

HYMNS

Awake, My Heart, with Gladness

467



1 A - wake, my heart, with glad - ness, See what to - day is done;
2 The foe in tri - umph shout - ed When Christ lay in the tomb;
3 This is a sight that glad - dens—What peace it doth im - part!
4 Now hell, its prince, the dev - il, Of all their pow'r are shorn;



Now, af - ter gloom and sad - ness, Comes forth the glo - rious sun.
But lo, he now is rout - ed, His boast is turned to gloom.
Now noth - ing ev - er sad - dens The joy with - in my heart.
Now I am safe from e - vil, And sin I laugh to scorn.



My Sav - ior there was laid Where our bed must be made
For Christ a - gain is free; In glo - rious vic - to - ry
No gloom shall ev - er shake, No foe shall ev - er take
Grim death with all its might Can - not my soul af - fright;



When to the realms of light Our spir - it wings its flight.
He who is strong to save Has tri - umphed o'er the grave.
The hope which God's own Son In love for me has won.
It is a pow'r - less form, How - e'er it rave and storm.

(hymn continues on next page)

5 The world against me rages,
Its fury I disdain;
Though bitter war it wages,
Its work is all in vain.
My heart from care is free,
No trouble troubles me.
Misfortune now is play,
And night is bright as day.

6 Now I will cling forever
To Christ, my Savior true;
My Lord will leave me never,
Whate'er He passes through.
He rends death's iron chain;
He breaks through sin and pain;
He shatters hell's grim thrall;
I follow Him through all.

7 He brings me to the portal
That leads to bliss untold,
Whereon this rhyme immortal
Is found in script of gold:
"Who there My cross has shared
Finds here a crown prepared;
Who there with Me has died
Shall here be glorified."

*Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76;
tr. John Kelly, 1833–90, alt.
Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662
Text and Tune: Public domain*

O Sons and Daughters of the King

471



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



1 O sons and daugh - ters of the King,
 2 That Eas - ter morn, at break of day,
 3 An an - gel clad in white they see,
 4 That night the a - pos - tles met in fear;
 5 When Thom - as first the tid - ings heard



Whom heav'n - ly hosts in glo - ry sing, To - day the
 The faith - ful wom - en went their way To seek the
 Who sits and speaks un - to the three, "Your Lord will
 A - mong them came their mas - ter dear And said, "My
 That they had seen the ris - en Lord, He doubt - ed



grave has lost its sting! Al - le - lu - ia!
 tomb where Je - sus lay. Al - le - lu - ia!
 go to Gal - i - lee." Al - le - lu - ia!
 peace be with you here." Al - le - lu - ia!
 the dis - ci - ples' word. Al - le - lu - ia!

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>6 "My piercèd side, O Thomas, see,
 And look upon My hands, My feet;
 Not faithless but believing be."
 Alleluia!</p> | <p>8 How blest are they who have not seen
 And yet whose faith has constant been,
 For they eternal life shall win.
 Alleluia!</p> |
| <p>7 No longer Thomas then denied;
 He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
 "You are my Lord and God!" he cried.
 Alleluia!</p> | <p>9 On this most holy day of days
 Be laud and jubilee and praise:
 To God your hearts and voices raise.
 Alleluia! <i>Refrain</i></p> |

*Text: attr. Jean Tisserand, d. 1494;
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, alt.
 Tune: French, 15th cent.
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Jesus Lives! The Victory's Won

490



1 Je - sus lives! The vic - t'ry's won! Death no long - er can ap -
 2 Je - sus lives! To Him the throne High a - bove all things is
 3 Je - sus lives! For me He died, Hence will I, to Je - sus
 4 Je - sus lives! I know full well Noth - ing me from Him shall



pall me; Je - sus lives! Death's reign is done!
 giv - en. I shall go where He is gone,
 liv - ing, Pure in heart and act a - bide,
 sev - er. Nei - ther death nor pow'rs of hell



From the grave will Christ re - call me. Bright - er
 Live and reign with Him in heav - en. God is
 Praise to Him and glo - ry giv - ing. All I
 Part me now from Christ for - ev - er. God will



scenes will then com - mence; This shall be my con - fi - dence.
 faith - ful; doubt - ings, hence! This shall be my con - fi - dence.
 need God will dis - pense; This shall be my con - fi - dence.
 be my sure de - fense; This shall be my con - fi - dence.

5 Jesus lives! And now is death
 But the gate of life immortal;
 This shall calm my trembling breath
 When I pass its gloomy portal.
 Faith shall cry, as fails each sense:
 Jesus is my confidence!

*Text: Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, 1715–69;
 tr. Frances E. Cox, 1812–97, alt.
 Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Created using Lutheran Service Builder © 2006 Concordia Publishing House.