

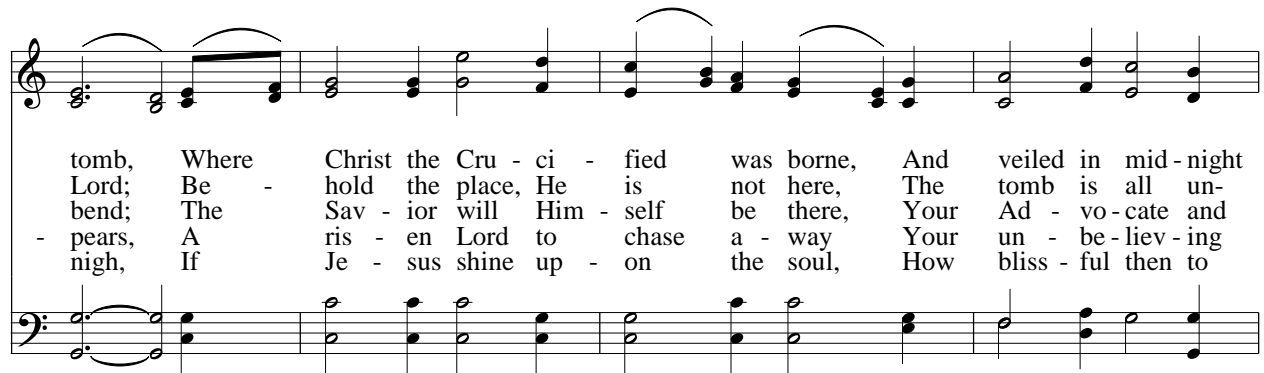
How Calm and Beautiful the Morn

Thomas Hastings, 1831

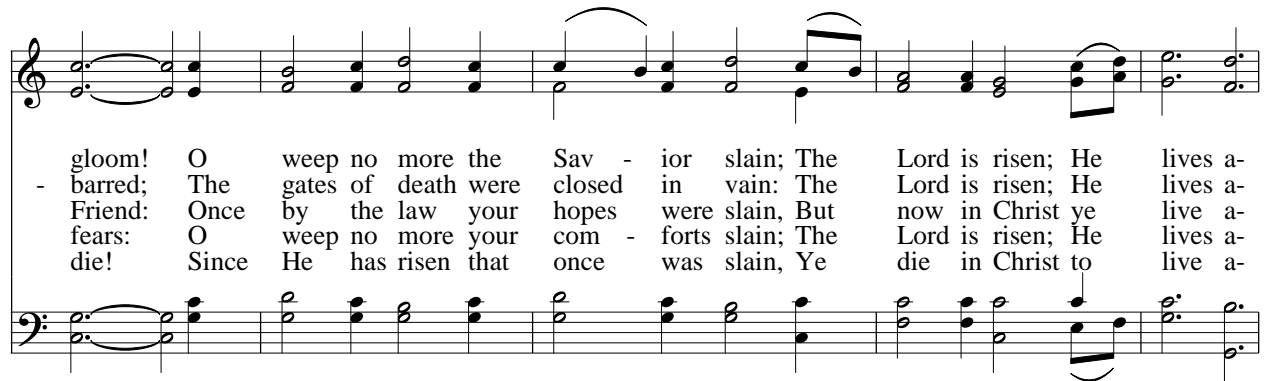
$\text{♩} = 130$



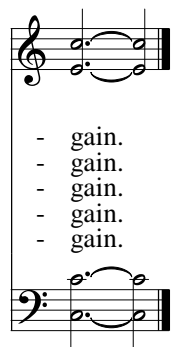
1. How calm and beaut - if - ul the morn That gilds the sac - red
2. Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev - ery tear For your de - part - ed
3. Now cheer - ful to the house of prayer Your ear - ly foot - steps
4. How tran - quil now the ris - ing day! 'Tis Je - sus still ap -
5. And when the shades of even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



tomb, Where Christ the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night
Lord; Be - hold the place, He is not here, The tomb is all un -
bend; The Sav - ior will Him - self be there, Your Ad - vo - cate and
- pears, A ris - en Lord to chase a - way Your un - be - liev - ing
nigh, If Je - sus shine up - on the soul, How bliss - ful then to



- gloom! O weep no more the Sav - ior slain; The Lord is risen; He lives a -
barred; The gates of death were closed in vain: The Lord is risen; He lives a -
Friend: Once by the law your hopes were slain, But now in Christ ye live a -
fears: O weep no more your com - forts slain; The Lord is risen; He lives a -
die! Since He has risen that once was slain, Ye die in Christ to live a -



- gain.
- gain.
- gain.
- gain.
- gain.