

Like the Golden Sun Ascending

Text: Thomas Kingo (1634–1703)
Translator: G. A. T. Rygh (1860–1942)

Tune: Johannes Schop (1590–1667)
Setting: Nathanael Hahn (b. 1998)

S. 1
S. 2



1. Like the gold - en sun as - cend - ing, Break - ing through the gloom of night,
5. Thou hast died for my trans - gres - sion, All my sins on Thee were laid;
10. For the joy Thy birth doth give me, For Thy ho - ly, pre - cious Word;

A.



On the earth His glo - ry spend - ing So that dark - ness takes to flight,
Thou hast won for me sal - va - tion, On the cross my debt was paid.
For Thy Bap - tism which doth save me, For Thy blest Com - mun - ion board;



Thus my Je - sus from the grave And death's dis - mal, dread - ful cave,
From the grave I shall a - rise And shall meet Thee in the skies.
For Thy death, the bit - ter scorn, For Thy res - sur - rec - tion morn,



last verse only rit. - - - - -



Rose tri - umph - ant Eas - ter morn - ing, At the ear - ly pur - ple dawn - ing.
Death it - self is trans - i - tor - y; I shall lift my head in glo - ry.
Lord, I thank Thee and ex - tol Thee, And in heav'n I shall be - hold Thee.

