



Awake, My Heart,  
with Gladness

setting by J.S. Bach



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# Awake, My Heart, with Gladness

Text: Auf, auf, mein Herz, mit Freuden; Paul Gerhardt (1647); tr. John Kelly (1867), alt.

Tune: Auf, auf, mein Herz, mit Freuden; Johann Crüger (1648)

Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750); BWV 441 (variant)

S.  
A.

1. A - wake, — my heart, with glad - ness,  
2. The Foe — in tri - umph shout - ed

T.  
B.

5

See what — to - day — is done;  
When Christ — lay in — the tomb;

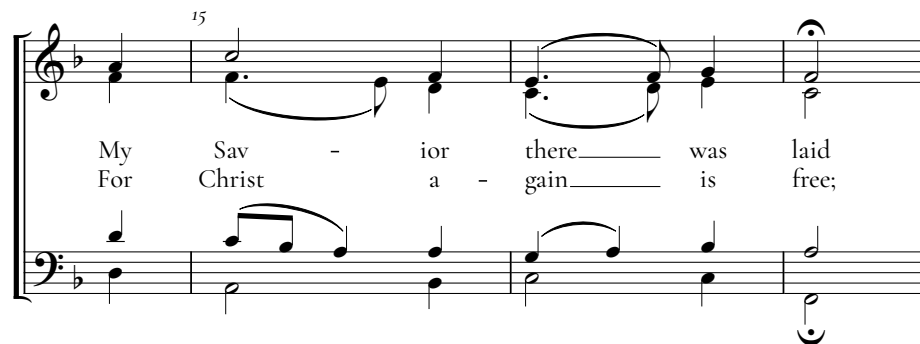
8

Now, af - ter gloom and sad - ness,  
But lo, — he now is rout - ed,

12

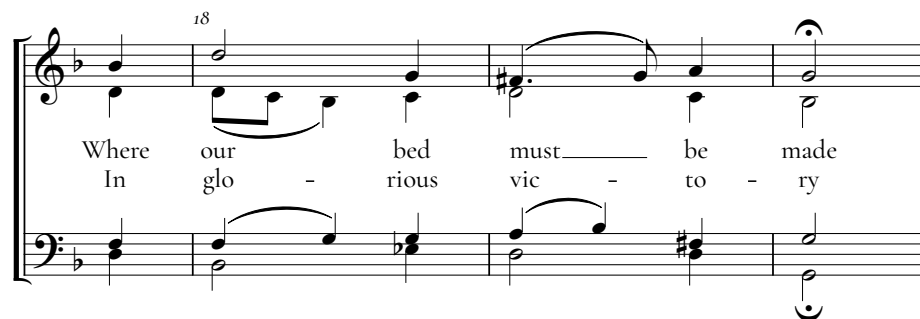
Comes forth — the glo - rious sun.  
His boast — is turned — to gloom.

15



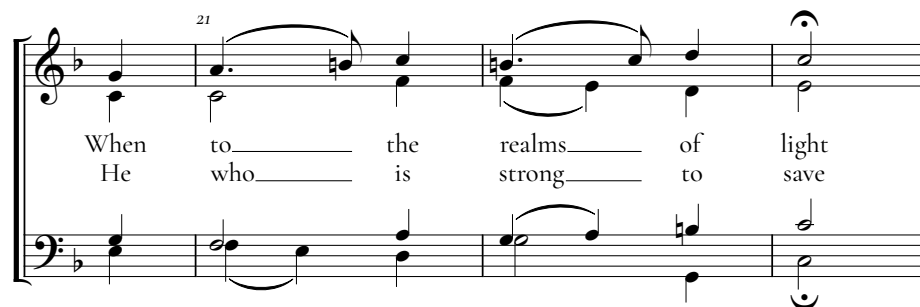
My Sav - ior there was laid free;  
For Christ a - gain is free;

18



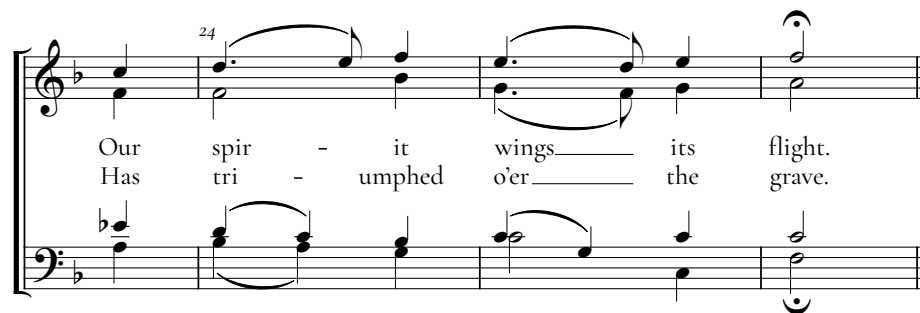
Where our bed must be made  
In glo - rious vic - to - ry

21



When to the realms of light  
He who is strong to save

24



Our spir - it wings its flight.  
Has tri - umphed o'er the grave.

S.  
A.

3. Up - on the tomb is stand - ing  
4. This is a sight that glad - dens;  
5. Now hell, its prince, the dev - il,

T.  
B.

5

The He - ro, look - ing round;  
What peace it doth im - part!  
Of all their pow'r are shorn;

8

The foe, his crafts un - hand - ing,  
Now no - thing ev - er sad - dens  
Now I am safe from e - vil,

12

Lies beat - en on the ground,  
The joy with - in my heart.  
And sin I laugh to scorn.

15

"Who there My cross has shared

18

Finds here a crown pre - pared;

21

Who there with Me - hath died

24

Shall here be glo - ri - fied."

S.  
A.

9. He brings me to the por - tal

T.  
B.

5

That leads to bliss un - told,

8

Where - on this rhyme im - mor - tal

12

Is found in script of gold:

15

And must his hell - ish pow'r  
No gloom shall ev - er shake,  
Grim Death with all his might

18

To Christ de - li - ver o'er,  
No foe shall ev - er take  
Can - not my soul af - fright;

21

And to the Vic - tor's bands  
The hope which God's own Son  
He is a pow'r - less form,

24

Must yield his feet and hands.  
In love for me hath won.  
How - e'er he rave and storm.

S.  
A.

6. The world a - gainst me rag - eth,  
7. Now I will cling for - ev - er  
8. To halls of heav'n - ly splen - dor

T.  
B.

5

Its fu - ry I dis - dain;  
To Christ, my Sav - ior true;  
With Him I pe - ne - trate;

8

Though bit - ter war it wag - eth,  
My Lord will leave me ne - ver,  
And trou - ble ne'er may hin - der

12

Its work is all in vain.  
What - e'er he pass - eth through.  
Nor make me he - si - tate.

15

My heart from care is free,  
He rends Death's i - ron chain,  
Let tem - pests rage at will,

18

No trou - ble trou - bles me.  
He breaks through sin and pain,  
My Sav - ior shields me still;

21

Mis - for - tune now is play,  
He shat - ters hell's grim thrall -  
He grants a - bid - ing peace

24

And night is bright as day.  
I fol - low Him through all.  
And bids all tu - mult cease.