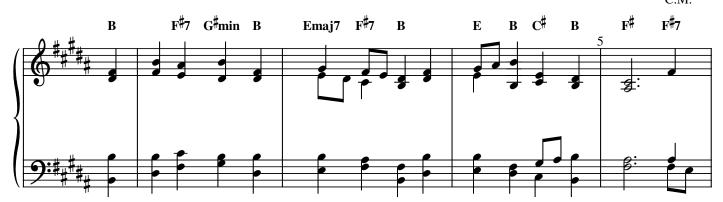
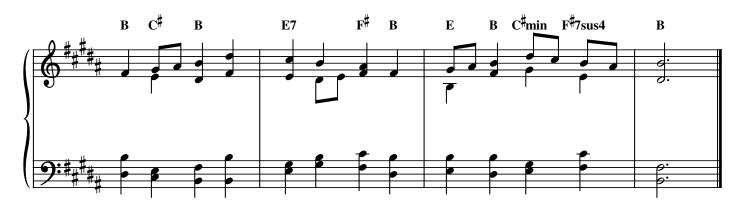
Blest Morning, Whose Young Dawning Rays

Thomas Clarke, 1775-1859 Crediton C.M.





Blest morning, whose young dawning rays Beheld our rising God, That saw Him triumph o'er the dust, And leave His dark abode!

In the cold prison of a tomb The dead Redeemer lay, Till the revolving skies had brought The third, th'appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force To hold our God in vain; The sleeping Conqueror arose, And burst their feeble chain. To Thy great Name, almighty Lord, These sacred hours we pay; And loud hosannahs shall proclaim The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise To our victorious King; Let Heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas, With glad hosannahs ring.

Isaac Watts

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