

BLEST morning, whose first dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave His dark abode!

- 2 Wrapped in the silence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave combined their force
To hold our Lord, in vain;
The Conqueror suddenly arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
We'll sacred honours pay,
Our hearts and voices shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let Heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With adoration ring!

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748