

Like the Golden Sun Ascending
Thomas Kingo, 1689.
Johann Schop, 1642.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.