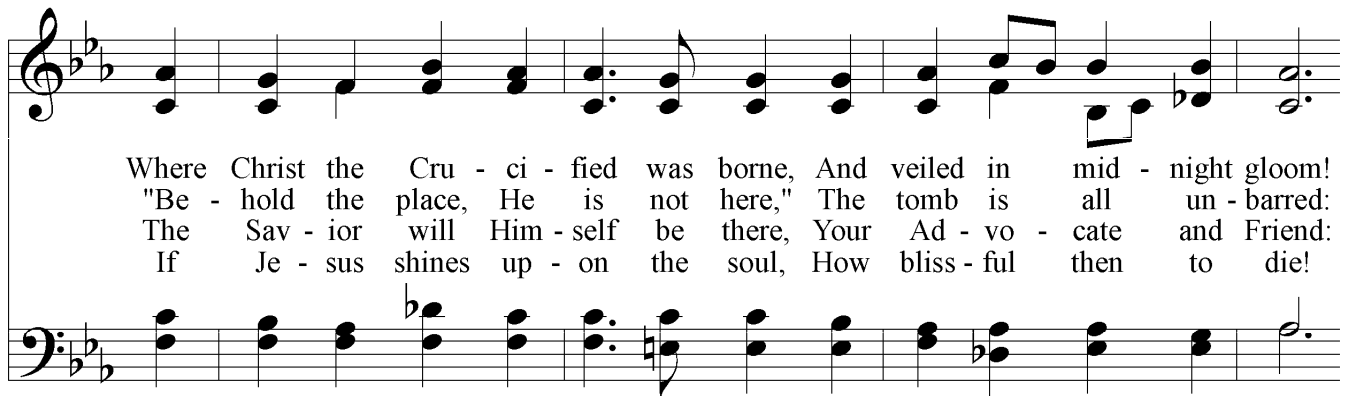


How Calm And Beautiful The Morn

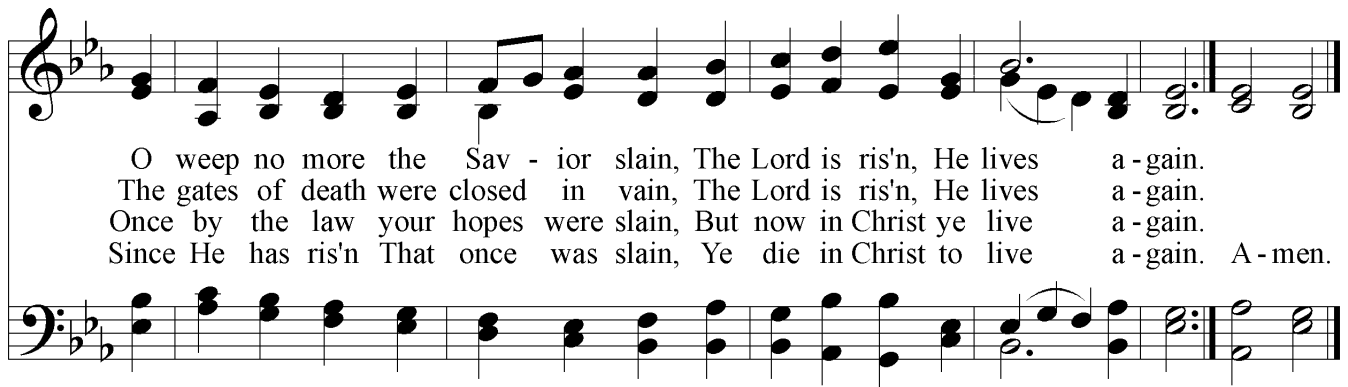
EUCCHARIST 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8



1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb,
2. Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev - 'ry tear For your de - part - ed Lord;
3. Now cheer - ful to the house of prayer Your ear - ly foot - steps bend;
4. And when the shades of eve - ning fall, When life's last hour draws nigh,



Where Christ the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night gloom!
"Be - hold the place, He is not here," The tomb is all un - barred:
The Sav - ior will Him - self be there, Your Ad - vo - cate and Friend:
If Je - sus shines up - on the soul, How bliss - ful then to die!



O weep no more the Sav - ior slain, The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain.
The gates of death were closed in vain, The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain.
Once by the law your hopes were slain, But now in Christ ye live a - gain.
Since He has ris'n That once was slain, Ye die in Christ to live a - gain. A - men.