# Bless'd Morning, Whose Young Dawning Rays

**Doh is F · 4/4** Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
Bless'd morning, whose young dawning rays Be-

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
held our rising God, That

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
saw him triumph o'er the dust, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
leave his dark a- bode.

## The other verses

2 In the cold prison of a tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain,
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day,

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

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.