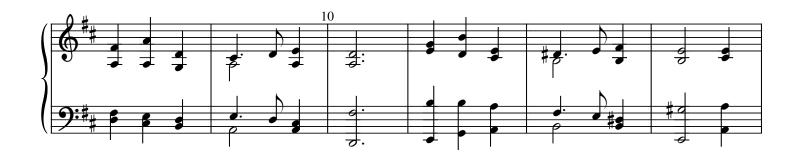
Awake, my heart, with gladness







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.

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. 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.

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. 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 dark thrall,-I follow through it all.

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