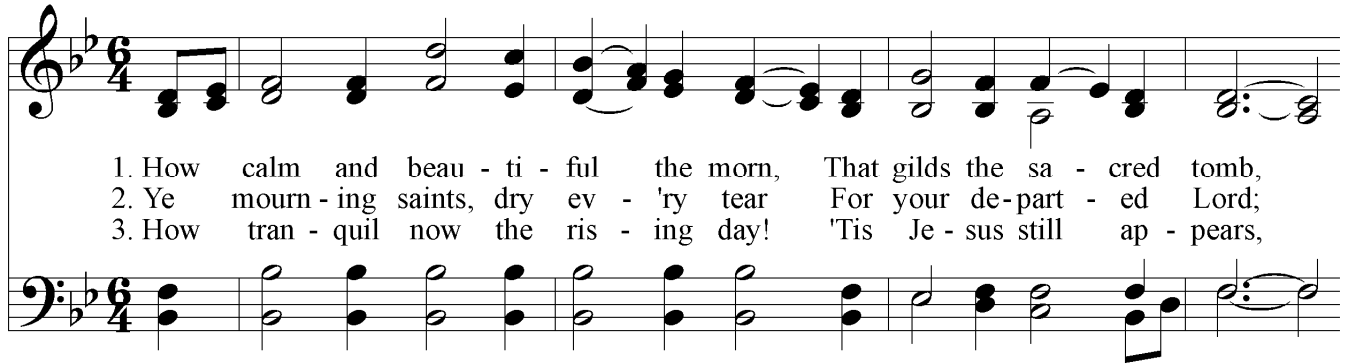



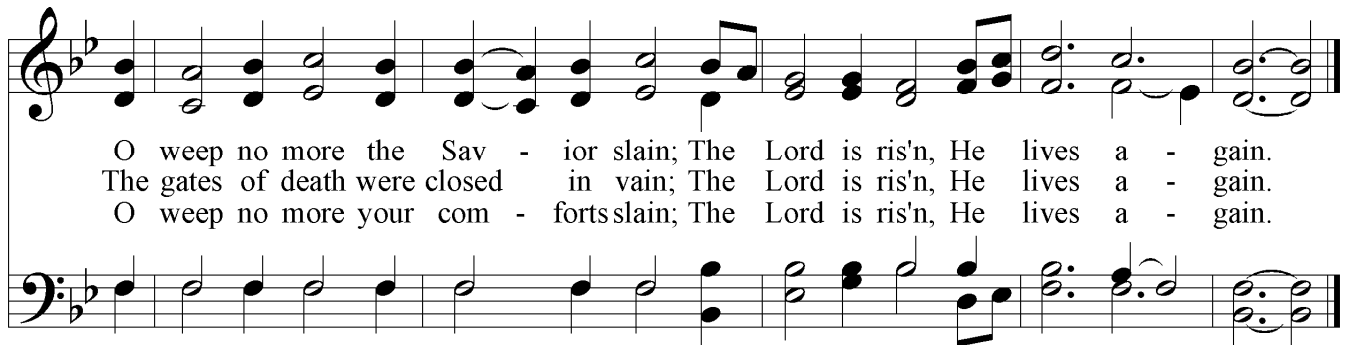
How Calm And Beautiful The Morn



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. How tran - quil now the ris - ing day! 'Tis Je - sus still ap - pears,



Where once the Cru - ci - fied was born, And yelled in mid - night gloom!
"Be - hold the place - He is not here," The tomb is all un - barred:
A ris - en Lord, to chase a - way Your un - be - liev - ing fears;



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.
O weep no more your com - forts slain; The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain.