

All My Heart This Night Rejoices

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: EBELING

| d - - - r - - - | m - - - - - r - |
All my heart this

| m - s - l - - - | s - - - - - - - |
night rejoy- ces,

| s - l - f - - - | f - s - m - - - |
As I hear, Far and near,

| m - s - f - m - | r - - - d - - - |
Sweetest angel voices;

| s - - - f - - - | m - - - - - r - |
"Christ is born," their

| d - t, - l, - - - | s, - - - - - - - |
choirs are sing- ing,

| s - l - f - - - | f - s - m - - - |
Till the air Ev'rywhere

| m - r - f - m - | r - - - d - - - |
Now with joy is ringing.

The other verses

- 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 Yea, so truly for us careth,
That His Son
All we've done
As our off'ring beareth;
As our Lamb who, dying for us,
Bears our load,
And to God
Doth in peace restore us.
- 4 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren come, from all doth grieve you
You are freed,
All you need
I will surely give you."
- 5 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!

All My Heart This Night Rejoices (continued)

- 6 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.
- 7 Hither come, ye heavy\– hearted, Who for sin
Deep within,
Long and sore have smarted; For the poison'd
wounds you're feeling
Help is near, One is here Mighty for their
healing!
- 8 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.
- 9 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.
- 10 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.

Melody and words from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune EBELING by Johann Georg Ebeling (1637–1676); words by Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676); translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827–1878). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.