

# Like The Golden Sun Ascending

EASTER

Words: Thomas Hansen Kingo, 1689. Translated by George Alfred Taylor Rygh, 1908.

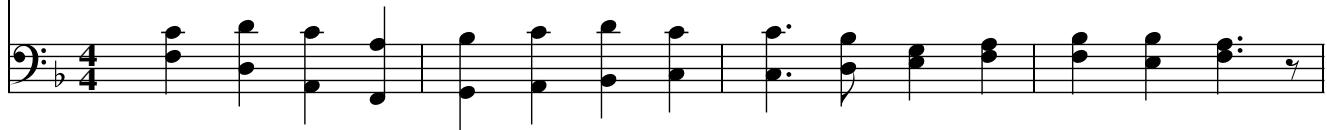
Music: 'Werde Munter' Johann Schop, 1642.

Setting: "Hymnal for Church and Home" (Danish Evangelical Lutheran Synods), 1927.  
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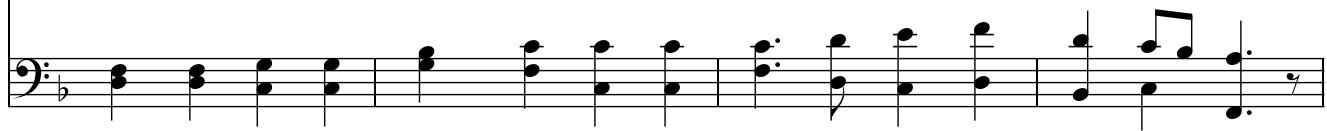
$\text{♩} = 100$



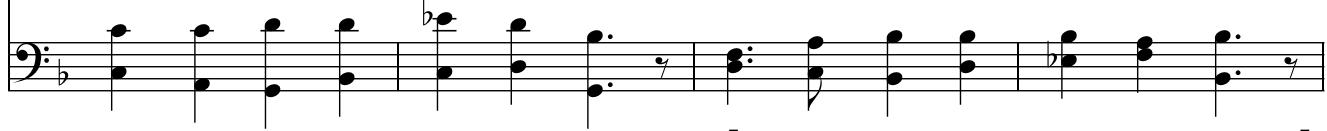
1. Like the gol - den sun a - scen - ding, Brea - king through the gloom of night,  
2. Thanks to Thee, O Christ vic - to - rious! Thanks to Thee, O Lord of life!  
3. For my heart finds con - so - la - tion, And my fain - ting soul grows brave,  
4. Though I be by sin o'er - ta - ken, Though I lie in help - less - ness,  
5. Thou hast died for my trans -gres - sion, All my sins on Thee were laid;



On the earth His glo - - ry spen - ding So that dark - ness takes to flight;  
Death has now no po - - wer o'er us, Thou hast con -quered in the strife;  
When I stand in con - tem - pla - tion, At Thy dark and dis - mal grave;  
Though I be by friends for - sa - ken, And must suf - fer sore dis - tress,  
Thou hast won for me sal - va - tion, On the cross my debt was paid;



Thus my Je - sus from the grave And death's dis - mal, dread - ful cave,  
Thanks be - cause Thou didst a - rise And hast o - pened pa - ra - dise!  
When I see where Thou didst sleep In death's dun - geon dark and deep,  
Though I be des - pised, con -temned, And by all the world con -demned,  
From the grave I shall a - rise, And shall meet Thee in the skies;



Rose tri - um -phant Eas - ter mor -ning, At the ear - ly pur - ple daw -ning.  
None can ful - ly sing the glo - ry Of the re - sur - rec - tion sto - ry.  
Yet didst break all bands a - sun - der, Must I not re - joice and won - der?  
Though the dark grave yawn be - fore me, Yet the light of hope shines o'er me.  
Death it - self is tran - si - to - ry, I shall lift my head in glo - ry.



6. Satan's arrows all lie broken,  
Death and hell have met their doom;  
Christ, Thy rising is the token:  
Thou hast triumphed o'er the tomb;  
Thou hast buried all my woe,  
And my cup doth overflow;  
By Thy resurrection glorious  
I shall wave my palms victorious.

7. As the Son of God I know Thee,  
For I see Thy sovereign pow'r;  
Sin and death shall not o'erthrew me  
Even in my dying hour;  
For Thy resurrection is  
Surety for my heav'nly bliss,  
And my bapt'sm a reflection  
Of Thy death and resurrection

8. Unto life Thou shalt arouse me  
By Thy resurrection's pow'r;  
Though the hideous grave shall house me,  
And my flesh the worms devour;  
Fire and water may destroy  
My frail body, yet with joy  
I shall rise as Thou hast risen  
From the deep sepulchral prison.

9. Grant me grace, O blessed Savior,  
And Thy Holy Spirit send,  
That my walk and my behavior  
May be pleasing in the end;  
That I may not fall again  
Into death's grim pit and pain  
When by grace Thou hast received me,  
And from which Thou hast relieved me.

10. For the joy Thy birth doth give me,  
For Thy holy, precious Word;  
For Thy baptism which doth save me,  
For Thy gracious festal board;  
For Thy death, the bitter scorn,  
For Thy resurrection morn,  
Lord I thank Thee and extol Thee,  
And in heav'n I shall behold Thee.