

Blest Morning, Whose Young Dawning Rays

Thomas Clarke, 1775-1859

Crediton
C.M.

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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