

That Morning the Son Arose

Words and Music by
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D7 G C D7

1.A week like no oth - er had led to this day, God's on - ly Son had been
dark - ness could not be a per - ma - nent thing: The great halls of mer - cy were

G D7 G D7 C

tak - en a - way To a cross on a hill where He died in our place, The
start - ing to ring With the sweet sounds of tri - umph of truth o - ver sin. The

D7 D7 G G7 C

Lamb cru - ci - fied for a lost hu - man race, And the veil of the tem - ple was
light of the world would shine once a - gain. Sin's pow'r was de - feat - ed when

G Em Em7/G A7

torn o - pen wide; But, be - liev - ers were stuck on the spear, in His
our Sa - vior died And all heav - en re - joiced while, on earth, His friends

D7 C D7 G7 C

side cried; And the words, "It is fin - ished," still rang in their ears
 For, heav - en then knew of the pleas - ant sur - prise And That a -

G D7 G D7 G

fed their de - spair world: and the bol - stered their a - fears. 2. But, the
 wait - ed this - pair world: and the Son would a - rise.

Chorus C G D7 G Em Em7/G A7

Hell's gates had been torn, our hope was re - born, Dark - ness dis - pelled on that beau - ti - ful

D7 G D7 G D7 G7 C D7

morn. We pro - claim what we've found and what all heav - en knows: Vic - t'ry is

G D7 G C G D7 G

ours since our Sa - vior a - rose. Oh, what a morn - ing it turned out to be, That

C D7 G D7 G D7 G D7

morn - ing God's Son made it pub - lic that He Had con - quered all hell and de -

G7 C D7 G D7 G

feat - ed our foes. What a morn - ing, that morn - ing the Son a - rose. What a

C D7 G D7 G

morn - ing, that morn - ing the Son of God a - rose.