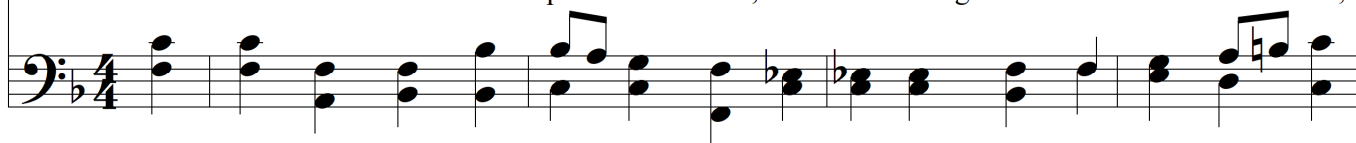


# The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away

HULLAH 8.8.8.4.



1. The ra - diant morn hath passed a - way, And spent too soon her gold - en store;  
2. Our life is but a fad - ing dawn; Its glo - rious noon how quick - ly past!  
3. Oh, by Thy soul in - spir - ing grace, Up - lift our hearts to realms on high;  
4. Where light and life and joy and peace In un - di - vid - ed em - pire reign,  
5. Where saints are clothed in spot - less white, And eve - ning shad - ows nev - er fall;



The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more.  
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone, Safe home at last.  
Help us to look to that bright place Be - yond the sky;—  
And thron - ing an - gels nev - er cease Their death - less strain;—  
Where Thou, e - ter - nal Light of light, Art Lord of all!

