

Blest Morning, Whose Young Dawning Rays
Words: Isaac Watts, 1709.
Music: Robert Dixon (1750-1825).

Blest morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw Him triumph oer 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, thappointed 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 hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let Heavn, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.