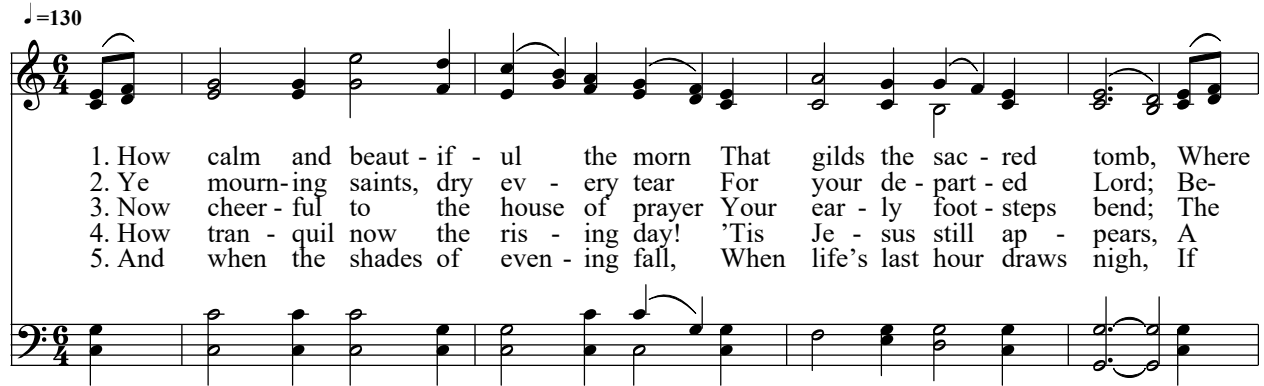


How Calm and Beautiful the Morn

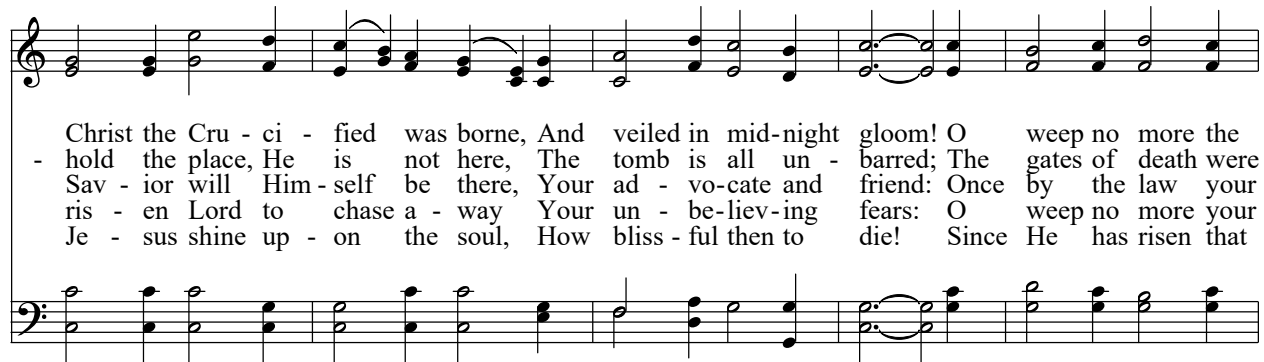
Thomas Hastings, 1831

Thomas Hastings

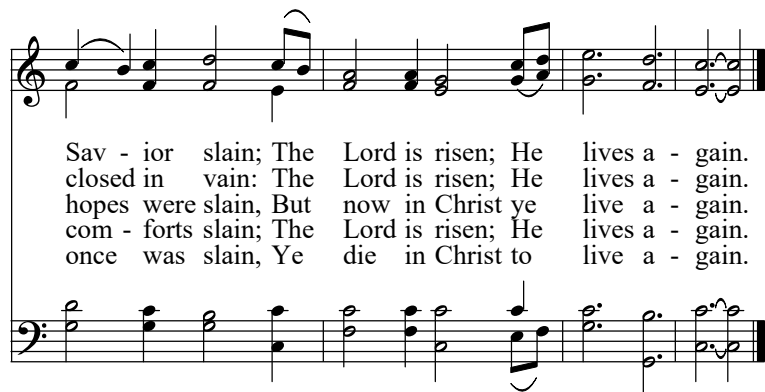
$\text{♩} = 130$



1. How calm and beaut - if - ul the morn That gilds the sac - red tomb, Where
2. Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev - ery tear For your de - part - ed Lord; Be -
3. Now cheer - ful to the house of prayer Your ear - ly foot - steps bend; The
4. How tran - quil now the ris - ing day! 'Tis Je - sus still ap - pears, A
5. And when the shades of even - ing fall, When life's last hour draws nigh, If



Christ the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night gloom! O weep no more the
- hold the place, He is not here, The tomb is all un - barred; The gates of death were
Sav - ior will Him - self be there, Your ad - vo - cate and friend: Once by the law your
ris - en Lord to chase a - way Your un - be - liev - ing fears: O weep no more your
Je - sus shine up - on the soul, How bliss - ful then to die! Since He has risen that



Sav - ior slain; The Lord is risen; He lives a - gain.
closed in vain: The Lord is risen; He lives a - gain.
hopes were slain, But now in Christ ye live a - gain.
com - forts slain; The Lord is risen; He lives a - gain.
once was slain, Ye die in Christ to live a - gain.