

1 The whole bright world re - joic - es now, Hi - lar - i - ter, —
 2 Then shout be - neath the rac - ing skies, Hi - lar - i - ter, —
 3 And all you liv - ing things make praise, Hi - lar - i - ter, —
 4 To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost— Hi - lar - i - ter, —

— hi - lar - i - ter! — The birds do sing on ev - ery bough,
 — hi - lar - i - ter! — To him who rose that we might rise, —
 — hi - lar - i - ter! — He guid - eth you on all your ways, —
 — hi - lar - i - ter! — Our God most high, our joy and boast. —

— Al - le - lu - ia, — al - le - lu - ia! —
 — Al - le - lu - ia, — al - le - lu - ia! —
 — Al - le - lu - ia, — al - le - lu - ia! —
 — Al - le - lu - ia, — al - le - lu - ia! —

"Hilariter" is Latin for "joyfully" and is pronounced "hi-lair-i-tair" in this hymn.

Words: Friedrich von Spee (1591-1635); tr. Percy Dearmer (1867-1936)
 Music: *Hilariter*, Richard Wayne Dirksen (b. 1921)

♩ = 132
 888 with Alleluias