

# Like the Golden Sun Ascending

("Som den gyldne Sol frembryder")

Thomas Hansen Kingo 1634-1703  
Tr. G. A. T. Rygh, 1860-1942

WERDE MUNTER  
Johan Schop, c. 1590-1667

1. Like the gold - en sun as - cend - ing, Break - ing through the gloom of night,  
2. Thanks to Thee, O Christ vic - to - rious! Thanks to Thee, O Lord of life!  
3. For my heart finds con - so - la - tion And my faint - ing soul grows brave  
4. Though I be by sin - o'er - tak - en, Though I lie in help - less - ness,  
5. Thou hast died for my trans - gres - sion, All my sins on Thee were laid;

5  
On the earth his glo - ry spend - ing So that dark - ness takes to flight,  
Death hath now no pow - er o'er us, Thou has con - quered in the strife.  
When I stand in con - tem - pla - tion At Thy dark and dis - mal grave;  
Though I be by friends for - sak - en, And must suf - fer sore dis - tress,  
Thou has won for me sal - va - tion, On the cross my debt was paid.

9  
Thus my Je - sus from the grave And death's dis - mal, dread - ful cave,  
Thanks be - cause Thou didst a - rise And hast o - pened Par - a dise!  
When I see where Thou didst sleep In death's dun - geon dark and deep,  
Though I be de - spised, con - temned, And by all the world con - demned,  
From the grave I shall a - rise And shall meet Thee in the skies.

13  
Rose tri - um - phant Eas - ter morn - ing, At the ear - ly pur - ple dawn - ing.  
None can ful - ly sing the glo - ry Of the res - ur - rec - tion sto - ry.  
Yet didst break all bands a - sun - der, Must I not re - joice and won - der?  
Though the dark grave yawn be - fore me, Yet the light of hope shines o'er me.  
Death it - self it tran - si - to - ry; I shall lift my head in glo - ry.

6. Satan's arrows all lie broken,  
Death and hell have met their doom;  
Christ, Thy rising is the token:  
Thou hast triumphed o'er the tomb.  
Thou hast buried all my woe,  
And my cup doth overflow;  
By Thy resurrection glorious  
I shall wave my palms victorious.

7. As the Son of God I know Thee,  
For I see Thy sov'reign pow'r  
Sin and death shall not o'erthrow me  
Even in my dying hour;  
For Thy resurrection is  
Surety for my heav'nly bliss,  
And my baptism a reflection  
Of Thy death and resurrection.

8. Unto life Thou shalt arouse me  
By Thy resurrection's pow'er;  
Though the hideous grave shall house me,  
And my flesh the worms devour;  
Fire and water may destroy  
My frail body, yet with joy  
I shall rise as Thou has risen  
From the deep sepulchral prison.