

Hymn Lyrics

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Blest morning, whose young dawning rays

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behold 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, the 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 your great name, almighty Lord,
we sacred honors pay,
and loud hosannas shall proclaim
the triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
to our victorious king,
let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
with glad hosannas ring.

(1674-1748)