

In the Bonds of Death He Lay  
Martin Luther, 1524.  
Joachim Neander, 1680.

In the bonds of death He lay,  
Who for our offense was slain,  
But the Lord is risen today,  
Christ hath brought us life again;  
Wherefore let us all rejoice,  
Singing loud with cheerful voice.

Of the sons of men was none  
Who could break the bonds of death,  
Sin this mischief dire had done,  
Innocent was none on earth;  
Wherefore death grew strong and bold,  
Death would all men captive hold.

Jesus Christ, God's only Son,  
Came at last our foe to smite,  
All our sins away hath done,  
Done away death's power and right;  
Only the form of death is left,  
Of his sting he is bereft.

'Twas a wondrous war, I trow,  
When life and death together fought,  
But life hath triumphed o'er his foe,  
Death is mocked, and set at naught;  
Yea, 'tis as the Scripture saith,  
Christ through death hath conquered death.

Now our Paschal Lamb is He,  
And by Him alone we live,  
Who to death upon the tree  
For our sake Himself did give.  
Faith His blood strikes on our door,  
Death dares never harm us more.

On this day, most blest of days,  
Let us keep high festival,  
For our God hath showed His grace,  
And our Sun hath risen on all,  
And our hearts rejoice to see  
Sin and night before Him flee.

To the supper of the Lord  
Gladly will we come today;  
The word of peace is now restored,  
The old leaven is put away;  
Christ will be our food alone,  
Faith no life but His doth own.