In Thee Is Gladness

1 In thee is gladness amid all sadness, Jesus, sunshine of my heart. By thee are given the gifts of heaven, thou the death. He sees and blesses in worst distresses; he can true redeemer art. Our souls thou wak'est; our bonds thou change them with a breath. Wherefore the story tell of his break'est. Who trusts thee surely has built securely glory with heart and voices; all heav'n rejoicest and stands for ever: Alleluia! Our hearts are in him for ever: Alleluia! We shout for pinning to see thy shining, dying or living, gladness, triumph o'er sadness, love him and praise him to thee are cleaving; naught can us sever: Alleluia! and still shall raise him glad hymns for ever: Alleluia!

Text: Johann Lindemann, 1549–1631; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.
Music: IN DIR IST FREUDE, Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi, 1556–1622