



9. HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL



How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn that guilds the sac - red tomb
 Ye mourn - ing saints dry ev' - ry tear for your de - part - ed Lord;
 Now cheer - ful to the house of pray'r your ear - ly foot - steps bend!
 And when the shades of eve - ning fall, when life's last hour draw nigh,



where Christ the cru - ci - fied was born and veiled in mid - night gloom
 be - hold the place, He is not here. The tomb is all un - barred.
 The Sav - ior will Him - self be there; your ad - vo - cate and friend.
 If Je - sus shine up - on the soul, how bliss - ful then to die.



O weep no more Your Sav - ior slain. The Lord is ri - sen, He lives
 The gates of death were closed in vain! The Lord is ri - sen, He lives
 Once by the law your hopes were slain. But now in Chri - st Ye live
 Since He has ris'n that once was slain, Ye died in Chri - st to live



a - gain! The Lord is ri - sen, He lives a - gain!
 a - gain! The Lord is ri - sen, He lives a - gain!
 a - gain! But now in Chri - st Ye live a - gain!
 a - gain! Ye died in Chri - st to live a - gain!