

On a Golden Springtime

(CSB, page 88)

On a golden springtime,
underneath the ground,
A tiny seedling lay
asleep until the sun
shone down.

Awake, awake,

O little seed!

Push upward

to the light!

The day is bright.

With all your might,
push upward
to the light!

On a golden springtime,
Jesus Christ awoke
And left the tomb where
he had lain; the bands
of death he broke.

Awake, awake,

O sleeping world!

Look upward

to the light,

For now all men
may live again.

Look upward
to the light!

On a golden springtime,
in a forest glade,
The Father and the Son
appeared as Joseph
knelt and prayed.

Awake, awake,
O nations all!
Receive the
gospel light!

The gospel true
is here for you.

Receive its
glorious light!