

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.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat:
'Flee from woe and danger;
Turn and come: from all that grieves you,
You are freed: all you need
I will surely give you.'

3 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.

4 All 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.

5 Blessèd Saviour, let me find Thee;
Draw Thou me close to Thee;
Pardon and restore me;
Come in Thy converting power,
And I'll rest, fully blest,
From this very hour.

6 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live for 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.

*Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76,
tr Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78‡*