

All My Heart This Night Rejoices  
Paul Gerhardt, 1653.  
Johann Ebeling, 1666.

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 their joy is ringing.

For it dawns, the promised morrow  
Of His birth, who the earth rescues from her sorrow.  
God to wear our form descendeth;  
Of His grace to our race here His Son He sendeth.

Yea, so truly for us careth,  
That His Son, all we've done, as our offering beareth;  
As our Lamb who, dying for us,  
Bears our load, and to God, doeth in peace restore us.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Forth today the Conqueror goeth,  
Who the foe, sin and woe, death and hell, o'erthroweth.  
God is man, man to deliver;  
His dear Son now is one with our blood forever.

Shall we still dread God's displeasure,  
Who, to save, freely gave His most cherished Treasure?  
To redeem us, He hath given  
His own Son from the throne of His might in Heaven.

Should He who Himself imparted  
Aught withhold from the fold, leave us broken hearted?  
Should the Son of God not love us,

If our blessed Lord and Maker  
Hated men, would He then be of flesh partaker?  
If He in our woe delighted,  
Would He bear all the care of our race benighted?

He becomes the Lamb that taketh  
Sin away and for aye full atonement maketh.  
For our life His own He tenders  
And our race, by His grace, meet for glory renders.