

In the bonds of death he lay

Martin Luther (1483-1546)
Tr. Caroline Winkworth (1827-88)

An Easter hymn

All Souls by Francis Roads

To all alto singers

♩=120

Soprano

Alto [Air]

Tenor

Bass

Keyboard

5 (Alto)

A

T

B

Kbd.

1. In the bonds of death he lay, Who for our of-fence was slain,
 2. **Je-sus Christ, God's on-ly Son,** **Came at last our foe to smite,**
 3. 'Twas a won-drous war I trow, Life and death to-ge-ther fought,
 4. **Now our Pas-chal Lamb is he,** **And by him a-lone we live,**

5. On this day, most blest of days,
 Let us keep high festival,
 For our God hath showed his grace,
 And his sun hath ris'n on all,
 And our hearts rejoice to see
 Sin and night before him flee.

6. To the supper of the Lord
 Gladly will we come today;
 Word of peace is now restored,
 The old leav'n is put away;
 Christ will be our food alone,
 Faith no life but his will own.

In the bonds of death he lay

9

A

But the Lord is ris'n to - day, Christ hath brought us life a - gain;
All our sins a - way hath done, Done a - way death's pow'r and right;
 But life tri - umphed o'er his foe, Death is mocked, and set at naught;
Who to death up - on the tree For our sake him - self did give.

T

But the Lord is ris'n to - day, Christ hath brought us life a - gain;
All our sins a - way hath done, Done a - way death's pow'r and right;
 But life tri - umphed o'er his foe, Death is mocked, and set at naught;
Who to death up - on the tree For our sake him - self did give.

B

But the Lord is ris'n to - day, Christ hath brought us life a - gain;
All our sins a - way hath done, Done a - way death's pow'r and right;
 But life tri - umphed o'er his foe, Death is mocked, and set at naught;
Who to death up - on the tree For our sake him - self did give.

Kbd.

13 Symphony

A

Where - fore let us all re - joice,
On - ly form of death is left,
 Yea, 'tis as the Scrip - ture saith,
Faith his blood strikes on our door,

T

Where - fore let us all re -
On - ly form of death is
 Yea, 'tis as the Scrip - ture
Faith his blood strikes on our

B

Where - fore let us all re -
On - ly form of death is
 Yea, 'tis as the Scrip - ture
Faith his blood strikes on our

Kbd.

This tune came into the composer's mind at 4.30 am on October 31st 2015.
 Some syllables of Winkworth's text have been emended.

In the bonds of death he lay

17

S Chorus (Soprano) *Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -*

A (Alto) *Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,*

T *Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -*

B *Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,*

Kbd.

21

S Symphony *-lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.*

A *Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.*

T *lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.*

B *Hal - le - lu - jah.*

Kbd.

Sing - ing loud with cheer - ful voice. *Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,*
Of his sting he is be - left.
 Christ through death hath con - quered death.
Death dares ne - ver harm us more.

-joice, Sing - ing loud with cheer - ful voice. *Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -*
left, Of his sting he is be - left.
 saith, Christ through death hath con - quered death.
door, Death dares ne - ver harm us more.

joice, Sing - ing loud with cheer - ful voice. *Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,*
left, Of his sting he is be - left.
 saith, Christ through death hath con - quered death.
door, Death dares ne - ver harm us more.