

**"Awake, My Heart, with Gladness"  
by Paul Gerhardt, 1607-1676**

1. Awake, my heart, with gladness,  
See what today is done,  
Now after gloom and sadness  
Comes forth the glorious Sun!  
My Savior there was laid  
Where our bed must be made  
When to the realms of light  
Our spirit wings its flight.

2. The Foe in triumph shouted  
When Christ lay in the tomb,  
But, lo, he now is routed,  
His boast is turned to gloom.  
For Christ again is free;  
In glorious victory  
He who is strong to save  
Has triumphed o'er the grave.

3. This is a sight that gladdens;  
What peace it doth impart!  
Now nothing ever saddens  
The joy within my heart;  
No gloom shall ever shake,  
No foe shall ever take,  
The hope which God's own Son  
In love for me hath won.

4. Now hell, its prince, the devil,  
Of all their power are shorn;  
Now I am safe from evil,  
And sin I laugh to scorn.  
Grim death with all his might  
Cannot my soul affright;  
He is a powerless form,  
Howe'er he rave and storm.

**"Morning Breaks upon the Tomb"**  
**by William B. Collyer, 1782-1854**

1. Morning breaks upon the tomb;  
Jesus scatters all its gloom.  
Day of triumph through the skies;  
See the glorious Savior rise.

2. Ye who are of death afraid  
Triumph in the scattered shade.  
Drive your anxious cares away;  
See the place where Jesus lay.

3. Christians, dry your flowing tears  
Chase your unbelieving fears;  
Look on His deserted grave,  
Doubt no more His power to save.

**"Welcome, Happy Morning!"**  
**by Venantius Fortunatus, c. 530-609**

1. "Welcome, happy morning!" Age to age shall say;  
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today!"  
Lo, the Dead is living, God forevermore!  
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say;  
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today!"

2. Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,  
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,  
Of the Father's Godhead, true and only Son.  
Manhood to deliver manhood didst put on.  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say;  
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today!"

3. Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show.  
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;  
'Tis Thine own third morning--rise, O buried Lord!  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say;  
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today!"

4. Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;  
All that now is fallen raise to life again.  
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;  
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say;  
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today!"

**"Like the Golden Sun Ascending"  
by Thomas Kingo, 1634-1703**

1. Like the golden sun ascending,  
Breaking through the gloom of night,  
On the earth his glory spending  
So that darkness takes to flight,  
Thus my Jesus from the grave  
And Death's dismal, dreadful cave  
Rose triumphant Easter morning  
At the early purple dawning.

2. Thanks to Thee, O Christ victorious!  
Thanks to Thee, O Lord of Life!  
Death hath now no power o'er us,  
Thou hast conquered in the strife.  
Thanks because Thou didst arise  
And hast opened Paradise!  
None can fully sing the glory  
Of the resurrection story.

3. Though I be by sin o'ertaken,  
Though I lie in helplessness,  
Though I be by friends forsaken  
And must suffer sore distress,  
Though I be despised, contemned,  
And by all the world condemned,  
Though the dark grave yawn before me,  
Yet the light of hope shines o'er me.

4. Thou hast died for my transgression,  
All my sins on Thee were laid;  
Thou hast won for me salvation,  
On the cross my debt was paid.  
From the grave I shall arise  
And shall meet Thee in the skies.  
Death itself is transitory;  
I shall lift my head in glory.

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

6. For the joy Thy advent gave me,  
For Thy holy, precious Word;  
For Thy Baptism, which doth save me,  
For Thy blest Communion board;  
For Thy death, the bitter scorn,  
For Thy resurrection morn,  
Lord, I thank Thee and extol Thee,  
And in heaven I shall behold Thee.