

# All my heart this night rejoices

*Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen*

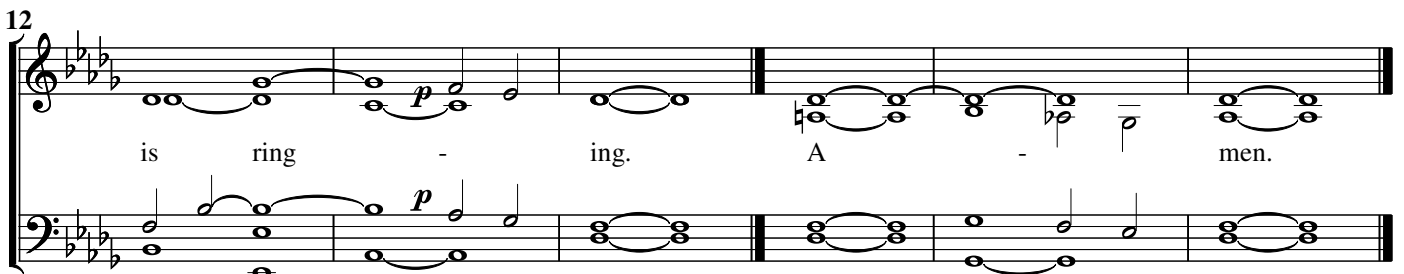
A. Esmond



1. All my heart this night re-joic-es, As I hear, far and near, Sweet-est an-gel voices;



7 *cresc.* "Christ is born!" their choirs are sing-ing, Till the air ev - 'ry where, Now with joy *dim.*



12 is ring - ing. A - men.

2. 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 lendeth.

3. 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  
Here your Saviour gives you.

4. 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. Amen.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)