



Like the Golden Sun Ascending

setting by J.S. Bach



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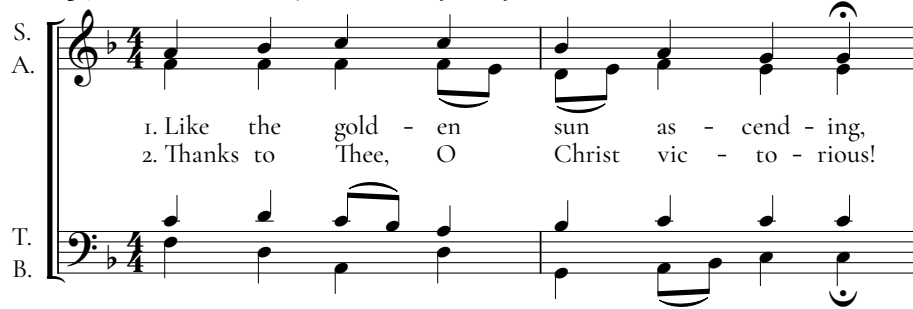
Like the Golden Sun Ascending

Text: Som den gyldne Sol frembryder; Thomas Kingo (1689); tr. George A. T. Rygh (1910), alt.

Tune: Werde munter, mein Gemüte; Johann Schop (1642)


Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach (1726); BWV 146.8 (final half note divided)

S.
A.



1. Like the gold - en sun as - cend - ing,
2. Thanks to Thee, O Christ vic - to - rious!

T.
B.



3



Break - ing through the gloom of night, On the earth his
Thanks to Thee, O Lord of life! Death hath now no



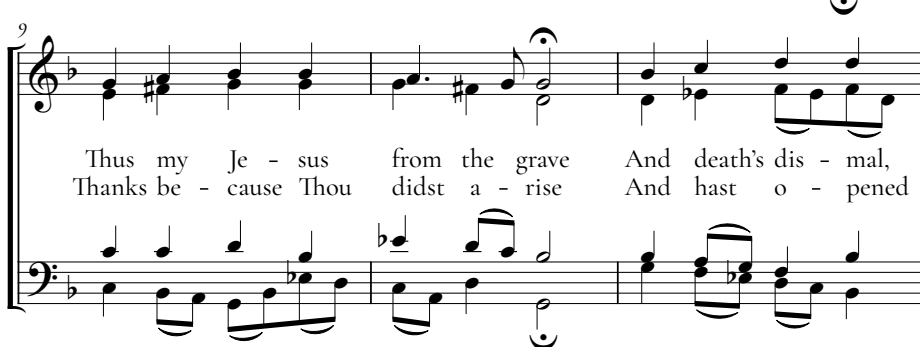
6




glo - ry spend - ing So that dark - ness takes to flight,
pow - er o'er us, Thou hast con - quered in the strife.



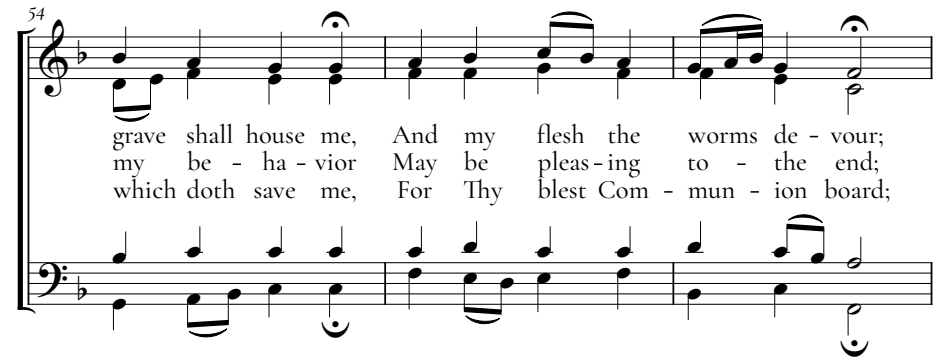
9




Thus my Je - sus from the grave And death's dis - mal,
Thanks be - cause Thou didst a - rise And hast o - pened



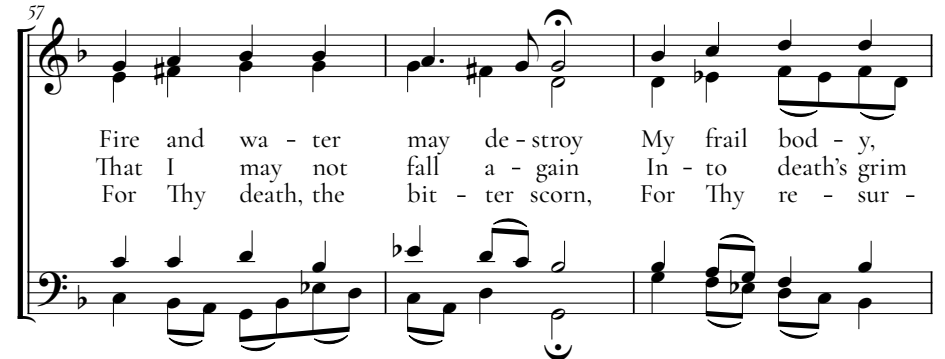
54




grave shall house me, And my flesh the worms de - vour;
my be - ha - vior May be pleas - ing to - the end;
which doth save me, For Thy blest Com - mun - ion board;



57



Fire and wa - ter may de - stroy My frail bod - y,
That I may not fall a - gain In - to death's grim
For Thy death, the bit - ter scorn, For Thy re - sur -



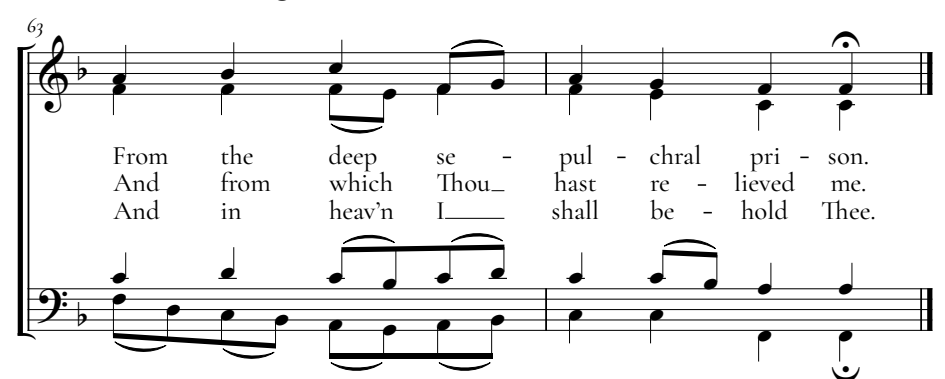
60



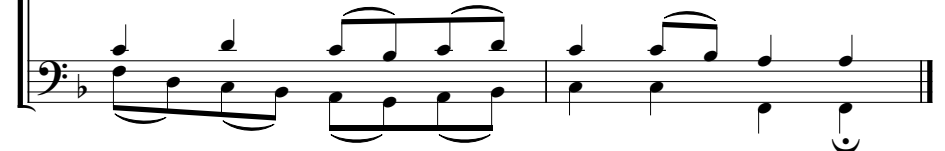
yet with joy I shall rise as Thou hast ris - en
pit and pain, Whence by grace Thou hast re - triev'd me
rec - tion morn, Lord, I thank Thee and ex - tol Thee,



63



From the deep se - pul - chral pri - son.
And from which Thou hast re - liev'd me.
And in heav'n I shall be - hold Thee.



44

in the skies. Death it - self is tran - si - to - ry;
o - ver - flow; By Thy re - sur - rec - tion glo - rious
heav'n - ly bliss, And my bap - tism a re - flec - tion

47

I shall lift my head in glo - ry.
I shall wave my palms vic - to - rious.
Of Thy death and re - sur - rec - tion.

49

8. Un - to life Thou shalt a - rouse me
9. Grant me grace, O bless - ed Sav - ior,
10. For the joy Thy birth doth give me,

51

By Thy re - sur - rec - tion's pow'r; Though the hi - deous
And Thy Ho - ly Spir - it send That my walk and
For Thy ho - ly, pre - cious Word; For Thy Bap - tism

12

dread - ful cave, Rose tri - umph - ant Ea - ster morn - ing,
Pa - ra - dise! None can ful - ly sing the glo - ry

15

At the ear - ly pur - ple dawn - ing.
Of the re - sur - rec - tion sto - ry.

17

3. For my heart finds con - so - la - tion
4. Though I be by sin o'er - tak - en,

19

And my faint - ing soul grows brave When I stand in
Though I lie in help - less - ness, Though I be by

22

con - tem - pla - tion At Thy dark and dis - mal grave;
 friends for - sak - en, And must suf - fer sore dis - tress,

25

When I see where Thou didst sleep In death's dun - geon
 Though I be de - spised, con - temned, And by all the

28

dark and deep, Yet didst break all bands a - sun - der,
 world - con - demned, Though the dark grave yawn be - fore me,

31

Must I not re - joice and won - der?
 Yet the light of hope shines o'er me.

33

5. Thou hast died for my trans - gres - sion,
 6. Sa - tan's ar - rows all lie brok - en,
 7. As the Son of God I know Thee,

35

All my sins on Thee were laid; Thou hast won for
 Death and hell have met their doom; Christ, Thy ris - ing
 For I see Thy sov - 'reign pow'r; Sin and death shall

38

me sal - va - tion, On the cross my debt was paid.
 is the to - ken: Thou hast tri - umphed o'er the tomb.
 not o'er-throw me E - ven in my dy - ing hour;

41

From the grave I shall a - rise And shall meet Thee
 Thou hast bur - ied all my woe, And my cup doth
 For Thy re - sur - rec - tion is Sure - ty for my