

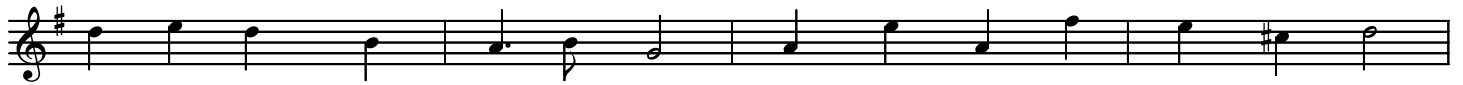
# All\_This\_Night\_236

Arthur S. Sullivan

♩=120



All this night bright an-gels sing, Nev-er was such car-ol-ing,



Hark! a voice which loud-ly cries, "Mor-tals, mor-tals, wake and rise.



Lo! to glad-ness turns your sad-ness; From the earth is ris'n a Son,



Shines all night tho' day be done.