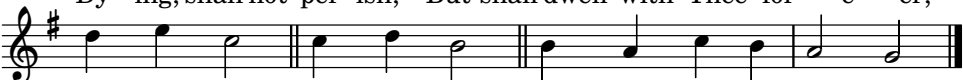




1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, Far and near,
2. Hark! a voice from yon-der man-ger, Soft and sweet, Doth en-treat,
3. Come then, let us has-ten yon-der; Here let all, Great and small,
4. Ye who pine in wea-ry sad-ness, Weep no more, For the door
5. Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cher-ish, Live to Thee, And with Thee



Sweet-est an - gel voi - ces; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,  
 "Flee from woe and dan-ger; Brethren, come, from all doth grieve you,  
 Kneel in awe and won-der, Love Him who with love is yearn-ing;  
 Now is found of gladness. Cling to Him, for He will guide you  
 Dy - ing, shall not per-ish; But shall dwell with Thee for e - er,



Till the air Ev' - ry - where Now with joy is ring - ing.  
 You are freed, All you need I will sure - ly give you."  
 Hail the Star That from far Bright with hope is burn - ing!  
 Where no cross, Pain or loss Can a - gain be - tide you.  
 Far on high, In the joy That can al - ter nev - er.

*Warum sollt' ich*

Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676); tr. Catherine Winkworth,

*The Chorale Book for England*