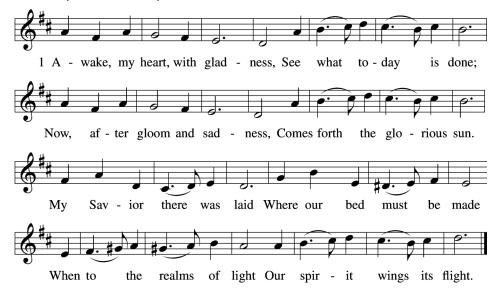
AWAKE, MY HEART, WITH GLADNESS



- 2 They in the grave did sink Him, The Foe held jubilee; Before he can bethink him, Lo! Christ again is free, And "Victory!" He cries, And waveth toward the skies His banner, for the field Is by the Hero held.
- 3 Upon the grave is standing The Hero, looking round; The Foe, no more withstanding, His weapons on the ground Throws down, his hellish power To Christ he must give o'er, And to the Victor's bands Must yield his feet and hands.
- 4 This is a sight that gladdens And fills my heart with glee; Now, naughtsoever saddens My soul, nor takes from me My trust or fortitude, Or any precious good Which by His victory My Saviour gained for me.
- 5 Hell and its prince, the devil, Now of their power are shorn, I now am safe from evil, And sin I laugh to scorn; Grim death with all its might Cannot my soul affright; He is a powerless form, Howe'er he rage and storm.

6 The world against me rageth, Its fury I disdain;
Though bitter war it wageth, 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 glory He ascendeth, I follow Him fore'er, For Christ, my Head, defendeth His member from all care: No enemy I fear, Because my Head is near; My Saviour 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 there are scorned with me Here with me crowned shall be; Who there with Me shall die Shall here be raised as I!"