

All my heart this night rejoices

All my heart this night rejoices,
as I hear,
far and near,
sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air,
everywhere,
now with joy is ringing.

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
soft and sweet,
doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;
brethren, come; from all that grieves you
you are freed;
all you need
I will surely give you."

Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
here let all,
great and small,
kneel in awe and wonder,
love him Who with love is yearning;
hail the star
that from far
bright with hope is burning.

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.