Awake, glad soul! awake! awake!
Your Lord has risen long,
Go to His grave, and with you take
Both tuneful heart and song;
Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal spring.

O love! which lightens all distress,
Which death cannot destroy:
O grave! whose very emptiness
To faith is full of joy;
Oh let that love our hearts supply
From Heaven's endless spring,
Then, grave, where is your victory?
And, death, where is your sting?

The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection-day;
For now in Christ are no more dead,
The grave has no more prey:
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.

Then wake, glad heart! awake! awake!
And seek your risen Lord,
Joy in His resurrection take,
And comfort in His word;
And let your life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
"Christ died, and rose for me!"