

6. Then these eyes my Lord shall know,  
My Redeemer and my Brother;  
In His love my soul shall glow,—  
I myself, and not another!  
Then the weakness I feel here  
Shall forever disappear.

7. They who sorrow here and moan  
There in gladness shall be reigning;  
Earthly here the seed is sown,  
There immortal life attaining.  
Here our sinful bodies die,  
Glorified to dwell on high.

8. Then take comfort and rejoice,  
For His members Christ will cherish.  
Fear not, they will hear His voice;  
Dying, they shall never perish;  
For the very grave is stirred  
When the trumpet's blast is heard.

9. Laugh to scorn the gloomy grave  
And at death no longer tremble;  
He, the Lord, who came to save  
Will at last His own assemble.  
They will go their Lord to meet,  
Treading death beneath their feet.

10. Oh, then, draw away your hearts  
Now from pleasures base and hollow.  
There to share what He imparts,  
Here His footsteps ye must follow.  
Fix your hearts beyond the skies,  
Whither ye yourselves would rise.

This splendid Easter hymn, based on 1 Cor. 15:35 ff. and Job 19:25-27, is attributed to Louise Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburg; but there is no certain proof that she wrote any hymns. The hymn first appeared anonymously in the Crüger-Runge *Gesangbuch*, Berlin, 1653, together with the tune. Rambach calls the hymn "an acknowledged masterpiece of Christian poetry," and C. von Winterfeld states, "it will ever remain a treasure."

The translation is based on that of Catherine Winkworth in her *Chorale Book for England*, 1863.

The tune "Jesus, meine Zuversicht" is also by an unknown composer. It may be based on an older melody, which Johann Crüger recast to be used with this text, and it may be an original composition, perhaps by Crüger himself. At any rate, it stands as a pearl among our *chorale* tunes. The tune appeared for the first time in *Geistliche Lieder und Psalmen* (Runge), Berlin, 1653.

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## Like the Golden Sun Ascending

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.

Dieser meiner Augen Licht  
Wird ihn, meinen Heiland, kennen;  
Ich, ich selbst, kein Fremder nicht,  
Werd' in seiner Liebe brennen;  
Nur die Schwachheit um und an  
Wird von mir sein abgetan.

Was hier kranket, seufzt und fleht,  
Wird dort frisch und herrlich gehen;  
Irdisch werd' ich ausgesät,  
Himmlich werd' ich auferstehen;  
Hier geh' ich natürlich ein,  
Nachmals werd' ich geistlich sein.

Seid getrost und hocheufreit,  
Jesus trägt euch, meine Glieder!  
Gebt nicht Raum der Traurigkeit!  
Sterbt ihr, Christus ruft euch wider,  
Wenn die letz' Drommet' erklingt,  
Die auch durch die Gräber dringt.

Lacht der finstern Erdenluft,  
Lacht des Todes und der Höllen;  
Denn ihr sollt euch durch die Luft  
Eurem Heiland zugesellen!  
Dann wird Schwachheit und Verdruss  
Liegen unter eurem Fuss.

Nur dass ihr den Geist erhebt  
Von den Lüften dieser Erden  
Und euch dem schon jetzt ergebt,  
Dem ihr begefügt wollt werden  
Schick das Herze da hinein!  
Wo ihr ewig wünscht zu sein!

Som den gyldne Sol frembryder  
Gjennem den kulsorte Sky,  
Og sin Straaleglans udsyder,  
Saa at Mørk og Mulm maa fly,  
Saa min Jesus af sin Grav  
Og der dybe Dødsens Hav  
Opstod årefuld af Døde  
Imod Paaske Morgenrøde.

Tak, o store Seierherre,  
Tak, o Livsens Himmel-Helt,  
Som ei Døden kunde sperre  
I det helvedsmørke Telt!  
Tak, fordi at du opstod,  
Og sik Døden under Fod!  
Ingen Tunge kan den Gåde  
Med tilhørlig Lov udkvøde.

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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.

This cento is composed of Stanzas 1, 2, 4, 5, 9, and 10 of Thomas Kingo's classic hymn for Easter. The hymn was first published in *En Ny Kirke-Psalmebog* (Vinterparten), 1689. It was later included in Kingo's *Salmebog*, with slight alterations. The omitted stanzas read:

3. For my heart finds consolation,  
And my fainting soul grows brave,  
When I stand in contemplation  
At Thy dark and dismal grave;  
When I see where Thou didst sleep  
In death's dungeon dark and deep,  
Yet didst break all bands asunder,  
Must I not rejoice and wonder?

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.

The translation is by George T. Rygh, 1908, and was included in *The Lutheran Hymnary*, 1913.

The tune "Werde munter" is by Johann Schop and appeared in *Das Dritte Zehn*, Lüneburg, 1642, set to Johann Rist's evening hymn "Werde munter, mein Gemüte."

## Ye Sons and Daughters of the King

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1. Ye sons and daughters of the King,  
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,  
Today the grave hath lost its sting:  
Alleluia!

2. On that first morning of the week,  
Before the day began to break,  
The Marys went their Lord to seek:  
Alleluia!

Ligger jeg i Syndens Veie,  
Ligger jeg i Armod ned,  
Ligger jeg i Sygdoms Leie,  
Ligger jeg i Uselhed,  
Ligger jeg fortrængt, forhadet  
Og af Verdens slet forladt,  
Skal jeg Hus i Graven tage,  
O, her er dog Haab tilbage!

Du for Synden een Gang døde.  
Dermed er min Synd betalt,  
Armod, Uselhed og Møde,  
Ja min Sygdom bar du alt.  
Jeg ved dig opreises skal,  
Og af Dødsens dybe Dal  
Skal jeg Hovedet oprette,  
Al min Nød kan det forlette.

Søde Jesu, giv mig Naade  
Ved din gode Helligaand,  
At jeg saa min Gang kan raade,  
Og veiledes ved din Haand,  
At jeg ei skal falde hen  
Udi Dødsens Svelg igjen,  
Hvoraf du mig engang rykte,  
Der du Døden undertrykte!

Tak for al din Fødsels Glæde,  
Tak for dit det Guddoms Ord,  
Tak for Daabens hellig Våde,  
Tak for Naaden paa dit Bord,  
Tak for Dødsens bitre Ve,  
Tak for din Opstandelse,  
Tak for Himlen, du har inde,  
Der skal jeg dig se og finde!

7. As the Son of God I know Thee,  
For I see Thy sovereign power;  
Sin and death shall not o'erthrow me  
Even in my dying hour;  
For Thy resurrection is  
Surety for my heavenly bliss,  
And my baptism a reflection  
Of Thy death and resurrection.

8. Unto life Thou shalt arouse me  
By Thy resurrection's power;  
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.

O filii et filiae,  
Rex caelestis, Rex gloriae,  
Morte revixit hodie.  
Alleluia!

Et Maria Magdalene  
Et Iacobi et Salome  
Venerunt corpus ungero.  
Alleluia!

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