

On This Morn We See the Dawning

Richard Adams, 2006.

John Zundel, 1870.

On this morn we see the dawning
Of a bright and glorious Sun;
Night is banished, shadows fleeing,
Demons scatter, devils run.
To the garden come the women,
Bringing spices for the dead,
Wondering how to plead with soldiers,
Guards of empire, armed and dread.

See, the empty sepulcher greets them,
Heavy rock now rolled away;
No more soldiers, nor a body,
Only grave cloths where He lay.
Seal of Caesar could not hold Him,
Nor a mighty door of stone;
King of kings, the Lord has triumphed,
He has trampled Satan's throne.

From the tomb a light is streaming,
Proving faith is not in vain;
In the morning joy befriends us,
Sacred mystery now made plain.
Can it be? The dead is living?
Yes, the Son has hell overcome;
Angel messenger proclaiming:
"See the power of death undone!"

From the silent, stone cold prison,
God erupts in glorious might;
Suffering over, Christ has risen,
Ends the age of gloom and night.
Death, the final enemy, conquered,
Now we no more fear the grave;
Jesus died in place of sinners,
And He lives, almighty to save.