



**Awake, My Heart,  
with Gladness**

setting by Johann Crüger



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# Awake, My Heart, with Gladness

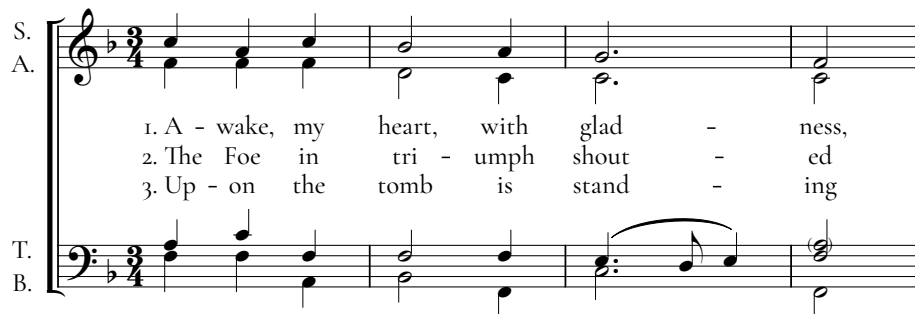
Text: Auf, auf, mein Herz, mit Freuden; Paul Gerhardt (1647); tr. John Kelly (1867), alt.

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

Setting: Johann Crüger (1649); Geistliche Kirchen-Melodien, 70.

Originally included accompaniment—optional notes reflect the completion of chords the instruments provided.

S.  
A.



1. A - wake, my heart, with glad - ness,  
2. The Foe in tri - umph shout - ed  
3. Up - on the tomb is stand - ing

T.  
B.

5



See what to - day is done;  
When Christ lay in the tomb;  
The He - ro, look - ing round;

8



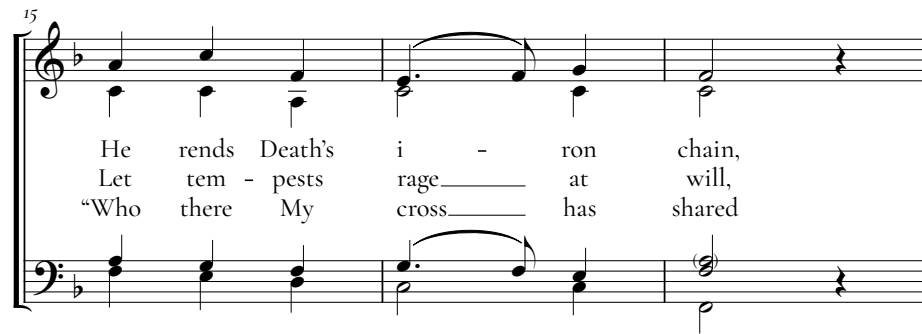
Now, af - ter gloom and sad - ness,  
But lo, he now is rout - ed,  
The foe, his crafts un - hand - ing,

12



Comes forth the glo - rious sun.  
His boast is turned to gloom.  
Lies beat - en on the ground,

15



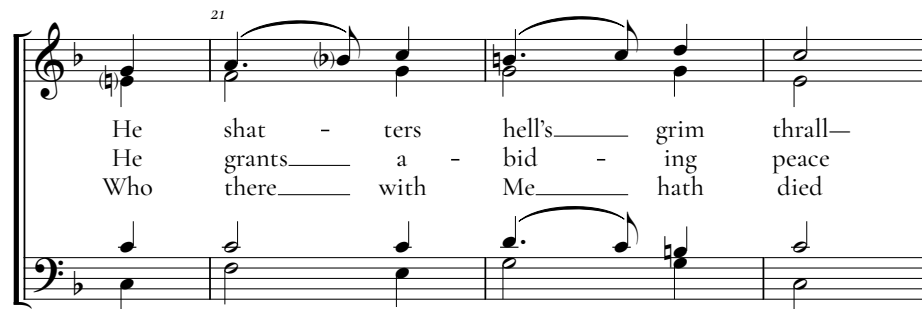
He rends Death's i - ron chain,  
Let tem - pests rage at will,  
"Who there My cross has shared

18



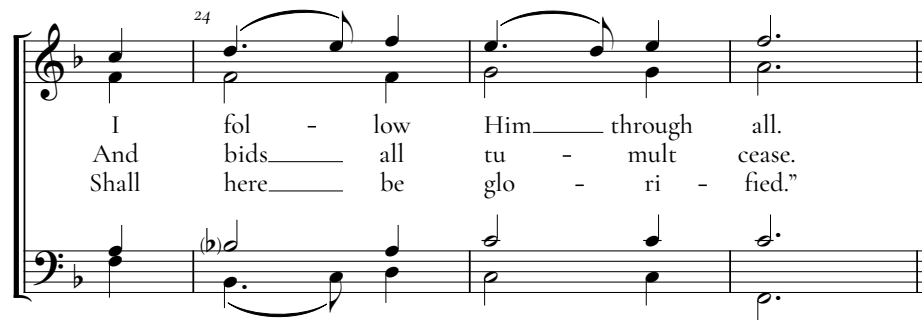
He breaks through sin and pain,  
My Sav - ior shields me still;  
Finds here a crown pre - pared;

21



He shat - ters hell's grim thrall—  
He grants a bid - ing peace  
Who there with Me hath died

24



I fol - low Him through all.  
And bids all tu - mult cease.  
Shall here be glo - ri - fied."

S.  
A.

7. Now I will cling for - ev - er  
8. To halls of heav'n - ly splen - dor  
9. He brings me to the por - tal

T.  
B.

5

To Christ, my Sav - ior true;  
With Him I pe - ne - trate;  
That leads to bliss un - told,

8

My Lord will leave me ne - ver,  
And trou - ble ne'er may hin - der  
Where - on this rhyme im - mor - tal

12

What - e'er he pass - eth through.  
Nor make me he - si - tate.  
Is found in script of gold:

15

My Sav - ior there was laid  
For Christ a - gain is free;  
And must his hell - ish pow'r

18

Where our bed must be made  
In glo - rious vic - to - ry  
To Christ de - li - ver o'er,

21

When to the realms of light  
He who is strong to save  
And to the Vic - tor's bands

24

Our spir - it wings its flight.  
Has tri - umphed o'er the grave.  
Must yield his feet and hands.

S.  
A.

4. This is a sight that glad - dens;  
5. Now hell, its prince, the dev - il,  
6. The world a - gainst me rag - eth,

T.  
B.

5

What peace - it doth - im - part!  
Of all - their pow'r - are shorn;  
Its fu - ry I - dis - dain;

8

Now no - thing ev - er sad - dens  
Now I am safe from e - vil,  
Though bit - ter war it wag - eth,

12

The joy - with - in - my heart.  
And sin - I laugh - to scorn.  
Its work - is all - in vain.

15

No gloom shall ev - er shake,  
Grim Death with all - his might  
My heart from care - is free,

18

No foe shall ev - er take  
Can - not my soul - af - fright;  
No trou - ble trou - bles me.

21

The hope - which God's - own Son  
He is - a pow'r - less form,  
Mis - for - tune now - is play,

24

In love - for me - hath won.  
How - e'er - he rave - and storm.  
And night - is bright - as day.