

At Easter Morn the Lark, Ascending

Emanuel Franz August Geibel (1815–1884)

Justin Heinrich Knecht, 1793

♩=130

1. At Eas - ter morn the lark, as - cend - ing, Loud car - oled forth her mer - ry
 2. A - wake! pour forth your streams, ye fount - ains! And praise the Lord with glad - some
 3. A - wake! all ye who sloth - ful lan - guish, Weighed down by win - try grief and
 4. Then wel - come all with ac - cla - ma - tion, This sav - ing health the Lord doth

lay, To Heav'ns high dome her swift flight wend - ing To greet with praise the new - born
 heart; A - wake! and join the cho - rus, mount - ains! Let ev - ery tree and plant take
 care, Op - pressed by mourn - ing, filled with an - guish, Rouse ye from sleep— would ye des -
 bring; Free par - don and a full sal - va - tion, Is ut - tered to us by the

day. And as she car - oled, thus re - sound - ed From field and grove glad na - ture's voice:
 part. Ye vio - lets in the mea - dows hid - ing, Ye flow - erets all, with per - fumed breath,
 - pair? Ye mourn - ers, of this life so wea - ry— Dream - ing, per - chance, of days long gone,
 spring. Al - might - y power new life hath giv - en, Each twig, once dead, doth know the dawn;

“A - wake! let joy be now un - bound - ed, Our Lord is risen, let all re - joice!”
 Pro - claim a - loud the joy - ous tid - ings, Love hath o'er - come the power of death.
 A - wake no long - er sad and drea - ry, The world, all na - ture is new - born!
 Al - might - y power the tomb hath riv - en— A - wake! It is the Eas - ter morn!