Arise, O Christian people!

Hamburg, 1598 (Lutheran Worship version) Aus Meines Herzens Grunde 76.76.67.76





Arise, sons of the kingdom! The King is drawing nigh; Arise, and hail with gladness The Ruler from on high. Ye Christians, hasten forth! Your praise and homage bring Him And glad hosannas sing Him, Naught else your love is worth.

Arise, ye drooping mourners! The King is very near; Away with grief and sorrow, For lo! your Help is here. Behold, in many a place— We find Him, our Salvation, O blessed consolation! In His pure means of grace.

Arise, ye much afflicted! The King is now not far; Rejoice, ye long dejected! Here comes the Morning Star. The Lord will give you joy; Though troubles now distress you, With comfort He will bless you, E'en death He will destroy. Now hear, ye bold transgressors, The King does well give heed To all that ye are doing, And to the life ye lead, Enthralled to sin and hell; Nothing in all creation Escapes His observation He marketh all things well.

Be righteous, ye His subjects, The King is just and true; Prepare for Him a highway, Make all things straight and new. He means all for our good Then let us bear our crosses That He Himself imposes, In an undaunted mood.

Though war and conflagration Take all our goods away; The Lord is our salvation And heritage for aye. E'en though our loved ones die, Yet they are not forsaken, But from this world are taken To live with God on high Arise, ye poor and needy! The King provides for you; He comes with succor speedy, With mercy ever new. He Who a beast did heed Lets not His children perish; All hopes that man may cherish He can fulfill indeed.

He nevermore forsaketh A child that feels the rod, Who Him his refuge maketh, And puts his trust in God. He is our sovereign King; E'en death itself shall never Those from their Master sever Who to His mercy cling.

Arise, ye faint and fearful! The King now comes with might, His heart hath long since loved us, He makes our darkness light. Now are our sorrows o'er; No wrath shall e'er befall us, Since God in grace doth call us His children evermore.

Haste then, with eager footsteps, To see your Sovereign there! He rides as King of Zion, Strong, glorious, meek and fair. Draw near the Lord and give To Him your salutation, Who bringeth great salvation, And bids the sinner live.

The King in grace remembers His loved ones here below With gifts of royal treasures, Yea, doth Himself bestow Through His blest Word and grace. O King, arrayed in splendor, To Thee all praise we'll render Here and there face to face.

O rich the gifts Thou bring'st us, Thyself made poor and weak; O Love beyond expression That thus can sinners seek! For this, O Lord, will we Our joyous tribute bring Thee, And glad hosannas sing Thee, And ever grateful be.