9. HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL

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!
And when the shades of evening fall, when life's last hour draw nigh,

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

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

again! The Lord is risen, He lives again!
again! The Lord is risen, He lives again!
again! But now in Christ Ye live again!
again! Ye died in Christ to live again!