Was It A Morning Like This

Sandi Patty

Was it a morning like this
When the Son still hid from Jerusalem?
And Mary rose from her bed
To tend the Lord She thought was dead

What is a morning like this,
When Mary walked down from Jerusalem?
And two angels stood at the tomb,
Bearers of news she would hear soon.

Did the grass sing?
Did the earth rejoice
To feel you again?
Over and over like a
Trumpet underground,
Did the earth seem to pound:
“He is risen”

over and over
in a never ending round
“He is risen, alleluia, alleluia!”

Was it an morning like this,
When Peter and John from Jerusalem?
And as they raced for the tomb,
Beneath their feet was there a tune?

Was it a morning like this,
When my Lord looked out
On Jerusalem?
He is risen, alleluia, alleluia.

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