

Awake, My Heart, With Gladness

EASTER

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1648. Translated by John Kelly, 1867, alt.
 Music: 'Auf, Auf, Mein Herz mit Freuden' Johann Crüger, 1648. Setting: "Mehrstimmiges ChoralBuch", 1906.
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♩ = 140

1. A - wake, my heart, with glad - - ness, See what to - - day is done;
 2. They in the grave did sink Him, The foe held ju - - bi - lee;
 3. Up - on the grave is stand - - ing The He - ro look - - ing round;
 4. A sight it is to glad - - den; And fill the heart with glee,
 5. Hell and its prince, the de - - vil, Of all their pow'rs are shorn;

How af - ter gloom and sad - - ness, Comes forth the glo - rious Sun.
 Be - fore he can be - think him, Lo! Christ a - - gain is free.
 The foe, no more with - stand - - ing, His wea - pons on the ground
 No more af - fright or sad - - den Shall aught, or take from me
 Now I am safe from e - - vil, And sin I laugh to scorn.

My Sa - vior there was laid Where our bed must be made
 And "Vic - to - - ry" He cries, And wav - ing tow'rs the skies
 Throws down, his hell - - ish pow'r To Christ must he give o'er,
 My trust or for - - ti - - tude, Or a - ny prec - - ious good
 Grim Death with all his might Can - not my soul af - fright;

When to the realms of light Our spi - - rit wings its flight.
 His ban - - ner, while the field Is by the He - - ro held!
 And to the Vic - - tor's bands Must yield his feet and hands.
 The Sa - - vior bought for me In sov'r - eign love and free.
 He is a pow'r - less form, How - e'er he rage and storm.

6. The world against me rageth Its fury I disdain;
 Though bitter war it wagheth Its work is all in vain.
 My heart from care is free, Misfortune now is play,
 No trouble troubles me, And night is bright as day.
7. I cleave now and forever To Christ, a member true,
 My Head will leave me never, Whate'er He passeth through.
 He treads the world beneath His feet, and conquers death
 And hell, and breaks sin's thrall; I'm with Him through it all.

8. To halls of heavenly splendor With Him I penetrate;
 And trouble ne'er may hinder Nor make me hesitate.
 No enemy I fear, Because my Head is near;
 My Savior is my Shield, By Him all rage is stilled.
9. He brings me to the portal That opens into bliss,
 Where graved in words immortal This golden scripture is:
 "Who's there despised with me, Here with me crown'd shall be;
 Who there with Me shall die, Here's raised with me on high!"