Awake, Glad Soul

1. Awake, glad soul! awake! awake! Your Lord has risen long,
   Go to His grave, and with you take both tuneful heart and song;
   First bright blossom may be found of an eternal spring.
   Joy in His resurrection take, and comfort in His word;
   Let your life, through all its ways, one long thanks-giving be,
   Theme of joy, its song of praise, "Christ died, and rose for me!"

2. O love! which lightens all distress, which death cannot destroy,
   For now in Christ are no more dead, the grave has no more prey:
   First bright blossom may be found of an eternal spring.
   Joy in His resurrection take, and comfort in His word;
   Let your life, through all its ways, one long thanks-giving be,
   Theme of joy, its song of praise, "Christ died, and rose for me!"

3. The shade and gloom of life are fled this resurrection day;
   In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep, In Christ we wake and rise;
   And the sad tears death makes us weep, He wipes from every eye.
   And seek your risen Lord, and seek your risen Lord,
   The theme of joy, its song of praise, "Christ died, and rose for me!"

Words by John S. B. Monsell (1811-75) & David L. Ward. Music by David Ward
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