How Calm and Beautiful The Morn

Words by Thomas Hastings, 1831

Music by Joseph Pensak

How calm and beautiful the morn that gilds the sacred tomb
Ye mourning saints dry every tear for your departed Lord;
Now cheerful to the house of pray'r your early footsteps bend!
The saints to shades retire, when life's last hour draw nigh,

Christ the crucified was born and veiled in midnight gloom
Hold the place, He is not here. The tomb is all unbarred.
The Savior will Himself be there; your advocate and friend.
Jesus shines upon the soul, how blissful then to die.

Weep no more Your Savior slain. The Lord is risen, He lives again!
Gates of death were closed in vain! The Lord is risen, He lives again!
By the law your hopes were slain. But now in Christ Ye live again!
He has ris'n that once was slain, Ye died in Christ to live again! Ye died

c. 2008 New Jerusalem Music