At Early Dawn, with Pious Thought

Doh is Eb · 3/2 Tune: MERIBAH

| d - - - | m - - m m - r - m - f - | s - - - - - - - m - - - |
At early dawn, with pious thought, The

| l - - l l - s - f - m - | r - - - - - - - s - - - |
holy women spices brought For

| t - l - s - - - fe - - - | s - - - - - - - s - - - |
Christ, their Lord, was dead; But

| d' - s - s - m - f - l - | s - - - - - - - s - - - |
lo! the stone was rolled a- way: "Where

| d' - s - s - m - f - l - | s - - - - - - - d - - - |
are the seals?" they wondering say, "The

| r - f - m - - - r - - - | d - - - - - - - |
guard, where He was laid?"

The other verses

2 "Why with your ointments mix your tears?
Why all this sighing, and those fears?"
An angel near declares:
"There lies the stone that barred the tomb,
No longer now its solemn gloom
Your Lord and Master shares."

3 "Haste, haste with joy the tidings tell,
The Lord hath vanquished death and hell,
For He, the Death of death,
Hath burst asunder hades prison,
And, first-born from the dead hath risen,
Even as afore He saith."

4 Honour to Thee, O Christ, we bring,
Thy glorious rising now we sing,
Victorious is Thy strife;
Our Hope, our Trust, on Thee we call,
Our Joy, our Strength, our God, our All,
And our Immortal Life.

Tune MERIBAH by Lowell Mason (1792–1872); words by Traditional Greek; translated by John Brownlie (1857–1925). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.