'Twas at the Matin Hour
Words: John Keble, 1827.
Music: Edward Handley (1842-1904).

'Twas at the matin hour,
Before the early dawn;
The prison doors flew open,
The bolts of death were drawn.

From realms unseen, an unseen way,
Th'almighty Savior came,
And following on His silent steps,
An angel armed in flame.

The stone is rolled away,
The keepers fainting fall,
Satan and Pilate's watchmen,
The day has scared them all.

The angel came full early,
But Christ has gone before;
Not for Himself, but for His saints,
Is burst the prison door.

When all His saints assemble,
Make haste ere twilight cease,
His Easter blessing to receive,
And so lie down in peace.