth en - treat,
 5. Come then, let us has - ten yon - der; Here let all, Great and small,

Sweet - est an - gel voi - - ces; "Christ is born," their choirs are
 Res - cued from her sor - - row. God to wear our form de -
 As our off'r - ing bear - - eth; As our Lamb who, dy - ing
 "Flee from woe and dan - - ger; Breth - ren come, from all doth
 Kneel in awe and won - - der. Love Him who with love is

sing - - ing, Till the air Ev'r - y - where Now with joy is ring - - ing.
 scen - - e, Of His grace To our race Here His Son He lend - - eth:
 for us, Bears our load, And to God Doth in peace re - store us.
 grieve you You are freed, All you need I will sure - ly give you."
 yearn - - ing; Hail the Star That from far Bright with hope is burn - - ing!

6. Ye who pine in weary sadness, Weep no more, For the door
 Now is found of gladness. Cling to Him for He will guide you
 Where no cross, Pain or loss, Can again betide you.
7. Hither come, ye heavy- hearted, Who for sin Deep within,
 Long and sore have smarted; For the poison'd wounds you're feeling
 Help is near, One is here Mighty for their healing!
8. Hither come, ye poor and wretched; Know His will Is to fill
 Every hand outstretched; Here are riches without measure,
 Here forget All regret, Fill your hearts with treasure.
9. Blessed Savior, let me find Thee! Keep Thou me Close to Thee,
 Cast me not behind Thee! Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
 Calm I rest On Thy breast, All this void Thou fillest.
10. Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish, Live to Thee, And with Thee
 Dying, shall not perish; But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
 Far on high In the joy That can alter never.