

All My Heart with Joy Is Springing  
Paul Gerhardt, 1653.  
Johann Ebeling, 1666.

All my heart with joy is springing,  
While in air everywhere  
Angel choirs are singing.  
Hear them to the shepherds telling:  
"Christ is born! On this morn  
God with man is dwelling."

To this lower world descendeth,  
From above, He whose love  
All our sorrows endeth.  
He who breath and being gave us,  
Quits the skies, lives and dies  
In our flesh to save us.

Christ our Lamb so meek and loving  
Dries our tears, calms our fears,  
All our sins removing;  
Christ our Lamb, who suffers with us;  
He can quell death and hell,  
And to peace restore us.

Hark, from yon dark manger lowly,  
Breezes soft seem to waft  
Gentle words and holy:  
"Sigh no more, away with sadness  
Brethren dear; I am here,  
Bringing hope and gladness."

Come ye now, and kneel before Him;  
Mortals all, great and small,  
Worship and adore Him:  
Love your King, whose love invites you:  
Lo, His star from afar  
To His dwelling lights you.

Ye, whom galling want oppresses  
Here ye find comfort kind,  
Balm for your distresses:  
Noblest treasures here are given;  
Riches true wait for you  
Poor of Christ, in Heaven.

Ye who strive with fierce temptation,  
Sorrow-stung, conscience-wrung,  
Here is consolation:  
For the woes which men inherit  
Christ can feel, Christ will heal  
Every wounded spirit.

Kind Redeemer, knit Thee to us;  
Quelling sin, reign within,  
With Thy grace renew us:  
Make us Thine by true repentance;  
Let us hear, free from fear,  
Lord, Thy final sentence.

Ours be Thy pure love, O Savior,  
Ours Thy faith, strong in death,

Ours Thy meek behavior;  
Here let us, on Thee depending,  
In Thee die, with Thee fly  
To the bliss unending.