

# Dear Christians, one and all rejoice

15th Cent Folk Melody

Nun Freut Euch  
87.87.887

Dear Christians, one and all rejoice,  
With exultation springing,  
And with united heart and voice  
And holy rapture singing,  
Proclaim the wonders God hath done,  
How his right arm the victory won;  
Right dearly it hath cost him.

Fast bound in Satan's chains I lay,  
Death brooded darkly o'er me;  
Sin was my torment night and day,  
Therein my mother bore me.  
Deeper and deeper still I fell,  
Life was become a living hell,  
So firmly sin possessed me.

God saw, in his eternal grace,  
My sorrow out of measure;  
He thought upon his tenderness-  
To save was his good pleasure.  
He turned to me a Father's heart-  
Not small the cost-to heal my smart  
He have his best and dearest.

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My sorrow out of measure;  
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To save was his good pleasure.  
He turned to me a Father's heart-  
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The Son delighted to obey,  
And born of virgin mother,  
Awhile on this low earth did stay  
That He might be my Brother.  
His mighty power He hidden bore,  
A servant's form like mine He wore,  
To bind the devil captive.

To me He spake: cling fast to Me,  
Thou'lt win a triumph worthy;  
I wholly give myself for thee;  
I strive and wrestle for thee;  
For I am thine, thou Mine also;  
And where I am thou art. The foe  
Shall never more divide us.

For he shall shed My precious blood,  
Me of My life bereaving;  
All this I suffer for thy good;  
Be steadfast and believing.  
My life from death the day shall win,  
My righteousness shall bear thy sin,  
So art thou blest forever.

Martin Luther