

Dear Christians, One and All Rejoice

JUSTIFICATION

Words: Martin Luther, 1523. Translated by Richard Massie, 1854, alt.
 Music: 'Nun Freut Euch' attr. Martin Luther from *Etlich Christlich Lider*, Wittenberg, 1524.

Setting: Johann Hermann Schein, 1627.

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♩ = 140

1. Dear Christ - ians, one and all re - joice, With ex - ul - ta - tion spring - ing,
 2. Fast bound in Sa - tan's chains I lay. Death brood - ed dark - ly o'er me;
 3. My good works could a - vail me naught, For they with sin were stain - éd;
 4. God saw, in his e - ter - nal grace, My sor - row out of mea - sure;
 5. He spake to his be - lov - ed Son: 'Tis time to take com - pass - ion;

And with u - - ni - ted heart and voice And ho - ly rap - ture sing - ing,
 Sin was my tor - ment night and day, There - in my mo - ther bore me.
 Free - will a - - gainst God's judg - ment fought, And dead to good re - - main - éd.
 He thought u - - pon his ten - der - - ness To save was his good pleas - ure.
 Then go, bright je - wel of my crown, And bring to man sal - - va - - tion;

Pro - claim the won - ders God hath done, How his right arm the
 Deep - er and deep - er still I fell, Life was be - come a
 Grief drove me to des - pair, and I Had no - thing left me
 He turn'd to me a Fa - ther's heart - Not small the cost to
 From sin and sor - row set him free, Slay bit - ter death for

vic - t'ry won; Right dear - ly it hath cost him.
 li - - ving hell, So firm - ly sin po - sessed me.
 but to die, To hell I fast was sink - - - ing.
 heal my smart He gave his best and dear - - - est.
 him, that he May live with thee for - - ev - - er.

6. The Son delighted to obey, And born of Virgin mother,
Awhile on this low earth did stay That he might be my brother.
His mighty power he hidden bore,
A servant's form like mine he wore, To bind the devil captive.
7. To me he spake : cling fast to me, Thou'lt win a triumph worthy:
I wholly give myself for thee, I strive and wrestle for thee;
For I am thine, thou mine also;
And where I am thou art. The foe Shall never more divide us.
8. For he shall shed my precious blood, Me of my life bereaving;
All this I suffer for thy good; Be steadfast and believing.
My life from death the day shall win,
My righteousness shall bear thy sin, So art thou blest forever.
9. Now to my Father I depart, From earth to heaven ascending;
Thence heavenly wisdom to impart, The Holy Spirit sending.
He shall in trouble comfort thee,
Teach thee to know and follow me, And to the truth conduct thee.
10. What I have done and taught, do thou To do and teach endeavor;
So shall my kingdom flourish now, And God be praised forever.
Take heed lest men with base alloy
The heavenly treasure should destroy. This counsel I bequeath thee.