

Rise from Your Graves, Ye Dead  
Johann Starck(1680-1756)  
Neu Ordentlich Gesangbuch, 1646.

"Rise from your graves, ye dead!" Thus shall the call be sounded,  
Which on the latter day shall find us all astounded;  
Which to the faithful flock shall promise rare delight,  
And fill the trembling hearts of sinners with affright.

"Rise from your graves, ye dead!" Your sleep at last is over,  
Ye blessed of the Lord, no more without shall hover.  
The garments are prepared, the crowns for you are stored,  
Enter into the joy and comfort of your Lord!

"Rise from your graves, ye dead!" Come from your earthly cover;  
Ye wicked all the pangs of hell shall now discover.  
Ye once rejected Me, I hold you nothing worth;  
Wailing and gnashing teeth shall be your lot henceforth.

"Rise from your graves, ye dead!" Lo, here are bone and tissue  
Flesh, sinew, hands, eye, foot! from earth and air they issue.  
That wherewith you have served the Lord is glorified,  
That wherewith you have sinned, consumed and cast aside.

"Rise from your graves, ye dead!" Ye faithful now shall glory  
In halos like the sun, undimmed, untransitory.  
Immortal bodies with immortal souls shall blend,  
Ye shall enjoy the rest of saints that hath no end.