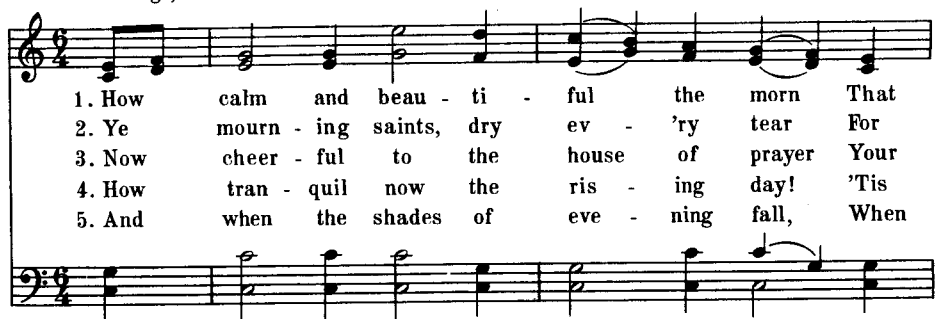


He is not here: for he is risen, as he said... Matt. 28:6

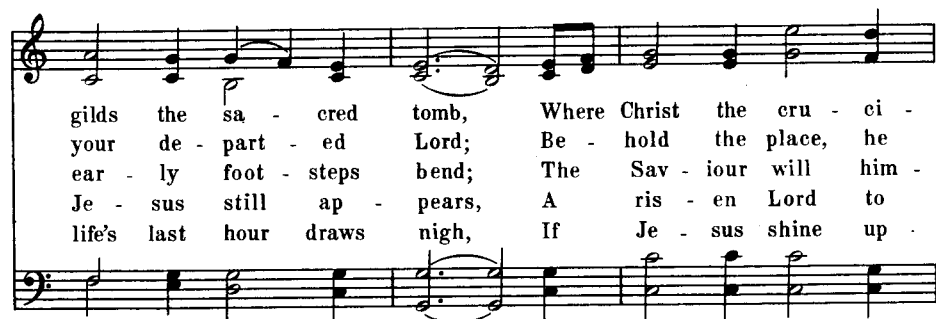
HASTINGS 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

Thomas Hastings, 1831

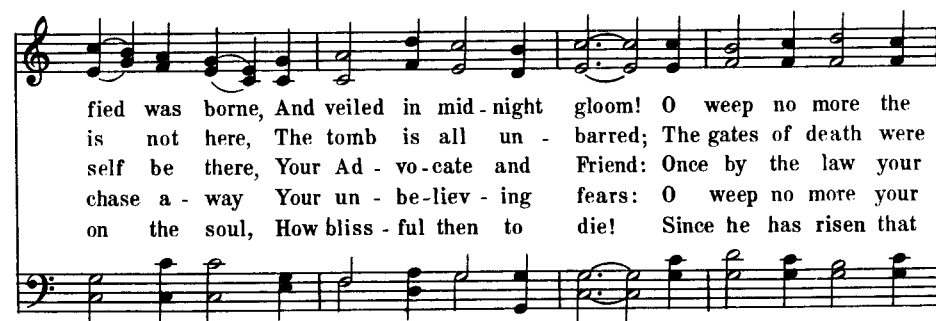
Thomas Hastings, 1831



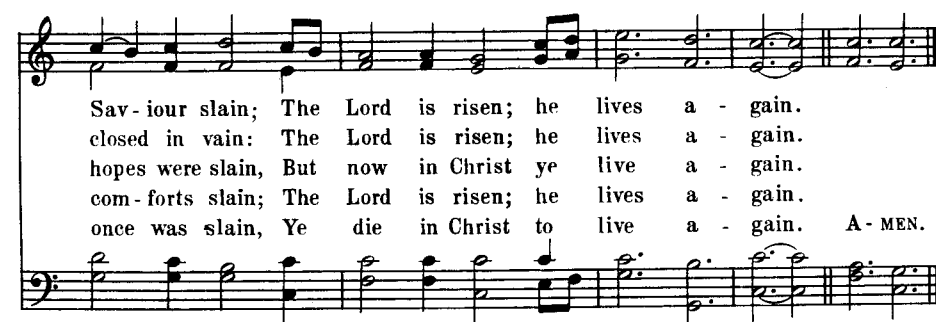
1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That
 2. Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev - 'ry tear For
 3. Now cheer - ful to the house of prayer Your
 4. How tran - quil now the ris - ing day! 'Tis
 5. And when the shades of eve - ning fall, When



gilds the sa - cred tomb, Where Christ the cru - ci -
 your de - part - ed Lord; Be - hold the place, he
 ear - ly foot - steps bend; The Sav - iour will him -
 Je - sus still ap - pears, A ris - en Lord to
 life's last hour draws nigh, If Je - sus shine up -



fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night gloom! O weep no more the
 is not here, The tomb is all un - barred; The gates of death were
 self be there, Your Ad - vo - cate and Friend: Once by the law your
 chase a - way Your un - be - liev - ing fears: O weep no more your
 on the soul, How bliss - ful then to die! Since he has risen that



Sav - iour slain; The Lord is risen; he lives a - gain.
 closed in vain; The Lord is risen; he lives a - gain.
 hopes were slain, But now in Christ ye live a - gain.
 com - forts slain; The Lord is risen; he lives a - gain.
 once was slain, Ye die in Christ to live a - gain. A - MEN.